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THE UPLIFT

XII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 17, 1923 No. 1

AUTUMN.

Softly o'er the face of nature,
With an aspect sad and strange,
Like a passing spell of magic,
Cometh on the wondrous change,—
Summer breathing out her brightness,
Laying by her glowing charms,
And, with hectic flush of beauty,
Sinking into Autumn's arms.

—Edward Brooks.

PUBLISHED BY

E PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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BORN POOR; GIVES MILLIONS.

"I was born poor and I realize the hardships of poor boys of today. I am going to assist poor boys to learn trades and become self-supporting." These words are quoted from M. S. Hershey, multi-millionaire chocolate and candy manufacturer, all of whose holding, amounting to $60,000,000, except enough preferred stock to insure him an income for life, have been turned over to the Hershey Industrial School, at Hershey, Pa., the site of Mr. Hershey's old homestead. The huge trust fund makes the industrial school, with its present 120 inmates, second only to Girard College, of Philadelphia, in wealth, it is said... Mr. Hershey started life as a poor boy, working for Huyler's in New York, saved $150 and began business for himself. His life ought to be an inspiration for poor boys and an example for wealthy men.—Charlotte Observer

MINISTERING UNTO.

There is no higher aim among men, in this life, than to stop a pain, heal a sore, unstop deafness, remove that that blinds, and make the subject more fit to function in the duties of life. There is no higher calling among men than that of medicine and surgery; and when accompanied with christian graces and a heart that feels, it becomes an agency of incalculable good in a community.

There is no department of science that has made more progress in the past

quarter of a century than has medicine and surgery. It approaches the marvelous, if not the miraculous, this development. These remarks are suggested by a personal introduction into a modern hospital, recently visited, and of which THE UPLIFT carries a story in this issue. The story is the impression of a layman uninfluenced, and whose knowledge of medicine in all these years is confined to epsom salts, calomel and their second cousin, castor oil.

That visit that revealed to us the cases of hundreds that were hobbling in pain and misery towards the grave and who were rescued, enhances a well-defined opinion of the wisdom and necessity of having in every town of at least six thousand inhabitants a well-appointed hospital, whose doors are always open to the public with or without pay, as conditions may suggest. A sick, ailing man is a poor asset to a community. If he can be made well and returned to a life of usefulness it is an investment that not only reflects credit on the community but is of material value.

There are some who are "opposed to state medicine.' That is an erroneous view, as a layman sees it in the light of the accomplishments alone in North Carolina. But the fear does linger that in the system that now prevails smacks too much of a standard that lionizes the money idea, with the humanitarian and the gentle touch and the compassion of a sympathizing soul eliminated. The tyranny of a system that does not permit a public nurse to step aside and call the attention of a benevolent person to an opportunity to contribute clean bed-clothing and fresh personal ware to a poor, dying woman, just because it has no rating in the prevailing earning schedule is both indefensible and cold. A little more of the humanitarian, heart and tenderness—that tenderness divorced from money or hope of gain—infused into state medicine would be a god-send to hundreds of suffering people.

As above stated, the growth and development in medicine and surgery during the past quarter of a century have been all but revolutionary. And the establishment of hospitals throughout the land, under the direction of high-minded men, who court at all hours the best in their profession and feel a love for humanity, is all but entirely responsible for this progress. As a result of this growth blundering blindness from birth, the terrible impotency of human ignorance and rank superstition, have been banished or made a coward seeking cover. An observant writer has made this estimate: "Science patiently summoned by the scholar, and skillfully sent forth by the specialist, is saving man from the evils generated by himself, and with a song on her lips, is going forth into home and school and State for 'the healing of the nations.' "

Hasten the day when the people shall be reached by well-prepared public

nurses to teach them the simple laws of safety in birth and childhood; and speed the day when hospital treatment may be in reach of all who need the kindly service of such humanely conducted institutions as is the Rutherford Hospital in this state—institutions, so planned and managed, that every man, woman and child can find the door.

* * * * * * *

L. CAMPBELL CALDWELL.

Another strong man of the state has passed to the beyond. On Tuesday, at his home in Statesville, Hon. L. Campbell Caldwell, after a brief and intense illness, fell asleep. He was prepared; for when alighting from a car returning from the burial of Dorman Thompson, a short time ago, he remarked, "I'll be next." He was next.

He was a vigorous man of the keenest of intellects, of tireless energy; of strong convictions; and as loyal a friend as ever lived. Mr. Caldwell was rated an able lawyer, and for years had enjoyed in Statesville and surrounding counties a lucrative practice. At one time he was solicitor of the district, and for several terms was mayor of Statesville.

As a speaker on the hustings, no man in the state could arouse the boys in a manner as did the vigorous, dashing Caldwell. He was a Matt Leach, and L. L. Polk and Walter Murphy, all combined, in putting a political gathering on the edge and in a shouting mood. Peace to the loyal soul!

* * * * * * *

HOLDING UP A FINE EXAMPLE.

In this number is a story of a sturdy young man that all young fellows should read and consider. The story is under the title of "The Contract."

Years go, it seemed to have been the stock in trade of a salesman to "cuss out" the wares of others, and taking for granted that this course would establish the superiority of his own wares. He's dead now; but years ago a representative of an educational book concern spent his time in severe and overdrawn criticisms of his opponent's publications. Driven to an extreme, he would mutilate the secret binding of a book that when the psychological moment came in his presentation he could take the book in his hands and sever it into two parts "just as easy." He spent his days in a waning record of success, until his methods no longer carried any weight. He is now where there are no such agonizing things as a "book adoption."

Guy Nearing is a fine example for all salesmen and agents. Manliness

anywhere and everywhere is an invincible asset where people are looking for the truth.

* * * * * * *

AN INFORMAL MEETING.

The regular semi-annual meeting of the board of trustees of the Jackson Training School was due for the 13th. Unfortunate circumstances that confronted a number of the members prevented a quorum being present. There were in attendance: Mesdames Bickett of Raleigh, Faison, of Charlotte and Miss Shaw, of Rockingham; and Messrs D. B. Coltrane, Herman Cone and J. P. Cook.

An informal meeting, however, was held, without any legislation. After the meeting Supt. Boger carried the members through the several departments, including the new potato house that holds 1,800 bushels of sweet potaoes, which have been put through the government recipe for curing and drying. At a later date, a call meeting for the transaction of some important buisness is to be held.

* * * * * * *

THE SEASON OF REPORTS.

This is the season for getting in the reports of wonderful yields and individual specimen of farm production. THE UPLIFT is carelessly taking its reputation in its hands in making public this record from the institution's sweet potato patch. We hate awfully to do such a bold thing but injustice to the potato farmer on our ranch the information comes to the editorial rooms that "seven sweet potatoes gathered from our field made a bushel." That's awful! We didn't see them; but good, reliable persons, among them Superintendent Boger, vouch for the bigness of the potatoes. It would have been more conclusive to have produced a photograph; but fond friends carried the "whoppers" off before the kodak could be brought into play.

* * * * * * *

HOME AGAIN AND SLATE CLEAN.

A feeling of satisfaction and even one of exultation will not down, as we enjoy being again at home and knowing that the slate is absolutely wiped clean. Our Administration Building—The James William Cannin Memorial—is an accomplished fact. The building is entirely completed, together with a complete furnishing from top to bottom in such a manner as to correspond with the beauty and handsomeness of the structure and its appointments.

The joy of the thing lies in the fact, in addition to its great usefulness that

it is entirely paid for—a donation from choice spirits. Mr. Chas. A. Cannon, one of the state's strong and far-visioned young men, sent in his check for $8,047.55, which represents the total cost of the furnishing of this most splendid building. It's ours now to use, for service, with none to molest us, and all without a cent of cost to the board, to the institution or to the state.

We feel perfectly at home—come see us.

* * * * * * *

WORKING FOR SAFETY.

The effort of the State Highway Commission to make the roads safe for travelers is most commendable. At and on the sides of high fills, the commission is having fences erected to keep motorists from driving or slipping off. The commission is now considering the making of a centre line in the roads—black paint on concrete construction and white paint on the asphalt—for the guidance of drivers.

This will be of material advantage to the careful and sober driver; but nothing on earth will safe-guard an honest driver against the daring and carlessness of road-hogs. They are with us; and their tribe, while they may not be increasing, desn't seem to be growing less

* * * * * * *

OUGHT TO BE A WAY TO STOP IT.

The Charlotte Observer announces the forth-coming removal to its city from Concord of one of her leading and most delightful families. This regrettable event is scheduled for December 1st. Charlotte will gain in the acquisition of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Cannon and family, but it is a sore loss to Concord. There ought to be some reasonable and legal way or scheme to stop this loss of a fine asset to Concord.

THE TRAGEDY OF AGE.

By R. R. Clark.

"We live in deeds, not in years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feeling, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end; that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God."
—Philip James Bailey.

"But an old age serene and bright,
As lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave."
—Wordsworth.

The tragedy of life is an embittered old age; the regrets, the repinings on account of disappointments, the buffetings of fate. But the gall and worm-wood of the tragedy is the feeling of neglect on the part of those from whom one expects comfort and care; the feeling that one is in the way and that his departure would be viewed with complacency, if not with actual satisfaction. The State papers recently recorded two cases pending in the courts in which parents of wealth had practically disinherited their children. The children sought to set aside the will in each case on the ground that the parents suffered a "hallucination" in their last days that their children did not care for them, and disinheritance was the revenge, the penalty imposed by those who felt "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

The ill-feeling that sometimes comes between parents and child is the saddest part of the old-age tragedy; and it is there more frequently than the world knows. Sometimes the fault is on one side, or on both. The general mistake, and one of the greatest mistakes of life, is that so few prepare for old age. Not simply in material things; that is frequently impossible, even when one does his best. The preparation in mind is to cultivate the spirit of resignation. When one gets around the half century mark he should begin, if he hasn't already begun, to realize that under ordinary conditions his period of activity is limited; that soon he will have to stand aside and let others go to the front in the battle. If the thought is taken to heart in a truly philosophical spirit, there is satisfaction in the thought of lessened activities and relief from responsibility. Activity in some capacity should not cease while physical and mental strength permit. But to one who cultivates the spirit of the philosopher, there is comfort in the thought that the strenuous pace may be slacked; that others may do the worrying, of which we have had our share. Repining adds only to our discomfort and to the discomfort of those about us. Whether we have or have not fought a good fight and kept the faith, vain regrets accomplish nothing. We know that we must pass on and give way to others, and it is possible to do that gracefully, nobly, if we will but take a common sense view. But few there are who are willing to turn loose. They deceive themselves by cherishing the delusion that they are as good as they ever were; that they know

better by long experience how to do things than the younger set. Sometimes they do, but often their wisdom of experience is a delusion. Changed times and changed conditions demand new methods for which the younger generation are better fitted. It is particularly annoying to the old to see the young folks, in the conceit of youth and strength, making the errors against which age and experience would warn them. But it must be remembered that we learn only by experience, and if youth refuses to profit by the experience of age, it is wisdom to let youth gain the experience, even to their hurt. There is no other way around. Age does not always bring wisdom. It more frequently means that one is set in his ways and can't be convinced that other and better ways have been discovered. Age usually shies at new things, is skeptical of change; and there is much useless worrying about what the younger generation is coming to, entirely forgetful of the fact that when age was youth the aged of that generation were subject to the same worries.

The distress of the age tragedy is in the case of dissatisfied parent and child. Age not infrequently carries mental weakness in its train. Men are but children grown at best and the second childhood is more trying than the first because it is impracticable to treat an old child like a young one. When the parent must stand aside and give over to children the management of affairs, instead of accepting that situation as a relief and giving no more serious concern to household or busines management, leaving the responsibility where it must eventually go under any circumstances, age persists in trying to command the ship; in giving directions that are sometimes very trying if not annoying. And when they are disregarded, as then must often be, there is a feeling of slight, of hurt that rankles deep. Ingratitude is charged and the feeling of neglect, of lack of affection, is cherished until not infrequently it grows into actual bitterness, and life is made unhappy to all concerned. Age has a large share in the blame, for the reasons stated—failure to realize that in the nature of things they must retire from command, and that it is better to make that retirement a fact.

But youth are not free from blame in these tragedies—by no means. In fact the feeling of age that their offspring do not care for them is not always a hallucination. It is too often a hard fact. We old are in the way, are more or less troublesome at times, and the prospect of the final passing is viewed with relief. All that age has done for youth is forgotten. The years of struggle to provide necessities and comforts, the sacrifices endured, are not considered. Taking age into confidence, asking advice whether it is taken or not, and making age fed that they can yet be of some service instead of cumberers of the earth, is the exception rather than the rule, probably. Too often age is left alone—severely alone; shoved to one side as an obstacle in the way, and often reminded in many ways that they are in the way. God help age, and youth, too, when that is the condition. It behooves all of us not only to cultivate the spirit of resignation in ample time against the day when we must take our place among the "has been," but it is vital

that youth cultivate patience with the foibles of age, for presently youth comes to age and will suffer the same weaknesses with which so little patience has been manifested; and if, when that time comes it is realized that the measure meted is being measured to you again, there is added cause for grief.

Those who would study the philosophy of life as applied to age should commit to memory and repeat often "Waiting," by John Burroughs, who passed on not so long ago at a ripe old age:

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! mine own shall come to me.

"I stay my haste, I make delays—
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face.

"Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me,
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny.

"What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

"The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

"The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

I AIN'T MAD NO MORE.

I ain't mad no more wif you;
Le's play horse—'at's what let's do!
Wasn't it a long time, though,
'At you wouldn't speak t' me
'An I wouldn't speak t' you?
It was mostly half-past two
When you wanted what I had
An' I sassed you back so bad,
An' it's now most half-past free!
I ain't mad no more wif you;
Le's play horse—'At's what le's do!

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph

I saw in a paper some time ago, an entirely new thing; a kind of vest that "cures every disease without the use of medicine." The cut represented a one-arm man with a waxed moustache, and a bad eye, standing in an Ajax position, defying the lightning, with his hand on his hip pocket ready to shoot anybody who says the vest will not do what it is represented to do.

The world is getting overrun with these magnetic things. They have breast-pads knee-pads, electric insoles for shoes, electric brushes, and everything else a man can think of. The probabilities are that ere ten years pass, somebody will invent an electric string that a man can tie around his finger, when his wife gives him a letter to mail, to keep him from forgetting to mail it immediately, and not to carry it around in his pocket several days. What the world needs is an electric hat. That would be a perfect bonanza. Just think of putting on a hat of that kind, and find all of your troubles floating away like the mists before the morning sun; a gentle glow come into your sour and agnostic feelings; a cool relief to your angry passions; under your hair will be parted smoothly, or curled beautifully: the tintinnabulations of joy permeating your whole being; and you feel so exhilarated that you are bubbling over with love for everybody: and you even forgive your enemies, and those whom you have despitefully used; and actually love your neighbor as yourself—if that can be. Wouldn't that be fine. It would be wondreful. But there's no tellling what we may yet see—and wear.

* * * *

"I'll tell you what this town needs, Mr. Hurrygraph," said a lady to this scribe the other day, with flashes of defiance in her beautiful black eyes that almost resembled sparks from an anvil, when a hot iron is being welded. "The grocerymen of this town should get together and stapleize their goods. It is plum shame how prices, on the same articles, range in prices, at different places—and is an imposition on the trading public. I can give you one instance. I purchased a little package of Zu Zu ginger snaps at one store, for 8 cents, and walking into another, I found they were selling the same identical package for 5 cents. I could give you other instances. Something ought to be done about it." I told her I thought so, too; and that when I wanted Zu Zu ginger snaps I'd go to the fellow who sold them for 5 cents a package, and keep my conscience at ease. From this I learned that there was a whole lot of ginger and snaps in trading as well is in other things.

* * * *

The Golden Rule will work as sure as you are born. Whatever you business; whatever the state of your mind in regard to other things, and people, the Golden Rule of the Bible will work with all the precision of a seismograph. Try it in its complete application. You will have more

satisfaction—and more business.

Treat your employes as your would want to be treated if the hired man were boss. If you are employed, do your work as you would want it done if you handled the check book.

In your home treat your children as you would want to be treated by God, your Father. "Children, obey your parents," says the good book. And your wives—love them as in the days of courtship, and treat them now as then. Wives—do the same thing, to make home sweet and wholesome.

The principles of the Bible can never be disproved. Follow its teachings and nothing but good can result.

* * * *

I believe I have said it before—but it is so. Hard times is a state of mind. Ever been in the larger cities recently and tried to get a room in a first-class hotel, like the million dollar one Durham is going to have? Notwithstanding their high prices they are always crowded. Have you noticed the number of automobiles in every place? Did you read the gate receipts of that last big prize fight—over a million dollars! Trains carry pleasure seekers. Roads are full of automobiles with people going and coming on pleasure bent. Does this look like hard times? Money is being spent and a lot of people are speding it. And the country is full of people who are looking for the people who are making money. I get so busy at times seeing people that I have no time for business.

Down at Dunn, North Carolina, I am informed, there's a perfectly good second-hand playground outfit for sale—actually for sale after the women's clubs, the various organizations of the town—en masse—had worked that the swings, the slides, the basket ball outfits and other paraphernalia might be had for the "saving of the children of the municipality."

Why is the outfit for sale?

For the simple reason, no doubt, that after the play-things were an an actuality no good father or mother of the whole town would allow their chidren to congregate out of sight of parental authority, across town without proper direction or protection, for the boys and girls.

There are few mothers in Monroe who would be willing for their children to patronize a public playground. Ask them and see if I am not right in that assumption.

Collectively, though, the Parent-Teachers Association, the women's clubs, and maybe even the church organizations are working for a children's play ground.

Public play grounds in most towns have proven a delusion—if not a snare.

What's the matter with the old-time wood-pile, the garden, the lawn, for a little wholesome exercise for the pampered youth of the land? It's play, play until one gets sick and tired of it. Is there nothing worth while any more except athletics.—Monroe Enquirer.

A GREAT INSTITUTION.

On the 28th and 29th of October, last, it was my pleasure to be the guest of Mr. R. E. Price, editor of the Rutherfordton Sun, and a most active and useful force in all the worthwhile things that concern the betterment of the community. On Sunday night he had arranged a union meeting of the Methodist and Presbyterians with the Baptist in their new, handsome and commodious church to consider for a while the important subject of Boy Welfare. Dr. Adams, a man of great force and great conviction is the constructive and pastor leader, and who made it easy for the guest of the evening to deliver his message to as appreciative and considerate audience as has ever assembled anywhere.

The following day Editor Price, who, by the way, is the finest kind of sample of the healthfulness and robustness of the citizenship of that territory, which has been baptized "the gateway to the land of the sky," took us to the Rutherford Hospital, a modern, complete and last word in hospital construction. What I saw is to me an inspiration, and of this I wish to speak in the following lines.

On A Pleasure And Hunting Trip.

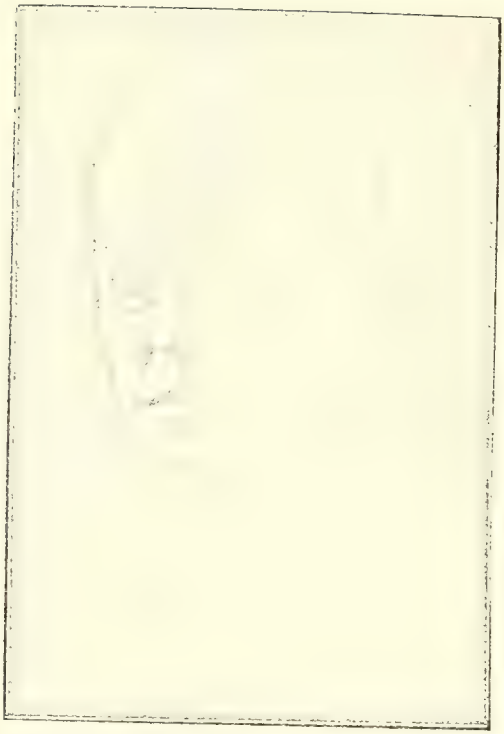
Accepting a cordial invitation of a prominent western North Carolinian to come down South, view the scenery, touch elbow with our folks and do some hunting, resulted in two most admirable, professional gentlemen of Philadelphia becoming attached and becoming real citizens of Tarhelia. These were Dr. Henry Norris and Dr. Montgomery H. Biggs, outstanding and famous surgeons of Philadelphia. After reaching the mountain section of the state, being impressed with the wonderful climate, natural resources and future possibilities, they decided to open a hospital for surgical and gynecological cases at Rutherfordton. This was in 1906.

It struck some people that these gentlemen had a peculiar vision. They reasoned among themselves, why not go to a city, why not get on the main line of a prominent railroad? These folks looked at the proposition through selfish eyes, with the money-side uppermost in their calculations. Not so with Drs. Norris and Biggs. They saw that in all that vast territory in that portion of the mountains pressing needs for an institution to meet cases otherwise unable to go elsewhere for hospital treatment—so they decided to carry the hospital to hundreds of God's modest, humble people, if not forgotten ones, who need its kindly offices.

These men of advanced thought, devoted to their profession and obsessed with the humanitarian spirit, took Rutherfordton as an ideal location. The 1200 foot elevation above sea-level, and domiciled in sight of the Blue Ridge, Chimney Rock, Hickory Nut Gap, Bald, Cherry and South Mountains on the West and a rolling, prosperous agricultural section on the East, gave to Rutherfordton their first and only choice as a proper location for an institution that for that time was a real innovation into the life of the state.

On the outer edge of the growing

THE RUTHERFORD HOSPITAL



MAJOR HENRY NORRIS, M. D.

In the World War Dr. Norris made an enviable record. After a high order of medical service at Camp Sevier, he went across the seas with the 30th Regiment; and the promotions that came to him in recognition of his able medical and surgical skill and his inspiring patriotism are fine badges, which he wears today in a most modest and becoming manner.

town, now numbering probably 2,500 people of sturdy stock and brave, they purchased 150 acres of wooded lands, of fine and stately trees. There on a hill overlooking all the surrounding country they planted the Rutherford Hospital, which has been a God-send to hundreds and hundreds of ailing men and women of that great section, who in the absence of that institution, would have, per force of circumstances, just suffered on, withered and died—hospital treatment elsewhere was beyond their knowledge, their ability their spirit.

We carry in this number a picture of the hospital. It is modern in every comfort, convenience and equipment, and to insure all these no expense was spared in its arrangements and construction. The front is 124 feet, with two wings each 104 feet, three stories high, and is built throughout with brick, with limestone trimmings. The floors are of maple with tiles in all bath and operating rooms. Every room has plenty light and air, all being outside rooms. The capacity is for a little more than seventy; and I am told the institution is practically filled at all times.

Complete Equipment.

Everything to make this a modern and complete hospital has been added. There is a laundry on the grounds, an annex for colored patients, with colored attendants; a recently constructed home for nurses, and this is of handsome design and is equipped with everything to make the living home-like. On the grounds is a modernly constructed swimming pool for the nurses; flower gardens, well-laid out and beautifully culti-

vated and cared for. Each of the owners have their own dwellings nearby. These are attractive homes of outstanding character and design. There are other buildings; but we pass by them and pause for a moment in a beautiful chapel, which Drs. Norris and Biggs at their own expense have erected for the daily worship of all the nurses such of the convalscent patients as may desire to worship therein, and others who so desire. Every morning in the year services are held in this beautifully arranged and unique chapel, and in charge of it is a minister whose name appears on the monthly payroll these benefactors of humanity meet month after month.

Much Activity That Day.

It was Monday morning when I reached the hospital Dr. Norris had just come from the operating room, and Dr. Biggs was about to enter, each having their specialities in surgery. Dr. Norris is folksy—you like him the moment he swings earnestly and actively about you, frankly and pleasantly revealing an open life and one on fire for service to his fellow man. As we—Editor Price, the doctor and I—moved from one quarter to another, over the grounds and through the departments there came up behind and at safe distance a youngster of about sixteen years. I wondered what he meant. The young fellow was apparently hypnotized, so strenuously did he keep in sight of the doctor. And this is why the youngster acted thus.

DR. MONTGOMERY H. BIGGS.

Dr. Biggs, a brother-in-law of Dr. Norris, and a co-owner of the Rutherford Hospital, rendered just as patriotic services to his country in that conditions at home demanded his remaining in close touch with the duties and responsibilities of caring for the sick and suffering of a wide territory. Dr. Biggs, in testimony of his love for the mountain section of North Carolina, is one of the moving spirits in the Chimney Rock development, which is beginning to take substantial shape.

He felt somewhat like a hero, and from the angle from which most folks view the thing he is a real genuine hero. That young fellow volunteered—a typical mountain boy without a particle of taint in his blood, a perfect specimen of mountain raising—to furnish one quart of his blood for transfusion into an old fellow from Yancey county, who had come down there to have his spleen removed bodily. And this is the case that Dr. Norris had just left at my arrival, and before I left the Yancey man had opened his eyes and when the doctor told him that "you are alright, and safe," there spreads all over his face a regular mountain smile.

I want to digress here, just as a layman is inclined to do. What is a spleen for, anyhow? That mountaineer's spleen was as big as a frying pan. He hasn't any, any more. Will he miss it? Some country school teacher told me years ago, when qualifying for a teacher's license, that the spleen was just merely an ornament, a filler in, to make the body look graceful and symmetrical. He may have been right, for today that teacher is a "certified teacher" of the most modern design. That mountaineer has no spleen, is living and thriving, and since the disturbing organ has been eliminated, there is no reason why he should not live to be a hundred years old, as most mountaineers do. But why a spleen, is yet unanswered? and why an appendix? Twenty or more years ago Hoke Peck went to Salisbury and had Dr. Stokes to extract his appendix. It was generally understood among the laity that a fellow only lives seven years after his appendix is removed. Hoke Peck denies that, for a quarter of a century afterwards he is an active business man, and says that he never understood why he was given such a useless organ, living today better without it than when he sported an appendix.

Nurse Training

I was impressed with the provisions made for the orderly and systemmatic training of the young women, who seek to become nurses. Their keep is guarded about in the most modern and home-like arrangements in the handsome Nurses' Home, recently completed; and in their school-room, where daily instruction is given, there is supplied all the conveniences and equipment that the best and most advanced thought could suggest.

The Xray.

What is said to be the finest X-ray machine in the entire south—and this information I got the night before in the hotel lobby where a judge and a score of lawyers were discussing the Rutherford Hospital and its superb record—is installed in this Rutherford institution. The mechanism is a marvel to a layman. It is more marvelous, too, for a fellow to see through himself; note his own heart action, and watch with a nervousness his ribs move as he inhales and exhales air through his lungs. Dr. Murphy, whom Drs. Norris and Biggs brought down from Philadelphia to specially operate this wonderful machine, handles it with as much ease and efficiency as the seamstress does her sewing machine. To look at that machine, observe its possibilities and what it is capable of doing, reflects the glory of the power and genius of him, whom the Great creator made

in his own image.

The Radium.

One room is set apart for the delicate and intricate machine that puts in form the radium for the treatment of cancer and other diseases. Enclosed in a safe under a combination lock, set in the wall, is the stock of radium, which this hospital owns. This hospital enjoys a fine reputation throughout the state and further south; and since the installation of the radium treatment its reputation has extended into the northern states. The radium in size is about one-fourth of a regulation teaspoon; and it is claimed it will give off gas for 1,700 years and then be just fifty per cent. diminished. It is said to be the largest deposit south of Baltimore.

Some months ago the press of the state carried an intersting story of how the Rutherford Hospital came into possession of this fine fortune. Mr. J. Calvin Plonk, a wealthy manufacturer of Hickory, N. C., realizing the great work the hospital is doing and seeing a chance to enlarge its usefulness to suffering humanity, donated $100,000 worth of radium to be used for the eradication of cancer and other dreaded diseases. It was given as a memorial to his departed wife who received treatment at this hospital. The stock of radium here is one of the most valuable in the country and is the second largest deposit in the United States. Patients from all over the country are now being treated for cancer at this institution, with marvelous success.

Just inside the front door, on one side is the portrait of Mr. Plonk; and on the other side affixed to the wall is a beautiful brass tablet, bearing this inscription: (Under a cross in the tablet) In loving memory of Laura R. Plonk, The Radium contained in this hospital was donated by her husband, J. C. Plonk;" and just beneath this, this Biblical injunction: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven."

All down through the ages—the scientists tell us it is 1,700 years and more—this gift, so small in size, but mighty in its power, in the hands of benefactors, who do not measure relief in dollars and cents, will contribute to the cure of hundreds and hundreds of God's suffering people. This man Plonk has made a princely gift to humanity—his investment reflects a kindly soul that honors and magnifies the donor, and yet, in his modesty, he does not think that he has done any more than his simple duty. In this is the greatness of the deed.

Not A Money-Making Enterprise.

These famous physicians and surgeons, well-established in Philadelphia, did not come south and establish this Rutherford Hospital primarily to make money. It was a vision and hope of service where most needed. They had tired of the smoke, the noise and the cramp of city life. Lovers of nature and lovers of humanity, as they are, they sought the glories of life in the wide open where medical and surgical relief could be extended to a folk, who needed it and knew not how to brave the distant hospital.

I heard that bunch of North Carolina lawyers and Rutherfordton citizens, in their conversation, make

plain that these two men, Drs. Norris and Biggs, were superb psychologists and exemplars of the finest type of faith. Whether the diseased and suffering person entering the hospital be a millionaire or a pauper, never concerned them. The first and chief thought is, what is needed. The fact has been established that the gratitude of the patient, having been relieved, made whole and sent back home a saved creature, is so well and generally appreciated that it is rare these benefactors of men and women sustain serious losses. The very atmosphere of that whole institution is such that welcome is written everywhere and hope is uppermost to give a service—a service to fellow man, bothered in mind and vexed in body.

And the same bunch of gentlemen, who occupied chairs that Sunday night in the lobby of the Iso-Thermal Hotel in the town of Ruthfordton and turned loose their appreciation of the able surgeons, their exalted opinion of the goodness of their hearts, and noted the marvelous success these Philadelphia North Carolinians had obtained in their great institutition established in the heart of the mountains, and had not up to this good day said to the town, to the county or to any man, we need, desire, or must have a contribution or a donation. It's their proposition and they run it as they see fit along lines that give vent to their fine natures.

Formal Opening.

On the 9th of March, 1911, the formal opening of the new hospital was had. A number of distinguished physicians of the state and five or six hundred of the local citizens called. One feature of the opening was a clinic and an address by Dr. Joseph Price (a Virginian.) who had gone to Philadelphia and became nationally famous as a surgeon. By way of the Rutherfordton Sun we have his address in part on that occasion and today it sounds so much like a prophecy made in the past we find it agreeable to reproduce it.

Dr. Price's Address.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—It gives me great pleasure to come here and participate in this extremely important function. There is something novel about it; it seems like the celebration of something wonderfully beautiful. I went through this hospital last evening and found patients here who had all been operated upon for very grevious complications, and their lives had been saved. All of them were cheerful and happy.

There is no one more interested in hospitals than myself, and also in the experiments of vivisection. I have seen many wonderful experiments in that line and consider it a life saving thing. I have been asked to repeat some of the experiments that Dr. N. Senn, of Chicago, made in that line, and have also been threatened that if I did so, the doors of the national association would be locked against me. I was not arrested, however, nor locked out either. There is a peculiar sentiment existing about vivisection at present. There is no one in the world more familiar with the past work of vivisection than myself. I have put a great many dogs under chloroform and experimented on them, that I midst save the lives of mothers, husbands and children. I have worked

in stables, and spent every dollar that I had in the world for this cause. Four of my friends were able, through knowledge of vivisection, to save the lives of five stab-wounds of the heart; a work which requires wonderful courage, cleanliness and dexterity. Vivisection has also been the means of bringing the army and navy surgeons up to a higher standard. From among the students, which they take from the medical schools, they take three or four and re-educate them. They re-educate them particularly along lines of immunity, and have recently immunized a whole regiment with anti-typhoid serum.

In many parts of the country today calamities exist owing to the scarcity of hospitals. Persons with compound fractures, and equally serious conditions, are shipped many miles in a baggage car for treatment and, consequently, lose their lives. Upon one occasion I lunched with seven surgeons at Petersburg, Va., and urged the great need of a hospital there. The general cry was: "We are poor; we can not afford it." Finally, however, a hospital was built there, in a beautiful site, surrounded by great pinoaks. Visiting there a quarter of a century later I found that some wonderful cures had been made, many of them, as a result of vivisection. Every town of four to six thousand inhabitants can afford a hospital, and should have one before the ladies wear sables and the men wear costly Masonic badges.

ONE OF THE RUTHERFORD HOSPITAL FLOWER GARDENS

Another important subject is that of social evil and vice. About twenty-five per cent of the inmates of county alms-houses and asylums should be taken out and put to work, and vice discouraged instead of being hushed. We should all like to live ten years longer and see the progress

which is to be made along the lines of taking better care of the body's social, religious and moral conditions.

In regard to medical work, we are just in our incipiency of what we hope to attain. We can have better surgeons and better doctors. Internes should serve at least two years before leaving a hospital. Just a word in regard to the nursing profession. At one time it was considered a disgrace for a refined woman to enter the nursing profession. The nursing profession was instituted by Florence Nightingale who was sent to Crimea by the Surgeon General of England, where her great work commenced.

In conclusion, I would urge the women of this land to put up one standard of morals, and to insist upon that standard, and we would have far less degeneracy. I have had much pleasure in coming here, and pleasure in saying what I have said to you.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

Capt. S. A. ASHE in News & Observer

The first designation of the former "unpleasantness" as a War Between the States that I know of is to be found in the decision of the United States Supreme Court—very high authority. The right of the United States States to seize certain vessels as "prizes" being denied, the cases went on appeal to the Supreme Court, and were decided at the December term 1862, nearly two years after the war was started. It became necessary for the court to say what sort of a war it was. Certainly it was a war and a very great one --but what sort of a war?

Justice Grier who filed the opinion of the court, said (2nd Black p. 668:) "By the Constitution Congress alone has the power to declare a national or a foreign war. It cannot declare war against a state or any number of states by virtue of any clause in the Constitution." Speaking of the President "He has no power to initiate or declare a war against a foreign nation or a domestic state." On page 673: "We have shown that a civil war such as that now waged between the Northern and Southern States is properly conducted according to the humane regulations of public law as regards capture on the ocean. Under the very peculiar Constitution of this government, although the citizens owe supreme allegiance to the Federal government, they owe also a qualified allegiance to the state in which they are domiciled. Their persons and property are subject to its laws. Hence, in organizing this rebellion, they have acted as States, claiming to be sovereign over all persons and property within their respective limits, and asserting a right to absolve their citizens from their allegiance to the Federal government. Several of these states combined to form a new Confederacy, claiming to be acknowledged by the world as a Sovereign state. Their right to do so is now being decided by wager of battle."

The great Commoner of that period Thad Stephens ever proclaim-

ed that "the Constitution" had nothing to do with it; that the whole proceedings were outside of the Constitution; and tnat threfore, after the conquest of the South, there were no "Southern States"—and Congress could not do what it pleased with the territory of the conquered states; and Congress did its pleasure just as Thad Stephens said—And at that period, 1866-68, I did not disagree with Stephens and was glad that they did not assign one-half of North Carolina to Rhode Island and the other half to Iowa! But still, in morals, there was what the lawyers call "an estoppel;" for the Northern authorities had declared "only lay down your arms and cease fighting, and be good—and everything shall be as it used to be."

Returning to the courts "war now waged between the Northern and Southern States"—it is remarkable that as a matter of fact such was the beginning of hostilities. Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, with the exception of a single man, I believe, was opposed to beginning the war. Seward, the strongest man in the cabinet, was so opposed to it that he proposed a war with Great Britain or Spain—or any other country, instead. But some half dozen governors of Northern states—embracing the manufacturing states—had an interview with President Lincoln, and doubtless prevailed on him to start the ball a-rolling promising to supply the troops. It seems to have been at this instance that the die was cast, the Rubicon crossed. When the President called for troops —these governors sent them—and, indeed the Governor of Pennsylvania sent so many that the Secretary of War would not receive more than half he sent and quite a heated controversy arose between the Governor of Pennsylvania and the Secretary of War about that.

It was at first a war between some of the Northern states and the Southern states; and it was in progress months before any Congress was held. Eventually, all the Northern states fell into the line, and Congress took hold; but as the Supreme Court said nearly two years later Congress had no authority under the Constitution to act in the maer. Some interesting questions arose on the above facts.

Slavery Not Involved.

To the Editor:The time to correct an improper statement is at once. It was not necessary for Senator Wheeler to say what the war of 1861-65 was fought about. "Here on this spot markes the surrender of chattel slavery," said he. That is one of the salves with which Northern men anoint themselves when seeking to reconcile themselves to their part in the great war. But President Lincoln declared up to September, 1862—after the war had been raging for fifteen months—that the question of slavery was not involved!

Virginia and North Carolina and other Southern States had refused to leave the Union up to April, 1861, a majority of their people were against it. A large majority of the people of those States had no personal interest in slavery. But when in April, 1861, an event occurred, the people of North Carolina al-

most to man took up arms; regiment after regiment came pouring down the mountain sides where not one man in fifty was personally interested in slavery. In many companies there were no slaveholders. Then the great slave States—border States—acted. What was that event?

Why did that event occur? Who brought it about—and for what purpose? Let Northern men examine these questions.

And please let me protest against an injustice to our one-time townsman, Andrew Johnson, contained in your account of the proceedings at the Bennett Place.

"Meanwhile, Lincoln, 'the friend of the South,' was assassinated and the administration changed. Andrew Johnson, a native of North Carolina, succeeded Lincoln in the Presidency, and the reconstructionists came in power in Washington."

The facts are that President Johnson did not change an iota in the program Mr. Lincoln had months and months earlier laid down for his own action; nor did he change Mr. Lincoln's cabinet.

But the change in Mr. Lincoln's program was made before his death.

It was made when he reversed himself after agreeing with Judge Campbell that the Legislature of Virginia should assemble at Richmond and withdraw the Virginia troops from the Confederate army.

That reverse step was taken at the insistence of his Secretary of War, Stanton. Sherman had acted in accord with Lincoln's views as expressed to him and General Grant at an interview at City Point after the Battle of Bentonville. Those views were not Stanton's—and Stanton prevailed on Mr. Lincoln's to yield more—in regard to the meeting of the Legislature of Virginia; and he took such steps that President Johnson had to yield to his views—in the matter of the terms of General Johnson's surrender. Indeed, I am not sure but that the Secretary of War took the initial steps in that matter without reference to the President. Mr. Lincoln would probably have again conformed to Stanton's views. President Johnson did not change Lincoln's cabinet.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere;
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

—Bryant.

THE CONTRACT.

By Frank Clever

Although only twenty-three years old, Guy Nearing was already Assistant Secreary of "The Magnus Infused Steel Company." His success was not the result of a single incident, but rather the direct outcome of a carefully laid plan.

We live in an age of specialists—men who can do some one thing better than the majority of the other people. A notable example is the case of Babe Ruth in baseball, or that of Marconi in wireless telegraphy. Guy realized this even when he was still a lad in school and straightway commenced to shape his future.

It was John Edwards, professor of Biology at "The Irving High School" who first acquainted Guy with that wonderful poem, the first verse of which runs as follows:

"If you think you are beaten, you are,
If you think that you dare not, you don't
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost a 'cinch' that you wont.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you find
Success begins with a fellow's will:
It's all in the state of mind."

"And that poem is absolutely right, Mr. Edwards had declared. "No man who is afraid of himself should be surprised if others doubt him also. Half the battles of life are won by men who have faith in themselves. The Key to the City of Happiness, which is in the State of Mind, is Faith."

That conversation had been the spur which Guy had needed. He decided that he would endlessly, unceasingly make an effort to inspire confidence in everyone he met. Now his efforts had been rewarded. He held a position of trust with his company despite his comparative youth.

Guy Nearing worked directly under the Vice President of the firm, Richard Straus, who was in charge of sales. Straus was a rather peculiar character. For twenty-two years he had worked for the Magnus Company and was one of their most faithful servants, but he was rather lacking in the finer things of life. For instance he was totally without sentiment. Friendship meant nothing to him. He would have sacrificed anyone he knew, to put over a big business deal. He was utterly selfish and self-centered, but he was absolutely trustworthy and would not have dishonestly taken a penny which did not belong to him. But in his business dealings he never hesitated to take a mean advantage.

Guy Nearing did not at all agree with Straus's methods and diplomatically told him so on several occasions.

But Straus only laughed. "You're a dreamer," he said, "some day you will realize that there is no place in business for dreamers. You're very young. Some day you will attain my years of experience and believe as I do."

"I hope not," replied Guy, "I should hate to believe that every man in business was untrustworthy. I belive that most men in business today are honest and actuated by a

sense of fairness. At least most of the men I come in contact with seem to belong to such a class."

But Straus shook his head. "You're terribly young," he said.

And yet, even though Guy disagreed with him, Straus liked the boy. He admired his open-hearted way of meeting folks, his utter sincerity in his work. It was for this reason that he gave Guy the biggest chance of his life.

Calling him into his private office, he said, "The Acme Tool Co. are in the market for the largest order of milling cutters ever placed in America. They have invited our bid, rather a splendid thing for our company, and want one of our representatives to call upon them. I have decided to send you because I believe you're the cleverest young fellow we've got. If you can land that order it will be worth a fortune to us in advertising alone. But it is not going to be an easy matter for you to put the deal through, because the Brady Steel Company are also putting in a bid. I need hardly tell you that the Brady Milling Cutters are about as good as any that can be produced. A chap's got to be a bit of a genius to compete with them. However, I have the greatest faith in you and I'm not going to load you down with a lot of useless instructions. Use your own judgment, but come back with the order."

An hour later Guy Nearing was on his way of "The Acme" offices in Patterson. To him the train seemed to move forward like a snail, so great was his eagerness to arrive at his goal. He was full of enthusiasm. At last he had an opportunity to prove the stuff he was made of. It was the biggest prospect he had ever been entrusted with. Finally the train arrived at Patterson and Guy jumped from the steps of the car before the train had even come to a stop. Already it was half-past three and he wanted, if possible, to get his bid in that very afternoon.

He was a bit disconcerted when he arrived at the offices of The Acme Tool Co., for he was ushered into the directors' room and all the directors, fully a dozen, were seated around the table. For the most part they were old men, many of them old enough to be his grandfather, a fact which only intensified his embarrassment. He was therefore very thankful to Mr. Taylor, the chairman of the Board, who rose to his feet and greeted him so sincerely that his nervousness vanished at once. After introducing Guy to the Board, Mr. Taylor motioned him to be seated at the table with them, and in a very few minutes, Guy had warmed up to his subject and was explaining in great detail the good features of his company's milling cutters.

Mr. Taylor permitted Guy to talk for some time without interruption, then he said, "You have a very convincing way of talking and I for one am rather impressed with your argument, but there are one or two questions I'd like to ask you. In the first place, do you believe that your company's milling cutters are the best on the market?"

Guy hesitated for a moment. "That is a rather hard question to answer," he said finally, we have tried to make our cutters as perfect as possible. I belive they are as good as any on the market. I know of none which I consider better."

Mr. Taylor rapped the table with his fingers for a few moments, as was his custom when he was deep in thought. Finally, he said, "Let me ask you another question. Do you consider that the Brady Steel Company manufacture good milling cutters?"

"Yes," was the reply, "they have had a wonderful reputation for more than thirty years."

Mr. Taylor looked surprised. "I didn't expect you to say that," he declared. "Your attitude is certainly very different to the attitude of the Brady representative. He said that no other company's products could compare with his. He said that if we purchased Magnus Milling Cutters we'd regret it."

"I think," said Guy, "that his company would not be very well pleased of they knew. It's rather a poor method of salesmanship. I am not here to run down Brady milling cutters, but to sell those made by the Magnus."

"But surely," continued Mr. Taylor, "if you expect to get an order, you should try to convince us that your milling cutters are the best."

"I believe," said Guy "that ours are as good as any that are made, every one has our guarantee. But I wouldn't like to say that they are better than Brady cutters because I don't see how they could be. Both companies manufacture the milling cutters under the same infused steel process. The results should be about the same. I'd like to get your order, it would be a big thing for me, but I want to get it purely on the guarantee of the cutters we offer."

Mr. Taylor rose to his feet. "We have a few more bids to consider," he said, "and will not make up our minds for several days. If your quotations are acceptable, you'll hear from us in a few days."

Back to the office the next morning, Guy repeated the interview to Richard Straus almost word for word. Straus grew serious as Guy continued talking, until when he was through he was in a raging temper.

"You've thrown away the biggest chance of your life," he stormed, "with your useless sentiment, and not only that, you've lost us the biggest sale of the year. All you had to do was to run down the Brady cutters and you'd have got the contract. I was certainly crazy when I sent you out on that deal, but I've got my senses back now. I want your resignation and I want it to take effect this very day. This office has no room for sentiment."

Guy could scarcely believe his ears. He was actually discharged after he had worked so hard to learn the business. Without saying a word, he rose to his feet and walked from the office. All the castles which he had built in the air had fallen into ruins. He had now to begin all over again simply because he was true to an ideal. He walked down to Washington Square ark and seated himself upon a bench. It was a lovely morning and the park was full of laughing, joyous children. They came and romped about him, not knowing into what gloom his soul was plunged.

Sitting there on the bench, his mind was a chaos of emotions, yet somehow the words of his favorite poem kept going through his mind;

"Full many a race is lost
Ere even a step is run,
And many a cowards fails

Ere even his work's begun
Think big, and your deeds will grow:
Think small, and you'll fall behind;
Think that you can and you will:
It's all in the state of mind."

Meanwhile back at the Magnus offices, Richard Straus was receiving a visitor in the person of Mr. Taylor of "The Acme Tool Company."

"Our Directors made their decision sooner than they anticipated," he said. "Your Mr. Nearing made such an impression on us that we decided not to bother with the other bids. We liked his business methods. It inspired us with confidence. We couldn't get him to run down the Brady milling cutters, but the Brady salesman did that for him. When a concern has confidence in their own products they can dare to be independent. I just happened to be in the city so I thought I'd drop in. You can have Mr. Nearing bring the contracts out tomorrow and we'll sign them."

Long after Mr. Taylor had gone, Richard Straus sat at his desk buried in thought. "I'll have to go to that kid's house this very day," he chuckled. For the first time in years, there was something stirring within him that oddly resembled sentiment. "He sure is a great little guy," he added, "a great little guy."

WHEN YOU SMILE.

When you smile the sun shines brighter,
And the sky seems twice as blue;
As you mete it out to others,
It measured back to you.
When you smile the load grows lighter,
And it shortens many a mile.
Why not try it? You will like it,
If you'll smile, smile, smile.

When you meet a friend or neighbor
It's not up to you to groan.
He doesn't want to hear about it—
He has troubles of his own.
Bite your lip and keep on smiling!
Think of something glad a while!
Folks are glad to see you coming
When you smile, smile, smile.

—Sadie J. Stein

MR. WILSON VERY MUCH ALIVE.

Saturday night Ex-President Woodrow Wilson made his first speech since he left the White House.

Mr. Wilson spoke exactly five minutes into a radio instrument at his house in Washington and his message was broadcast to every section of the country.

"The anniversary of armistice day," he said, "should stir us to great exaltation of spirit because of the proud recollection that it was our day, a day above those early days of that never to be forgotten November which lifted the world to the high levels of vision and achievement upon which the great war for democracy and right was fought and won, although the stimulating memories of that happy time of triumph are forever marred and embittered for us by the shameful fact that when the victory was won—won, be it remembered, chiefly by the indomitable spirit and valiant sacrifices of our own inconquerable soldiers—we turned our back upon our associates and refused to bear any responsible part in the administration of peace, or the firm and permanent establishment of the results of the war—won at so terrible a cost of life and treasure—and withdrew into a sullen and selfish isolation which is deeply ignoble because manifestly cowardly and dishonorable.

"This must always be a source of deep mortification to us, and we shall inevitably be forced by the moral obligations of freedom and honor to retrieve that fatal error and assume once more a role of courage, self-respect and helpfulness which every true American must wish and believe to be our true part in the affairs of the world.

"That we should thus have done a great wrong to civilization, and at one of the most critical turning points in the history of mankind, is the more deplored because every anxious year that has followed has made the exceeding need for such services as we might have rendered more and more manifest and more and more pressing, as demoralizing circumstances which we might have controlled have gone from bad to worse until now—as if to furnish a sort of sinister climax—France and Italy between them have made waste paper for the treaty of Versailles, and the whole field of international relations is in perilous confusion.

"The affairs of the world can be set straight only by the firmest and most determined exhibition of the will to lend and make the right prevail.

"Happily, the present situation of affairs in the world affords us an opportunity to retrieve the past and to render to mankind the incomparable service of proving that there is at least one great and powerful nation which can put aside programs of self-interest, and devote itself to practicing and establishing the highest ideals of disinterested service, and the constant maintenance of exalted standards of conscience and of right.

"The only way in which we can show our true appreciation of the significance of Armistice Day is by resolving to put self-interest away and once more formulate and act upon the highest ideals and purposes of international policy. Thus, and

only thus, can we return to the true traditions of America.

The whiteway of Beaufort enjoys the distinction of being the only one in North Carolina that may be seen from the Atlantic ocean.—Beaufort News.

WHAT ARE LUXURIES.

This is a question asked by the News & Observer and then discussed from various angles. What seems a luxury today may in a short time come to be regarded a necessity. Back in 1888, when I sat on the spacious porch of my boarding house, in Concord, I saw such men as the late D. F. Cannon, Messrs. J. P. Allison, W. J. Hill, B. F. Rogers, D. R. Hoover and other of our very first and most prominent citizen go wending home up North Main carrying by a string a piece of ice about the size of a gallon-pot.

I thought them heaven-blessed people, fortunate to be able to enjoy one of the choicest luxuries that could be had on a hot August day. This ice was brought in by the small lot and stored in some basement down town, and disbed out to the people that could afford a luxury at two cents per pound and more. By and by folks began to realize that ice in the home in the summer time was a necessity and its use began to spread, and now everybody buys, uses and wastes it to their heart's content. We couldn't live—at least we think so—without ice. This is just one of the many articles of food and use that thirty years ago were regarded luxuries that has come to be a necessity.

Along this line the News & Observer makes this observation:

At a mass meating of farmers in Minnesota it was decided that they were through with the "soft life" and that henceforth they would "abandon all luxuries." These farmers (and incidentally their families) will hereafter do without telephones, daily newspapers, automobiles, going to town except when absolutely necessary, buying anything from surrounding stores, except when necessary, and those of the men who have automobiles agreed to sell them.

There has been much discussion as to what are luxuries. We have been told that the comforts of luxuries of one generation are the necessities of the next generation. Thirty-five years ago there was no water system in Raleigh; no bath tubs, no hot water and no warm bath for the morning plunge. Today many regard it as a necessity. The same thing is more or less true of telephones and street cars and other luxuries—(or are they not necessities?)—and automobiles were unknown. Are they not all deemed necessaries by a large portion of the population?

Publishers of daily newspapers and their readers will not agree that a daily paper is a luxury. Not many months ago a farmer in Johnston county, desiring to economize, stopped his subscription to the daily News and Observer. Within a few weeks the man and his wife decided that life

was not worth living unless they knew what the world was talking about and what was going on. Moreover, they could not keep track of the markets without hitching up the horse and driving to town to find out. Even then they lacked all the reports and advices. They decided they'd rather cut out coffee and sugar than do without the daily paper. We opine that the same thing will happen in the homes of the Minnesota farmers.

Is an automobile a necessity or a luxury? Undoubtedly many are luxuries and very expensive ones, too. But farmers find it useful, if not necessary, to have a machine, and with many of them it is, at least, a semi-necessity, and some regard it as a real necessity. "I was compelled," said a Wake county farmer recently, "to buy two automobiles. My boys were willing to stay on the farm if they could have an auto to go to town or city and at other times to visit their friends. Otherwise they would go to town. It paid to buy the autos." In that case, was it not a necessity? "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It is not as important to have an auto to take the family to town, to church, on visits and send eggs and produce to market toady as it was to have a horse and buggy in the last decade?

What is luxury?

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

The Board of Trustees met in the Cannon Building on last Tuesday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The new office in the Cannon Building was opened on last Tuesday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Smith Literary Society held its meeting on last Monday night.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. D. H. Pitts, formerly an officer at the institution paid us a visit on last Tuesday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Cannon Literary Society held its meeting last week and had an interesting program.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys had a big time at the ball ground on last Saturday afternon, as it was much warmer.

The boys have been shredding corn and also putting peanuts in the granery for the past week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

We are all glad to see that the new highway is now completed and will soon be open to traffic.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

J. J. Jones left the institution on last Friday, to spend a few days with his parents in Charlotte.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The band had its regular meetings last week. We are all glad to see how much the band boys are progressing in their work.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

William Creeseman has been given a position in the shoe department and likes his work well and will soon

become a first class shoe butcher.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Programs for the various Literary Societies are being printed in the printing department and Christmas Carols for 1923 are also being printed.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A new addition is being added to the Auditorium. The boys will be glad when it is completed, as they are so crowded in the Auditorium now.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A new telephone system has been installed at the institution and we will all be glad when it is opened, so everyone won't have to go to the office to use a telephone.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Joe Wilkes left the institution on last Wednesday, to spend a few days with his parents and proving himself worthy of the trust put in him returned on the next Friday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

James Watson O'Quinn, Luke Patterson and Olive Falls have been given positions in the printing department and are learning the trade fast under the direction of Mr. Shaw.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Thomas, conducted the services in the Auditorium on last Sunday afternoon and after the services Miss Helen Fisher sang a song which was greatly enjoyed by everyone.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Cone Literary Society held its regular meeting on last Monday night and had a very interesting program. The boys to take part in the program were Bonnie McRary, Eugene Long, Howard Sillman, Lee Smith and Luther Gray.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The members of the Cannon Literary Society opened their society last Monday night, with the election of officers. These boys take a great interest in their society and hope to have some fine debates in the next meetings.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Monday night seems to be society night in the cottages, as every cottage has organized a society and the majority of them have their meetings on Monday night. We are all glad to see the great interest the boys take in their debates.

A rather large number of boys were visited on last Wednesday. The boys were all glad to see their friends or relatives, the boys visited were Joy Payne, Preston Windors, Seaton Trull, Carl Richards, James Buchanan, James Ford, Otis Floyd Olen Williams, James Torrence, Lee Rogers and John Bostic.

A man's life is an appendix to his heart.—South.

THE UPLIFT

XII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 24, 1923 No. 2

PLACE GUARD OVER TONGUE.

Whether we give occasion or not, there are those who in certain moods will speak spitefully of anybody, and there are some who go about speaking evil of everybody.

Yet, these very people, even those whose lips rarely open but to utter something malicious, may have goodness in their hearts which would prevent them from malicious action. If we judge them by their deeds we may find them no worse than their neighbors—perhaps better; if we judge them by their words we have to condemn them severely.

But in reality the least part of the matter is that which concerns ourselves, the serious part is that which concerns the character of the backbiter. The whole character is vitiated and perverted by this unhappy habit; it prcceeds from an entire lack of self-restraint, and can cnly grow from bad to worse, till the person is a slave of the tongue instead of being its master.

Society would be unbearable if everbody spoke according to mood, impulse or physical condition.

PUBLISHED BY
PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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YOU.

It isn't the money your'e making, it isn't the clothes you wear,
And it isn't the skill of your right hand that makes folks really care.
It's the smile on your face and the light of your eye and the burdens that you bear.

Most any old man can tell you, most any old man at all,
Who has lived through all sorts of weather, winter, summer and fall,
That riches and fame are shadows that dance on the garden wall.

It's how do you live and neighbor, how do you work and play,
It's how do you say "good morning" to the people alnog the way,
And it's how do you face your troubles whenever your skies are gray.

It's you from the dawn to night-time—you when the day is fair'
You when the storm is raging—how do you face despair,
It is you the world discovers, whatever clothes you wear.

You to the end of the journey, kindly, brave and true,
The best and the worst of you gleaming in all you say and do,
And the thing that counts isn't money, or glory or power, but you.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

In all the counties where a real progress has been made in educational

matters, certain fundamental truths and requirements have been observed. This is most evident in Stanly, Montgomery, Union and other near by counties. Outstanding in the fundamental things they observed are:

1. They had school officials really and actually friends of public education, and who were enthusiastic enough to stay by the proposition;

2. They selected a superintendent and executive officer, who "knows the county and enjoys a reputation among the leading educators of the state;" one who has learned to answer in a courteous manner civil questions that the public had a right to ask, and who gave a polite and frank answer; one not tired and fossilized and obsessed with his superior judgment and infallibility; one who performed the duties placed upon him by the school law; and one who did not put off to the last minute to supply his schools with competent and unbobbed teachers; and a real leader for the great cause.

3. They openly placed their scheme before the public and presented frankly the wisdom of it; they sought no victory by the route of silence, pussyfooting or default.

4. They selected a worthy territory where three or four or more small districts could be thrown together, eliminating small unsightly houses (one teacher affair,) took the people of that combined territory into their confidence, talked over it, discussed it and became of one mind. The election came off—it won, of course; a splendid, brick building was erected with all modern conveniences and equipment. The far-removed children were transported with less danger or trouble than when they trudged through a mile or two of mud and slush. They were met at the school by competent teachers, teachers who aimed to put on womanly demeanor and to set an inspiring example. The people were delighted. It became an object lesson; and other sections of the county, seeing the fine results, sought to effect a consolidated district out of four or five in their community, and succeeded. That's educational spirit; educational vision; common sense psychology;—IT'S LEADERSHIP.

This is the way Stanly started back six years ago; and today she has just opened her tenth consolidated school that takes care of all the grades. She had the right under the law then to do so, as did every other county in the state. She worked her job—refusing to let the job work them.

This is the way progressive measures in the cause of rural education began in Wilson, Guilford, Davidson, Union, Montgomery and other counties which have made a proud record.

To succeed in putting across progressive measures, radically new, there must be an educational morale, which alone can be created by leadership.

The blind will never follow the blind or the secretive.

* * * * * * *

DR. McBRAYER.

Dr. McBrayer, who enjoys the reputation of having been a successful superintendent of the State Sanitorium for years, has been under fire for now near unto a year. The legislative investigation was most annoying; then the management of the institution was changed from the State Board of Health to a specially appointed board of directors, composed of some of the finest gentlemen in the state, which met and continued Dr. Brayer in office.

The grand-jury of Hoke county recently found a true bill against the doctor for a violation of a law; he went before the court just last week and plead guilty to the indictment. Under the law, which governs the matter, the position became automatically vacant. But, taking an appeal and manifesting a disposition to fight the sentence of the court, Dr. Brayer contended that having been re-elected by the board, the cause of his trouble is overcome.

Gov. Morrison steps in, requests a meeting of the board to take action in selecting a successor to Dr. McBrayer. There was a time when going was good, and a number of his friends feel that Dr. McBrayer should have embraced the opportunity; but a rich-redded-blooded North Carolinian, when he believes he is right, will not retire under fire. Doubtless this is the way Dr. McBrayer viewed the matter. It must be said in justice to the superintendent that he claims that he was ignorant of the provision of the law, which he is charged and stands convicted of having violated. That law made it unlawful for an officer of the state to trade with himself or a corporation in which he is interested.

* * * * * * *

DR. E. A. ALDERMAN.

Dr. E. A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, has been down home for a few days mingling with his friends. Dr. Alderman is rejoiced over the fact that the day of "North Carolina's humility is gone." So are all of us.

In an after dinner speech in Raleigh the brilliant North Carolinian, whom we have loaned the old "mother of presidents," gave an account of a recent experience he had with a Virginia body of legislative officers. Finding himself frequently referring to North Carolina's progress, a member of that legislative body interrupted to ask: "What's going to be the end of it; North Carolina has gone crazy, headed straight for ruin."

And this is how Dr. Alderman countered: "Well, if North Carolina has gone crazy; it's the divinest sort of insanity ever experienced, and those North Carolinians are the happiest, most self-confident people on the brink of ruin I have ever seen."

* * * * * * *

AN OUTPORING OF SYMPATHY.

The bereavement that has come to the home of Federal Judge E. Y. Webb, of Shelby, in the death of his wife, calls forth from the entire state the deepest sympathy. Mrs. Webb, some weeks ago, was stricken while enroute to her old home at Wake Forest. She was taken from the train and carried to the hospital in High Point.

Her condition from the first seemed to offer no hope of her recovery, and last Saturday her spirit took its eternal flight. She was an extremely popular woman, of strong personality and her contributions to the advancement of public welfare and the uplift of society were well known throughout the state. Judge Webb, the bereaved husband, a truly popular citizen and a great force for righteousness in the commonwealth, is the recipient of the deepest sympathy of thousands in the state who know and admire him.

* * * * * * *

THE GOVERNOR AND THE TREASURER.

Gov. Morrison and Treasurer Lacy are in New York to sign the bonds recently sold. The last time they were there for a similar purpose, Mr. Lacy was at one time critically ill with pneumonia. His recovery was all but hopeless; but an old-timey physician, using old-timey remedies, pulled him through.

Let us hope that the popular state treasurer will escape a repetition of that illness or any other kind of illness on the trip, even though the remedies carry him back to the practices of olden days. Gov. Morrison should watch closely his fond companion on this important trip.

* * * * * * *

A FINE EXHIBIT SPLENDIDLY MADE.

Editor Hurley, of the Salisbury Evening Post, issued on last Saturday what he very appropriately called a Rowan Development edition of The Post. It was some seventy-odd pages of interesting matter and copiously illustrated.

He did himself proud and this contribution to Salisbury, Spencer and the county gives them a much wider and deserved advertisement among the people of the state. One never knows just what his town or county has

until he begins to make an enumeration. Rowan is to be congratulated that one of its citizens was ambitious enough to undertake a big job, which Hurley has just pulled off, and largely one purely patriotic.

* * * * * * *

STOOD ADAMANT.

Bishop Denny, in presiding over the North Carolina Methodist Conference at Elizabeth City during the past week, stood immovable for the four year limit for a pastorate. A wonderfully strong man, of great learning and of outstanding courage is Bishop Denny, but he just couldn't turn a deaf ear to the demand for the return of the little live ecclesiastical wire that presides over Forest Hill in Concord, so the Rev. J. Frank Armstrong enjoys the reputation of being the only Methodist preacher that was ever permitted to live in Concord for five consecutive years and officiate at the same church.

* * * * * * *

THANKSGIVING.

There has been issued a call for a remembrance of the several orphanages on the coming Thanksgiving—the idea is for each person to give to the orphanage of his choice an amount equal to one day's income. It is a beautiful practice, and would be far-reaching were all people to avail themselves of the privilege of observing Thanksgiving in this manner.

Gently may we suggest that the Jackson Training School is in deed and truth an orphanage, and subject to these benefactions.

THANKSGIVING—NOV. 29TH.

Thanksgiving is defined as an act of gratitude for favors and mercies, and it is well that we have a day set apart annually for a public acknowledgment or celebration of divine goodness, either in deliverance from calamities or in the dispensation of blessings and the bounties of nature.

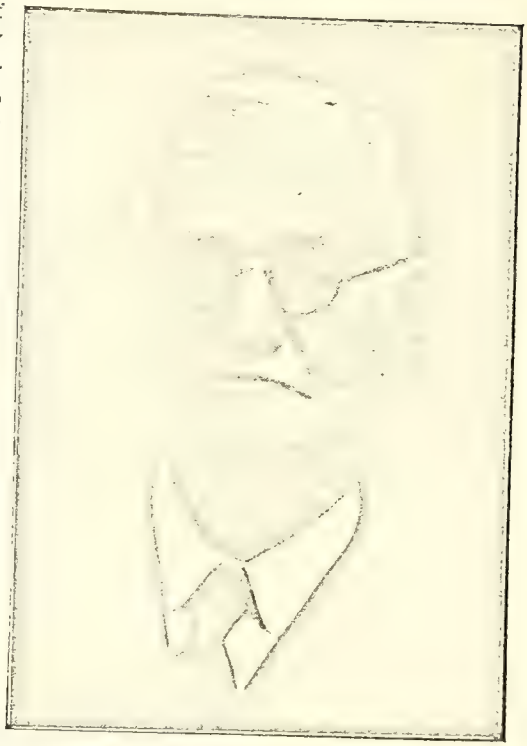
But, notwithstanding "the ills that flesh is heir to," we might make every day a day of thanksgiving, for every day we share these blessings and partake of these bounties, and we should rejoice every moment in the knowledge that they are found all around and about us, in the fields and streams, in the flowers and trees, in the sunshine and the showers, in the products of farms and gardens and orchards and vineyards, in the coal and stone and minerals that were stored away for the use of man ages before his appearance on earth. We should be thankful that all of these things, and many more, were placed here for our comfort and pleasure, and, above all, we should be thankful for Life and Love—for a paradise that is lost by man mainly through his wanderings in labyrinths formed by his own acts.

Disasters resulting from nutural causes, and disorders incident to mortality, are evils to man, however they may appear to the All-Seeing Eye but these ills are no greater than those which man brings upon himself. In the journey of life we find more good reasons to rejoice than to complain, but as a rule we are thoughtless and dissatisfied—the ungrateful recipients of countless blessings flowing from the infinite source of the beautiful and good.

Man—"the Temple of God"—placed in a beautiful world that may be enjoyed to thhe full through right-living and right-thinking—man, endowed with a soul that is immortal, and having but a little way to go to reach a higher state of existence, with eternity before him for spiritual growth and ever increasing happiness—why should he be a chaser of phantasms, prone to regard himself as a creature that "never is, but always to be blessed?"

Let us take stock of what we have—of what we are permitted to enjoy. Let us bear in mind that "The shore we came from is the shore we are bound for in our journey, and that shore is God," and for our many blessings let us give thanks from the bottom of our hearts, from the depths of our souls, and in all that we think and do.
—Farming.

JOHN ALEXANDER THOM.



Next Spring this man will have been a station agent of the same railroad for fifty years. He is John Alexander Thom, of China Grove, N. C. To spend a half century for the same institution and holding but three positions during that time, is not only a compliment to the man but speaks well of the judgment of the employer, who recognizes a good and faithful servant when he sees him.

For years I have gone up and down, first, the Richmond & Danville which eventually became the Southern, for years. Everytime I have passed China Grove there stood out between the depot door and the track a man that bears a kindly expression, wide-open eyes to his duty, with some document either in his hands or under his arm. J. A. Thom never goes to sleep at the switch. Conservative in his views, gentlemanly in his bearings, unexcitable and most awfully smooth, and faithful to the requirements of his position, he has become one of the outstanding institutions of China Grove.

Mr. Thom is one of the three living of a family of eight children. He is a native of Guilford county, having been born on a farm four miles east of Greensboro, October 11th, 1853. His father paid for an amount of stock in the North Carolina railroad by grading, during spare time when not busy on the farm, one mile of the said road. The section father Thom graded runs by the county Home.

Our subject enjoyed but slight educational advantages—just such as could be had in the neighborhood school. The Rev. Dr. C. H. Caruthers, a scholarly man, conducted a school at Back Creek and lived with the father of our subject. The teacher was a bachelor; and for a great period of time exerted wonderful in-

fluence in the neighborhood, but when the War Between the States came on, Dr. Caruthers opposed secession and he became so unpopular that his usefulness in the community was at end.

Early in life young Thom had a hankering for a business life and for railroading. At McLeansville was a depot, and the man who acted as depot agent conducted a store. Young Thom found that if he bought out the $400 stock of goods from the station agent, he could also take over the agency at McLeansville. The remarkable thing is that Thom drew the princely (?) salary of eighteen dollars per month and boarded himself. He found merchandising in that place unprofitable and in two months his experience as a merchant at McLeansville came to a sudden end. This was in 1874, and the salary he was drawing was considered a pretty fine one, but when given the agency at Gibsonville, further down the railroad, at a salary of thirtyfive per month he came to be recognized as a child of fine fortune. He left Gibsonville in 1878, going to China Grove where he performed the duties of station agent, though the position was held by the late I. Frank Patterson, the father of that remarkable family of boys and girls who have made the world much better by having lived in it. When growing tired of the responsibility of the job, and more of his time being required for his mercantile business, Mr Patterson gave up the job; and about this time (April, 1879) Col. A. B. Andrews, then division superintendent of the Richmond & Danville, came along. He wanted to send Thom to a point near Goldsboro. Mr. Thom, prefering to stay at China Grove, remarked that he understood that Mr. Patterson intended to resign and this wonderful railroad man simply remarked: "Alright, Thom, when he does, the job is yours." And it was and is.

When trying to discover himself, a process that most young men have to go through unless the heir of a fortune or a business well established, young Thom spent six years out west. He followed an older brother who had married a sister of Mr. D. B. Coltrane, and had moved west to "make his fortune." He is living today in Missouri at the age of 80 years. But the Thom we are writing about did not become planted out west—he had a call to return to North Carolina. A crowd of North Carolina product, making all arrangements to return, set out in the fall of 1873 to return to North Carolina. They started from Hillsborough, Ill., and drove through the entire way. The aggregation consisted of seven boys, 11 horses, and three wagons, and the trip required just thirty days. Young Thom celebrated the first Sunday out his 21st birthday.

In July, 1877, Mr. Thom was united in marriage with Miss C. Bettie Kimball, daughter of a most godly minister, who labored and built in the state more churches than any other Lutheran preacher in the history of that denomination. Blessing this union are five daughters and one son. One daughter is Miss Ruth who lives with her father and assists him in the conduct of the railroad office at China Grove, which on account of the manufacturing enterprises and a largely increased business activity, has become a very important agency

of the Southern. Miss Ruth is just about as good a railroader as is her father, and that's an accomplishment.

It is not given to many to serve in one capacity for fifty years—the fact of the matter is, that not many men can hold a job that long without feeling that they own it. Not so with Thom. There is written into his being a sense of high obligation and a pride in rendering a fine, clean service that wins the appreciation of his employers and the abiding satisfaction of the patrons of the Southern railway. Though now in his seventy-first year, and he doesn't show it, he is active, does not watch the clock or does not dwell on the arrival of pay-day—with him the motive is of service.

In his kindly nature he has aided many young men to learn telegraphy and thus qualify themselves to hold important positions with the railroad. The finest product of his interest and training is Charlie Kimball, the present police justice of the city of Columbia, S. C. This young man caught an inspiration under the kindly influence of this gentle gentleman, Thom, that after mastering telegraphy and learning railroad station business, he wouldn't or couldn't stop. He studied law and has made an enviable record.

I wonder to how many tramps, when tramping was fashionable (before they quit beating trains and took to Fords in going South in the fall and back north in the spring) this smooth, gentle man has, in the compassion of his kindly soul, given a "hand-out" without the ordeal of cutting some stove-wood or paying any other penalty.

The station at China Grove wouldn't look right without Mr. Thom and there is no present or prospective reason why he shouldn't function there much of another half century.

It's a fine privilege and makes one feel so helped up to daily see moving about in his community him, whom everybody regards and knows to be a "clean, good man," full of faithful service to his fellow man, to society and to God—that's the estimate his neighbors have of John Alexander Thom, for fifty years in the service of one railroad.

FORCED!

At the recent meeting of N. C. Synod, among the many important questions before them,and there were an unusual number of them, there was no question that aroused more interest or that meant more to future generations than the question of the education of our girls.

Under the rulings of the State Board of Education, the graduates of our colleges for women are forced to accept a lower rate of pay for teaching than those of the State schools and of the other denominational colleges that have complied with the requirements of the Association of Colleges. This is the case, even if you can prove that these graduates are equal in scholarship to those of other schools.—Presbyterian Standard

OUR WEAKNESS.

By R. R. Clark.

Talking to a civic organization in a North Carolina city recently, a judge of our Superior Court emphasized the obvious fact, that the example of citizens of standing with reference to law observance will be followed by persons of less prominence; and that it is useless to expect obedience to law on the part of those in the humbler walks of life if those higher up ignore the law. As an illustration this judge cited the case of a prominent citizen of his acquaintance who was telling him, rather boastfully, that he had operated his car at the rate of 35 miles an hour. The judge asked how he reconciled to his conscience the violation of the speed law. "Why, there was no policeman present," was the answer. The natural conclusion was that in this man's view one was at liberty to fracture the speed law at will so long as he was not caught at it. That was the conclusion reached by the judge, who told his audience that real Americanism is to obey the law because it is law, whether an officer is in sight or not and whether we do or do not believe that any harm will be done by the violation; and whether we consider the law wise or foolish.

The remark of the citizen to the judge is the typical American view of law, and that is why we are the most lawless among the civilized nations of the earth, as criminal statistics show. The man who wants to drive faster than the automobile regulations permit, or operate his car in a manner prohibited, does not feel that he has violated the law so long as he gets by without detection and no harm is done, so far as he can see. Therefore he has no conscientious scruples in such matters. Others who have a taste for the ardent encourage the illicit traffic by patronizing bootleggers and delude themselves into the belief that they have done no real wrong so long as they do not abuse the use of the liquor. And so with other offences. In other words, the average American is disposed to obey only such laws as it is not inconvenient for him to obey; especially is that true as to laws involving misdemeanors. The average American does not want to commit murder, burglary or the graver offences. Therefore he respects these laws not only because their violation is a serious matter, but because he is not naturally disposed to commit the graver crimes. When these crimes are committed he feels that the violators should be punished promptly and in full. In fact he is given to complaint that the law is not better enforced.

In that respect your average American is an unmitigated hypocrite. To tell him so to his face would provoke a personal encounter in some cases; he would be indignant if called a law-breaker. But that is just what the average American is. The man who violates the automobile regulations and the prohibition laws in buying liquor, or any other similar enactment lightly regarded by those not disposed to obey all laws because they are laws, is morally as

such criminal as the murderer, the burglar and the forger. It is neither an answer nor an excuse to say that the minor offences are small matters and that no harm is done, infinite, incalculable harm at times, because of the influence of example. The man who drove his car 35 miles an hour and seemed to think he had done something smart because no policeman saw him, might shudder at the thought of murder, or burglary or arson, or other of the more serious offences. But he fails to appreciate what every intelligent individual must know on reflection, that while he regards the violation of the speed law as of small consequence when no harm results to anybody, others of less intelligence may feel justified in committing burglary, murder, arson, forgery, embezzlement, because they reason that under certain conditions they are excusable in the commission of these crimes; or they may be unconsciously influenced to begin a career of crime, without intending to go as far as they are eventually led, by the influence of the example of Col. A., who violates the speed laws at will; or Col. C., who keeps a well supplied cellar and serves contraband liquor to his friends and guests; or they may know that Elder Pecksniff, or Deacon Tightwad, or Steward Pharisee loans money and take bonus and charges usury that grinds the faces of the poor. If these may do that, why should not others do some things they want to do and which the law says they must not Untold thousands have been turned into the way to hell by the example of hypocrites who thank the Lord daily that they are not as other men. And it is a private opinion, publicly expressed, that those who thus influence by their example, no matter whether they intend to or not, are the greater sinners and deserve infinitely greater punishment than those who are of less intelligence and influence.

And here is the greater and almost fatal weakness. The judge to whom I have refered could have testified, if he had been amind, that the people of standing whose example is a rock of offence to those less fortunately situated, usually escape adequate punishment if they are brought before the bar of justice, solely because of their standing, while the common herd, without friends in court, usually get full measure. That is a fact so well established that none of intelligence will undertake to deny that it is the rule rather than the exception. The courts lack the courage to resist the pressure brought to bear by powerful influence. Judges often realize that they are doing wrong, and sometimes admit it, but almost invariably, with few exceptions, the offences of those who have, or can command, the aid of persons of influence do not seem so heinous as the offences of those who have no friends to plead for them. The truth is the court follows the natural inclination to inflict what is believed to be proper punishment if he is let alone. If he is pursued by the pleas of lawyers and friends, by petitions signed by good people who give no thought to what they are signing; and by preachers and Church folks who ask that the law be set aside simply because somebody is involved that they want to help, the court is finally influenced to do what he would not otherwise have done—grant a special

privilege to a favored one, not because he deserves it, but because he is so fortunate as to have influential friends to ask for it. I am making no criticism of fathers and mothers and near kin who try to save those near and dear to them; that is natural. The criticism is of others, people of influence, who have not the courage to deny a request that they help to perpetrate a wrong and bring the law into contempt and disrepute by influencing its nullification. The other day, in this same city where the judge I have mentioned was talking, a preacher and a delegation of Church members went into court and saved from punishment a man who plead guilty of violation of the liquor laws. He was saved, doubtless, not because he was innocent or deserved special consideration, but because he belonged to the church. Membersship in a lodge is sometimes a great benefit in a tight place, notwithstanding the lodges and the churches profess to stand for law enforcement. But the Ku Klux make the same claim, come to think of it.

In conclusion let me call attention to the brave and courageous action of the Governor of the State, who has just taken steps to remove from office a prominent and popular official because he has admitted violation of the law, and the law calls for his removal from office. So highly esteemed is that man, and apparently so deserving of esteem, that powerful influences were at work and would have saved him—his act would have been passed over as of no serious consequence—had not the Governor interfered. Not a few of us wanted the man saved because we like him and believe that his service to humanity and the State mitigated his offence, and that he should be continued in service. It is no doubt embarrassing to the Governor to persue the course he has pursued. But the law is so plain that he who runs may read and the Chief Executive could not, without violence to his conscience and his oath do otherwise than he has done. He has manifested a courage, in the face of strong influence and seemingly in opposition to popular sympathy, that deserves all commendation. Not commendation because of desire that the man affected suffer. But commendation because the Chief Executive of the State does not flinch when the law is to be executed, whether friends or foes are involved; whether the influential or the lowly are concerned. And that under his administration at least "equality before the law" may not be so great a lie as it usually is.

GOOD ADVICE

We are invoking The Philadelphia Record that hereafter in referring to Charlotte, it drop the "N. C." None of the other big papers in the North, in good and regular standing, do it, recognizing that it has become entirely unnecessary. Newspaper readers of recent times can locate Charlotte as easily as they can New York or Philadelphia.—Charlotte Observer

WILL DEFER BUSINESS OF "SPANKING VIRGINIA."

Mr. B. L. Umberger, of Luberger Place of Cabarrus county, whom superior opportunities brought to North Carolina from Wythe county, Va., a good many years ago, and a pleasant life-association having been formed has held him ever since, writes protesting against the suggestion that Old Virginia needs a spanking, because of her devotion to mud and bad roads.

Statistics will probably show that there are more automobiles in Virginia than in North Carolina, and if the old office-holding and professionally inclined folks could get themselves into a modern mood they might invoke a gas tax, which would help to float some bonds; and then all those folks holding high office and high position might contribute something by way of an income tax, which would help to float bonds for good roads.

Mr Umberger's excuse for Virginia's going-to-sleep at the switch in progressive road construction measures is not sound, but his spirit in defending his mother state, which he considered advisable to leave even before automobile days arrived, is most splendid; and his article is so pleasing that we not only publish it with pleasure but issue orders that the spanking of Virginia must be deferred. Mr. Umberger writes:

"As a native of Virginia I want to defend her against the slurs that are making their rounds over North Carolina. You're wrong in saying she needs a "spanking" for defeating the fifty million dollar bond issue. There is a reason.

Virginia is building roads, lots of them and on the only safe and sound plan for her to do it. Conditions there are different from North Carolina, especially the valleys from Maryland to Bristol. Much of the balance of the state is sparcely settled and poor. She has neither of the big cash crops that are making North Carolina rich and paying her bonds.

Life in Virginia still tends to professional careers rather than business. She is still the mother of presidents. She is still furnishing the world with leaders and her ideal home-life will continue to do it. She is too far from the center of population for her sons again to sit in the Whitehouse by popular vote, but she is there and has been for years through proxies. There are literally hunderds of Virginians over the country that are presidents of colleges, associations, business, church institutions, hospitals, etc. The environment leads that way rather than to business.

We in North Carolina are very fortunate in natural resources. We do not deserve a great deal for putting across most of our wealth and industries. Nature forced them on us. On the other hand we were slow to grasp it. Virginia will never be able to pay for roads from auto tax or gas. She doesn't need so many touring cars or trucks. She hasn't but little interest to hold the tourist either and gets nothing out of them. She must get her taxes by direct taxation.

I notice in your excellent magazine

that editor Green boasts of celebrities from and around Union county. In order to show you how the Virginia people follow the professions and continue to be leaders over the states and are heard in Washington, let me point you to a few from my home county and adjoining counties in Virginia: Bascom Slemp, ex-congressman, now secretary to President Coolidge; Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, nee Edith Bolling; Carter Glass, who wrote the world's famous "Federal Bank System;" Gov. E. Lee Trinkle of Virginia; Ex-Gov. Stewart, one of the largest fat-cattle breeders east of the Mississppi—he raises and exports annually 1800 cattle that average one ton each in weight. He has 160 silos. (That man Stewart could help to float lots of bonds for road construction on his enormous cattle business—The Uplift) George Carter, multi-millionaire, steel furnace builder, railroad builder, including the Clinchfield into North Carolina and Coal Operator (Mr. Carter could help float some road bonds, also)

There are literally hundreds of prominent physicians, lawyers, Judges, Bishops, Missionaries, Ministers, College presidents; including attorneyE. H. Greever who with two colleagues, wrote the brief and won their case in Washington last year for the West Virginia Coal Operators against the Coal Unions and Operators of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Coal Company. His brother Dr. W. H. Greever, is editor of the Lutheran Survey, Business manager of the Theoligical seminary, Loman's Home led the war drives for milliions durin the World War. And Dr. Chas. Hounshell, secretary of Missions of the Southern Methodist church; Bushop Waterhouse; the Hup boys, who planned the Hup automobile.

If I can point out this array of celebrities from one little district, who then can say that Virginia is behind and "needs a spanking!"

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.—Lamb.

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph

The glorious sun was pouring enthusing light into the "Happy Valley," and on the mountain tops. In an automobile, the past summer, I was rolling through a very riot of beautiful natural scenery. 'Twas a morning that adds to heart beats and makes folks glad to live. It was great —mountain crag and valleys sweet conspired to wrench even from unwilling lips the praise of the Psalmist, "How wonderful are thy works, O, God!" As I reveled in the highlands and among the mountains, I wondered if North Carolinians knew North Carolina. I am sure the most of them do not. Most of us are too close to it to appreciate its beauty, from seashore to mountain top. Both scenery and opportunity are here in the greatest abundance. If you are feeling blue go out to nature. God

makes nature praise him. You can do no less, if you have a spark of gratitude in your heart. Ours is a State with boundless possibilities and unequal beauty. Her devotees are made rich in health and fitness as they use what she offers.

* * * *

Have you ever noticed that a bull dog has the impression of success written all over his countenance. People always act decent in the presence of a bull dog. There is something about him that does not invite foolishness. You never find him weeping, and whining. He has the tenacity and the sagacity to stand up square for his cause. Most of us fail and fall down because we fall down to our feelings. We are weak and vacillating. We need a little more of the bull dog grit in our make-up for right and justice towards all men.

* * * *

We are told that "harmony is heaven's first law.' I guess that's right. If it is, and I do not doubt it, it won't take any great amount of argument to prove that a great many of us are a long way from heaven. We get out of harmony with ourselves, and everybody else. Towns' cities, states and nations get out of harmony, and we wonder why there's so much trouble, disaster and failure in the world. The world is no worse than the people on it. The people make the world. They are out of harmony. Out of tune. Take the squeak out of your own make-up if you would run smooth. The world today, as well as each individual, needs tuning up to the harmony of heaven—the love of God, and more of it in our hearts for Him.

The romance of steel excites the imagination more than do the tales of Hans Anderson, but it will be nothing as compared with the romance of agriculture when some great organizing genius shows his head to lead the farmers to their promised land. Agriculture organization is more complex, of course, because where there were only a few hundred steel plants there are six and one-half million farms, but the financial returns will be correspondingly great and far more lasting when organization is perfected. The business problems are almost identical, the co-ordination of production of selling and of distribution. The Farm Bureau and the agricultural bloc are the two first signs of the times. Upon that foundation is bound to be built the emancipation of the farmer from a life of drudgery and a world-wide industry that will benefit all mankind.

* * * *

The friends who just "stands by." Don't you love him? When troubles come into your soul; the ones you have to bear alone. When there's nothing a friend can do; when love cannot lighten the load; when words are powerless to smooth out the "ruffled edges of care," just to know that you have a friend standing by; whose warm hand-clasp is always yours; he can do nothing—but he stands by to the end to see you through. There is sympathy in his looks and acts. It cheers. It comforts. "God bless the friend, who just stands by."

NORTH CAROLINIAN! HERE'S JUSTIFICATION FOR PRIDE.

North Carolina has the largest Hosery Mills in the World.

North Carolina has the largest Denim Mill in the United States.

North Carolina has the largest Towel Mill in the World.

North Carolina has the largest Aluminum Plant in the World.

North Carolina has the largest Damask Mills in the United States.

North Carolina has the largest Underwear Factory in America.

We consume annually in our Textile Mills 1,100,000 bales of raw cotton.

North Carolina has the largest Pulp Mill in the United States.

North Carolina has more Mills that dye and finish their own products than any other Southern State.

North Carolina leads the World in the manufacture of Tobacco.

North Carolina has a total of more than 6,200 Factories.

These Factories give employment to 158,000 workers, whose total annual wages amount to more than $127,000,000.

North Carolina has $900,000,000 invested in manufacturing establishments.

North Carolina leads every Southern State in the number of wage and salary earners.

Again we lead the Southern States in values added to the raw materials after process of manufacture, North Carolina, $417,000,000; Texas, $298,000,000; Virginia, $269,000,000 and Georgia, $263,000,000.

North Carolina has the second largest Hydro-Electric power development in the World.

North Carolina consumes one-fourth of all the Tobacco used in manufacture in the entire United States.

North Carolina pays one-third of all the Tobacco taxes of the Union.

In 1922 North Carolina paid the Government $93,000,000 Tobacco tax. More than any other State in the Union. New York, the next State, paid only $45,000,000.

North Carolina manufactures more Cigarettes than any State in the Union.

One North Carolina city manufactures more Tobacco than any other city in the world.

North Carolina has more Cotton Mills than any State in the Union. We are second in the value of cotton manufactures.

In the year 1922, we paid the United Staes Government $122,000,000 in Federal taxes, ranking eigth in the entire Union.

North Carolina leads the South in the number of Furniture Factories; in the capital invested; the num-

ber of operatives employed; the variety of products and the value of the annual out-put.

Only one other city in the United States manufactures more Furniture than does one of our North Carolina cities.

North Carolina ranks fith in the value of Agricultural Products in the United States.

In 1921, Johnson Pitt and Robeson were among the fifty richest Agricultural counties in the Union.

North Carolina stands second in the production of tobacco in the United States.

North Carolina ranks third in the production of Sorghum, Peanuts and Sweet Potatoes in the United States.

North Carolina has grown more Corn to the acre than any other State in the Union.

The South produces 50 per cent. of the Nations Lumber, and in Western North Carolina's hardwood forests and Eeastern North Carolina's pine forests, is found the richest and largest supplies of Lumber for the Eastern half of the United States.

The South has water power capable of 9,000,000 horse power development and North Carolina's portion of it is more than 1,000,000, of which 450,000 has been developed.

North Carolina leads the Union in the number of debt-free homes.

More than four-fifths of the North Carolinians who own homes have not once cent of debt on them.

North Carolina ranks first in the value and quantity of Mica produced, mining 75 per cent. of all Mica mined in America.

North Carolina ranks first in the quantity of Feldspar produced in the United States.

North Carolina ranks first in the value and quantity of Mill Stones produced in the United States.

The Talc mined in North Carolina commands the highest price per ton of any mined in the United States.

Western North Carolina is world-famed as a tourist and health resort. Our unequailed year 'round climate; our healthy Balsam-laden mountains air; our pure crystal water; the beauty and grandeur of our mountain peaks, help make this section foremost of any other in America, as a playground for pleasure and health-seeking tourists.

Our hundreds of miles of hard-surfaced roads, with many more under construction, is fast connecting every county-seat and principal city in our State.

We are now building two miles of hard surfaced roads and three miles of other dependable roads every day in the year.

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.—Carlyle.

THANKSGIVING—THE FIRST—AND OURS.

By Mrs. Charles P. Wiles in Young Folks.

When James I became king of England, he tried, as various kings and queens before him had tried, to enforce obedience to one sovereign church.

"I will govern," he said, "according to the common weal, but not according to the common will."

In many parishes were men and women who disapproved of parts of the service and many of the ceremonies. They wished to worship God in a way purified from old time customs, so in derision they were called "Puritans." The Puritans refused to conform, but the King said they must, "I will make them conform," he said. "I will harry them out of this land, or worse.' What the "worse" was they learned later.

One of the staunch Puritans was William Brewster, who lived in an old manor house at Scrooby. Each Sunday, quite a company of Puritans, or Separatists, as they were sometimes called because of their separation from the established church, gathered at the home of William Brewster to listen to the sermon of their pastor, Mr. Robinson. The king now being determined to coerce the non-conformists or Puritans, punished those who refused by imprisonment—in some cases had guards at their houses by day and night. This treatment becoming unbearable, the Puritans decided to flee the country and seek homes elsewhere, as far as possible out of the direct reach of King James and the bishops. But even to flee was difficult. When the Puritans tried to leave the king showed them what the "worst" might be by commanding his officers to seize all persons who attempted to leave and confiscate their property.

There had been much discussion as to where they should go. Ireland and Zealand were proposed, as was also Venezuela. Zealand seemed congenial and inviting, for Sabbath laws were very strict, but land was high and the danger was that these English people would eventually lose their nationality and merge with the Dutch. America was thought of, but although many attempts to plant English colonies upon American soil had been tried, only one proved successful, and its continued existence was still very uncertain. But a change was desired and desired early. King James and the bishops were making their lives not only miserable, but dangerous. They decided to take their chances of losing their names and their language and of being submerged among the Dutch people like the lost "ten tribes of Israel," although their chances of enforcing their beliefs in Sabbath observance on the pleasure-loving Dutch, was small.

For the next ten or eleven years the Pilgrims—as the Puritans have been affectionately called by later generations—tried to make an English home in Holland for their children and their church. But life there was not very satisfactory, so they finally decided to begin an English colony in America. A tract of land near the Hudson River was granted them. Miles Standish was chosen as their military commander. Two vessels

had been engaged to carry them across the ocean, the Speedwell and the Mayflower, but the Speedwell proving unseaworthy, the company was sifted anew, and the journey was begun. Because of falling among dangerous shoals and roaring breakers they gave up the attempt to reach the Hudson river and landed at Plymouth instead. It was at break of day, November 10th, that the shore was first spied; and right happy were the weary passengers at the goodly sight.

Although the men of the party went off on little tours of exploration from time to time, it was not until December 21st that the entire party went ashore. A site for their town being chosen, the first house was begun on Christmas Day. By their united labor a rude hut, serving as a store house for their goods was quickly built. Then every man who had a wife and children began to build for them a small cabin of rough logs, with a filling of mud mortar, windows of oiled paper and thatched roof.

Unmarried men, or those whose wives had not yet come, were taken into one or another of the households and the company of 102 was reduced to nineteen families. Nineteen house plots were laid out, but by the time seven cabins had been built there was no need for more. Their accommodations on the Mayflower, which was neither an ocean greyhound nor a floating palace, were not conducive to perfect health. Their long stay on the boat, together with anxiety and exposure, caused the death of half the number during the first winter.

In April the Mayflower returned to England and hard though the winter had been, not one of the Pilgrims returned with her. After the departure of the ship, as many as were able began to plant corn, a friendly Indian who had come to live among them showing them how to plant it. The Pilgrims had made a compact with each other before landing, in which they called themselves, a "body politic" with power to make laws and enforce obedience. John Carver was chosen as their Governor, but the following spring William Bradford was given Carver's place.

Twenty acres of Indian corn and six of peas and barley had been planted. These first crops did fairly well, especially the corn, which proved to be then, as now, a most important American crop.

Hapy over their first harvest, Governor Bradford sent men out to shoot wild fowl, that they might have their "Harvest Home," their first Thanksgiving.

Someone has put this order of Governor Bradford's in rhyme:

"And now," said the Governor, gazing abroad on the piled-up store,
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the meadows o'er,
"'Tis meet that we render praises because of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet the Lord of the harvest be thanked for His sun and rain.
And therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God today
And the franchise of this good people) Governor of Plymouth, say,
Through winter of vested power—ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold in the month of November, Thanksgiving unto the Lord.
He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet we've sought so long.

He hath thwarted the wiley savage,
and kept him from doing us
wrong;
And unto our feast the Sachem shall
be bidden that he may know
We worship His own Great Spirit
who maketh the harvest grow.
So shoulder your match locks, masters, there is hunting of all degrees;
And fisherman, take your tackle and
scour for spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth,
your delicate crafts employ
To honor our first Thanksgiving, and
make it a feast of joy."

These hunters in one day, killed as much feathered game as would, with side dishes, supply the company of about fifty people almost a week. The red men who had been invited to the Thanksgiving feast, themselves provided much of the fare, having gone out and killed five deer, the choice pieces of which were given to Governor Bradford, Captain Standish, and others. Massasoit and his ninety men were entertained at Plymouth for three days. It was a mark of statesmanship for the Pilgrims' leaders to win the goodwill of the natives thus early. "The colonists now," writes Governor Bradford, "had all things in plenty." Each person might draw a peck of corn a week from the common supply, besides, game was very abundant.

And now, why this refreshing of our memories with the persecutions and hardships and varied experiences of our forefathers, except that the comparison of our own flower-strewn paths with theirs of hardship and self-denial for conscience sake, shall awaken in us a deeper sense of gratitude to the Giver of every good gift.

Gratitude is one of man's fairest graces. We, who lay claim to culture and refinement, would not be so slack or lacking in common courtesy as to neglect sending a note of appreciation to any friend who bestows upon us a gift, though ever so small. Do we think only gifts of great beauty or that can be measured as we count our gains by prefixing the dollar sign, worthy of our gratitude?

In the words of another:

"Are we grateful as grateful we
should be,
For commonplace days of delight.
When safe we fare forth to our labor,
And safe we fare homeward at
night.
For the weeks in which nothing has
happened
Save commonplace toiling and
play,
When we've worked at the tasks of
the household
And peace hushed the home day by
day?"

But we, girls and young women, have great cause for thankfulness, not only for what we might for want of a better term, call negative blessings, but we have only to compare our own lot with the lot of a woman in a non-Christian land to realize that "our lines have fallen in pleasant places and we have a goodly heritage."

The position of woman all over the world, outside of Christendom is tersely stated thus:

"Unwelcome at birth,
Untaught in childhood,
Unloved in wifehood,
Uncherished in widowhood,
Unprotected in old age,
Unlamented when dead."

Contrast with this catalogue of wretchedness our own blesings:

"Welcomed at birth,
Educated from childhood,
Loved with fondness in wifehood,
Cherished kindly in widowhood,
Protected tenderly in old age,
Mourned and sorrowed over when dead."

As Christians, do we fully realize our blessings, and offer our gifts of thanksgiving for the teachings of Him who was the Friend and Emancipator of woman? There are innumerable reasons why we of this land and of this age should give thanks.

For the fathers whose rugged faith planted the republic, for their sons whose wisdom and valor have maintained it unto this hour, for the heroes and pioneers of the years yet to be, let us give thanks.

For the three central institutions of society, the home with its dear memories, the school, guardian and inspirer of youth; the church, fountain of moral power, let us give thanks.

For the ties that unite us in the human family, for the comradeships that enrich our lives and uplift us, for the good cheer that passes out from heart to heart, let us give thanks.

For the work that claims our time and strength, and by means of which we are able to make comfortable and happy our own, for the joy of doing it well that outweighs the feeling of monotony or drudgery, let us give thanks.

For the discipline of life, for disappointments and reverses, for bereavements that add to our treasure in heaven, for all that, saddening and distressing us, drives us back on God and deepens our sympathy with many, let us give thanks.

For a patriotism limited to no locality, for thhe growing conviction, that noble as is sectional loyalty, it is nobler to be a worthy citizen of the United States than to be an ardent champion of either the North or the East, the South or the West, let us give thanks.

For the realization that no nation liveth for or by itself, for the vision of a federated world, in all parts of which there shall be substituted for the mailed fist the hand of a brother, let us give thanks.

For God, "our help in ages past, our hope for years to come," for Jesus Christ the revelation of the Father and the Saviour of mankind, let us give thanks.

EXPERIENCES OF A MOUNTAIN SCHOOL TEACHER.

Miss Nannie J. Rivers, a Watauga county teacher, who has had varied experiences in teaching in the mountains for years, is writing a series of articles for the Boone Democrat. They are interesting. This is one, which shows she has very decided opinions relative to the proper teaching of reading. The simple calling of words amounts to nothing.

In those days when I first taught school it was considered a great accomplishment to be a good reader. The teachers took very great pains in teaching the children to read correctly and distinctly. The puncuation marks and their uses were early taught the children.

Back in the days of Nehemiah—a most admirable Biblical character—we find that the people were taught to read distinctly and to give the sense so that people could understand it. Nehemiah 8: 8. Now wasn't that fine? Emphasis, which adds so much to the beauty of reading, was taught, and children were drilled daily in this important branch of study. We don't find as many good readers now as in former years. The teachers are not to blame for there being so few good readers among the school children, for in the wild rush to finish grades, the teachers haven't time to take the necessary pains with reading classes, that they require. I have long thought that to go on successfully with the grades children must first be good readers and spell well.

I had a seventh grade boy once who fairly raced when he read, and mistakes of course were plentiful. One day in reading his geography he said that Germany had a very religious coast line, meaning of course, irregular.

This caused a laugh in the class and he said that he would take that back, as he didn't see anything religious about Germany. Another, a girl, was reading the last paragraph in her lesson; "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.' She was readnig in a different style draw ling words out, so this is the way she read it: "A good man is rather to be chosen than great riches" Dear girl, she proved her rendering of this beautiful proverb true by getting married soon after. How can children successfully handle the grades w ithout first learning to read well. I had a class once in Holmes' Fourth Reader, the best that I ever had. If one failed to pause at a comma or to stop at a period, some one in the class would snap his finger. Life would indeed be dull without the ability to read and get the sense.

Children should be taught to read understandingly and their future work will be much easier.

People are slow in giving more power and funds, when a past record shows inability to use judiciously what has already been given.

OLD BLACK JOE.

"Old Black Joe," composed by Stephen C. Foster nine years after his "Old Folks at Home," represents a transition in the creative tendencies of its composer.

Many of Foster's earlier songs were written for the use of minstrel troupes. For that purpose they were written largely in negro dialect. Foster's intention was to omit his name on his songs, as he called them, as he had omitted his name from "Old Folks at Home."

He concluded later, however, to reinstate his name on his songs and to "pursue the Ethiopian business without fear or shame, and lend my energies to making the business live."

Foster's intention to establish himself as the "best Ethiopian song writer" was never carried out. In 1860 he wrote three negro songs, which were the last of the type composed by him. Two of them were in the original style of minstrel jingle but the third, "Old Black Joe," has taken its place among the beloved songs of the people.

In this song Foster has forsaken the crude dialect of the earlier songs. Although the words of "Old Black Joe" are supposed to be spoken by a negro, the language is that of the white man. Like the other great Foster favorites, the mood of his song is one of gentle melancholy and the music is of wistful tenderness.

Gone are the days
When my heart was young
and gay
Gone are my friends
From the cotton fields away.
Gone from the earth
To a better land, I know.
I hear their gentle voices
calling,
"Old Black Joe!"

I'm coming, I comin,
For my head is bending
low;
I hear those gentle voices
calling,
"Old Black Joe!"

Why do I weep
When my heart should feel
no pain,
Why do I sigh
That my friends come not
again,
Grieving for forms
Now departed long ago?
I hear their gentle voices
calling,
"Old Black Joe!"

Where are the hearts
Once so happy and so free;
The children so dear,
That I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore
Where my sould has long'd
to go.
I hear their gentle voices
calling,
"Old Black Joe!"

Uncle Sam isn't sure whether the Europeans want him to come over or come across.—Toledo Blade.

THE HETCH HETCHY IN HARNESS.

By Robt. A. Smith

The old Roman engineers brought their water down from the hills by aqueducts. What would they think of San Francisco's water project? Could they conceive of 400,000,000 gallons of water daily brought down through eighty-seven miles of tunnel through solid rock and through sixty-nine miles of large steel pipes? And what of the hydro-eletric power as a by-product, to be had by the mere turning of the water in its course over the turbine blades?

It is a long time since the engineers of the famous Gotthard tunnel started on each side of the mountain and met within a few feet. The engineers of the tunnels on the Hetch Hetchy project have started miles apart and so accurately have they carried out their plans that the tunnels have joined within the fraction of an inch. It all sounds easy, but it was in the face of many difficulties—sliding sand, unstable clay, subterranean water flows, rocks that resisted and dulled the bits, and the almost impossible task of keeping water from the cement lining while it dried. So that probably even the most advanced of Rome's engineers would be entirely bewildered at either a bird's-eye view of the whole project or by any one of its details.

Briefly, the Hetch Hetchy Valley is being dammed at its outlet, which will turn the whole floor of the valley into one immense reservoir. Before this, as soon as the snow began to melt, the spring waters have rushed down in a torrent, but now the dam will store them and make a steady supply. Lake Eleanor has already been dammed, as an additional supply, so that from these two reservoirs the engineers will lead the water down through power houses and tunnels and pipes for San Francisco's drinking supply of pure mountain water.

Hetch Hetchy has been called the miniature Yosemite, perhaps because one of its cliffs, "Little El Capitan," bears such a striking resemblance to its namesake. In spring it has two waterfalls, one on each side, but in the autumn only the larger one is flowing. The cliff hides it but it is in three tiers like the Yosemite. Already the floor of the valley has been cleared of trees and brush. The dam will close the outlet. The water stops flowing before it reaches the trestle—it has been divirted by means of a by-pass construction tunnel so that it would not interfere with the work on the dam. The dam itself it to be of concrete and when it is finished it will be the largest dam in California.

For all this construction work power was necessary to operate the air compressors and drills in the tunnels, storage battery locomotives and other machinery, so work on Lake Eleanor was begun first. The buttressed arch dam across the outlet brought the water to the top of the trees around the lake, and stored the water so that Power House No. 1 could have a steady supply. From there a power line carries the magic "juice" to all points necessary, and excess electricity has even been sold to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company.

Naturally a railroad was necessary to carry the cement for the dams,

machinery for the tunels, etc., and if you can imagine ridge after ridge rising one beyond the other you can realize something of the grades and curves that the engineers encountered when they constructed this standard guage line that winds and turns for sixty-eight miles to the dam-site. For mail, passengers and transporting crews of men, the company runs a gasoline motor car which goes shrieking at all the crossings through the once historic Mother Lodge gold mining district made famous by Bert Harte.

But one of the most wonderful phases of this modern construction feat is the by-product of almost unlimited electricity with no outlay except the building of the power houses and machinery. Power House No. 2 is yet to be constructed and will be fed with the water from the Hetch Hetchy Reservoir. This water, after striking the blades of the turbines, will join with the water that has passed through Power House No. 1 and will enter the long tunnel at Early Intake. The elevation at the intake is 2,320 feet and after flowing eighteen and three-tenths milts it emerges 150 feet lower into an outlet reservior, where it will be used as needed by Power House No. 3. Power House No. 3 at Mocassin Creek will be completed in 1923 and will itself generate enough electricity to supply San Francisco. It has the steepest and largest pipe-line and is so planned that when the "load" is heavy, a full head of water can be drawn from the reservoir at the top and all the generators set up into step, with a like regulation of water for the hours when the call for electricity is least. The water from the tail race goes into another reservoir at the bottom, from which it enters the final tunnel and big steel pipes for an uninterrupted journey to San Francisco.

When this is completed in 1923 San Francisco will have the largest water supply of any city in the United States, in addition to more than enough electricity to supply the entire bay region with power for lights, heating, manufacturing purposes and rail transportation. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company now sends its power for the same purpose from three hundred and fifty miles away. When all this additional power is added, does it need a clairvoyant to prophesy the effect on the electric rates or the electrification of the railroads?

WE ARE REAPING TODAY.

Greensboro News.

Mr. Cobb declares that North Carolina about 15 years ago awoke from the torpor that has reduced her to one of the shabbiest of American commonwealths, and he is curious to know what awakened her. We all know the fact, but is any of us able to answer the question?

The textile, furniture and hydro-electric developments all counted, of course; but other states have enjoyed those advantages without a corresponding energizing of the entire state. Not cotton mills, furniture factories and power lines have converted our farmers into formid-

able competitors of the Iowans for the farming championship of the country. Tobacco factories have not built modern high schools in every county and—what is more important—filled them with pupils. What hit North Carolina about 15 years ago, to shock her broad awake?

We believe that it was nothing in the world but a pair of impractical idealists, a couple of dreamers who had no more sense than to waste their lives tilling what seemed to all the world to be a hopelessly stony and infertile field. It was about 15 years ago that the state really began to feel the effect of the work of Charles B. Aycock and Charles D. McIver. They never built a factory, nor a power-station. They contributed nothing to the material wealth of the state. Both died poor men, both died early worn out by the struggle against overwhelming odds. But more than any other two men in its history they liberated the minds of the people. They undermined the citadels of ignorance and although they never lived to see the end, their work could not be undone, and since they have passed the walls have come crashing down.

A politician and a schoolmaster—a strange pair, indeed to receive credit for the building of a great commonwealth. But, after all, "where there is no vision the people perish." These two contributed to North Carolina vision, and no greater gift can be made to a state.

CHARITY.

If any little word of yours
  May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of yours
  May make a heart the lighter,

God help you speak the little word
  And take your bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
  To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of yours
  May make a life the sweeter,
If any care of yours
  May make a friend's the fleeter,

If any lift of yours may ease
  The burden of another,
God give you love, and care, and stength,
  To help your toiling brother.

LIFE'S FINE GOLD.

(Asheville Citizen)

Here is the letter from a "nameless woman" in Japan, of which the Washington newspaper correspondents have said, "None of the letters of gratitude from Japan, including those received from the Emperor of Japan, the prime minister and the Japanese Ambassador here, has been more appreciated by Mr. Hughes and other officials of the Department of State:

> How we all Japanese thank you for your great kindness in this time! You gave us all. You sent us much necessary things and you all are very kind to us. We all will never forget them hereafter. I am only a nameless woman. But I must write you this, even with such a broken word, as I could not keep secret my thanks. Please excuse my impolite.
>
> Hoping you are happy and peaceful forever and thanking for your great kindness—.

In appreciating this anonymous letter so highly, Mr. Hughes and "other officials" teach the rest of the country a great lesson. In being thus deeply moved by the knowledge that they, as representatives of all our people, have bestowed happiness upon an individual, however obscure and unknown she may be, they show that they have learned to get the best out of life. They have discovered that the fine gold of this human existence is to create happiness, that no achievement approaches this in splendor and wonder. They realize that to arouse another's gratitude is to be rewarded in the coinage of God's mint. And they demonstrate their right to occupy prominent place.

For it is written, immutable and eternal, that to grow in greatness man must give generously of himself. It is the law that he comes into lofty stature by spending himself for the good of his neighbor and his country. It is experience as old as time that he accumulates treasure worth while only by filling other hands with gifts and other hearts with happiness. To so serve a man that he can not "keep secret" his thanks even though he speaks "with such a broken word," is to come into a success which neither millions nor genius shall ever surpass.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

The Smith Literary Society had its regular meeting on last Monday night, and had a fine program.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

George Howard of the fifth cottage received from his home in Dunn, a large barrel of apples last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

J. J. Jones returned to the institution on last Tuesday afternoon, after spending a few days with his parents in Charlotte.

Mr. Horton with the help of David Brown and James Torrence, cut the boys hair last week. The boys were all glad to get their hair cut.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Prof. W. M. Crooks has returned to the institution after a short vacation. The boys were all glad to see Prof. Crocks return, especially the the boys of his school room.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The band boys have moved their place to practice from the twelfth cottage to the Auditorium, they had their regular meetings for practice on last Tuesday and Friday nights.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Cone Literary Society had a fine program on last Monday night. The boys to take part in the program were Norman Iddings, Hugh Tyson, Sam Hatem, Robert McDanial and Paul Funderburk.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys were visited by their friends or relatives on last Wednesday, Ralph Cutchin, Sam Poplin, Herbert Orr, Howard Monday, Haschal Ayers, Thamer Pope, Lester Staley and Paul Funderburk.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Clyde Hollingsworth and Nathanial Johnson have been given positions in the shoe shop, where they are learning to repair shoes fast and will soon be among the best shoe butchers at the institution.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Evangaline Greenlee has returned to the institution and will continue teaching the grades she formerly taught. Everyone was glad to see her, after being away from the institution on a vacation.

The boys had a big time at the ball ground on last Saturday afternoon. The eagers had their first match game on their new basket ball court, and the boys are working hard so they can get a game with some other team.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The regular services were not held on last Sunday afternoon, because of the absence of Rev. Mr. Jamison, of Kannapolis, so the boys went in the Auditorium and were entertained by Miss Sloop, of Mooresville. Miss Goodman and Charles Maynard also helped in the entertainment.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys of Prof. Johnson's afternoon school room that have been studying the third book of arithmetic have completed this book and have been placed in algebra. The boys that were studying the second book have also finished it and have been placed in the third book. The boys that are now studying algebra are Charles Mayo, Ralph Cutchin and Paul Funderburk.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Gaston County Cottage was opened on last Monday afternon, the boys of the othher cottages were all glad to see this cottage open, as they were getting so crowded in the other cottages. About three boys were taken out of every cottage, this making thirty boys in the new cottage. The officers to take charge of the new cottage were Mr. Day and Mr. Russell, Mrs. Russell will be the matron.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Some of the boys are taking a

great interest in walking on their hands and many of them are learning fast. Charles Mayo the leader of the bunch has succeeded in walking down the big bell rock and many other places that are hard to walk down on your feet. The boys that are taking the greatest interest in this game are Sam Poplin, Lloyd Winner, Raymond Kennan, Bill Rising, Charles Mayo and Carrol Guice.

MORE HUNDRED POUND RAIL.

Fifty thousand tons of new steel rail, enough to lay 327 miles of track, have just been purchased by the Southern Railway System for delivery during the first six months of 1924. Included in the purchase are 42,200 tons, or 269 miles, of one hundred pound rail, which is now the standard for the Southern's main lines, and 7,800 tons, of 58 miles, of eighty-five pound rail.

In line with the Southern's policy to purchase materials in the South to the greatest extent possible, 40,700 tons were purchased from the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company and will be rolled at Linsley, Ala. For use on the lines in Northern Virginia, 7,200 tons were purchased from the Bethlehem Steel Company and will be rolled at Sparrows Point, Md. For use on the Louisville-St. Louis line, 2,100 tons were purchased from the Illinois Steel Company and will be rolled in the Chicago district.

The hundred pound steel will all be laid on double track lines, releasing an equal mileage of eighty-five pound rail for use on lines now equipped with rail of lighter section.

FAMILY CIRCLE READING.

William Thorne Whitsett

Earth holds no dearer spot than where parents and chidren meet daily in the home. There impressions are made that time can never destroy. The home affords opportunities for influences that no other spot can have. Wise, indeeed, are those who realize these possibilities and seek to use them for the highest aims and ends. The meeting of the family around the table for meals; the gathering of the members in the sacred precincts of the family circle; the constant association of those who dwell under the same roof: who can estimate the permanent values that may be given to such daily contact! Children with their impressionable natures and their rapidly forming character may here be reached as in no other place. A home well supplied with the proper reading material of papers, magazines, and books,—what a field for the cultivation of all that is highest and best in mental, moral, and spiritual development! Added to this, there is the unmatched influence of father and mother with all the wealth of wisdom that they may have gathered from all their contact with life, richly available for the younger members of the family.

THE UPLIFT

XII CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 1, 1923 No. 3

MIGHT HAVE BEEN A VAGABOND.

I know I do not exaggerate, unconsciously and unintentionally, the scantiness of my resources or the difficulties of my life. I know that if a shilling were given me by Mr. Quinion at any time, I spent it in a dinner or a tea I know that I worked from morning until night, with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I lounged about the streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond.—David Copperfield.

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The Uplift

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Are you building castles in the air?
That's just the thing to do;
Foundations deep and broad they need;
Then build with purpose, thought and deed,
And make your dreams come true.
—H. O. Spelman.

THE NEXT STATION.

Thanksgiving is over this year; but there is another station just ahead, in which we and our youngsters have more than a passing interest. It is Christmas. Now listen to this—we want to take you into our confidence once again.

It will be no Christmas to the board of directors, to the officers of the institution and the teachers, if these 351 youngsters, who have been committed to our care and kindly treatment, have to go without Christmas cheer such as vouchsafed to other youth. THE UPLIFT makes it an annual practice to raise a sufficient sum to purchase nuts, candies, apples and such like that appeal to a boy's heart and appetite, to make them real happy at Christmas and we now issue a request to our readers and other friends to remember us promptly with such contributions for this purpose as their hearts may dictate.

THE UPLIFT will make due acknowledgment of all contributions. Mail

your contribution to THE UPLIFT, Concord, N. C. The donations have already started towards this fund and they are:

Dr. Henry Norris, Rutherfordton	$10.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme, High Point	5.00

* * * * * * *

IMPRESSIVE OCCASION.

Recently the work of making Forest Hill Methodist church a most modern one, adding of Sunday School rooms, redecorating of the walls, installation of exquistely handsome furniture and making anew the entire interior, has been completed. It is so modest in its harmony of colors that one is impressed with a feeling of restfulness and charm and hope.

This congregation is the child of the late and beloved Captain J. M. Odell, who builded it in the midst of the people who aided him in his manufacturing activities. It is recalled that Capt. Odell always stood for education and religion. Succeeding him in an inspiring devotion to the maintenance and good health of the congregation is his son, Hon. W. R. Odell, who follows most splendidly in the fine impulses and aspirations of his sainted father; and supplementing his effort is a loyal grandson and son. Mr. A. G. Odell, who is one of Concord's outstanding young business men.

The new church was rededicated some weeks ago, but not until Tuesdey evening, last, did the general public have occasion to see the interior of the church. The occasion was an Organ Recital by Dr. H A. Shirley, dean of the Music Department of Salem College, masterfully presiding at the Odell Memorial Organ, a substantial and loving gift to the church by Mr. W. R. Odell. The tablet on this instrument, magnificent both in its exterior design and the sweetness and volume of its tone, reads:

Dedicated to the glory of God
And in memory of
Elizabeth Sergeant Odell
1856—1907.

Hundreds and hundreds of Concord people, who remember with a distinct pleasure the graceful goodness and the beautiful cordiality of the fine and superior little woman, the late "Miss Lizzie Odell" (as her many admirers lovingly called her,) and who filled the spacious auditorium and its wings full on that rare evening, attest the sweetest and choicest memory of the late Mrs. Odell and the high esteem in which Mr. Odell and family are today justly held.

Capable critics pronounce Dr. Shirley a master—the great pipe organ obeyed his wish just like a dutiful child.

PECANS.

One of the finest nuts that has found its way into the market, and is considered rather an aristocratic creation of nature, is the pecan. People speak of it in a way that makes one feel that the owners are very select and in a distinguished class. The men or women, swelling with pride as they make mention in company of what their pecan tree or trees have accomplished, are almost objects of envy.

To add to the dignity of the pecan, they have graded them as they do crushed rock. The small ones are sold at a price that is enough to make everybody become aristocratic by setting out a whole orchard of pecans; and from this the price ranges up to 90 cents and a dollar a pound. In one of Concord's fashionable grocery stores—for instance Dove & Bost—you call for pecans; then you will see Fred or Joe stoop down and pull out a box from under the counter—this adds a fictitious importance—they are nearly as precious as gold dollars and must be guarded in secret spots.

All this attention to the pecan, its popularity as a food and the manufactured aristocracy that has been thrust upon it by being talked about so knowingly and pridefully in polite and fashionable society, has led the folks to a movement down in eastern North Carolina to form a company to plant two million pecan trees.

Some of these days the average man, certainly an average editor, will be enabled to buy himself a pound of pecans,—when those two million trees come to themselves. Glorious day ahead—some of these days.

* * * * * * *

"DICK HACKETT."

The brilliant and popular Hon. R. N. Hackett, of North Wilkesboro, has gone to the great beyond. His thousands of friends and admirers always affectionately just called him "Dick."

Once congressman, twice at the head of the Masonic fraternity in the state, a big lawyer, handsome man, and most likeable. No man in North Carolina could have been truer to a friend; and as such this writer can and does bear testimony. Whatever faults this charming character could have been accused of were entirely against himself—he never wronged a soul or took advantage of an occasion for selfish purpose or gain. Peace to his ashes!

* * * * * * *

PADEREWSKI.

Now, honestly, did you like him? This wonderful genius and master of

ivories has been to Charlotte and before three thousand people he preformed on a piano for three hours. One person gave testimony that she liked it immensely; another said that she did not see much difference between him and Prof. Keesler, the musical head of the Charlotte Graded Schools. One person, whom we know to be absolutely devoid of any muscial talent, vocal or instrumental, quietly confessed that he enjoyed the entertainment—enjoyed seeing so many folks visibly moved and enraptured by Paderewski's playing, though he could not appreciate the master and his program.

That's an honest fellow, and is typical, perhaps, of the great majority of the three thousand who had the priviledge of hearing the famous pianist—they enjoyed the entertainment without even appreciating to any degree the real master of the occasion. This thing we call music is a cultivation very largely. There are musical folks, to whom the thing comes naturally, but the great majority of famous musicians were not prodgies but attaind their eminence by cultivation and long, faithful striving and practice.

It is well that in the education of the young, music should play an important part in the training, so that a fewer number may grow to maturity with not even a speaking acquaintance with that which polishes and soothes.

AND ITS SOURCE.

By R. R. Clark.

"Our weakness" was the subject of the previous discussion. The idea this time is to attempt to suggest the source of that weakness by an impersonal discussion of a concrete example. It was the purpose in the former discussion to show that the lightness with which minor, and sometimes major, infractions of the law are regarded, especially by persons of standing and influence, is a sort of national sin. There has come to the public view recently a shining example of the source of that weakness. "Our Weakness and Its Source," then, complete the story.

There has been much in the newspapers recently about the arraigment of the superintendent of one of our State institutions for violation of the law in connection with the administration of the affairs of the institution. As a result of charges a legislative investigation revealed certain administrative acts of doubtful propriety, and in at least one instance there was a clear violation of the law. The law provides that a public official may not trade with himself. The necessity of the statute is so obvious that it does not admit of argument. If an official may in his official capacity trade with himself as a private individual—tha tis, if a public official engaged in private business may as a business man sell to himself as an official supplies for public use, the danger of the abuse of the privilege is so great that it is obvious that it can not be permitted with safety. No matter how honest the official may be the temptation to give himself as an individual the advantage over himself as an official, may not be lightly regarded. When one considers the vastness of the opportunities for graft under such conditions, the argument is ended. Therefore the law provides that one guilty of the offence mentioned must surrender his position and on conviction in court may be fined or imprisoned in the discretion of the court. So obvious is the absolute necessity for the safeguard of the public interest, that evasion is made impossible. It is not left to the discretion of the court to say whether there was moral turpitude or gain in the transaction. Indeed it is possible in some cases that the public may benefit. But the law does not permit the question of intent to be considered for the very apparent reason that it will not do to permit the practice at all. Once permitted, under any guise, it would be abused. There is, therefore, no such thing as a "technical" violation of this law. The moment the act is consummated the law is violated, no matter what the intent; and the penalty is peremptory—vacation of the office and fine or imprisonment or both.

The official under consideration plead ignorance of the law, which is not an excuse and can not be considered in this case because it is the clear duty of a public official in an administrative capacity to acquaint himself with the laws governing his activities. But so popular was this official and so great his influence as a result of his position and his public service, that the legislative committee,

influenced no doubt by public sentiment, declared that while there were acts of impropriety and a violation of the law in addition, evidence of moral turpitude, criminal intent, or personal gain by the transaction, was lacking, therefore it was recommended that the official be retained. It was the general view that his public service in the past and the need of his service in the future, far outweighed the shortcoming. Therefore the existence of the mandatory statute was ignored. A little later, the management of the institution having been vested in a board of directors, a change from its former status, the new board met and followed the recommendation of the investigating committee by re-electing the superintendent. So far as recalled there was no public criticism, at least very little, of this course. While many people felt that the superintendent had seriously violated the proprieties and the law as well, the general feeling was that he intended no wrong and that his service was too valuable to be lost, therefore his offending should be allowed to pass. And it probably would have passed without further comment had not a judge of the Superior Court felt it to be his duty, as it was, to call the attention of the grand jury to the admitted violation of the law of the State. Up to this time the law quoted had hardly been mentioned. The grand jury returned an indictment. It does not seem to have occurred to either the superintendent or his friends that the best way out was for him to have voluntarily vacated his office following the committee findings, gone into court, waived indictment and plead guilty. If one violates the law ignorantly and it is called to his attention, it is better to admit the error and offer to take the consequence than to attempt to justify the violation and evade the consequences. But the powerful influence of personal and professional friends was exercised to the limit to justify the official's conduct. He had not only done no wrong, but in trading with himself he had actually helped the State, it was contended. The law was ridiculed and the indictment was denounced as an attempt to make a criminal out of a noble and self-sacrificing public servant. Trial was resisted. But when the case was ruled to trial and it was seen that further delay would not be allowed, a plea of guilty was entered. The judge imposed the minimum punishment—a fine of $50—and declared the office vacated. The latter was resisted on the "technical" ground that the official had vacated his office under the former management of the institution and had been re-elected by the new board, therefore he had already satisfied that part of the penalty which directed his removal from the office. That is for the Supreme Court. At this point the Governor took a hand, calling on the board to compel the official to vacate, on the ground that he was no longer eligible under the law. That is to be threshed out.

The purpose here is to discuss not so much the seriousness of the offending, but the seriousness of the attempted evasion and nullification of a law that is vital to the public welfare. Once that law is set aside, or its evasion lightly regarded, there would be such an orgy of graft in the State as had never been known in

history. It is foolish to answer that North Carolinians are honest and the danger would not be of consequence. North Carolinians are as honest as the average—no more. Even with all possible safeguards there are frequent cases of graft coming to light and many more that are hushed up. Once the bars were down, boards of directors, superintendents, stewards and other employees of State institutions would feel free to sell to themselves supplies for the public use. Not only that, but all boards of county commissioners, school officials, county and municipal officers and others would take a hand in furnishing supplies to the institution under their control. What the result would be is so plain that anybody of sufficient sense to be trusted with the front door key doesn't need to have it pointed out. Therefore, while there may not have been any great wrong done in the case of the superintendent, in so far as the sale to himself is concerned, the harm, as all must see, is in ignoring the enforcement of the law; and that harm has been intensified by the determined effort of large numbers of influentual citizens to compel the abdication of the law in this case. The influence of that example will be felt long after the original offence has passed from memory. The gentlemen who have used their influence to nullify the law as it applies to this case would be indignant if told that they were aiding and abetting lawlessness. They have no such purpose. Their purpose is to help a friend, a popular and efficient public servant. But their conduct can have but one effect. It will give aid and comfort, yea encouragement, to that large class who are indifferent to any law that stands in the way of their desires. And the influence of the example is intensified because the defendant in this case is a popular and influential man. If he had not been prominent, had been without influential friends, had occupied a minor official position, we all know what would have happened. He would have been bounced without ceremony and would have been fortunate to escape with a fine The effect on public morals of the contrast is apparent.

Let it be said here that I am assuming no superior virtue. My sympathy was and is with the man in trouble in this case, even if I can't justify his conduct. If there was a way out that could be justified I would hail it with delight. But personal sympathy and justifying nullification of the law solely because sympathy is aroused, are entirely different matters. The one is commendable. But justifying the setting aside of the law solely because it affects those whom we hold in personal esteem, is a damnable heresy from hell. He who is guilty of it must either go all the way and approve nullification of the law under all similar circumstances or show himself the veriest hypocrite unhung. But come to think of it, there are no similar cases. Those that affect our friends are always entirely different from those affecting folks we care nothing about.

"Thinking, not growth, makes manhood."—Isaac Taylor.

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph

Of course a man feels good. He is bound to feel good. He may not at a certain exact time; but he will alter. When he is "feelin' kinder poorly," his liver may be torpid and his tongue torrid; he may have a pain in his chest, and a misery in his grip; he may look pallid and his mind crave a pallet; when he's out of "sorts" and he's ruffled with dull care, his wife, good soul that she is, generally makes him feel good. Noting his pallor, she suggest that he take this; take that; take the other; and when he consents to them all, after each one is swallowed she will fire at him a machine gun of interrogations, "Feel better, now?" "better take some of this," and when you take "this," comes another string of questions," "How was that," "Feel better?" and all the time you are feeling, and just don't know how you are feeling, and finally sink into a doze. Your wife wants to see that you are comfortable and not disturbed, will pull down the shade, and of course that will slip out of her hand and go up with a bang, like an auto tire bursted. You feel some more. While you are dozing and feeling, your wife will take advantage of your quiet presence to look for quite a number of things, that are always in bureau or chiffonier drawers, with a lot of hard substances that drag across the bottom of the drawers like an iron wedge, or hangs to something and drop on the floor like a pile-driver driving a pile. You forget ailment. You feel better. Of course a man feels better. He's bound to. He's had such a rest! We poor men! What joys we have in feeling better. We ought to be better.

The world is full of all kinds of buyers, like it is full if all kinds of other things. There's the cocksure buyer, who knows it all, the overbearing type. May his tribe grow less! There's the flighty fellow who agrees with you in everything, as if you had him at the point of a pistol. You leave his office with the promise to "think it over." In an hour he phones you a brisk, positive, "No!" (He can always muster courage over the telephones. People of that kind always do.) Then, there's the suspicious buyer. Everybody recognizes him. Can't be hurried, who is overcautious; will argue and argue till "the cows come home," and then decide to "stand pat," or "I'll see you again." And you never do. You meet these and other types, every day. But the buyer who giveth joy, and is a blessing in the commercial world, is the buyer who knows what he wants to buy, and goes direct to buying what suits him, without having to use a dictionary to explain to him what he wants, and why he wants it, if he doesn't want it. What's the use? You know all these buyers.

There is one occasion in a fellow's life—not only a fellow, but every one who does it—when you feel right foolish; and you even look foolish. It's when hurrying along you suddenly meet a person, and you side step to let him pass, and he side steps to let you pass, and you both side-step the same way. Then both see-

saw and chase from side to side, like a woman trying to stop a fretful old setting hen from going through the barn-yard gate. The way you decide to go, the other fellow decides to go, too. And the way he thinks he will go, you are thinking of going that same way, and there you are—both of you bobbing obliquely before each other, and if you think of it, you may say, "Which way are you going?" And he answers by replying, "Which way are you going?" It is a foolish-feeling situation, isn't it?

Things in life are not at their best as they are. There's always a better. You begin to realize this when you begin to get the best out of life, and not till then. Some people never get a taste of the good things above them. They never look higher. The beautiful is put in the world for a purpose. It lures men and nature into fulfilling destiny. The flowers attract the bees and thereby provides for propagating its kind. In a human way beauty has the knack of committing men to higher endeavor. It's possible to make most things better and more beautiful than they are. Cultivate the weed; the scrubs on the bleak hill and behold the reward is beauty. It's part of life's task to make things more beautiful. Change the old environment and produce a new beauty spot. It has been, and can be done where men see divine plan and fitness. The more you beautify life the more effective it becomes.

A Well-known American writer delighted my heart, when I was a child, with tales of "Little Women," and "Little Men." One learned intimately of their joys and sorrows, of what it takes to bring smiles to their faces; send away their tears and cause them to shout with joy. They long to have possessions of their own, which are the counterpart, or miniature of property of ours. Our little peoples' tastes are largely the reflection of our own. What they see us use and enjoy, they quickly learn to use and like. It is so in this day; and it will continue to go on that way until time shall be no more. Of course every one sees the necessity of being living and walking epistles of the "lowly Nazerine," before these little women and men of the present generation. They are copying after us.

On the twenty-second of December the people of Waynesville will vote on a proposition to issue bonds for a modern hospital.

This is a new line of community activity and the best that has been proposed in this generation. Every county should have a hospital, built and supported at public expense, where the best medical and surgical treatment is given to the poorest that is in the reach of the richest. A hospital ought to be on the same basis as a public school.—News & Observer.

"LOOKING BACKWARD."

I chanced upon an interesting professional journal—to be exact, it is the Dental Facts, a publication devoted to the profession of dental surgery. In that number I saw a contribution from Dr. H. C. Herring, of Concord, who responded to a request of the editor for contributions relative to odd things that had occurred in the experience of the honored profession. Dr. Herring's story is only too true, and were his name not attached to it his friends would easily locate the author.

The man, who made a twenty dollar gold piece serve a valuable purpose, was also a medical doctor. He was the last in all this country that used a sulky, and in his latter days he used a faithful old mule to draw it. The attachment was so strong between the old doctor and the old mule that when the latter died the doctor buried him in his garden. The hole was not quite deep enough and the feet of the mule stuck out and from a distance looked like four pegs. A local paper called attention to the unhappy position of the mule, and when the stir was investigated and all the truth was ascertained, it was found that Harry P. Deaton, now editor of the Mooresville Enterprise, was the author of the write-up that brought into action the health officer of Concord.

But read Dr. Herring's engaging article that tells of the handicaps of old time dentists:

Some time ago I noticed in "Facts" your request for an article for that most excellent little magazine. If you will excuse a personal introduction I will state a few things which I believe will interest the younger members of the profession. To mention my age, suffice it to say, I am the oldest dentist in North Carolina.

Such things I shall relate came under my observation way before the War Between The States, before sanitation was discovered or a microbe recognized. At the time of which I write, there were only three or four dentists in the entire State. None of them had an office, but travelled from Court to Court and from County to County.

My earliest recollection of these pioneers was his ability to do any and everything. He could cut out and place a felloe in a buggy wheel, shrink a tire, fix a clock, bushing the worm holes with goosequills. There was nothing in the whole mechanical field that he could not do, and do well. Each one of them had a little rosewood case filled with the most beautiful and attractive instruments. If he should break an excavator he would go to the blacksmith shop and repair it, giving it a temper that would scratch glass. As you know all of his work was done by hand, for it was long before the advent of the dental engine. Yet he had a first cousin of the engine—the bow-drill a valuable adjunct; but it was tricky for it would sometimes jump out of the cavity and go its full length into the tissue, but the patient would soon have his confidence restored by being assured that the place would be well in a few days. Rubber was largely used for dentures, but it was most

unsatisfactory on account of the perforations or blowholes during vulcanization. Another serious objection—he was hounded by agents of the Goodyear Rubber company. If this agent chanced to find a vulcanizer, or upon evidence that a rubber plate had been made, a stiff penalty confronted him. After working the poor old fellow up with the prospect of the loss of all his money, and vision of the pen, the agent would finally offer a compromise—the compromise was generally accepted.

To get rid of the unsatisfactory rubber and the despised agent, the old pioneer would hammer out a $20.00 gold piece to a uniform thickness and swage it up to a perfect fit. The teeth were single gum teeth, shaped on a grindstone. After investing the denture, it was soldered by the use of a mouth blowpipe. Pivot teeth were sometimes made from cattle teeth, as well as from any kind of ivory. A little later a crude porcelain pivot tooth was used. The stump was cut down with a file and the tooth was adjusted by using the grindstone. The canal was opened by the use of an auger-shaped instrument, the dowel was of compressed hickory. Quite a bit of fine adjustment was necessary in placing in the pin. If too tight it was liable to split the root. No attention was paid to the apical foramen, but the patient was told of trouble arose to grin and bear it for a few days.

I remember a sort of painless dentist came through. He filled all the cavities with arsenic and after a time he would return and excavate and fill them without pain. As you know, underneath each filling was a slumbering volcano, which sooner or later would rival Mt. Aetna. Did you ever have one?

About all the alloy was made in the shop. A Mexican dollar was fastened in the vice and reduced to fillings.

I remember the first tooth I ever saw extracted. The patient was a lady. For better light she was taken out in the yard and placed on her back, one man to each arm one to hold her head and the fourth to sit on her feet; the operator on his knees across her chest, and with an instrument shaped something like a cant-hook, called a "key," fastened it on the tooth and began to twist. If the tooth came out, well and good; but if the crown was broken off the only relief in sight was a poultice, for there was no root forceps then. Whether the operation was a success or not all the gums anterior to the offending molar were peeled off, leaving the naked bone. Again the patient was assured that it would soon be well.

About the beginning of the War Between The States my observation ended, but I recall an old practitioner, who was both dreaded and welcomed. He claimed that he could fix the teeth so that there would never be any decay. With a sort of a V-shaped file his purpose was to go between all the teeth. I can recall only one man who had the nerve to stand up under just one separation.

Now, young fellows, listen: Some of the most beautiful work I have ever seen was wrought by these old fellows, using such primitive methods as I have mentioned. There is living in this city a very old lady

who has two gold fillings, one a distal bicuspid, the other a mesial molar, that were made 70 odd years ago and there is not a scratch nor a pit and the margins are perfect.

At a recent meeting of rural teachers of a certain county there were only six bobbed-hair school mistress in evidence. Last year that organization contained more than a score. This would indicate something—either a reformation or a return to sanity among those who would lead the young into less conspicious make-up, or they have just grown tired of a fad, or the authority has exercised a little more decision in the selection of teachers.

MEN IN THE MAKING.

By Fred A. Olds in Oxford Friend.

The Prologue: The time, a fine day in October, 1923; the place, the court room at Concord, North Carolina, crowded with listeners, judge Benjamin Franklin Long on the bench: the central figure a youth who gave his age as 18, but who was to the eye undernourished, physically, mentally and morally, in the prisoner's box; the charge against him, larceny; his plea a quiet and flat confession; the judge who in kindly fashion asked his age evidently hoping he would give it in fewer years; then the sentence for breaking into a store and stealing some trifling things. Had the unemotional prisoner but said 15 years, it would have meant not the jail or the road-gang, but entrance into the "Door of Hope," standing wide open only a few miles away at the Stonewall Jackson Training School for delinquent youths; not what are called "criminals," but "delinquents," and some of the class the casual world calls "incorrigibles." Downstairs in the office of the clerk of the court of Cabarrus, the writer a few minutes later met Superintendent Charles E. Boger of the Training School and with two bright and polite lads who are pupils we went to the Cabarrus county fair, an extremely creditable one, and inspected the section nearest the main entrance in which a notably complete and varied exhibit by the pupils was handsomely in evidence. Three boys of the school, representing the printery, the bakery and the clothing factory, all neat in khaki, made there, gave a welcoming smile, very proud of what may truly be termed the work of their hands. The exhibits covered the farm, garden, dairy, wood work, shoe repairs, cannery and printing.

Next we went to the Training School, and now a bit of foreword about this institution, which means so much to North Carolina. A lad was leaving, with his happy mother, after having been, as one may say, "remade," and with smiles mingled with his tears he said as he bade Superintendent Boger goodbye: "This school has been my salvation. I am going home to make a man of my-

self."

There always has to be, ahead of all the fine things, a man with a vision. Such a man, James P. Cook, of Concord, in 1890, had the vision of such a school as this; a door of hope for delinquent and wayward boys. He remains to this good hour the guardian angel of the institution. It was the "spirit," the soul shall one say, of the institution which spoke by the lips of the boy who was "going home with Mother."

All of a wonderful day, "full of incident, of pride in the place and pleasure in its success, the writer spent there. Some years ago he had taken boys to it; three at once, aged 14 and 15. He had stood before a police justice and had pleaded "guilty" for the three of a crime and then asked as their "best friend" that they be committed to him, to be taken to this school, named for so illustrious a soldier and so true a Christian. On that occasion, when the school was young, he had seen its good beginning and had a vision of a fine future.

Governor Daniel G. Foule, in 1889, urged the General Assembly, to provide a training school for delinquent boys. The time was not "ripe," it seemed. Years passed, and newspapers, the Women's Clubs and the King's Daughters took up the subject. A notable lady of Alabama, born in North Carolina, made a plea for it before the General Assembly. The time came and in the later days of the session of 1907, William Penn Wood, representative from Randolph (later State Auditor) introduced the bill, after happy choice of a name and the elimination of any prison feature. The Stonewall Jackson Training School was established and an appropriation of $10,000 was made for it.

Governor Robert B. Glenn named the board of trustees, among these being Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson then living at Charlotte) and the mainspring, the ever-faithful James P. Cook. The trustees held their first meeting September 3, 1907, and organized, electing Mr. Cook chairman; Dr. Hubert A. Royster, of Raleigh, Secretary; Ceaser Cone, of Greensboro, Treasurer. In October the trustees considered the choice of a location and Mr. Cone moved that it be near Concord, on 298 acres of land tendered as a gift by the citizens of that town.

The selection of the site was admirable and almost seems to have been inspired; commanding, on a hilltop from which places 20 miles away can be seen. In November Supt. Walter Thompson, of Concord's public schools, was offered the Superintendency of the training school and January 1st, 1908, he took charge. There was in hand $10,000 and the two cottages must be built. In this emergency the King's Daughters of North Carolina, aided by the Women's Club, came forward with a gift of $10,000. By Christmas the first cottage, known as the "King's Daughters," was ready for occupancy but there was no no equipment. High Point and Thomasville factories made gifts of the furniture for it, a Charlotte firm gave table equipment and a piano. Concord folks gave the kitchen equipment. In the interval all these gifts have been secured by Mrs. J. P. Cook. Burlington sent the first pupil that day, January 12th. Soon this cottage was filled.

The second one was built out of the initial little appropriation by the State; the third out of the second State appropriation; the fourth by the Men's Club of the Second Presbyterian church of Charlotte for Mecklenburg county at a cost of $25,000; the sixth by Guilford; the seventh by Durham; the eighth by Rockingham county, the ninth by Gaston county; the tenth by Rowan and Iredell counties, jointly; the eleventh and twelfth out of State funds; the thirteenth by Forsyth county. Each contains 30 boys and a cottage officer.

The State got a broader vision, and saw not only the need for the sheltering arms of the school but also of the high character of work it was doing and it made a $40,000 flat appropriation for two years and allowed $175 to each pupil over 100 for the same period. Success grew by leaps and then the legislature gave $40,000 flat and $200 for each pupil over 100. Now it gives $100,000 for maintenance, and also $130.000 for permanent improvements; both these for the two-year period.

The gifts of buildings and equipment have been generous and splendid. The King's Daughters gave the "Margaret Burgwyn" memorial chapel, of granite, begun in 1913 and put in use the next year, and also the memorial bridge, of stone, across the highway, to give access to the chapel from the campus, and T. H. Webb of Concord gave a handsome electric sign with the school's name on top of the arch of the bridge. The industrial building was given by Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, of Elkin, (in this being the printing, woodworking and shoemaking departments) in memory of his mother. From State funds the ice plant and the store-room, costing $10,000 each, were constructed; a dairy barn, costing $12,000; a splendid school building, $45,000, the complete equipment for this being a gift from Joseph F. Cannon of Concord. The Stonewall circle of the King's Daughters, of Concord, give a $1,200 set of band instruments; the National Lumber Company, of Concord, built the grand stand on the athletic field. From the State funds a laundry and bakery building, costing $30,000, has been constructed. Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Reynolds of Winston-Salem gave a modern barn.

The administration building was burned September 8, 1922. Mrs. J. W. Cannon, of Concord, with splendid generosity, made a gift of $50,000 to rebuild it. The walls stood, and were utilized, with an extention, and the new structure is in use, with the appropriate name of the "Cannon Memorial Building." In it are the rooms of the matrons of all the cottages. For the complete furnishing of this stately structure $7,500 was given by members of the Cannon family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Cannon, Miss Mary Ella Hill, Mrs. Margaret Carr, Mrs. David H. Blair, and Mrs. Laura McGill Lambeth.

It is well to thus have set out what the State has done and what organizations and individuals also have done for an institution of which all North Carolina may truly be proud. It is admirably planned, the building scheme is striking and impressive; it has now 423 acres of land and, best of all 340 lads are in its care, the average age thirteen years and three months and the youngest 8 years!

In the past twelve months there has been the greatest growth, for the increase in the number of pupils in that period has been 33 1-2 per cent.

The writer's wish is that all North Carolina could see the school. Over and over again as he and the altogether admirable superintendent, Prof. Boger, walked here and there and saw every detail of the life, this wish came up in the mind and in the heart too. Such splendid boys; such a school spirit; how clean is everything; cleaner one may say than in any public school, with not a scratch on any building or equipment; with well mannered lads who do everything with a will—on the farm, in the workshops, at the dairy, in the cotages, each cottage like a little world, with is matron, or house-mother; at drill, on the playground; in the meetings of the literary clubs, one for each cottage. Many a public school teacher or superintendent would profit by a visit, and so would many a pupil. With regret the writer thought of the many boys who need such training in our North Carolina; yes and of not a few fathers of boys who need it too.

Superintendent Boger has been in charge of the school ten years. He is a native of Cabarrus; born but a few miles from where the school now stands. For 13 years he was superintendent of the public schools of Concord. We talked about every phase of the life of the place. Said he: "Ninety per cent of the boys we parole will not return here, that is, will not get back into court. They have the 'spirit' of the place. Fifty per cent will make excellent citizens, enter the life of the state; 25 per cent will become "fair" men; 15 per cent will not get into court again, and only the remaining 10 per cent are apt to get into court again. Ninety per cent are 'sound.' You can talk to any boy you meet here and you will find he has ideals; it is in his system. The boy you saw leaving today illustrated the point. "Paroles are given in January and August. Not over 3 or 4 of the boys now there have come back." One boy was sent some months ago from an eastern county while he was in the mountains. He went to the school by himself and reported for duty. The persons who committed him wanted "to save his parents publicity." In another case a clerk of court who had done this acknowledged in writing that he had no sense.

The cottage system makes each cotage a home. The boys are not quartered in the cottages according to age or intelligence but of various ages and degrees of intelligence, as they would be in a family. The grades range all the way from primary to high school. There are six teachers. There is practical work on the farm; illustrating the agriculture which is taught from books. There are two expert men in charge of the farm.

There are lawyers and other folks who work up petitions to get boys out of the school and as many try to get them out as try to get them in. It is a case of 50-50. Governor Bickett once said: "I have a right to pardon from the penitentiary but no right to pardon from a training school." These lads at this school are not convicts; they are simply being trained.

The United States and the State

flags fly from the tall staffs side by side. They are visible from the railway, not many yards away. The hardsurface highway passes through the grounds. The band stand is built on one of the immense granite boulders which dot the grounds. At the southern end of the long line of buildings the "movie" men of North Carolina will jointly build a great theatre and work on this is soon to begin.

It is a splendid thing to take the boys under 16. Over that age many are "hardened." The hold the school has on the people is shown by the splendid gifts to it. No other institution has half so many. The site was a "starvation" farm when Concord bought it for $4,000 and gave it. See it now. The boys who have come have been "brought up" too. So there is a double lesson of possibilities and actualities. There are 50 cattle; two kerosene tractors are used.

It is a red-blooded community. In the auditorium a singer and a reader showed art, and the mass-singing was grand.

MY BUSINESS

It is everbody's business,
  In this old world of ours,
To root up all the weeds he finds,
  And cultivate the flowers.

Its is everybody's business,
  As he walks earth's weary miles,
To keep back all the frowns he can,
  And bring out all the smiles.

Its is everybody's business,
  I'm sure you've always heard,
To hold in check the harsh thought,
  To speak the kindly word.

It is everybody's business—
  It is our old world's need—
To keep the hand from unkind act,
  And do the loving deed.

And sinc 'etis everybody's work
  To be thus kind and true,
I'm sure it is not hard to see
  It means both me and you.

—Selected.

PROTESTS MR. HUNT'S ESTIMATE OF JUNE BUG AND GRUB WORM.

Some months ago THE UPLIFT carried a series of articles written by Mr. C. W. Hunt on "Things I learned while on the farm." Our boys were so intensely interested and benefitted by this splendid excursion into the life of bugs that THE UPLIFT put the articles together in pamphlet form for general distribution so other boys might share the information. Mr. C. E. Bost, a product of Bost's Mills settlement, is quite an observer and writes poetry occasionally, and travels much, and is now at Miami, Florida, sends us a communication, which appears below. Mr. Bost tackles Mr. Hunt's estimate of the value and the "howcome" of the June Bug and the Grub worm.

If Mr. Hunt has erred no man in all the world will hasten with a correction; but rest assured, on the other hand, if he is right, Mr. Bost may expect a vigorous, though polite challenge; and THE UPLIFT welcomes it in the interest of truth and nature study.

Mr. Bost writes:

When I visited the Jackson Training School last summer, I saw many things that interested me. The boys looked well and strong, and their behavior proved the good discipline in the management. The boys that were in the printing department were courteous and worthy of special note.

I was presented with a copy of the Uplift, also a copy of a pamphlet—"Things I Learned When a Farm Boy." By Mr. C. W. Hunt. I read these with interest, especially the latter.

The writer Mr. Charles Westbrook Hunt, of Charlotte, N. C., proved his alert interest when a boy, in the small tribes of the farm that came under his observation, several of which he treated in a masterly manner, and which carried me back, in memory, to my boyhood days of the forties and fifties of the last century.

I feel sorry for the boy that misses a farm life experience.

It is good for the man, when he, as a boy, is brought up close to nature and becomes acquainted with nature's pets; learns of their habits and not least, of their uses. Mr. Hunt is to be congratulated for the splendid knowledge he acquired of these things in the few years of his association with them while on the farm.

His pamphlet shows a knowledge above the average of boys brought up on the farm, even though they spend their lives there. His farm life consisted of ten or eleven years. If it had been continued through another like period no doubt he would have escaped the blunder and pitfall, into which he slipped, while following in his remarks about the June bug and Grub worm.

It is a pity that the farmers' best friends should ever be thought a nuisance, it is the more surprising when one of Mr. Hunt's intelligence should so speak of it.

In his No. II—Bugs—page 10, Mr. Hunt says of June bugs and Grub worms—"By some means the grub

comes forth a June bug, the bugs lays the eggs that make the grub worm; both of which are a nuisance, the bug running fruit and the grubs rooting up seed beds and such."

It is claimed that the Angle, or the red earth worm, is the forerunner of agriculture, and by my experience on the farm, I do not hesitate to say that the grub worm is the best soil builder known to the farmer. While it fills the soil with enriching humus, it also sub-soils to a greater depth than farmers are want to plough their fields.

The things complained of by Mr. Hunt are so trivial that they are not worthy of mention.

I have never known sound, perfect fruit molested by them. It is a pity that so good and useful a friend to the farmer should ever suffer the persecution and punishment of the string of the small boy. It deserves better treatment.

"The boss offered me an interest in the business today."

"He did!"

"Yes, he said that if I didn't take an interest pretty soon he'd fire me."

—Sour Owl.

WAKE HEALTH OFFICER SCORES PARENTS.

Dr. A. C. Bulla, Supperintendent of Health for Wake countymaintaining that many so called mental defectives are really physical defective and that sound physical condition is essential to right intellectual development, in a statement comprising his observation of the workings of the free clinic for children under thirteen years of age, scores the indifference of parents.

"Health work among school children," says Dr. Bulla, "is many times far more important than the average person thinks it is. This fact is so many times forcibly brought to our attention by examining schools and classifying the various rooms as to the physical standing of the pupils. This has been confirmed in many urban schools and districts. It most definitely establishes two facts of great value to educators and to parents. (1) that so many mental defectives are not in any sense mentally defective, they simply suffer from some physical impediment of one sort or another, and most of which are subject to corrections under proper and competent diagnosis and treatment; it is manifest that for many reasons the earlier in the life of the child these physical impairments are removed the easier the task, the better the status of the race; (2) that sound physical condition is essential to right intellectual development.

Results of Examinations.

"In one school room where we have just completed physical examinations in which there are twenty children ranging from nine to twelve

years of age, five of this number are up to normal weight; nine are ten per cent and more underweight; eleven are suffering with diseased tonsils and adenoids; thirteen have defective teeth; five have defective vision and four have defective hearing. The underweights range from one to eighteen pounds. These children have been in school for three years and are now in the first grade, having repeated a grade every year since they were entered. These children were examined by myself a little more than one year ago and treatment recommended. Since that time we have maintained a free clinic for all school children where they can be operated on and treated free, provided, they are not able to pay for it; and in cases where they are able to pay, and feel that they cannot afford the regular price of the specialist, we have offered to them the operation for $12.50. For eighteen months we have maintained a free dental clinic for all children under thirteen years of age where the children can have free dental treatment—and still the above mentioned condition exists among children who could reach either of these clinics in thirty minutes.

"It seems to me that there is much indifference existing among parents in regard to the physical condition of their children, particularly when it comes to treatment and removing defects which they now have and which are preventing them from developing physically and mentally. There is not only an indifference on the part of parents in regard to school children but there is an indifference among all of us about other things we should be more concerned about. I was standing on the street watching the parade on Armistice Day. Near me stood a man who, I suppose, was about 25 or 30 years of age, and who I would judge from his appearance never had any too much of this world's goods, but evidently he had had training which many of us have had, and know that it should be practiced but fail to practic it. This fellow did not one time during the parade fail to tip his hat to the colors when they passed. I did not see another person nearby doing the same thing. This goes to show that we are neglectful of our duties. We have already forgotten that in the draft of more than four million men that twenty eight per cent of them were recected on account of physical impairments.

Life Extension Institute

"The Life Extension Institute of New York has examined 250,000 persons since it was established in 1914. This is probably the most extensive group of examinations ever tabulated by any institution. Dr. Fisk is authority for the statement that most of the persons examined were found to have physical impairments. Usually, the individual is ignorant of these defects and in a majority of instances they could have been prevented. Of course not an of these defects are disabling, but most of them may retard the efficiency of the individual to some degree and keep him below par. In examining 10,000 workmen in 100 industrial plants the institute found none who were physically perfect (Class1:) 10 per cent had slight impairment (Class 2); 41 per cent had moderate defects

requiring advice or minor treatment (Class 3); 35 per cent had moderate defects requiring medical supervision (Class 4); 9 per cent had advanced physical impairment requiring systematic treatment (Class 6).

"The United States Public Health Service in examining 985 employees found practically the same condition. Only 5 per 1,000 were in Class 1; 12 per 1,000 in Class 2; 262 per 1,000 in Class 3; 341 per 1,000 in Class 4; 238 per 1,000 in Class 5; and 142 per 1,000 in Class 6.

"The physical findings of the army draft during the World War have been discussed from time to time, and people know something of the findings which is often referred to as 'the horrible example'.

"In Philadelphia in 1908 when medical supervision and physical education were made a part of the school program the intellectual average of all pupils was in one year advanced almost nine per cent. This proved conclusively to the health authorities and educators that the physical defects were responsible for many children remaining in the same grade year after year and not mental inferiority."—News & Observer.

Rather Remarkable.—A psychiatric board was testing the mentality of a negro soldier. "Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking, or where the sound comes from?"

"Yes, suh," answered the negro.

"And when does this occur?"

"When Ise talkin' over de telephone."

PADEREWSKI IS GENIAL SOUL.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill.

It is a fortunate thing for the hosts of people who, in the course of a year's time, shake hands with him that Paderewski is a kindly, gentle, genial soul. For how easy a thing it would be in the course of a handshaking to maim somebody for the rest of their life just by a simple twist of the arm and a contraction of what must be the most powerful fingers in the world.

Twenty years or so of causal following of those who write pieces after he has played and scarcely a one of the scribes but have had recourse to the stock phrase about "steely fingers," "iron wrists," and such other phrases brought out in the desperation of orthographic poverty to describe the power that lies in his hands. But the fingers are more than steel and the wrists are more than iron.

It seemed a bold sort of a thing to do, just to pick up his hands and look at them, turn them over and push up his cuffs, to take, bend them and flex them—these hands that he has insured for a hundred thousand dollars and keeps almost always covered with thick white gloves. But he was genial about it, and wanted to know if the two or three who did it were fortune tellers.

Round and blunt, not long either, they are built sort of like a pencil.

The nails are cut back almost until there are no nails, and the tips of fingers are calloused. The skin is tight like the skin under the knotted muscles of the upper arm. The outside of the thumb is more heavily calloused, but nowhere are either of the fingers flattened. They are round and hard and youthful looking.

Almost constantly he moves them, drawing his fingers tightly against the palm, and letting them go smartly, or passing the fingers of one hand through the closed palm of the other. They move almost perpetually, unconsciously. There is no knowing the power of them. He closed down over the hand of one fairly stalwart man, pressing ever so lightly, but it was like the grip of a vise. He could crush the hand of a brick layer until every bone in his hand would be ground up. But he shakes hands very gently.

Power is for the keyboard of a piano. If that same bricklayer would bring his clinched fist down on a board as Paderewski brings his flashing hands to attack, again the bones must be shivered under the impact. Not even his own hands could withstand the terrific power of his unleashed strength did he not clinch them and the thrust out thumb and the pointed knuckles bear the brunt of it.

Sitting three feet away when his hands dance and crash over the keys, the effect is the most startling exhibition that we have ever witnessed. The sound of the impact itself, even before the reaction of the strings has come, is a continual hiss. And with what lightning speed, and with what unerring certainty do his hands rain down upon the glistening white ivory.

Paderewski never gives an interview. He sometimes has visitors, but very rarely, his secretary assures everybody. He is not unfriendly, but the weariness of constant travel robs him of sleep. His years have come to sixty-three and he must husband his strength for the days that remain to him. His days are spent in practice at that piano that is built into the walls of the car that is to be his home for the next eight months.

For every hour that he is on the concert stage there are ten hours of hard, gruelling practice, and it takes time and strength, leaving him but litle for the friendly association with men that he would have. And then the years of the war, years that called him into the service of the old, new nation of Poland, left him no time for his work Two years ago he returned to the piano, and not yet has he brought his performance back to the perfection that is always his goal.

Always with him, and watchful of every fleeting mood that comes over him, tenderly solicitous of him as a mother might be, is Mme. Paderewski. She seems to have that uncanny gift of anticipating moods and feelings, and he in turn is gratefully and serenely happy in her. "She tells me I am head of the family—she flatters me. Maybe I am the hat, but the head, no—she is the head."

"There is no thought in any mind but it quickly tends to convert itself into a power."—Emerson.

ONE MAN WHO CAME TO TOWN.

(Elizabeth City Independent)

Creditors attached his household goods and sold everything, including his cook stove and bedding, at the court house door. He was a big, strong, able-bodied man, built like a Percheron for work and stilll sound as hickory at forty eight. He had been a good workman with his hands and had been a good working foreman, holding his own with a gang of men and holding them to their own.

But he got an idea that he could live by his head instead of his hands. He gave up hard manual labor in the country where he was making a comfortable living, and came to town to work his wits and get money easily.

He failed to take into acount the fact that towns are already overcrowded with head-workers; he failed to take into account the fact that he was not particularly qualified for "head-work;" and he failed to take into account the fact that he was getting too old to learn.

He suffered first one set-back and then another in town until he became hopelessly in debt. There were too many heads to compete with, and most of them had the start of years on him. And so he failed; and his creditors attached his goods; they attached even the beds on which his wife and children slept; attached the covering under which they slept on cold nights; attached the stove on which their meals were cooked; attached their clothing; and in one box of clothing was tucked away a battered doll that had been the joy of his own baby. And, "How much am I offered fir this?" and "How much am I offered" for that? cried the auctioneer at the court house door.

Maybe I should pass an incident like this without comment. But as I stood on the edge of the gaping crowd around the court house door I saw beyond all the jumble of beds, and springs, and mattresses, and bureaus, and wash stands, and cook stoves and bedding, and visualized the thousand of other big, strong men in country places who have the idea that getting a living in town is easy and who are all too ready to give up a hard but certain life in the country in exchange for an uncertain career in town. And I thought how many of them would make the mistakes that the victim of this forced sale of chattels had made? And I thought how foolish it is for a hard-working man with a family to risk making a mistake too late in life to mend it. The young can afford to venture and make mistakes. A man past forty with a family dependent upon him shouldn't dare. And so I give you the wretched picture of this sale of household and kitchen furniture at the court house door.

Don't put on smoked glasses and then complain because the world does not look bright to you. Any amount of sunshine can be nullified in this way and every day made a dark one.—Young People.

THE INTOXICATED CAR DRIVER.

A speaker addressing the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Richmond the other day quoted from a letter written by Jefferson Davis "in regard to prohibition in which he said the world is governed too much and he disapproved of anything that would interfere with individual liberty. 'If drunkness," the letter stated, 'is a cause of disorder and crime, then make drunkenness itself a crime.'" It was long ago deemed expedient to make drunkness a misdemeanor—and lawyers seem to use "crime" and "misdemeanor" as synonyms. However illogical it may be, from a pathological standpoint, to class any act done in and by reason of intoxication as involving moral turpitude, on account of intoxication, it was necessory for society to take cognizance of the fact of the association between intoxication and disorder and crime.

Our Greensboro municipal judge has lately forbidden a man adjudged to have driven a car in a reckless manner, and while intoxicated, to dirve again within the space of a year. A condition that has arisen since President Davis' day is that a person in a state of intoxication may remain good natured, and not say a word to anybody, and with the best will in the world to all mankind may be a deadly menace to others. He usually is, if he has a steering wheel in his hands. There is a growing demand, "punish him, put him in jail, put himon the chain gang:" and so, if it is necessary, say we. Put him in jail for life, if he cannot be kept otherwise from taking the direction, when drunk, of a 40-horsepower, 70-mile machine on the public roads and streets.

We hear that it is a settled policy in Virginia to revoke or suspend license to operate cars held by persons proved to have operated them while intoxicated. That seems to be the simplest way of getting at it; but in any event, it is the duty of the courts to protect the public, as nearly as possible, from drunken car drivers. If you leave the question of criminality, or moral turpitude, out of consideration altogether the public has a right to this protection, and it must be protected.

The present is regarded as a time of transition, as the prohibition plant grows to the point where its fruitage will include freedom of the roads from drunken drivers because there will be nothing obtainable to get drunk on. Unfortunately, there is now no way to prevent a man who has never done so before getting his system charged up with alchol and taking out a car, with about even chances that he will kill or injure himself or someone else and damage property; but after this has once been done it becomes a job for the courts and they have the remedy in their power. To suspend the privilege of using the public roads in this way will help, and the suspense ought to be made to stick. There are numerous things for which driving license ought to be suspended after the second or third offense; for driving while intoxicated there is no good reason for waiting for a second offense.—Greensboro News.

THE DIARY OF A DEACON.

By Raymond Etan in The Lutheran.

January 16

I am not emotional: I claim to be able to escape the sentimental. Perhaps this matter of being a Deacon has gotten "out of perspective," but honestly, when I stood before the congregation this morning to be installed in the office they had rather thrust upon me at the annual meeting, the brief service grew in solemnity until I could hardly retain an impassive countenance. Our minister led the people in prayer, reading the formal invocation from the Chuch book. They thanked God that He had "given to this congregation men willing to serve it for Thy sake." "Grant unto them, we beseech Thee," the collect continued, "the gifts of Thy Holy Spirit, that they may faithfully perform the duties of their office." When this brief prayer was concluded, he dismissed us with a handclasp for each, charging us. "Be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." I suppose I have the average layman's regard for prayer. I could hardly lead a meeting and my private devotions are largely the routine "grace" at meals and a repetition of a few sentences before retiring. It is the first time a group of people ever thanked God that I had been given them or asked the Holy Spirit for his gifts that I might be a faithful steward of their trust in me. I can not help wondering what will happen if that petition is answered. Do I want God to give me grace to become a Deacon in his Church? Superficially, one says yes, of course. But down in my heart I am asking myself, What will I do with such Divine grace after I get it. I am uncomfortable; have a feeling that I have gotten into company for which I lack the needed qualities. I can figure how the fellow in the parable reacted, when he blundered into the Palestinian marriage festival without a wedding garment.

And yet the congregation is very familiar. I was confirmed here some twenty years ago, and I know most of the members. Our minister has been with us for ten years. He officiated at my wedding and has baptized the boys. He works hard, and has no trouble. The young people like him, and everybody respects him, both for himself and his calling. "He is not likely to set the river on fire," we sometimes say behind his back, and most of us feel that he might adopt some "business methods" that would speed up the church work.

The congregation is some sixty years old. It is well located in the town, or city rather, for Lekville has grown rapidly for the last 30 years. My father lived here when the congregation was begun. In fact, he was a charter member and one of the Church Council early in its history. They organized in a hall, and later bought a lot and erected a little chapel. As the number of members increased, they built our present Church. It still retains part of the mortgage then assumed.

Today, as I came away from the altar, the thought crossed my mind that

the present generation had inherited a good deal from the past. My mother was quite a worker here, also my sisters. Mother used to insist that the Church helped her raise us children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." We used to poke fun at some of the exercises and entertainments, criticize the choir, and grumble at the sermons. But she would make us go, and saw to it that most of our companionships were developed here. In fact, I met my wife in Sunday School.

Now that I think of it, I can see that our town owes a great deal to its churches. We like to have the clerks at the bank give credentials from their pastors, and much prefer them active in the Young People's Society to being prominent in the Jazz Babies' League. The Mayor says the preachers make his life a burden, but I notice he lines them up with him when the saloons get boisterous and when crooked political games are being played.

In a quiet way the church people are back of the town's hospital. They are about 75 per cent. of the Home and School League, which our school teachers use in raising the educational standards of the community. But it is the poor that benefit most by the religious activities of the town. How many people they rescue from actual want, it would be difficult to say. Our parson is everlastingly begging for some down-and-out "find" he has discovered. We grouch about it, but occasionally he makes us realize the value of brotherly help in time of need.

The more I think about it, the more I realize the part the Church takes in developing the individual, the family, business and the town. You can't appraise it in cash any more than you can value the character. But it is the reserve asset of a man and his society.

And of all this sort of thing I am a Trustee. Indeed, I am a Deacon—a servant of the Christ—expected to get busy and run after duty. Some Deacon! And yet others have made good. I am inheriting the fruit of their labors. I have promised. But there was a string on my pledge. I agreed to fulfill my office "by the help of God." It is in that spirit that I will assume responsibility.

I Attend a Vestry Meeting January 20

They made a mistake when they printed our pastor's name on the Church signboard. He is recorded there as John Michelson, but his true name is George, You know. You call the waiter George and "one lets George do it." Our minister is a fine man: we all like him. He is Pastor, president of the corporation and director of the affairs of the congregation. He represents us at the town Minister's meeting, is one of our delegates to Synod, belongs to the District Conference and also preaches twice on Sunday, teaches a Sunday school class, conducts and instructs the Catechetical class, visits the sick, calls on the congregation, visits the strangers in our midst, stands off our creditors edits, the weekly parish Bulletin, smoothes out the wrinkles in the members' garments of righteousness, patches up the rows that occur occasionally, helps the Ladies' Aid Society in their monthly programs, reads as many current books as he can buy and bor-

row, understands politics enough to say the right thing at the right time, begs money to meet the current expenses, collects benevolences for Synod, helps in the local drives for the community uplift, takes his turn in preaching the Baccalaureate sermon, and keeps his temper at the meeting of the Church Council. And when one of the members gets sick, he comes cheerfully to his bedside. When death severs the cord of earthly life, he is expected to give comfort to the sorrowing family; and then he preaches a funeral sermon, in which one finds no reference to the troubles for which the deceased was the incidental or actuating cause. These are his regular duties: when the country is at war or when an epidemic is sweeping over the parish, or when an unsuually virulent sinner brings general discredit on Christianity as a whole and his church in particular, he buckles down to real work.

Outside of these few duties, he devotes himself to making one dollar do the work of two. Beyond the shadow of a doubt, his intrinsic name is George.

You may suspect after the above remarks that I have attended a meeting of the Church Council. Your suspicions are correct. We met last night and "organized for the ensuing year."

Being one of the four recently elected, I was chiefly a silent member of the official directorate; eager, however, to make good on the promise I had made before the altar. After the Pastor's prayer, officers were chosen, a vice-president, secretary, and treasurer. Then came the appointment of committees, of which I find we have four. The first of these is called the Committee on the State of the Congregation. They have the oversight of the services, look after the ushering, greeting the strangers, keep an eye on the organist and the choir, attend to the pulpit supply if the pastor is absent. "Discipline" would originate with this group, if cause should arise. They are expected to detect doctrinal malpractice on the part of visiting clergymen.

The Finance Committee is obligated to make plans that will enable the congregation to meet current and special expenses. They direct an annual Every-Member Canvass and occasionally call attention to the growing deficit in the Treasury.

The Benevolence Committee investigates calls for charity among the members, reports our apportionment, receives the appeals from the Orphanage and recommends or discourages drives and campaigns.

The Property Committee looks after the buildings and equipment, scans bills for repairs and renewals, sees that the sexton dusts the pews and polishes the altar rails and every so often gets into a row with the Finance Committee because the church treasury is not so equipped with funds as to enable bills to be discounted for cash.

Taken by and large, this organization would do for a big corporation. I caught myself thinking of it as something we might prifitably study for the bank (where I am a director.) Only I guess this machine needs oil or gas or something. It did not seem to function properly: some of the cylinders were not firing, if you get my figure of speech.

In the first place, of the eight

members who attended, five were late in arriving. It takes six besides the pastor to form a quorum: we were half a hour late in beginning and the first comers were peeved. The four absentees did not bother to send an excuse. When the secretary read the minutes, it appeared that three men missed the previous regular meeting. One of these times, I am going to spring that "pursue" business on them. I guess they have not remembered that deacon comes from diakonos.

The Committee on the State of the Congregation got me as an addition to its personnel. At this meeting they had "no report." Evidently the spiritual health of the congregation is A-1.

The Finance Committee called attention to a deficit in the treasury, and the Committee on Benovelence stated that the second Sunday in February is the occasion for an offering for the Orphanage. The pastor was directed to make a strong announcement next Sunday that the church needs money, and the Benevolence Committee requested him to print in his Parish Bulletin that envelopes would be distributed in order that the members might give to the needy orphans, the wards of the church. It was suggested that he make it strong. The Property Committee reported that the roof leaked, and the Finance Committee retorted that it had been repaired two years ago. After some discussion, the Pastor was directed to inform the congregation that larger offerings for the current expenses were needed. It was hoped that he would make it strong.

Under Miscellaneous Business, it transpired that the town hospital will have its annual Donation Day the following week and hoped the churches would co-operate as usual. The pastor was asked to announce Donation Day and make it strong.

The State Tuberculosis Society sent a communication to the effect that the first Sunday in February was Tuberculosis Sunday, and would the pastor please preach about it, or at least refer to it in his announcements. No objections were raised to his doing so. The State Sabbath School Association and the Anti-Saloon League were also mentioned, but I forget just what they wanted. Whatever it was, it was left to the Pastor.

At this point the secretary read the resignation of the tenor soloist in the choir, who has been offered more money. It was moved and carried to accept the resignation and the Committee on the State of the Congregation was directed to confer with the Pastor and the organist about filling the vacancy.

Having thus discharged their duties, the Church Council adjourned with the Lord's prayer.

My son behaves so badly that
I sometimes fear me he
Is just as no account as dad
De..a..ed I used to be.

—The American Boy.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

The boys had a big time catching turkeys on last Tuesday morning.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Stonewall Literary Society had an interesting debate on last Friday night.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys have been cleaning up for the past week, and have also been repairing the roads.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Fred Dietrick, of Richmond, Va., has been at the institution for the past week repairing the pumps.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Walter Culler left the institution on last Saturday, to spend a short visit with his parents in High Point.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

For the past week the boys have all been hunting rabbit sticks, preparing for a big rabbit hunt Thanksgiving.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The new grandstand is now being painted, this work has been going on for the past week and will soon be completed.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Several small jobs are being printed in the Printing Department, one of which is a Thanksgiving program for the boys.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Robert Watson for the past few days has been one of the house boys in the Cannon Building, in the place of Erma Leach who has been sick for the past week.

Some of the boys have been repairing chair bottoms for the past week. These boys are working under the supervision of Mr. Hudson.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A big ball game was played at the ball ground on last Saturday afternoon. The boys played a match game and had a big time, the basket ball players also had a big practice.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Smith Literary Society had a fine program last Monday night. The ones to take part in the program were John D. Windham, Carrol Guice, Raymond Kennan and Charlie Beach.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Armstrong conducted the services in the Auditorium on last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Armstrong took his text from a part of the sixteenth chapter and third verse of Luke.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The folowing boys were visited by their friends or relatives on last Wednesday: Walter Culler, Mike Mahoney, Olive Falls, Jack Stewart, Raymond Kennan, Hally Matthews, Mack Wentz and Obed McClain.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Preston Holbrooks paid a most welcome visit to the institution on last Friday. Preston was formerly a J. T. S. boy and was a member of the first cottage. He takes a great interest in the institution and the members of the Cone Literary Society

thank him very much for the liberal donation of two dollars for the purpose of buying some new records.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys to take part in the program of the Cone Literary Society on last Monday night were Spencer Combs, Julian Commander, Robert McDanial, Valton Lee, Howard Catlett and Lester Bowens.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The furnishings for the sixth school room, are now being installed. This work is being done by Ervin Cole, Hasehal Ayers, George Scott, James Suitor and James Ivey these boys are under the supervision of Mr. Paul Cloer.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. T. L. Grier paid a most welcome visit to the institution last week. Mr. Grier, during the past month, has visited every city of Western North Carolina. The boys were all glad to see Mr. Grier, especially the boys of the first cottage.

LAUGH

Build for yourself o strong box,
  Fashion each part with care;
When it's as strong as your heart can make it,
  Put all of your troubles there;
Hide in all thoughts of failures,
  And each bitter cup that you quaff;
Lock all your herataches within it,
Tell no one else its contents,
  Then sit on the lid and laugh.
Never its secrets share,
Drop in all your cares and all worry,
  Keep them forever there;
Hide them from sight completely
  That the world will never dream half;
Fasten the strong box securely,
  Then sit on the lid and laugh.

—Selected.

THE UPLIFT

II CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 8, 1923 No. 4

IT IS A CHOICE.

He who thinks the world is full of good people and kindly blessings is much richer than he who thinks the contrary. Each man's imagination largely peoples the world for himself. Some live in a world peopled with princes of the royal blood; some in a world of paupers and privation. You have your choice.

This is a big, busy world. It cares precious little what you think of it, or what faults or troubles you find in it. It is a choice that concerns yourself more than all others combined, whether you grouch in the gloom, the companion of hateful gobblins, or stride in the sunshine, seeing smiles and catching shreds of songs.

Look up! See how flooded with sunshine this beautiful world is when faced with smiling eyes.

If you would win anything, do anything, be anything, don't whine.—The Christian Herald.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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For a good old-fashioned remedy
For blues of every kind,
Take equal parts of courage,
And tranquility of mind,
And mix with this,
Some work we love,
And add a little cheer,
Then shake it well together
And take it through the year,

IT'S IN OUR SYSTEMS.

Much in this number of THE UPLIFT is tinged with Christmas coloring. It is perfectly natural. Everywhere we see the purchase of Christmas seals emphasized as a patriotic if not christian duty and privilege; the stores are putting out attractive and seductive advertisements; fraternal orders and agencies of mercy are locating opportunities to care for; church choirs are making strenuous offorts to have Christmas music ready for the glad event; but last, but certainly not least, our neighboring farmer has sent in a full line of sampling of his hog-killing and his good wife accompained the glorious outlay with the best thing ever invented—a Persimmon custard, the fashionable and the elite would call it a "pie." But that does not detract from the

toothsomeness of the queen of custards. One never tastes of most perfect joys of living until he makes the friendship of a neighboring woman that knows how to make a persimmon custard.

With all this exhibit, how could it be possible to avoid an inocculation of the spirit that makes mankind better and the world a better place to abide in. And all over the land there is being enacted nervous and strenuous effort to make ready for the joys and privileges of the season, which commemorates the greatest event in the world's history—the event that gives an everlasting and abiding hope to all mankind.

* * * * * * *

AT THE TOP.

It is becoming a fashion to make a religious census of a number of towns and cities. A short time ago a census of church members was accomplished in Charlotte. Just what rules and regulations governed the taking of said census have not been published, but the result surprised even the citizens of the Queen City.

It was ascertained that of the population of the city 74 per cent. were actual church members. This is claimed as far ahead of the average in the country at large, in fact it is the highest of any city in the United States. If correct, this record speaks volumes for Charlotte; but the thought will not down that if every church member in Charlotte would take it into his head to attend church next Sunday, there would not be room enough in the churches for a fourth or even a fifth. Belonging to a church is one thing, and being a regular attendant is quite another thing.

When Billy Sunday finishes his meeting in the big auditorium on South Tryon, another census should be taken and observation made of the church attendance afterwards.

* * * * * * *

A PROMOTION.

Mr. J. H. Allen, one of the very finest county welfare workers in the state, has been promoted from that position in Rockingham county to the office of superintendent of public schools. Thoroughly alive, of splendid scholarship and upstanding, Prof. Allen will fill well the position to which he has been elected.

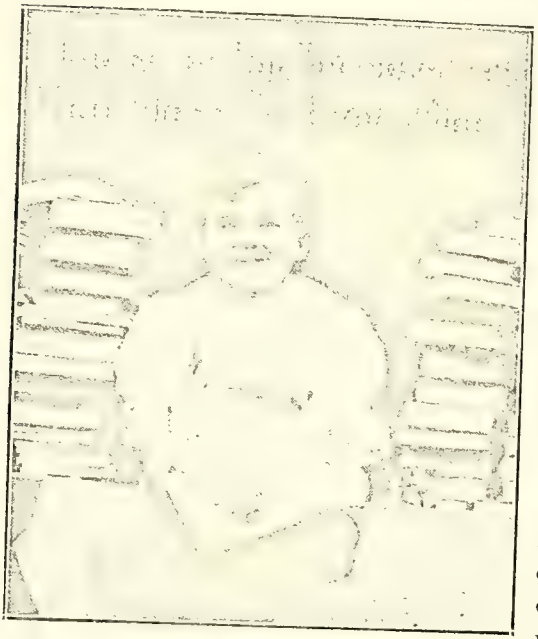
To fill the vacancy thus caused in the office of county welfare, the commissioners and county board of education have elected Miss Elizabeth Simpson, formerly the Red Cross Nurse of the county. Her experience and qualification will contribute much to enable her to keep the work up to the high

standard made for the office and its delicate duties by Prof. Allen.

It's fine when these capable Red Cross nurses can be employed in the offices of public service—a compromise selection is always injurious and disappointing.

* * * * * * *

TINY TIM SENTIMENT.



Tiny Tim

At the suggestion of Miss May Stockton, who always manifested a lively interest in child welfare, in keeping with her profession and duties while filling the important position of County Nurse in Cabarrus, the local circle of King's Daughters raised a fund known as the "Tiny Tim Fund"—a fund to be used only in behalf of crippled children , who, on account of financial conditions, are debarred from treatment at the Orthopaedic hospital at Gastonia, without the hope of having a chance to have their limbs made straight andstrong.

This fund was contributed by the different fraternal orders in Concord: the Masons, the K. P's, Red Men, the Patriotic Sons of America, the two Junior Orders, Woodmen and Elks. By aid of this fund, amounting to something like $150 three Tiny Tims of the county have been given treatment at the hospital and in each case results most satisfactory have followed and there is great joy in the hearts of each youngster, who now has a different view of life.

Now, who would not be willing to give to one of God's little cripples, whose only petition is an appealing look, a chance, yes, just a hope of being able to enter into the games of the cripple's neighbor with that spirit and love of play that is pent up in the bosom of every youth of the country?

The King's Daughters, who go about doing things In His Name without per-

sonal gain, realized great pleasure and satisfaction in administering this sacred fund to the best advantage, and they are loud in their appreciation of the generosity and thoughtfulness of the several orders named above, as well as of the individuals who aided in this kindly service to afflicted childhood. They express this gratitude for helpful friends in the words of Bob Cratchit's Tiny Tim, in Dickens Christmas Carol, "God bless us every one," this Christmas tide, with a hope that interest will not lag in this particular line of work, and like the old awakened Scrooge, who finally wished for all "A Merry Christmas."

* * * * * * *

THE REAL SPIRIT IN ACTION.

In the Youth's Companion there is this that points in practical manner how the real spirit appears in action. It fits in so well with the season that THE UPLIFT is proud to pass it along.

In one of the state penitentiaries a convict who had been sentenced for forgery was approved for parole because of good conduct. But the State Board of Pardons withheld the necessary papers until he could be assured of employment. For some time no opportunity came. He was unfitted for labor with his hands, and employers were not eager to take into their offices a man who had been convicted for too skillful use of his pen. Christmas was coming, and the family of the convict had been given reason to expect that their father would be home on Christmas. But there seemed no way in which it could be brought about. The officials adhered to their rules of releasing no man on parole unless he could go to a situation and earn an honest livelihood.

A few days before Christmas a little advertisement appeared in the "Wanted" column of a daily paper. A convict wanted employment. The advertisement told the nature of his offence, the number of years he had served, his prison record and the fact that he would be permitted to spend Christmas with his family if he could find employment.

The result of the advertising was surprising. The answers were many, and most of them came from business men who offered the condemned man positions in which he could redeem his past. From a considerable list a selection was made; the prisoner was paroled to his future employer, and he spent the Christmas of 1911 with his family.

It might have happened at another time of the year, but it is almost certain that the number of replies would not have been so large. There is something about the Christmas that opens men's hearts, that makes them generous and

kind. It is not difficult to define that spirit, or to tell whence it comes. It is the real spirit of the Christ who came to live for men. It is never absent from the world, but at Christmas time it comes more intimately into life and spreads its glowing warmth into cold and cheerless corners.

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GET THE HABIT.

(Contributed Editorial)

Who get the habit? Everybody. The habit of doing what? To think clean, the most naturally nice remarks will follow concerning people, affairs and events. If one have the disposition to think unclean, right about and see the different colorings in the mental picture.

You know if a musician gives his time to the study of jazz, he develops a jazz taste; but if his time is given over to the life and works of the master musicians, he has no desire or taste for the vulgar in music, or in other words the music that appeals to the heels and not to the higher sensibilities.

None of us are immune, for there is good in the worst of us and bad in the best of us—more or less we are creatures of habit, therefore it behooves us to acquire the habit of seeing or looking for the good in all of our friends. Instead of straining a point to find defects in character or deformity of face or form, that is hardly perceptible with the aid of a magnifying glass, try to accentuate the visible good and we foresee for you a better feeling and you will be sought after as a companion of good cheer, in hours of mirth and depression.

The effort, continued and strong, will become finally a habit—the habit will become a part of one's self, and this in turn will contribute to a life of contentment in great joys and bliss. Try it.

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Mr. Clark's article this week is full of human interest. It would make a fine story to know what induced the hundreds, who had gone west, to return to North Carolina. If a watermelon fetched Mr. Mills back home, no doubt many were brought back following a hankering to see that bright face girl, the companion of youth and young manhood.

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"Uncle Jimmie Wellons," to whom Mr. Hunt refers, is one of the greatest men of the state. To go down to the advanced age he has, so serenely and so peacefully, and with the full possession of his mental powers and with a heart full of love for his fellow man, is an object lesson to some, who grow sour and

vindictive. It is a lesson to us all.

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"Old Hurrygraph" is at his best in the article that he is writing under the title of "By The Way." Mr. Robinson's powers of description are so well developed that he could actually make a saw-mill look funny.

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THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND.

Dr. Henry Norris	$10.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme	5.00
Stonewall King's Daughters, Seniors	10.00
" " " Juniors	5.00
Cash	10.00
Mr. W. J. Swink	10.00

There are practically four hundred youngsters on the campus, who are looking to the kind hearted friends from everywhere and anywhere to make it possible for them to have a Christmas such as other youths enjoy. This is natural and why not? Make contributions to THE UPLIFT, which will make due acknowledgement.

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THE SCHOOL BOY.

John Chas. McNeil

I wish I was a teacher
So I could hold the book
If I din' know how to spell a word
I' drop my eyes and look.

If I din' know how to work a sum
The answer I could see,
And make the whole thing figger out
Jes' like it otter be.

A teacher has an easy time
Dont have to hoe or cook
And when she hears your lessons
It's her what holds the book.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
  The magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
  "That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
  Sang "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

All round about our feet shall shine
  A Light that the wise men saw,
If we our loving will incline
  To that Sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
  The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
  Sing "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong,
  But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel song,
  "To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

—James Russell Lowell

DUE TO A WATERMELON.

By R. R. Clark.

It was a watermelon that changed the current of the life of Mr. N. B. Mills and gave to Statesville one of its foremost and most useful citizens —one who is properly placed in the first rank of the town's builders.

Mr. Mills probably gave little thought to the watermelon incident, but it was really the melon that moved him from Illinois back to North Carolina. Early after the War Between the States, Mr. Noble Bloomfield Mills, then a youth, felt the urge to go West. He had grown up on an Iredell county farm, a member of a large family, and the prospect for the future wasn't very bright in this part of the country following the close of the struggle of the sixties. Mr. Mills went to Illinois and was employed on a farm near Hillsboro. One day he was plowing, late in the season, and found a watermelon, one of the left-overs of the melon crop. Being thirsty he ate all of that melon he could hold and it made him sick. Chills shook him day by day and desperation followed. In the old home in North Carolina the standard remedy for all complaints was whiskey and rheubarb. Strange as it may seem for that period, whiskey wasn't so easily obtained. The town of Hillsboro was under local option, but Mr. Mills secured a prescription from a doctor and got a quart of corn liquor and the necessary amount of rheubarb from a drug store. Meeting a friend whom he knew to be an expert as to spirits, he asked the latter if he thought corn liquor was the real stuff. The friend turned up the bottle and after swallowing about half its contents assured Mr. Mills that he would recommend the medicine. But the corn liquor and the rheubarb failed to produce the proper results. Mr. Mills continued poorly physically and was consequently depressed mentally. The old home in North Carolina began to look mighty good to him and he turned his footsteps this way. Joining himself to a number of young North Carolinians, who like himself, had enough of Illinois, the party got together a number of wagons and made the trip back to the Old North State by wagon train. In the company was Mr. John Alexander Thom, now of China Grove, a sketch of whose life appeared in a recent number of THE UPLIFT. The party was about two months on the way but they enoyed the trip.

"That watermelon that made you sick changed the current of your life," remarked a friend of Mr. Mills, who heard him relate some of his early experience.

"It did," was the answer. "I was stuck on a big Western gal and if that watermelon hadn't made me sick, which resulted in my coming home, I might have been married to the lady and been fastened in Illinois for good." And so that watermelon, which a North Carolina youth found in a field in Illinois, sent him back home to help build his native county and town.

"I bought a horse in Kentucky en route home," said Mr. Mills. "It was my first experience in trading. I gave $60 for the horse—they were cheap then. He was a fine looking

animal and rode well, but he wouldn't work to anything and wouldn't lead hitched behind the wgaon. So I had to ride horseback while I had the horse. One day, while still in Kentucky, I met a man in the road riding a mule. He was looking me over when I saw him and he rode all aronud me, which excited my suspicion. Then he bantered me for a trade. I was so anxious to get rid of that horse that I would almost have made the man a present of him, but when he offered to swap I professed to be too much attached to my horse to part with him. He was too fine an animal to trade for a mule. The mule rider said he had a most valuable mule but that he was sheriff of the county and wanted a riding horse. He finally offered to give me the mule for my horse. By the time he said it I was on the ground taking the saddle off the horse. I was so anxious to get rid of that horse I was afraid the man would change his mind. I brought that mule home and found I had one of the best mules in the whole countryside. That trip to Illinois was worth a lot to me." concluded Mr. Mills. "I farmed a year following my return and the things I learned about farming out West enable me to make the biggest crop ever that year."

In those early days tanyards were a chief industry in this section. There were two or more in Statesville and several in the countryside. As a youngster Mr. Mills learned the tanner's trade and worked at it for a while. More than 50 years ago he located in Statesville and engaged in merchandising, first as an employe and later for himself. He was industrious and thrifty and possessed of sound judgment. Within a few years he developed into one of the leading merchants of the town, embarking in cotton buying in connection therewith. Then he turned his attention to manufacturing. Less than 25 years ago he initiated the development of west Statesville, yet known as the Bloomfield section. Through his vision and good judgment he bought a lot of vacant land and promoted the establishment of the Bloomfield Cotton Mill. There is now a second mill, the Paola, which he promoted, and other industries have grown up, making a prosperous addition to the town, which Mr. Mills' initiative brought into existence. He is also interested in other enterprises and is a leading and prosperous citizen of the town, which he has been an important factor in building.

And Statesvills has this useful and valuable citizen all because that Illinois watermelon made him sick, more than a half century ago. But for that watermelon he would have helped to develop Illinois or some other section; he would have made his mark wherever he located, but his home town and county would have lost him. And his home town folks are mighty glad that Mr. Mills found the watermelon when he did.

Eight Presidents, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor and Wilson were Virginians by birth. Seven Presidents, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, Taft, and Harding, were Ohioans by birth.

BRAINS AND GREATNESS.

The Emporia Gazette says William J. Bryan is a great man without any brains. Can the Gazette name another man in the world's history who attained greatness without having any more intelligence than he credits Mr. Bryan with?—Fort Scott Tribune.

Which raises the question—what are brains? It requires no brains to be a fine violinist, a great orator, a first rate landscape artist, a great singer or any other interpreter of the emotions—love, hate, fear, pride, jealousy, patriotism, which is a mixture of all the emotions. And by their powers of translating emotions of men into action, many fools have made a lot of trouble in the world, and many simple people have been used to promote the divine purpose in the world. Joan of Arc, Francis of Assissi, Peter the Hermit, John Brown, and scores of highly emotionalized persons who were given power to speak their emotions clearly have affected the world for good. They found great wrongs, which a child could see, and by throwing their great power of clear, emotional expression against those wrongs they have done their bit in the world. Bryan is of that type—a most common type.

Brains require first the capacity for assimilating facts, and translating the facts into truth. It is a high order of intelligence. A great philosopher, a great inventor, a great mathematician, a great historian, a great poet, must have brains. A truly great statesman needs brains; though the trouble with democracy is that a man has to devote so much of his energy to getting into a place where his brains count that he often develops something besides brains by the time he gets there.

Harrison was a man of great intellectual power; so was Cleveland. McKinley spent himself getting his job. Roosevelt had a splendidly organized brain and as a writer of books and a constructor of policies and as an amateur scientist he showed exceptional qualities of mind. Taft used his brains sparingly in the presidency, and Wilson, like Cassius, thought too much. Harding's greatness was not in his mind but in his personality. And so goes. A man may be of greater use who has a great heart, than if he has a great heed.—Emporia Gazette.

VOTE $60,000 IN BONDS FOR SCHOOL BUILDINGS

The election held in the Star school district, Tuesday for the issuance of bonds to the amount of $60,000 was for school buildings carried by a majority large enough to indicate the clear wishes of the people. This district includes the towns of Star, Ether, Steeds, Popular Springs, and Cotton Creek, and extends from the Biscoe high school line on the South, to Moore and Rondolph county lines on the East and North and to Little River on the West.

OBSERVATIONS OF A BUSY-IDLER.

By C. W. Hunt

A young man feeling the call to preach, went first and prepared himself; giving many years to toil over books, that he might labor well for the Master. Last year he acceptably filled his first appointment, endearing himself to all, of every creed that came in touch with him. He was returned to his work for the second year, and entered gladly into the work. Hardly had he begun, when he was suddenly stricken, and the surgeon's knife was his only hope, and had to stand for three operations before the trouble was removed; and he was left with but a shadow of human hope. It went out to all the Methodist churches in Charlotte, and some others, on Sunday November 18th, that Rev. Thos. F. Higgins, pastor of Brevard Street church was unconscious and at death's door. All of Charlotte Methodism went to special prayer for this life of service just begun. Monday the news came that he was holding his own, and Tuesday that he was improved; and from day to day since there has been more hope, and his ultimate recovery is expected.

A few weeks ago, in passing, the writer stopped to pay his respects to the first preacher-visitor that he remembers, in the home, Rev. J. W. Wellons, of the Christian church, who is now nearing his 98th birthday—still possessing all his mental faculties, with the same bright, honest eye of 60 years ago, when I first knew him. Long since retired from pastoral work, it seemed unusually fitting that this saint should make his home at Elon College, where his influence can radiate to all parts of his beloved denomination; thus giving the centre of the church of his choice the benefit of his ripe experience and saintly character. We talked of the olden days, of his love for a father, with whom he long lived and labored as neighbor, friend and minister; of the many good times they had together, and of "Uncle Wellons" present work. Said he: "When the fire came and swept away our main building, I told Dr. Harper, the president that I was too old to get out, seeking aid for rebuilding, but that I would stay here in my room and pray, holding Dr. Harper up to a throne of Grace hourly. He went away and came back with a hopeful sum, and we thanked God. He went away again, and came back with more than as much again, all the time I was praying with faith, and each time the news was better." I was about to say goodby, when he said: "Not until you or I have prayed together." He lead the prayer; every word a personal pointed petition for me and mine, and thanks for the life of him who has gone on. In the place of the one Elon College building that went up in smoke there has come five splendid buildings, and the happy faced and aged saint watches with more than ordinary interest the many men who are placing the bricks and the timbers for a greater Elon. "The prayer of the righteous man availeth much. Who would not feel honored for being

prayed for by "Uncle Jimmie Wellons?"

Several years ago, an unobtrusive business man of Charlotte, born and reared there, approached the editor of a morning paper with the suggestion that in as much as so much space was given to news from everywhere, good bad and indifferent, that there be printed in a conspicuous place in the paper each day a selected verse of scripture? The matter did not appeal to the editor, and a second visit was fruitless. The matter was then taken to the News, the afternoon paper. Here it was agreed to run the verses provided the quiet man would provide them. This he did every morning for six months, at the end of which time the editor informed him that a sheet containing selected verses had come to him from New York, and the quiet man would be released. Frank D. Alexander, the quiet man, investigated and found that some man somewhere in New York state had felt a similar call to a new work, had persuaded his local editor to do what Mr. Alexander had persuaded the Charlotte News editor to do, with the result that this editor had so many calls for information as to where these verses, at the head of the editorial column came from, that the unknown comrade of Alexander's prepared them in sheets for distribution to all papers who would use them. Not by prayer, but by a call, two men thinking along the same line, neither known to the other, started something that has gone on and on and been an inspiration and a help to many an oppressed soul. Heed the call! Wonderful works have begun from what seemed a matter of small import.

WHERE AN OBJECT LESSON BEGINS.

The schoolhouse building program in North Carolina has been phenomenally successful. In going about the State it is not unusual to see a magnificent brick school building situated right out in the country and dedicated to the education of the children of a great consolidated district. —Supt. Allen.

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph

When a man has been married thirty-six years his wife generally looks him over about once a week with a loving, admiring critical eye, to see if the gray hairs are becoming more numerous, or the wrinkles multiplying on his fair brow. Or if its Sunday she is most sure to find a piece of string, or a particle of lint on him somewhere, and pick it off; having never forgotten, or given up the habit of picking things off his coat in her young days, even if it were a strand of her own hair. My inspection generally comes on Sunday, and it seems that just as sure as the Sundays come, there is a spec or piece of soot to take lodgement on or in one ear, and sometimes both, and Mrs. Hurrygraph will make a hurried

dive for it, like a turkey after a June bug, and she will take my ears for a telephone and "ring them up." That soot doesn't suit her and must be avaunt before I go to Sunday School. For some time I have had a sneaking suspicion that she sees specs in her imagination and takes that means of giving my ears a twisting on general principles. Some day she may effect my hearing, and that will be a misfortune. But I am so resigned to her watchful care that when she raises her hand to pull down my ear, I very camly, in the sweetest voice I can command, inform her that "the line's busy," and brush off the spec, or bit of soot, my own self.

A cafateria is a homely place. People who frequent one all do the same thing, and it brings one in closer touch with others, who are pushing their tray along, and selecting their meals on their own judgement, and working to comfortably satisfy their appetites. The carrying of trays to the table is an interesting study in humanology. Women, of course, carry them with all the ease and grace of a queen, in royal attire, walking to her throne. But the men! Ah, there's where you see the effects of one waiting on one's self, and having some one to wait on you. Some will hug the tray to his breast as if he thought it would fly away immediately. Another will hold it out as gingerly as a man when he takes up his first baby, and doesn't exactly know how to hold it, and is afraid he'll let it fall and break. Others grab the tray on the side next to himself, and the side fartherest away from him and carry it like he was carrying a log between his arms. Others will carry the tray on a level with their chin, and you hope they will not carry it far, for it looks as if it will tilt over. But all seem satisfied and happy, it's a homey place because you will there meet your friends, and have such delightful tete-a-tetes and 'tater custards, and other good eats, and enjoy the company of your friends.

Some men, and some women, when they start on a journey taking them by by rail or bus, can create more agitation to the round minute than anything else that I know of, except it be a bargain sale for some popular articles. When they reach the station, or the bus starting points, they begin the excitement by wanting to know if the train is on time; when they have looked at the time bulletin and seen how it was marked. They will sit down a moment and then walk out to see the bulletin, and express the idea that they don't believe it will come on time, just because they are going away. They will walk about some more, and ask two or three people, of quiet mind and demeanor, if they think the train will be on time. Then they'll ask the station agent if it's not most time for the train to come. They'll take their grip and go out to the gate and stand a while, and then come back, saying they don't belive that train is ever coming. They do not give a train time to get to a station, and make themselves, and all about them miserable, in being in such a fidget about the train coming. The train comes, and bears them off at the time announced, and then there is a calm, like unto that that follows a terrific thunder storm. You've seen these people. They are at every station. It is one of the idiosyncrasies of hu-

man nature. Nothing will stop it but the coming of the train or bus.

We have had all sorts of ages—the iron age, the golden age, the war rage, and other kinds of ages—but the present may be justly termed the speed age. Speed is the manis of the times. Get there, no matter about the going, so you get there about the time you start. It is a killing pace—because many are killed before they get out of your way. We rush in automobiles everywhere, even if we have to go around the corner, or two blocks. You can hardly see a person, and have a quiet talk for a few minutes. It's rush to a machine and away. Where they all come from and where they all go, I do not know. All I know everybody is speeded up and speeding away, just when you have business with them. We are rushing through life at a break-neck, and machine-reckking speed. So it goes. And some will never live to tell how it happened.

This is becoming a nation of listners. After we have rusned through a day of strenuous speeding along all avenues of endeavor, we then sit down to listen; to hear the world in its activities of the night. It is stated that there are 11,000,000 radio receiving sets in the United States. What a bonanza for the politicians and the chautauqua lecturers! And then, who knows, but what it may finally be so that we'll hear what every family is saying and doing. What pandemonium will break loose? Perish the thought!

IS THERE A WAY TO EQUALIZE OPPORTUNITY?

On one side of a dividing line which separates two countries or perhaps determines the boundaries of some great city, lives a young North Carolinian. On these bright October mornings he wends his way to a magnificent school building in which are provided all the conveniences necessary to comfort. Before him stands a teacher gifted, trained, and competent, with only a single grade to teach. This privilege is given him for 180 days every year.

Just on the other side of this same dividing line lives another young North Carolinian. His school does not open till the middle of November and will continue for only 120 days. Perhaps no conveniences are offered and no teaching apparatus is provided. He is instructed by a young girl, who is not even a high school graduate, and who has to teach seven grades.

Shall the accident of birth place or dwelling place forever affect unequally the opportunities of these two young Americans? Each of them is and will be a citizen of the same State. Each of them is being trained for his duties as a citizen in a system of public schools which our Constitution says shall be uniform. One is as capable, as ambitious, as promising as the other. One, in all probability, will have completed high school and entered college while the other is still in the grades. Must this go on forever, or is there a remedy within the reach of the people, if they will only reach out and take it?—State Supt. Allen.

SPICE CAKE AND CHRISTMAS.

By Alice L. Whitson

There's no use in aruguing the matter, sister," declared Billy Trent, solemnly. "There is no money in this family for Christmas gifts this year, and that's all there is to it."

"You've spoken to father?" Marie questioned earnestly.

"Yes," answered the youth, "I have, and he told me quite frankly that business was so bad and money so scarce that we would have to give up Christmas giving altogether."

Marie pulled a heavy over-stuffed chair near the window and for a full five minutes sat staring out at the white world in silence, then suddenly she turned to her brother.

"If father says there is no money for Christmas giving this year," she murmured softly, "then you can mark it down it's just that way—but what I want to say is this: if father hasn't any money for us to spend, then we must earn some ourselves."

Billy Trent eyed his sister suspiciously, then he smiled.

"Quite an idea, all right, Marie," he said pleasantly, "but ideas alone won't produce funds."

"Of course not," admitted the girl, "but once an idea is started and the determination to do a thing is on foot, then usually something happens."

"That's right," agreed the boy, "but you have only made the assertion that we must earn some money to give father a good Christmas. I am perfectly willing, provided you back up the statement with some definite plan."

"You can't succeed at anything without first making up your mind what you are going to undertake," answered the girl, "but let's sleep on the matter and in the morning we will discuss it all over again."

"No time like the present to settle a thing," chuckled Billy, "but seems to me the easiest way out would be just to take father's advice and stop giving."

Again Marie turned to the window; a blur of tears came into her eyes and an ache in her heart. Mentally she pictured all the Christmases she had hitherto known. Always, ever since she could remember, there had been Christmas observances in the Trent home, but until this Christmas there had also been a bright, happy little mother in the home to make the tiniest sort of thing big and beautiful.

Billy caught the drift of his sister's sad expression, and crossing the room he put his arms about her. "Don't fret, little sister," he said kindly; "you have been the bravest little soldier in the world, and though you didn't know the first letter in homemaking, you have managed to keep the house together and look after the children."

"I know," murmured the girl, "but think of little Bobs and Betty not having a Christmas tree."

At the mention of the twins, Billy's lips began to tremble in spite of his efforts to keep calm, for he loved the two smallest youngsters in the home circle with a tenderness close to worship, and the thought of a treeless Christmas for them was simply unbearable.

"Christmas without a tree," he

said presently, "would not be Christmas to the twins, but father hasn't been the same since mother's death, and his business has suffered, and I'm sure he knows what he's talking about when he says the treasury is empty."

"Of course he does," agreed the girl, "but that should only strengthen our determination to help refill the treasury before the holidays come around."

Billy's eyes sought the calendar on the wall, and for a minute he studied it carefully. "Only ten days," he said thoughtfully. "What can we do in ten days' time that would bring in some extra money?"

"That's what I'm trying to discover myself, Billy," answered his sister. "Now, if I could leave the house and the twins to look after themselves I might be able to get extra work at Lacy's department store and earn a little—and you—"

"Well," interrupted Billy, "if you can get work in the store, surely I can—" Then a big idea entered Billy's brain. "I've got it, Marie —" he exclaimed excitedly, "you stay on with the kiddies and I'll get work at the store for the Christmas gifts in this family."

With the way of obtaining necessary funds decided upon the brother and sister began to plan for the gifts that were to make the twins happy on Christmas morning, and before they went to bed that night everything was planned to their utter satisfaction. There was even the usual charity basket that mother Trent donated annually to some unfortunate family.

But often the best laid plans fail to work, and the next evening they realized that alll their scheming had been in vain, for in spite of te fact that Billy had offered to work for the smallest compensation imaginable, he could find nothing to do.

Then Billy took a turn at the housework and Marie made the rounds; where Billy failed she thought there might be a chance for her, but in all instances where she applied for work she found a full force already installed, and no help needed. So she, too, was forced to go home empty handed. But Marie was a Trent of the old stock, and once having decided to do a thing, usually found some way to do it, so when she returned home without having succeeded in landing a job, she met her brother with a high head.

"Failure, Billy," she said solemnly after they had talked things over, "belong to those who lack perseverance, and that's not us."

"But we've gone the round of the stores," argued Billy. What more can we do?"

"That's the question, what can we do? Now, let's take inventory of our accomplishments—what can you do?"

"Well," answered Billy suddenly, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "I could eat a whole spice cake by myself if I had the chance."

"You're a regular glutton, Billy," declared the girl, smiling back, "but honestly I'm hungry, too; let's surprise father with a spice cake for supper."

"Good!" exclaimed Billy jumping to his feet. "I'll light the fire."

"And you can beat the eggs and sift the flour," called Marie as she made a dash for the stairs.

Thirty minutes later Billy and

Marie were peering anxiously into a moderately-heated oven where a spice cake was slowly but surely rising, and as they watched and waited they planned and re-planned their next move towards refilling the empty treasury.

A knock sounded on the back door and Marie went to open it, and instantly she was facing a stranger.

"Her Eyes Beheld a Golden Brown Cake."

"Good evening," said the strange gentleman politely, as he lifted his hat.

"Good evening," repeated Marie. "Can I do anything for you?"

"That all depends," laughed the man, "on how well you happen to know this town; I'm lost."

"Lost?" repeated Marie pleasantly. "Surely you are joking—you couldn't be lost in this small place."

"But I am nevetheless," responded the gentleman, pleasantly. I am actually lost. Maybe," he went on, before the girl could answer, "you can help me find myself, or rather, direct me to the old Porter home."

"Oh," exclaimed Marie in suprise, "I know you now—you are Miss Cynthia's brother, she told me the other day you were coming for a Christmas wisit with her, but I didn't think she was expecting you until nearer the holidays."

"She wasn't," responded the man, "but I'm taking her by suprise, that's why I'm lost; I meant to slip in on her, and getting here late in the afternoon I find I have forgotten just which road to take."

Marie opened the door wider. "Come in, won't you please," she said sweetly. "Father will be home within a few minutes and Billy will drive you over."

"Thanks," responded the man as

he stepped into the room and slipped off his overcoat.

"I am sorry to have to entertain you in the kitchen," apologized Marie, "but I'm baking a spice cake for dinner, and—and—oh, goodness! do you suppose—" cried the girl despairingly—"do you suppose it's burned?"

With one quick stride she crosed the floor to the stove and there she stood, dreading with all her young heart to open the oven door; then bracing herself for a disappointment, she swung it wide—but instead of a burned object, her eyes beheld a golden brown cake that was a credit to anybody's making.

Once, twice, thrice, in rapid succession, the stranger whiffed gently at the delicious odor filling the room, then he tossed his hat into the air, boyishly.

"Did you say the cake was for dinner, young lady?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes," answered Marie, "but I was scared stiff for fear I had let it burn, when I opened the door."

"And 'twould have been my fault," said the man, thoughtfully, "if such had been the case; but since it's cake of the best variety, may I invite myself to have dinner with you?"

Before Marie had a chance to answer, however, the door swung open and in walked her father.

"Old Bill Trent!" exclaimed the stranger, and such a hearty greeting followed between the stranger and Mr. Trent as Marie and Billy had never witenssed in their lives before.

Finally Marie packed them off to the living room to enjoy each other's society while she, with the assistance of the twins and her brother, prepared the dinner.

Finally everything was ready and the dinner though simple, was faultlessly served and the spice cake a thing of the past. The stranger having no further excuse for lingering on the scene, asked father Trent to drive him over to his sister's place.

"You will come again, won't you?" asked Marie as she helped him on with his coat.

"Indeed I will," the man answered, "but before I go I am just wondering if you could find time to help an old man out with his Christmas gifts?"

"I'd be glad to if I could," answered the girl, "but what can I do?"

"You can do exactly what I want done if you will," responded the man. "Fact is I've some friends in the city who would greatly appreciate having one of those famous spice cakes of yours for Christmas dinner."

"You—you mean—" stammerd Maire, "you'd like me to bake them for you?"

"If you would," responded the man. "I mean," he went on thoughtfully, "you bake them for me at the same rate I would pay a baker to do it—you know. I'll furnish everything except the mixing."

"Oh, oh—" exclaimed Marie, excitdly, "I—I will be so glad to do it, and—and Billy can help me; Billy always helps me to make them."

"Then," laughed the stranger gaily, "we will bake and box a dozen, and ship them on the eighteenth. "I'll come round tomorrow to see about it." And with that the two men passed out into the night.

For a minute the girl and boy stood looking at each other in silence, then

catching hands they began to dance gleefully about the room, much to to the amusement of the twins, who could not understand such silly antics on the part of their older brother and sister.

"What did I tell you Billy?" said the girl earnestly, when they had at last succeeded in putting the twins to bed and were seated alone before the fire with pad and pencil, to figure on the necessary ingredients for twelve spice cakes.

"What you told me," responded the boy, thoughtfully, "I now fully believe, and henceforth I shall never believe anything impossible to accomplish so long as it's right and worth doing."

Therefore, it happened that twelve wonderful spice cakes found their way from the Trent door in Greca Grove, to far-off New York city, and on the proceeds the Trent twins had a most wonderful Christmas tree, but never did the bakers know that the twelve wonderful men to whom the cakes went were inmates of the old soldier's home on the Hudson. Neither did the old soldiers know that their gifts were but one big man's way of spreading good will and peace to a few unhappy people because of his accidentally over-hearing through an open kitchen window the conversation between the Trent youngsters, as to how they could best solve the problem of making a Christmas tree for the tiny tots in their home.

There are enough church members in Kings Mountain to starve every bootlegger to death if no church member drank any booze. Besides there are enough church members in Kings Mountain to create such strong sentiment that a bootlegger would feel as uncomfortable as a hypocrite in Heaven if they all lived up to their profession. That's the case in Charlotte and everywhere else that I know.—Kings Mt. Herald.

THE GREAT BAPTIST HOST.

Next Tuesday, at Gastonia, there will assemble the representatives of the Baptist denomination, in their annual convention. The growth of this denomination in the state and the great work it has accomplished make an inspiring story; and Mr. T. W. Chambliss, one of the outstanding representatives, has issued this review of their work which is most entertaining and informing:

Over three hundred thousand Baptists in North Carolina and every member of the denomination, whether his home be in the country or in the town, is and should be deeply interested in the approaching session of the Baptist state convention. With only five days yet to go before the books of the treasurer close, the fact stares Baptists in the face that the convention which convenes at Gastonia on December 11 will face a deficit of approximately $1,750,000.

North Carolina Baptists pledged $7,052,449.19 to the "seventy-five million campaign" in 1919. The pledges provided that the amount was to be paid in weekly installments for a period of five years. On December 1, 1923, the total amounts of

the pledge due will be $5,641,489.84 According to the reports from Baptist headquaters in Raleigh, the total receipts for the "seventy-five million campaign" up to November 10 was $3,805,320.61, leaving a deficit at that date of $1,836,638.78. The probability of receipts over $100,000 by December 1 is not likely, but heroic action on the part of churches can cut the deficit materially.

Dr. B. W. Spillman, of Kinston, will preside over the sessions of the convention—he is a presiding officer of remarkable parts. His record is unique—only three other men in the history of the convention have occupied the president's chair so many years. Dr. R. H. Marsh was the last president to hold the place over four years—Dr. Spillman has held it six years.

Ninety-three years ago—March 23, 1830—in the town of Greenville, in Pitt county, the first session of the North Carolina Baptist state convention came into life and being. It had been 21 years since the sainted Martin Ross, with a vision of a statewide organization of Baptists in his soul, had offered a resolution at a meeting of the Chowan Baptist association, to the effect that the time had come when a "general meeting of correspondence" embracing neighboring Baptist associations should be held. An organization was effected nominated the North Carolina Baptist general meeting of conference and this later became the North Carolina Baptist Benevolent society and this was, in 1830, changed to the Baptist state convention—but Martin Ross had gone home.

In 1830 North Carolina enrolled 15,000 Baptists, including white and colored and there is a record of $700 being raised that year for two objects, education and state missions. Ninety-two years later, in 1922, the Baptist state convention reported over 325,000 white Baptists and the per capita contribution was $8.98 for all objects. In 1830 there was not a single denominational school in North Carolina while in 1923 the denomination controls three colleges, one junior college, and 13 high schools and in addition there are four educational institutions owned and controlled by Baptists but not directly under the control of the denomination. These educational institutions have a property value of approximately $3,750,000 and annually train over 4,500 young men and women.

But the advance in educational work is not all. North Carolina Baptists have caught a world-wide vision and a vision which includes every individual of the home land. Children, parentless children touched the sympathetic chord and the Thomasville orphanage was the result and those days mark the age when over 500 are cared for, trained, prepared for life's battles each year. Over $150,000 a year is contributed for this work—a glorious work and it grows in the hearts of the people.

The sick have appealed to the denomination and the result is that the first Baptist hospital was opened during the year. It is located at Winston-Salem and is a modern hospital, well-equipped and well-located. Just now, the Baptists of Charlotte are engaged in the enterprise of providing a Baptist hospital for the people of that section—independent of the state convention—but a Baptist hospital. The care of the aged and

infirm ministers has become more than a mere name—it is a fact, in North Carolina. These men who have struggled along and have reached the point where they are unable to work and because of the smallness of their incomes in the working years are without income are cared for by the denomination.

The years have been wonderful years and yet there is a tremendous task ahead of the denomination. During the past four years the emphasis has been placed upon the collection of the pledges made in 1919 for what was termed the "seventy-five million campaign." In that campaign, the Baptists of the south proposed to raise and expend $75,000,000 for denominational objects during the following five years. The fourth year ends December 1.

The First Baptist church at Gastonia will be the hosts to the Baptist state convention when the 99the annual session convenes in the splendid new meeting house of the Gastonia people December 11. Dr. W. C. Barrett, who has for so many years led the Gaston First Baptist people along lines of denominational progress will as their pastor be the leader in the matter of providing hospitality and there is no question of the bounty or the quality which is in store. It is expected that Rev. L. R. Pruette of the Ninth Avenue church, Charlotte, will deliver the annual sermon. Dr. Pruette has been in Charlotte so long as pastor at Ninth Avenue that he is veritably a fixture and is today the holder of the record for the largest number of years of service in the same church, and yet he has not reached the record set by Dr. Brown of Winston-Salem, the former pastor of the First Baptist church of the Twin City.

Southern Baptists have a record for the past four yeears that is remarkable. They have increased their local church expenditures over $7,000,000 a year and have averaged a net increased in contributions to missionary and benevolent objects of over $7,000,000 a year in contrast with the previous four-year record. In fact southern Baptists have increased their gifts to denomination expenses and missions $15,000,000 a year during the past four years and have added almost $50,000,0000 in church property without taking into account hospitals, orphanages and other denominational property. During the past four years there have been in southern Baptist churches right at 800,000 baptisms as against 500,000 during the previous four years period.

North Carolina Baptists have gone forward during the past four years. Twenty thousand baptisms were reported last year and the contributions have jumped tremendously when compared to the previous four-year period notwithstanding the heavy deficit that will necessarily still one year of the "seventy-five million campaign" and task before the convention will be the formation of plans looking towards victory in the last year. Those who know North Carolina Baptists say that the entire amount can be raised next year if the Baptist host of the state can be moved in soul and stirred to action.

Tuesday, December 25th is Christmas Day.

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED?

When the other fellow acts that way, he is "ugly;" when you do, it's "nerves."

When the other fellow is set in his way, he's "obstinate;" when you are, it is just "firmness."

When the other fellow doesn't like your friend, he's "prejudiced;" when you don't like his, you are simply showing that you are a good judge of human nature.

When the other fellow tries to treat some one especially well, he's "toadying;" when you are trying the same game you are using "tact."

When the other fellow takes time to do things, he is "dead slow;" when you do it, you are "deliberate."

When the other fellow spends a lot, he is a "spendthrift;" when you do, you are "generous."

When the other fellow picks flaws in things, he's "cranky;" when you do you are "discriminating."

When the other fellow is mild in his manner, he is a "mush of concession;" when you are, it is being "gracious."

When the other fellow gets destructive, it is "toughness;" with you, it is "forcefulness."

When the other fellow dresses extra well, he's a "dude;" when you do, it is simply "a duty one owes to society."

When the other fellow runs great risks in business, he's "foolhardy;" when you do, you are a "great financier."

When the other fellow says what he thinks, he's spiteful;" when you do, you are "frank."

When the other fellow won't get caught in a new scheme, he's backwoodsy;" when you won't you are "conservative."—**Exchange.**

LOGIC OF THE SITUATION.

The last Legislature opened the way for a county to build just as good a system of schools as it may want. Any county that does not provide at least an eight months school term in every district within the next five years will advertise itself as placing a higher value on its money than on its children. This eight months term has already been provided by an extreme eastern county and an extreme western county that are among the poorest in the State.

It is no longer a theory but a fact. To put into operation a plan of this kind requires progressive leadership. A county superintendent now holds the strategic position in the whole school system, with the widest opportunity to plan and build a great system for his county.—Supt. Allen

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THE TROUBLE WITH THE YOUNG MAN.

(Charlotte Observer)

A few days ago The Monroe Enquirer told of a young man who had applied to that office for "a job." He was told to take off his coat and

get to work at a linotype machine, whereupon he protested that he knew nothing about a machine of that kind. Then the editor set in to questioning the young fellow, suggesting work of one kind after another, only to find that he was equipped for nothing in the way of useful employment. He could not handle carpenter's tools; he could not lay brick—and the bricklayer is the man who draws the fat salary these days—;he had never placed his hands to a plow; he couldn't paint a fence; in short he was of the gentleman class rejected by John Barlow, of fabled memory, People who are in supposed position for dispensing "jobs" have had similar experience in questioning applicants. The applicants is seldom equipped with education of training that fits him for useful occupation; what he is on the lookout for is employment befitting the station of a gentleman. Not so long ago a North Carolina educator started a discusssion of some consequence by reason of his public statement that "nobody reads the newpapers." Governor Smith, of New York, has started a discussion that bids fair to take a larger range because of the view he has expressed that "education is not necessary to good citizenship." At the outset, the papers are giving him the benefit of the doubt, which is, that by "education" he means simply the ability to read and write. But a man whose learning stops there could not be called an educated man. A good many people who can read and write, if given their merits would find classification in the ranks of the illiterates. The educated man is one equipped with a trade. He may not know how to read, but if he is an artisan expert in any particular trade, he is an educated man. He is a man who works. The young man who applied to The Enquirer may have had scholarly attainments, but he was not educated. The intelligent brain, backed by the educated hands, is what the country wants to-day. The lack of these qualifications accounts for the restless ebb and flow of the tide of the idle that is sweeping over the land. Some day The Observer hopes to get hold of the old story of John Barlow's project in opening employment to the young men and reproduce it for the benefit of the rising generation. The man who applied to the Monroe editor for a job, is typical of a great army of young men. The group comes under discussion by The New York Commercial, with preliminary statement that every employer knows that "the young men born in the United States, for the most part, scorn labor and seek only white collar jobs." The notorious fact is that they have no knowledge of a trade of any sort and are really fitted for nothing but plain manual labor, but because they have merely an ability to read slowly and painfully and do simple sums in addition—and, as we stated, seldom do either—each one of them apparently has developed a swollen ego that puts him right outside the class where mere labor is welcomed. Such ignoramuses look on common toil—all they are fitted for—with a scorn which they express freely. The "dignity of work" means nothing to them.

The Commercial believes that practically every employer will bear it out when it says that the apprentice who would learn a trade has disappeared almost utterly, whereas the fellow

who can do nothing well—and has no disposition to even try, for that matter—is forever asking for a place where he can get generous wages for doing something that would not tax the ingenuity of a 10-year-old boy. Then it proceeds to argue—

It may be that the average of intelligence is higher now than ever, but we have our doubts on that point. We are impressed that nowadays the average boy thinks he knows more than have the boys of the generations which have preceded him. The movies and the motor cars and the wireless telegraph and radio—to mention only a few things—have developed thousands of Smart Aleck youths. Newspaper editors know that many who seek work as reporters can neither write simple sentences nor spell correctly and look bored when asked as to their knowledge of rather recent historical events of importance. Yet they are certain they are educated to the last degree! The poor fish!

This is the age of jazz in politics, music,economics art culture and what not, and perhaps it is not surprising that it seems to have also produced the jazz mind. At any rate, genuine education of the kind which has made men great in the past commands little of the respect or attention of the growing youth of the land. Glib and slangy expressions, what are believed to be the up-to-the-minute cloths of a gentleman, and big pay for trifling work sum up all that is worth while in life to too many of our modern boys. Probably there are exceptions, but most men who have had experience as employers and who have been coming for years in contact with the youth of the country will bear us out in what we say.

We grant that a man may be a good citizen and have practically no education. Sometimes such a one is a better practical citizen than is the other fellow who has kidded himself into the belief that he is educated merely because he has a smattering of the beginning of an education. However neither kind we have referred to is the really fine, praiseworthy and a worthwhile citizen. Sometimes we have thought that the worth-while citizen who has intelligence, a cultivated mind, a broad outlook and is a judge of values—in brief the citizens of the class who made, and who alone can keep, this country what it is—is on the road to extinction. He may be growing up, but where in the throngs of our young men is he to be found?

All this and much more, many men concerned for the future of this great country, have asked themselves. We wonder if any of them has yet found a satisfactory answer?

There are approximately 7,700,000 children under 10 years of age on farms and 5,700,000 in cities having equivalent total population.

A STORY THAT IS ALWAYS NEW.

(Selected)

No one will read the gospel according to Matthew in the American translation of the New Testament made by Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed of the University of Chicago, and shortly to appear in the paper of that institution, without discovering in it new beauties and new points of interest. And what is true of Matthew is true of the other gospels. The story they tell does not grow old and familiarity takes nothing from its freshness. We do not seem to reach its bottom, to fully understand its significance or to comprehend the wide scope of its horizon. The more we read it the stronger grows the facination.

But these stories of the life supremely great and beautiful, if they are to be throughly enjoyed, should be read as one would read any other biography—not in the piecemeal and scrappy fashion which was encouraged by the arbitrary verse and chapter divisions of the authorized version, but straight through from the beginning to the end. Only thus can the sweep and

some good jobs in

felt; or

trast

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

such

following boys were visited by of r relatives on last Wednesday

William Gregory, Johnnie Wright, day Bates, J. B. Walker, Sylvester Honeycutt, Judge Brooks and Ralph Martin.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

PressleyMills and Clearence Willard paid visits to the institution on last Friday. Mills was formerly a member of the Printing Departmet, and the boys were all glad to see

made were passed from group to group in each of which some good reader would be chosen who could reproduce the story or discourse from the text with intelligence and feeling.

These gospels came into existence, no doubt to supply a demand for information which grew at the Christian assemblies throughout Asia and the Europe, of Greece, Macedonia and Italy. The men who had seen and known Jesus, and who could tell the story of his life with sympathetic understanding were few and passing from the stage. Not many of the thousands who came into the brotherhood in those early days had the privilege of listening to one of the little intimate group which had followed the Master and learned the message of the way from His own lips.

And so it came about that what at first was merely oral narrative presently found its way into writing. Scholars are not agreed as to what constituted the earliest record of events, in the life of Jesus and his table utterances, but Mark is gen- accepted as the pioneer author r whose stories have come The theory is that ke derived much of m Mark, but that ritten source ex- employed, and ed, but which source is of the

‡ ‡ ‡

The boys all had a giving, they all assembled tree about 8:00, and Supper announced that they would the cottage and stay untill 9:30, then they would come back

ubting

spels

and go rabbit hunting. At 9:30 they all came out with sticks and clubs in their hands, all prepared for a big hunt, and although there wasn't but 20 rabbits caught they all had a big time. When they got back they sat down to a big Thanksgiving dinner, they all enjoyed it very much and realy had more than that Jesus came in fulfillment out on ancient Hebrew prophecies. He Au- perhaps, a better listener than he pro- g-er, where as Mark wher they went to the cottages and played the rest of the day. They had a big Thanksgiving in every way, and are looking foward to a big time Christmas.

HONOR ROLL.

Stanley Armstrong, Vestal Yarborough, Jno. Dalton, Chas. Roper, Roby Mullies, Norman Iddings, Robt. Watson, Ralph Cutchin, Walter Morris, Joe Moore, Paul Funderburk, Wm. Gregory, Carroll Guice Lloyd Winner, Chas. Mayo, Albert Hill, Everett Goodrich, Travis Browning, Turner Anderson, Joe Mason, Sanford Wilson, Jerome Wiliams, Jim Turner, William Sherrill, Rhodes Lewis, Garland Rice, Samuel McPherson, Lee Yow, George White, Clayton Stephens, Brantly Pridgen, William Johnston, Earle Wade, Wirron Terry, Jay Lambert, James Phillips, San Poplin, Ernest Allen, Solomon Thompson, Earnest Cobb, Sam Dixon, Earnest Whitehurst, Luther Grant, Ralph Hunley, Eugene Long, Wayne Carpenter, Wm. Harvell, Luke Patterson, Lester Bowen, Calvin Forbush, Earle Gragg, Nathaniel Johnson, James Long, Roy Lafon, Abraham Gooodman, Herbert Fulford, Leary Carlton, Charles Almond, Alton Piner, Alton Etheridge, Paul Heger, Leon Allen, Judge Brooks, Edwin Crenshaw, William Creasman, Hoke Ensly, Pearl Graham, Hyram Grier, Sylvester, Honeycutt, Claiborne Jolly, John Kemp, Grover Lyerly, Normie Lee, Herman Leach, Earle Little, Obed McLain, Ralph Martin, Jesse Martin, George McCone, Thomas Oglesby, Martin Pridgen, Joseph Pope, Roy Rector, Lee Rogers, Clifton Rogers, Harry Stevens, Jack Stewart, Lester Staley, Worth Stout, Coleman Smith, Hugh Tyson, Graham York, Herbert Apple, Arthur Duke, Jesse Wall, Chas. Crossman, Watson O'quinn, Donald Pate, Harry Shirley, Newton Watkins, Olive Falls, Herman Cook, Mack Duncan, Roy Franklin, Carlyle Hardy, Dallas Hensley, Earle Houser, Clyde Hollingsworth, Roy Johnson, Robert McDaniel, Hally Matthews, Preston McNeil, Barnie McRary, Nenry Nunnery, Herbert Orr, Baynes Poterfield, Jim Poplin, John Perry, Dwight Queen, Joe Stevens, Dan Taylor, Hurley Way, Preston Winders, Jerome Williams, William Sherrill.

"B"

Garland Banks, Tom Hart, Robt. Carswell, Raymond Keenan, Patrick Templeton, Earle Crow,
Chas. Beach, Uldric Bracken, Jas. Gillespie, David Brown, Chas. Maynard, Irvin Moore, Glenn Miller, Jas. Suthers Percy Briley, David Driver, Chas. Jackson, Smiley Morrow, Sam Osborne, Frank Stone, Floyd Cagle, John Boyd, Roy Lingerfelt, Clyde Trollinger, Arthur Hyler, Franzo Wiles, John Forester, Walter Wil-

liams, Winton Mathews, Robt. Rising, William Beaman, William Case, Jesse Foster, Clyde Pearce, Henry Brewer, Paul Camp, Carlton Heger, Roy Johnston, Conrad Lowman, Hugh Moore, Clarence Secrest, James Torrence, Hazen Ward, Autrey Wilkerson, Albert Jarmon.

THE PROBLEM.

There is no use in vain regret,
  In hot remorse or bitter tears;
There is no sense in looking back
  To stir the memories and the tears;
What you have done, then, you have done—
  And all your tears won't wash it out!
You cannot make a forward step
  Burdened by fear or chained by doubt.
There is no courage in the weak,
  No strength in the regretting mood.
Wise men go forward though they faint,
  And only weaklings sit and brood.
What you have been, too, you have been,
  What you're to be is up to you—
So get up, dust yourself, and work;
  Forget it all, and carry through!

THE UPLIFT

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"KEEP STILL."

"When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is abroad, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look different from an unagitated eye. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in its very grandeur It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mad fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy."

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The Uplift

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PHOTOGRAPH OF A HEART.

"I have never been much of a chaser after the 'American Eagle,' but when the Yuletide sets in, I wish I was a rich man that I might make so many deserving people happy. REAL HAPPINESS COMES TO YOU IN MAKING SOME ONE ELSE HAPPY."—Col. A. H. Boyden.

FINE OLD GUILFORD.

Elsewhere in this number is an interesting and informative statement by Dr. Spruill, the superintendent of the Guilford county Tuberculosis Hospital. THE UPLIFT made an effort to carry along with the story a picture of the handsome building which the forward-looking and progressive county has provided for the treatment of tuberculosis. Dr. Spruill is an expert specialist in the treatment of this dread disease, and was formerly connected with the State Sanatorium.

More and more the public is beginning to realize that however effective and business-like the Sanatorium is being conducted it is not equal to the demands and conditions that obtain. The public cannot understand why no one can be admitted without charges when the state makes such liberal appropriations. In many cases the financial ability of the victim will not permit of his entrance and he is forced to go his way, unaided and uninstructed, spreading death as he himself goes down to the grave. Guilford county which

has the habit of providing for its needy and worthy ones has built a hospital that is modern in every sense of the word; and she went out to find, as is possible now that many physicians have made a thorough study of the methods of treatment of tuberculosis, a strong man in the person of Dr. Spruill.

In quitting this reference to what the great county of Guilford has done in the genesis of the movement, it is a fact worthy of mention that the Cones, of Greensboro, made the completion and the proper equipment of the hospital a certainty and an accomplished fact by the donation at the psychological moment of thirty thousand dollars. The chairman of the hospital board is Mr. Julius W. Cone, a forward-thinking and liberal factor in the material growth of Greensboro and Guilford.

* * * * * * *

RANK IMPOSITION.

One hates to turn down a call for aid, for fear a worthy case may go neglected. It were probably better to be imposed upon than to risk a continuation of deep suffering for the want of help. But this does not requite one for downright imposition.

These remarks are suggested by the knowledge recently received that during the meeting of the "Opportunities" during the past Christmastide, one of the rankest impositions was attempted upon the committee having the matter in charge. It was probably alright for the party, who, turning up her nose, declined the character of the Christmas remembrance that the spirit of benevolence had provided in answer to her call for aid; but the subject, who was listed as an "Opportunity" and who possessed a new automobile and a radio equipment, would be a better case for the courts to handle for attempted imposition and false pretense, than a case for charity.

There is one pleasing fact in connection with this hoggishness, and that is that the committee discovered the attempted imposition before it had played the part of Santa Claus.

* * * * * * *

COMMERCIALIZED ATHLETICS.

Under this caption the News and Observer editorially makes this most sensible observation:

> "Davidson College a short while ago protested against commercialized athletics and the matter also came up at the meeting of the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools in Richmond. A

sound mind in a sound body is eminently desirable. But colleges are primarily for the education of the students and there is not a doubt that athletics is being overdone in many colleges. Davidson's protest and those made at Richmond are worthy of thoughtful consideration. Davidson's stand for placing profanity under the ban is also to its credit."

The Raleigh paper maintains that "colleges are primarily for the education of the students," yet there seems to be more enthusiasm and concern about having a winning baseball team or football club than to care for the mental and moral welfare of the students. Davidson boldly and earnestly sends out a call for a change of this policy.

A few nights ago we sat in a barbershop awaiting our turn and we were edified (?) by a long drawn-out conversation by two professor representatives of two schools—one a Collegiate institution and the other of a modern High School of a graded system—and it was evident that each was more concerned about making a reputation for himself in athletic endeavor and thereby securing for himself a more handsome salary as a professor. Not one word was said about the moral and educational growth of the student.

There is the possibility of too much of a good thing. The Charlotte Observer very properly called attention to the abandon that overtakes this enthusiasm as evidenced by drunkenness among the students at the football game, on Thanksgiving, at Chapel Hill. Too much frolic does not guarantee the best results from educational endeavor, and the authorities would do well to heed the call Davidson sends out.

* * * * * * *

A STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES.

A week ago there came to THE UPLIFT an inspirational and poetically expressed contribution, making the declaration that "Men Never Quit." The more you think of this assertion, the more oustanding does the truth thereof appear. But THE UPLIFT has curiosity enough to wonder who the contributor, Fritz Bernard, is.

This stranger within our gates has no telephone number; the rolls at the schools reveal no such name; he is unknown at the post office; and while he used the Y. M. C. A. stationery, Mr. Bernard is not known at the Y. His name does not appear on the membership roll of the Kiwanis nor on that of the Rotarians. This week Fritz Bernard followed his poetical contribution with another letter bearing a five dollar bill for the boys' Christmas fund. That is a language that is perfectly familiar in this office—we have no trouble

in identifying the beautiful and crisp five dollar bill. And it will go to the cheering fund.

But who is Fritz Bernard?

* * * * * * *

IT ALL DEPENDS.

The character and size of the Christmas cheer that is in store for our near unto four hundred youngsters at the school depend very largely upon the liberal contributions of friends, who have a heart for the business. The fund already in sight is encouraging, but it is far from an amount that is needed to meet the proposition that confronts the officials.

We are not begging—we are depending upon the voluntary action of all, who feel like Tiny Tim.

* * * * * * *

THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND.

Dr. Henry Norris	$10.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme	5.00
Stonewall King's Daughters, Seniors	10.00
" " " Juniors	5.00
Cash	10.00
Mr. W. J. Swink	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Allison	10.00
Col. A. H. Boyden	5.00
Mr. E. B. Grady	10.00
Ritchie Hardware Company	10.00
W. B. Ward Wholesale Grocery	15.00
Cabarrus Motor Company	5.00
Mr. Fritz Bernard	5.00
Mr. John R. Query	5.00
P. B. Fetzer	5.00
Mrs. H. W. Barnes	5.00
Mr. C. W. Swink	10.00
Mr. G. L. Patterson	5.00
Mr. W. B. Sloop	1.00
A friend	50.00
Mr. A. F. Hartsell	10.00
Mr. J. R. Fairchild	10.00

There are practically four hundred youngsters on the campus, who are looking to the kind hearted friends from everywhere and anywhere to make it

possible for them to have a Christmas such as other youths enjoy. This is natural and why not? Make contributions to THE UPLIFT, which will make due acknowledgement.

* * * * * * *

MEN NEVER QUIT.

By Fritz Bernard.

What matter if trouble does pass your way
  And fill your soul with pain;
Into each life some rain must fall,
  Some rancor and some gall.
Each must have his own affliction,
  Troubles with his joys;
Life here is a testing ground
  Where only the strong survive.

What if your struggles are many today,
  Why son, they're never few!
What if your hopes seem fading away
  And chances are never new.
Don't say there's not a beggar's chance
  For me this cursed day;
Folding your hands with sorrowful look
  And breathing a cursed NAY.

Braceup, my lad, and face the fight!
  Away with the weakling's cry!
Your manhood is the thing at stake;
  You will not let it die!
Up with your head! Out with your chin!
  You will not let it die!
Face the struggle in a manlike way!
  Be brave, be bold, be true!

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Many bakeries over the country are talking about "the bread mother used to make." Some of the modern bread is good, and some of the rolls are small, not much bigger than eggs. It may taste like "the bread mother used to make," but it certainly does not look like it. Mother's bread, in years now gone, was baked in an old-fashion oven, before an open fire-place. It was her pride to have the dough rise to the top of the oven, some six or seven inches. When it lifted the lid of the oven there was a general commotion that it was going to be some bread, and there was scurring about to get the pot-hooks, open them and lay them on the rim of the oven to lift and support the lid, and give the dough a chance to climb as high as it pleased. You remember—of course you do, if you were a child in those day; you children now know nothing about it—how the dough would just keep on rising and puff over the top of the oven. How those great tall rolls, with bulging top-knots, would come in steaming hot, as "light as a feather," and peal off in flakes, and would melt chunks of butter, until they were as yellow as cowslips, and how they slipped into your mouth and apparently disolved in delight to the palate. That's how mother used to make bread. How many of you folks can see those oven rolls in your mind's eye now? No such bread in these days, although they talk a good deal about "the bread mother used to make."

Doesn't it seem fine to get into your boat, lie face up to the sunlight and drift down the stream of life without a care in the world? You pass hundreds of rocks; the eddies switch the boat from side to side and get you by safely, maybe here and there a little scratch, but not enough to set you worrying. And then you get it. Bump, and over the falls you go. Boy, what a smash! If you have any thinking apparatus left you see where you tried to beat the game, and it didn't work out. Old Cap Nature says you've got to take hold of the oars and row up stream if you want to land safely. Sometimes you've got to row mighty hard to make a headway, but you might as well tackle the job, because there's no room for argument. Every river ends on the rocks, or in the mudbanks, and that's where the fellow lands who drifts down the stream.

When a person regards the need and suffering of the world from the standpoint of his own limited resources, he is well nigh overwhelmed by the sense of its magnitude; by the apparent hopelessness of doing anything to mitigate it appreciably. But the organization of philanthropy has tremendously increased the power of the individual to help. It means for him an extension of his personality, so that he is able to minister to hundreds where alone he could not minister to them.

It is a wonderful thing, and a great priviledge to be able thus to multiply the few loaves and fishes which seem so hopelessly inadequate. Men and women of humane spirit cannot too highly appreciate the chance

for effective service which civilization's mechanism of helpfulness provides. One need no longer stand bewailing the lot of one's fellows. Look about you and find some agency which is designed and equipped to bring practical aid to every form of need. The gift of your money will carry your personality into the doing of that work, especially where the gift is made at some sacrifice. Thus you can help to heal the sick, to relieve the halt, to protect the weak, to recover the erring, to feed and clothe the hungry and naked. There is no longer reason why anyone should fail to have a part in such work as this.

The universal joy of Christmas is certainly wonderful. The lovely legends of the day; the stories and the songs and the half-fairy lore that gather around it; the ancient traditions of dusky woods and mystic rites; the magnificence or simplicity of Christian observance, from gorgeous and profuse church and home decorations, to the bare service in some missionary chapel upon the American frontier; the lighting of Christmas trees and hanging up of Christmas stockings; the profuse giving; the happy family meetings, the dinner, the game, the dance—they are all the natural signs and symbols, the flower and fruit, of Christmas. For Christmas is the day of days which declares the universal human consciousness that peace on earth comes only from good will to men.

Spunk is a good thing. Everybody ought to have a plentiful supply of spunk on hand at all times. Antagonism is not spunk. Antagonism is something that puts you in bad with everybody else, and gets you nowhere. It takes spunk to keep you out of antagonism, and a whole lot of other nonsense. Cultivate your own endowments. People like a person who knows how to do things. Unless you learn how to be your best, you'll play second fiddle to some one else, perhaps not as well gifted as you are. Others are not responsible for what you are. Its yourself that makes yourself. Then spunk up. Make the fellow inside your clothes respect the fellow beneath your hat. Put spunk in your motor, push on and watch the world lend a hand. Heaven and the world helps those who help themesfves. Put it to the test.

RELIGION AND THE HOME.

Home is the place of the highest joy; religion should sanctify it. Home is the sphere of the deepest sorrow; the highest consolation of religion should assuage its griefs. Home is the place of the greatest intimacy of heart with heart; religion should sweeten it with the joy of confidence. Home discovers all faults; religion should bless it with the abundance of charity. Home is the place for impressions, for instruction and culture; there should religion open her treasures of wisdom and pronounce her heavenly benediction.—E. J. Hardy.

TOBACCO–IS IT HARMFUL?

We are so frequently asked for our opinion regarding the effect of smoking or chewing tobacco, that the following editorial appearing in the September issue of the American Journal of Public Health, and written Preventive Medicine of the University of Missouri, seems well worth publishing. As will be noted, Dr. Ravenel's editoral is based upon the review of a book upon the effects of tobacco, whose author is Prof. M. V. O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin.

Personally, while we have always recognized that an answer as to the effects of the use of tobacco must be a matter largely of opinion rather than of established scientific fact, we have shared what seems to be a very general conclusion that, while tobacco, considered in the large, is probably without serious effect upon adults, it is decidedly harmful to adolescents, exerting in that strategic, habit and character-forming period of life an effect from which complete recovery rarely takes place.

However, here is the editorial, which is more satisfactory than anything that we have recently read upon the subject:

Tobacco And Mental Efficiency

In 1918 a committee to study the tobacco problem was organized, with the object of collecting and publishing scientific data concerning tobacco and its effects, particularly physiological and economic. The first publication from this committee is the volume by Prof. M. V. O'Shea, of University of Wisconsin. The World War evidently had a decided effect in increasing the use of tobacco, since tobacco was given in large quanities to men in the camps, both in this country as well as in Europe. Its present use in this country amounts to nearly seven pounds per capita. The production of cigarettes has risen from three and one-half billions in 1905 to forty-six billions in 1918. The ground required for growing our tobacco amounts to 1,647,000 acres, and it is estimated that $1,600,000,000 a year are now being spent on tobacco, exclusive of accesories, such as matches and pipes, and the fire hazards, among which smoking is recognized as a leading one.

Professor O'Shea gives his attention almost entirely to the effect of tobacco on mental efficiency. A certian amount of his testimony is derived from observation, and the opinion of men of distinction, some of whom use tobacco and some who do not. He has also studied school and college records, and finally a certain amount of material has been obtained by well-controlled laboratory experimentation.

That part of the testimony which is derived from prominent people does not seem to be of a great deal of value, although one must admit that the testimony of these people is generally remarkably fair. As a rule, however, it will be found that smokers defend the habit, and it would seem that the judgment of a person who was dependent on a drug habit would not be entirely reliable.

The statement often made by smokers that it enables them to do more work and better work is probably do the influence of habit, and not to any beneficial effects of tobacco. A person, for example, who has acquired the habit of chewing gum often finds it difficult to concentrate the mind unless that habit can be practiced.

The conculsions arrived at fall naturally under the heads: The effect of tobacco on immature and mature persons. Regarding immature persons, there seems to be a consensus of opinions that the use of tobacco injures scholarship and effectiveness. School records indicate that when a pupil begins the use of tobacco his intellectual work is apt to decline. While this is not always true, the relationship between the use of tobacco and low scholarship is so frequent and well marked as to warrant the belief that we have cause and effect exemplified. Some believe that the inferior scholarship is not due to the drug effects of tobacco, but the idle habits which smoking tends to create. Even if this is admitted, it is evident that the influence of tobacco is just as disastrous as though it injured mental work by its drug effects. However, many reports from unprejudiced observers indicate strongly that there is a distinct drug effect which causes the deterioration in work. While there are a few dissenting opinions by those whose experience entitles them to attention, the studies made on mature persons in the psychological laboratory indicate strongly that these observers are wrong. Many large employers refuse absolutely to engage cigarette smokers, and 80 per sent of the schools whose facilities participated in Professor O'Shea's investigation have taken measures to lessen the use of tobacco by the pupils.

The investigation of Pack, made at a number of leading universities several years ago, showed that only one half as many smokers as nonsmokers are succesful in the trials for football squads. It has long been known by athletes that the use of tobacco "cuts the wind," which Pack showed to be due to a loss of lung capacity, which averaged 10 per cent. The consensus of opinion is strongly against the use of tobacco in any form by young and growing persons.

When we consider the case of mature persons, no such positive opinions can be expressed. Experiments made at the University of Wisconsin showed that the pulse rate is almost invariably accelerated; muscular control was lessened on an average of 42.12; rapidity of addition was slightly (1.04) increased, but accuracy showed a loss of 5.55. Taking the average of all psychological tests, 12 in number, there was a loss of 5.13. These tests included both smokers and nonsmokers.

Many questions cannot be answered by laboratory tests, as, for example, the effect of tobacco on creative ability, alertness ambition, etc., and the opinions by eminent persons concerning these matters vary a great deal. In some cases, directly contradictory testimony is given, as, for example, one bioligist says that most of the scientific men who lead in research are nonsmokers, while another, equally eminent, makes a directly contrary assertion. In the past, it seems that

most reformers who have created and led notable movements have been nonsmokers, whereas men who have led important political movements have often used tobacco.

The use of tobacco is of comparatively recent date, and there is nothing to show that its use has accelerated the progress of the world. No one can say that it has been essential, nor can it be held that it has been markedly detrimental to creative activity. Without question, many smokers have achieved great results, but we may ask if these same men would not have accomplished greater things had they not been tobacco users. There is equal evidence that nonsmokers have achieved notable results, and the advocates of tobacco may also ask if these same men would not have been greater had they been tobacco users. The most that can be said at the present time is that tobacco is not a barrier to the attainment of the highest efficiency on the part of certain persons, but it may be a detriment to others.

There is a considerable amount of testimony that smoking is favorable to meditation or reflection, processes in which "ideas present themselves to some extent in a chance order," those that easily harmonize with the pattern in mind being retained, while others are allowed to go their way. Professor O'Shea considers it reasonable to believe that tobacco may faciliate such a process by slowing-down "intellectual processes just enough to permit of a certain spontaneity in the flow of ideas."

The weight of evidence is that tobacco "exerts a slight detrimental effect upon certian attitudes, feelings, or conditions affecting mental efficiency," a tendency seen only in the observation of large numbers of cases, and not marked in degree.

In conclusion, it may be said that the use of tobacco is injurious to the mental development and efficiency of the immature and growing individual, while concerning the adult no positive opinion can be expressed, remembering, however, that laboratory tests show that in almost every reaction tried, twelve in number, tobacco had an injurious effect.

I stood on the roadside and saw a fourteen year-old school boy pass by. It was a Sunday. About sundown he was on his return trip home. He was confused and his step was uncertain. I called him to the side of the road and engaged him in a conversation. He was getting over the effects of strong drink. He had spent the afternoon at a place that enjoys the reputation of being a bitter enemy of the Volstead Act. By and by this school boy will run up against the law, and then folks will come to regard him a "bad boy." Have you thought of the example his father is setting, the influences of environment that are shaping his life, and the general indifference of Sunday observance and church attendance that obtain in a community. Don't call a boy bad, if he is just the product of indifferent parents and environment.

GUILFORD COUNTY TUBERCULOSIS SANATORIUM.

By Dr. J. L. Spruill, Superintendent.

The Guilford County Tuberculosis Sanatorium is the first institution built under the act of 1917, which authorized any county to build and maintain a tuberculosis hospital by bond issue and special tax.

It is a beautiful structure located on a hill overlooking highway number ten, ten miles from Greensboro and five from High Point, and is at present about completed, and will be formally opened January 1, 1924.

Its total cash value when finished and furnished will be about $165,000, and will accommodate sixty patients without crowding. The building consists of a central or administration building and two wings of two stories each, with a basement under the central.

The central building contains the main waiting room, business office, physicians' examination rooms, X-ray rooms, central charting and filing room, patients' living room, dining room (white and colored,) kitchen, and staff dining room, all on the first floor. The second floor contains the physician's private apartment and the nurses' quarters. The basement is occupied by the boiler room, ice plant, sterilizing room, laundry and a number of store rooms. The drug room and laboratory are also located in the basement.

The wings are connected with the main building by glass-enclosed corridors, and are equipped to care for twelve patients on each floor. The beds are placed on twelve-foot screen-enclosed porches, opening upon which are steam-heated dressing rooms, bath-rooms and toilets.

Back of the administration building, connected thereunto by another glass-enclosed corridor is the colored department, which is constructed on the same plan as the white, and accommodates twelve patients.

The accompanying cut shows the general appearance of the building fairly well.

While this institution was built by a bond issue, and is maintained by special tax, it is not an exclusively charitable institution; and while no citizen of Guilford County will be refused admission because of inability to pay, still every patient whose financial condition is such that he can pay a reasonable sum for his care and treatment will be expected to do so.

Patients outside of the county will be admitted when there are vacant beds but will be required to pay a certain amount, not yet settled upon.

The object of this institution is to have a place where the tuberculous patients of Guilford County can go to be cured, and not a place where people go to die. Consequently, no incurable or far-advanced patient will be admitted except under extenuating circumstances.

The superintendent has full charge of the tuberculosis conditions in Guilford County, in connection with the county and city boards of health and the medical profession. Tuberculosis clinics are now being organized and held at regular stated intervals in the cities of Greensboro and High Point,

and at other designated points in the county, and lectures are being given by the superintendent at every point possible and as frequently as his other duties will permit. The object of this work is to find the early cases and get them in the hospital, as well as to educate the people along the line of the disease.

As soon as the work is organized it is the purpose of the board of directors to put on one or more tuberculosis nurses in the county to assist the superintendent in locating the early cases and to help care for the incurable in their homes, when the attending physicians desire assistance.

The hospital is completely equipped with an X-ray machine for diagnosis, and all necessary laboratory equipment, with X-ray and laboratory techinicians.

Free diagnosite clinics will be held at the hospital every morning from ten to one, by appointment, for patients in the county, but no free examinations will be given to any patients coming from elsewhere. For these, a charge of five dollars for physical examination and ten dollars for X-ray will be made. Patients coming from the county without having made appointment will be charged the same fees, but all such fees, or any other fee, no matter how obtained, will be paid directly into the treasury of the institution and not to the physician making the examination, his regular salary being his only compensation.

Life is ever unfolding from within, and revealing itself to the light, and thoughts engendered in the heart at last reveal themselves in words, actions and things accomplished.—James Lane Allen.

GRUB WORM–JUNE BUG.

By C. W. Hunt

When the writer gave his good friend James P. Cook and The Uplift the series of nature stories about two years ago, "Things I Learned When A Farm Boy," it was given as a contribution to girls and boys who know so little about nature that is all around them. The matter of parading superior knowledge had no part in it, and he feels that Mr. Cook understands that it was wholy a labor of love. That as many grown-ups as children had pleasure therein has been demonstrated by the number who have come to me with thanks for the contribution. Even the editor of the Charlotte Observer claimed he had saved them for future publication; as I was informed when he and I parted company. With all that before me, one will get some idea of my surprise, near two years afterwards, that any one should state that I had slandered? two useful insects. Any newspaper discussion of the disagreement is declined with thanks, but it is proper to say that right recently I have read that our "red worm," "fish-worms," or "angle worms" are enricheners of the soil, but nothing was said there as to Uncle Grub, or Cousin June Bug. It

will be in good taste, I think, to remind the reader, whether old or young, that it is a well established fact that both these worms are found only, in any quantity, where animals or poultry have enriched the earth, or where humus abounds. If you want fish bait you never go to a gullied hillside for angle worms or grub worms. One could easily dig all day in such places and not find enough grubs or angle worms to bait a minnow hook. It may also not be out of place to say that I was born on a farm, and was 18 years of age when I left it; was off the farm 30 odd years when I went back, where I am now, and have been eleven years but not hurting myself, right now, at work.

Leaving the subject of worms, visible, let me say that I have done some agricultural writing since my present home was established; have done more agricultural reading than writing; and many years ago got the idea from some one that bacteria in the soil causes fertility. That the scattering of animal manure even lightly, over a field sets up a bacterial action (nitrogenous) of things not seen with the naked eye in top soil that causes better crops to grow. That if you go into such fields and turn the top soil deeply under, this bacteria is killed and poor crops follow until a new set of bacteria sets up an action. I am not alone in the belief and observation that the above it true. I further believe that if our plows worked under the top soil, leaving top soil on top, or if it has to be turned, then use a plow that sets the furrow slice on edge, so air can reach the bacteria, our agricultural methods would be better. This as information to the uninformed.

As to the grub worm and the June bug I have no appology to make. If he or she or both are soil enrichers, they would be a sight more useful if they bred out on poor fields, instead of enriching garden spots, seed beds and such already too rich, and would let grapes, figs and peaches alone. I feel all this may be unnecessary, but if it is, Mr. Bost is to blame; and if they "are so trivial that they are unworthy of mention," then surely six lines of error? on my part, in nine chapters or readable matter, are too "trivial" for Mr. Bost to trouble the editor with. But—if any knowledge has been imparted, either way, then good has come of it. Anything that increases knowledge is education.

"Boys are growing better and girls are growing worse," are the words of Mrs. Van Winkle whom the News and Observer calls "a capable and wise woman." Whether that broad statement be true or not we cannot say, but we know that some girls are growing worse. The flapper who is a devotee of the modern dance is a whole lot worse than her mother was. The loss of womanly modesty so woefully apparent in the painted maiden of the present day, is ample justification for saying some girls are growing worse.—News and Observer.

A VISIT.

Last week this institution was honored by a visit of several prominent gentlemen of Lenoir, Caldwell county. They were on an inspecting tour; and returning home, a report was made to the Kiwanis Club, whose agents they were in this most acceptable visit. The Lenoir News-Topic carries this account of the report of the Kiwanis committee:

There was a full meeting of the Kiwanis Club Tuesday evening, and after organizing and nearly through supper President Nelson called upon Messrs. F. H. Coffey, J. H. Beall, C. H. Hopkins and Mayor Virgil D. Guire to make a report upon their trip to Stonewall Jackson Training School, near Concord, yesterday.

Mr. Coffey made a most interesting statement of their trip. They left Lenoir at a quarter past 8 in the morning and arrived at the school before 11 o'clock, a distance of nearly 100 miles. Mr. Coffey and the rest of the committee appointed at the last meeting to make a trip and to report to the club all say that a visit to the school removes almost entirely an impression that they and almost everybody else have of the school—that it is a juvenile penitentiary or reformatory. A reformatory it is, just as any well arranged family is. There is discipline and control, but it is conducted largely upon the honor system, and the 357 boys in the school are a band of boys constituting a big family. One-half of the boys work at some important manual labor which instructs them in useful handicrafts, and the other half go to school and attend to practical instruction in the forenoon; and in the afternoon their labors are reversed. Besides the general buildings for school and other uses there are 12 dormitories, all exactly alike, three of which have been put up by the State and nine by different counties, each house accommodating about 30 boys. Owing to the great demand made up the school for the entrance of boys there is always a long waiting list. Caldwell, which has no building, has six boys cared for at the school, but if some other county which has a building seeks to enter a boy, in fairness he is given the preference over a county that has no building.

The Kiwanis committee spent several hours at the school, going over it and to some extent over the 400-acre farm, and were highly pleased with what they saw. They took dinner with the boys—that is, with one section of them, in one of the buildings—and pronounced the bill of fare excellent. The boys sleep in a big room in the twelve buildings, in single beds arranged around the room. They have all the advantages of baths, etc., and care for their room, making up the beds, sweeping, etc. And the committee reported that the whole school, dormitories, dining rooms, every part of it, is a marvel of cleanliness.

These boys are perfectly delighted with the school; they have taken on new life and are actuated by a desire to take advantage of their chances to improve their minds and to become adept in the various trades and employments which they are

taught, and when they have finished their term of schooling, go out into the world equipped for good citizenship and for remunerative employment.

One of the most interesting things the committee saw was the dairy, which function upon the output of a large herd of Holstein cattle. They report it to be a model dairy and probably is much like our own Caldwell County Creamery. Much of the necessary things needed for the culinary department are raised upon the 400-acre farm, where all kinds of vegetables and other truck products are raised, not to speak of the crops of wheat, corn, etc.

There are many different kinds of trades at which the boys work and art instructed in performing. They become printers and operate linotpyes and other machinery upon which are printed the "Uplift," a weekly magazine of 30 pages, edited by Mr. J. P. Cook of Concord, chairman of the board of trustees. Mr. Charles E. Boger is superintendent and Mr. Jesse C. Fisher assistant superintendent. And the committee reports that even on a short stay at the school they could not but observe how affectionately the boys regard the men who are over them.

As an evidence of what a model school it is—and ought to be—a publication of the names of the board of trustees is all that is needed:

J. P. Cook, chairman, Concord.

Miss Easdale Shaw, vice-chairman, Rockingham.

John J. Blair, secretary, Raleigh.

D. B. Coltrane, treasurer, Concord.

H. A. Royster, M. D., Raleigh.

R. O. Everett, Durham.

Herman Cone, Greensboro.

Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Raleigh.

Mrs. A. L. Coble, Statesville.

Mrs. T. W. Bickett, Raleigh.

Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, Winston-Salem.

Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte.

As is stated elsewhere, this school was established to protect the first-offense quasi--criminals of an age under 16 years from the danger of associating with what they would encounter if sent to the Raleigh penitentiary or upon the roads.

Upon motion of H. W. Courtney it was resolved that the present committee be continued and instructed to take up the matter with the Booster's Club of Granite Falls and with the Kiwanis Club in Catawba and Burke counties, looking to co-operation in securing at an early date a building at the school for the three counties.

THE STORY THAT WON.

By Frank Owen in Young Folks.

When Guy Guthrie, Editor-in-Chief of "The Mercury" announced that he was going to promote one of the younger reporters to the exalted position of "Special Feature Writer" there was great excitement in the newspaper office. Guy Guthrie was a great believer in youth and it was because of this faith that the idea had occurred to him.

"I want each one of you fellows to turn in the best story you can find," he said, " and from the lot I'll select the story which I consider the

best. The winning author will be advanced to the new position. The only restrictions I am imposing upon you are that the story must be written about something you find in New York, and it must be true to life. Aside from anything else, it will be interesting to read the different types of stories that are submitted."

"How long must the story be," asked Dan Rollins, who was famous for his verbosity.

Mr. Guthrie smiled.

"Length don't matter," he replied, "if it did, of course you'd win. But I would prefer not to have the stories too long. I believe that almost any story that was ever written could be told in less than a thousand words. Some of the most memorable parables in the Bible are very brief. These have never been equalled."

If you let Dan Rollins alone," broke in Shad Coles, "he'd write all his stories as long as the novels of Dorothy Richardson. Miss Richardson would take three pages to describe a chair. This paper ought to start paying Dan according to strength and not according to length. I'll bet he'd be bankrupt in a week."

Dan chuckled. He had a splendid sense of humor and never minded being chaffed in the slightest.

"I'm bankrupt now," he drawled, "at least I haven't any visible assets.

That's why I'm going to try my best to win this contest."

Dan was full of enthusiasm. He liked writing anyway and the opportunity which Guthrie offered was like a magnet to him. He set off that very morning in quest of romance. Dan could see romance in everything. Once Shad Coles, simply for the sake of argument, had declared that romance didn't exist.

"You are wrong," exclaimed Dan heatedly. "Romance is real. Every object you see proves its existence. We speak of the 'Romance of Steel.' typified by great buildings, bridges and monstrous ocean liners; the 'Romance of Electricity' of which the telegraph, the telephone and the radiograph are each chapter; the 'Romance of Oil' which starts with a youth earning four dollars a week who rose to a position where he controlled more wealth than Midas."

"Enough," cried Shad, "you have won your point even though you have interpreted the word in a much broader sense than I intended. What I should have said was that dreams do not exist."

You are wrong in that also," said Dan. "Dreams are the very fabric of our lives."

"Of yours, perhaps."

"And of yours also. You write stories and what are stories but dreams, imaginings. The world has advanced to its present position because men have dared to dream—Columbus, Bacon, Newton, Marconi and Morse, to cite only a few illustrations. Behind every accomplishment is the colossal idea of a dreamer. Berton Braley has put this thought very finely in one of his best poems:

'Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler—
Greatly in these we trust;
But back of them stands the Schemer,
The Thinker who drives things through—

Back of the job—the Dreamer
Who's making the dream come
true!'

That's only the last verse. I forget the rest, but if you want it read the poem complete, you can find it in the volume entitled, 'Songs of the Workaday World.' "

Shad smiled. He was rather pleased at Dan's earnestness. Genius, although hard to define, is primarly a matter of enthusiasm.

"Although I do not admit I am vanquished," he drawled, "it might be good policy at this point for me to beat strategic retreat."

Shad Coles was a splendid writer. He was also a clear thinker. He wrote as he thought, with a fine direct style. For the most part of his stories were very brief, little more than sketches but they were always interesting, no matter how small the subject. His methods were for more leisurely than those of Dan Rollins. Dan wrote with great enthusiasm, at great length and at great speed. As a space-writer he left nothing to be desired. But for clear writing and really beautiful prose Shad quite outstripped him. Dan was aware of this, but he was not envious. "Some day," he declared, "I suppose I'll settle down a bit and write something really worthwhile."

Dan was a great admirer of the stories of Montague Glass, particularly those justly famous ones about "Potash and Perlmutter." Therefore he went in quest of his contest-story to Lispenard Street and East Broadway. Shad Coles on the other hand, picked no particular street. He just decided he'd wander around until he chanced upon an idea. All the stories had to be submitted within a week, but he reasoned that he had plenty of time. He intened to make his little sketch very brief, not over twelve hundred words. The actual writing would not take long. The main problem was to decide on a subject. The first day he had practically no time to devote the search for there was a serious fine on Worth Street, and he was instructed to get as complete a story as possible. The next day also he was very busy. He had to report the opening of the Automobile Show at Grand Central Palace. Thus two days were utterly lost as far as the contest was concerned. But the third morning found him comparatively free.

It was a glorious day and he felt in rare spirits as he set out on his quest. He journeyed down to Washington Street, the quaint old Syrian section of New York, near the Battery and West of Broadway. Here are to be found some of the poorest and dreariest tenements in the city, yet they are but a stone's throw from some of the greatest office buildings in the world, and only a few minute's walk from Wall Street. At this particular spot extreme poverty and extreme wealth rub shoulders.

As Shad Coles walked along the street he was accosted by a young Syrian, who was selling laces, embroidered table cloths and magnificent scarfs. He held out his wares on his arm and because he looked so pitiful, Shad bought a bit of lace for his mother. The young Syrian could not have been much over twenty, but want and suffering had left their indelible stamp on his sallow, pinched face, and in his dark deep-sunken eyes. He was dressed in rags. His once black suit was now green with

age, his hat had almost as many holes in it as a sieve and his shoes were so worn they seemed ready to drop from his feet. And yet this poverty-stricken youth was selling facts of marvelous beauty. It was incongruous, but it was true.

"Here is my story," mused Shad.

But even as the thought came to him, someone slapped him on the shoudler and a cheerful voice said, "interesting chap, don't you think so? I'm going to make him the pivot of the sketch I am writing."

Shad grinned as he glanced up into the face of Hugh Ransome, who also wrote "The Mercury," "I lost that idea," he chuckled, "a whole lot quicker than I found it."

But he did not tell Hugh that he, also, had intended writing about the Syrian.

That week sped by on woven wings. Almost before any of the boys realized it the morning had come on which they were to submit their stories. For the most part, the various little tales were splendidly written. There was an undeniable thread of humanness running through them all. As fast as they were submitted that morning, Mr. Guthrie read them.

"It's going to be rather hard for me to decide on the best," he declared. "Practically every one appeals to me."

By noon all the boys had turned in their stories with the exception of Shad Coles. This rather surprised Mr. Guthrie because Shad was acknowledged to be one of the cleverest fellows on the paper. Finally he summoned Shad to his office.

"I sent for you," he said, "so that you could explain to me how it is that you have not turned in a story. I thought your entry would be the very first I'd receive."

Shad seemed a trifle embarrassed. "To tell you the truth," he said finally, "I fell down utterly in this case, but then I ran into a rather peculiar experience and for awhile I forgot the contest utterly."

"Would I be presuming to ask you to relate your experience?"

Shad smiled. "Not in the least," he said, "but I'm afraid it would scarcely be worth repeating. A few days ago as I walked through Batavia Street, in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, I was attracted to a wee printing shop, so tiny that it was little more than a hole in the wall. I had chosen Batavia Street for my ramble because Rupert Hughes has called it the most Dickensy street in New York, and has even used it as a setting for one of his novels. It is just a narrow little lane only a few hundred feet long, where the great bridge looms up grotesquely just above the roofs. All the little old gloomy houses have crooked, uneven wooden steps set sidewise leading up to the front doors. Years and years ago when the city was young this street had been the home of many prominent Americans, but now it is peopled almost entirely by Greeks with one or two Italians and Jews interspersed. As I walked along I thrilled to the charm of the street. At last, I thought, I have chanced upon a street of romance such as Don Rollins is always speaking of. And when I came to the shop of Tom Barrie, the Printer, my enthusiasm was multiplied, for here was a name that was not foreign. Perhaps this man was a direct descendant of the first Americans who had lived in the

neighborhood.

"Much interested, I mounted the little crooked wooden stairs that led to the tiny door. As I pushed it open I had to almost stoop, so low was it, and from the rooms beyond there came the tinkle of a bell. For a few moments no one appeared, and I gazed about at the little antique, hand-operated presses which seemed as old as the shop. By stepping through the doorway it seemed as though I had stepped back into the last century. Finally Tom Barrie appeared. He came slowly from the rooms beyond, leaning heavily on a cane. He was very old and very small and he had a long white beard, such as Santa Claus might wear. Around his shoulders was fastened an old Paisley shawl and upon his head he wore a tiny black skull cap.

"Rupert Hughes was right, I could not help thinking, this is the most Dickensy spot in New York and I have found one of Dickens' characters as well.

"Despite the fact that Tom Barrie was all crippled up with rheumatism, I found him a charming old fellow. He told me many whimsical anecdotes about his ancestors, but he told me unconsciously much about himself as well. I learned that for the past few days he had been so ill he had been unable to work in his shop at all and because he had no one to help him his work had gotten very far behind. 'I don't know what I shall do,' he said wistfully, 'if I cannot complete my orders. I will lose my customers and if they once go to more modern printers they will never come back to me, to my antique shop and my old-fashioned methods. As it is, I am barely able to make a living, but this old shop has lovely associations for me. I have always lived here and I guess I'm a little too old to start now trying to get used to any other home. My father ran the printing shop before me. In those days his presses were the most modern in the town. But now they are old and so am I. I'm eighty-three and my greatest wish is that I may be able to spend my few remaining years in this little home which has grown dearer to me than any other spot in the world.' "

Shad Coles paused for a minute, then he continued simply, "Under the circumstances there was only one thing for me to do. I understand the operating of printing presses thoroughly. So I told old Tom Barrie I'd complete his orders for him. I have never seen any one so happy as that grand old man. He couldn't find words to thank me enough. He was very weak and feeble, and so I decided that I would stay with him until he was well again, for he was unable to even cook his own meals. He used to sit in a great arm-chair, the Paisley shawl wrapped about his shoulders and just watch for hours as the little old presses worked. He seldom spoke. It seemed to cause him great effort when he did so. His old friend, Doctor Greco, came and examined him. When he said good-bye to me at the door he gravely shook his head. 'Tom's like a candle that is almost burned out,' he said, 'but he seems very happy and that is much.'

"Yesterday morning, as I worked the presses, Tom Barrie died. He just drifted into that everlasting sleep without my even noticing his passing. He had been sitting in the

great arm-chair silent as usual. When I turned to look at him the sunlight was streaming in through the cracked window and it seemed to fall upon his snow-white hair like a benediction. On his face was a smile of profound happiness and peace, an echo of the contented life he had lived."

Again Shad Coles paused and for some minutes the two sat in silence. Finally Shad said, "Under the circumstances, do you blame me for forgetting to write my story? Of course, I admit, I'm rather disappointed to fail, for I know nothing I desire more than to be a special feature writer for you. But I could not desert old Tom Barrie."

Guy Guthrie sprang to his feet and seized Shad's hand. "Failure," he cried "do you call that failure? Why man, that is the most human story of all. You've won and I think that every one of the other fellows will agree with me. I believe as did a certain writer whose name I forget, that many of the world's greatest stories have never been written, they've been lived."

KEEP YOUR BODY AT ITS BEST.

Mr. Amos R. Wells gives us a very fine illustration of the importance and necessity of keeping our bodies in good condition in order to accomplish the most with them. He says:

The hand of the average bookkeeper travels ten thousand miles a year, and the brain guides it through all the complicated journey. The hand of the typist travels a hundred thousand miles a year, and every yard of the journey is a bewildering dance. The hand of the piano-player does marvelously more. A presto by Mendelssohn was played in four minutes and three seconds, a total of 5,995 notes. That meant more than twenty-four notes a second, and each note meant a bending of the finger up and down, with many side movements of the hands and complicated movements of the wrists, elbows, shoulders, and feet. A physiologist asserted that the performance involved at least seventy-two distinct nerve changes every second, each change produced by a distinct act of the will. For each of the twenty-four notes in each second there were at least four conscious sensations, or ninety-six tranmissions of nerve force from brain to hands each second of the performance.

This is the kind of instrument that people abuse with alcohol and tobacco, late hours, bad air, gluttony and a thousand other physical insults. We hire men to care for our automobiles. We cherish our pianos and violins. We put our paintings behind glass and our books on steel shelves. We store away our clothes in cedar chests and put our bonds into safe deposit vaults. But anywhere and anything is good enough for that exquisite instrument, that priceless possession, that crown of creation—our matchless bodies. I sometimes wonder that God does not transform us all into big lumps of putty.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson.

A BEAUTIFUL WILL FROM A POOR-HOUSE.

Morganton News-Herald.

In the pockets of an old ragged coat belonging to one of the insane patients of the Chicago poorhouse, there was found after the patient's death a will, a copy of which has been received by the Central Bank and Trust Company.

The man had been a lawyer, and the will was written in a firm, clear hand on a few scraps of paper.

So unusal was it that it was sent to a lawyer and he read it before the Chicago Bar Association. A resolution was passed ordering it probated. And now it is on the records of Cook county, Illinois.

The will reads as follows: "I Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among suceeding men.

"That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in sheepbound volumes as my property being inconsiderable and of non-account, I make no disposition of it in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"Item 1. I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of the children shall require.

"Item 2. I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of childhood, all and every owner of the fields and blossoms of the woods with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"And I leave to the children in long long days to be many in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subjects nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

"Item 3. I devise to boys, jointly, all the useful, idle and commons where ball may be played, all ponds and waters, where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies therein; the woods with their appurtenances; the squirrels and bird echoes and strange noises and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night with all pictures that may be seen without let or hinderance or without any incumbrance of care.

"Item 4. To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red rose by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music and aught else they may desire to figure to each other, to lastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item 5. To young men, jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sport of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Tho they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendship and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give merry songs and grave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

"Item 6. And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave memory and bequeath to them the columns of the poems of Burns and Sheakespeare and of that they may live the old days over again freely and fully, without title or diminution.

"Item 7. To our loved ones with snowy crown I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."

THE MAKING OF READERS.

Asheville Citizen.

Dr. C. Alphonso Smith is right. North Carolinians do not read enough. But complaining of it, broadcasting-statistics on it, the building of libraries and the turning loose of hordes of book salesmen upon the State will not remedy the shortcoming. The place to makes readers is in the school and the home. The time that people can be made readers is childhood. Reading is in some persons an instinctive urge. In many others, in the majority in fact, it is entirely or partially a cultivated taste, a matter of the training of the mind.

One reason North Carolinians do not read more, the reason many of them will not read more, is that so little stress is laid on reading in the schools as a source of both pleasure and education. Business men get up in mass meetings and plead strenuously for more "business education" in the schools, for more shorthand," more "bookkeeping," when the direst neglect of the school children is in regard to their reading. They forget that an entire, always growing and never-ended education can be had from reading.

Reading gives the child everything it should have. When properly supervised by teacher and parent, there is nothing to excel it in all the world of teacher-and-parent training. By reading, we mean principally fiction and poetry with some inspiring biography and heroic history thrown in. With such pages spread before him, your boy takes into his mind and soul the best of man's experience and aspiration. The longing to excel, the desire to do good, the beauty of chivalry, the charm of politeness, these things go into him.

With the good writers of adventure he learns the earth and the dwelling

places of all sorts of men. In the stories of business and successful striving, he sees how obstacles are overcome and that cowardice is a shameful thing. He becomes acquainted with the merits and evils of all sorts of persons and all kinds of actions. Above all, his fancy is stimulated, his imagination made powerful, and he thus is equipped with the vision that leads to happiness and successs. Teach every North Carolina child to read, and in forty years North Carolina will double and treble every record of which she is so proud today.

BAREFOOT JOHNNY'S RELIGION.

By E. Morris Ferguson.

Frankly, I don't know his last name, or his post-office address. I just call him Barefoot Johnny. But that is only the beginning of my ignorance. What do I know of the big farm he is to tili some day, or the crowds of men and women he will employ, or the college he will run, or the souls he will lead to Christ? God alone knows all that now. Barefoot Johnny is both a problem and a possibility. And of him and his sister there are some fifteen miollion here in America, and more coming!

Where shall we find teachers and schoolhouses for Johnny's education? The State has faced that problem and report progress. But in the education that is to fit Johnny for the presidency or the janitorship of that college, or for some other life-service equally worth while, what is our American plan for including in adequate measure the element of religion?

Johnny must grow up a Christian To make him accurate we start him on numberlessons in the first grade, five a week right through the year, under teachers who have made teaching their profession and elementary arithmetic one of their specialties. We advance the instruction grade by grade. We apply it constantly to practical problems. We never let up till he is well into his college electives, and not then if he expects to be an engineer. We can't afford to have Johnny's bridges falling into the river. Did you ever reckon how many hours had to be given to mathematics before the professors would sign the college sheepskin? Exactitude, you see, is part of the character of an educated man.

But should not religion also be a part of his character? Has not religion something to contribute to the building of bridges and other tasks? And are there not "higher branches" in religion as in mathematics, to which the lower branches lead?

We wan't Johnny to know his Bible and go to church and confess Jesus as his Saviour and live the Christian life. As we think of Johnny doing these things, we unconsciously follow the standards set us by the average Christian life of today. Back of that life is no such educational preparation as sustains the standards of the college president and the bridge engineer and the modern successful farmer. If there were, the standards set us by Jesus and Paul would not sound so

lofty and far-away. You and I would be living the Sermon on the Mount and the Good Samaritan and and the Twelfth of Romans every day. Our farm would stand for forty-bushel righteousness. Our college would radiate Christianity to the ends of the earth. If we started a business, it would be Golden-Rule business through and through.

Now exactly that is what we want for Johnny. This poor old world cries out for a generation of godliness, whose leaders and sub-leaders—Yes, and the rank and file—shall be graduates of Jesus' school. The fair-to-middling Christian has had his day. Neither he nor his church, nor yet the city or the land ruled by his vote, can meet the challenge of God's tremendous Vow.

As to the men and women, somethign can be done to acquaint them with the principles of higher religion. Victories will be won when we have secured better Christian training for our older youth. But the saving of the world will come by giving to Barefoot Johnny—all the millions of him—a full, real, twelve-grade course in Christ's religion. He has his distinctive needs.

Many years ago I attended the anniversary of a Sunday school that used to run in a schoolhouse on the southern outskirts of Philadelphia. In that Snuday school was enrolled by its organizer a certain Barefoot Johnny. I do not know this Johnny's last name; though I suspect he ran barefoot only on Saturday afternoons. In that Sunday school, and in his godly home, that boy learned religion and worked it out in life. I saw the records of his faithful attendance, good scholarship and personal enterprise as a pupil-leader in the school. It was his Sunday school superintendent who took him to town and found him a job in a clothing store on Market street, near where, a few years later, he started a clothing store of his own. From his opening day he based his business on those principles of everyday godliness that he had learned; and from these principles he never let it swerve. John Wanamaker had an education in religion; and he made good.

That was seventy-five years ago. We do not stand today for the magazines and newspapers of 1850, much as we may prize certain classics of literature that in their columns first saw the light. So, firm as is our faith in John Wanamaker's religion and deep as is our gratitude to faithful Sunday school workers then and now, we cannot rest in the educational methods of the past; nor can the world be saved by our success in educating one Johnny and Mary here and there.

Some bewail the day that are past. Some call on us to redouble our efforts along present lines. Considering the needs we face, the later policy is almost as helpless as the former. He who knows Christ's religion as it works in lives, how surely the children, rightly taught, will learn and live it, and how deep is the call, and how widespread, for such help as only that religion can bring, will demand that the Church of Christ arise and rebuild its system of Christian education on a scale worthy its founder's vision and the needs of its world-task. And for that work he will freely make, in money or in service, a sacrificial contribution.

MODERN LAWLESSNESS.

By Archer Wallace.

One of the most cherished possessions of the Angle-Saxon people is a regard for law, and on the other hand there is considerable disgrace attached to the transgression of it. We refer to "lawless people" in terms almost of contempt for we believe them to be enemies of society. Yet at the present time we are living in a period of lawlessness such as our race has rarely if ever experienced.

Is the law an enemy? Is constitued authority a menacing "kill-joy?" Yes, and no; according to the temper and outlook of the person who asks the question. There are those to whom the law is always a menacing institution. Their brains are employed in seekings ways to evade or break the law, therefore they are constantly "at daggers drawn." On the other hand there is no reason why we should not regard law as a friend, co-operating with us in our best efforts.

In regard to the physical universe we know that the secret of progress is to learn to obey the law. As one writer reminds us: "Obey the water and it will float you, obey the wind and it will cary you, obey the fire and it will warm you, obey the electrical force and it will serve you, obey the light and it will guide you. The child of obedience is conqueror in the realm of law."

It is the same in the realm of the moral world. The secret of happiness and of usefulness is in obedience to the laws of God, and to run contrary to such law, is to invite disaster and moral shipwreck.

Yet we Christians are not to slavishly follow law but to follow Christ, and if we live under the inspiration of His spirit we shall fulfill the law unconsciously. There are laws which we fulfill without ever thinking of them. There is, for instance, the law which compels us to look after our children until they reach a certain age. Yet it is not necessary for officers of the law to be constantly reminding us of our duty to those children we so dearly love. We maintain our children because we love them, not because the law insists upon our doing so.

Christians fulfill th law unconsciously. They are guided not by mechanical rules but by living principles. We agree fully with that great English statesman who said: "Whatever makes a man a good Christian makes him a good citizen."
—Archer Wallace.

KIT CARSON'S LAST CAMP FIRE.

By Chauncey Thomas in Out Door Life.

Time comes when a man lights his last campfire. Times comes when a nation builds its last campfire—and a race. In time everything has its end. Civilization began with fire. The greatest man who ever lived was he who discovered that fire is born of friction, that it is fed with fuel, and that it is controled and ever killed at will by the pouring on of water. In

this one discovery alone does man differ from his fellow animals. If animals should also discover the secret of creating, controling and killing fire, then would come an end to the civilization of man. If the rat came to know this secret, the United States would disappear in the changing of the moon—one vast swirl of flame and smoke, then dead, coal cinders and ashes from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore. Fire is the greatest tool of man. Since the earliest flicker of human intelligence fire to man has ever been the symbol of life itself. Without the command of fire, iron and its tools, such as the knife, the hammer and the wheel, would be impossible and unknown. Seeds would be unkown; man himself, who lived on and by such things, would be unknown, either to himself or to other things on this earth, except as one of the thousands of other kinds of animal. Some day some man will build the last fire, and that will be the end of the human race, just as the first fire was the birth of the race. So it is well that here, by this stone to mark the place, we to-day consider the last campfire of a great man.

A man is great not in himself, but in his final relations to other men or his effects on human events. Often some great current of events make a man great when in another setting he would have remained unknowa. Fame is but a glorified name for advertising. The only difference in greatness between Ceasar, the negro servant—a black slave if you will—and Ceasar, the greatest of the Romans, is that one is more famous than the other—is wider known among men, his name is on the lip more often—and that is all advertising is. Under the skin, as Kipling puts it so neatly, men are largely alike. If you would see the daily life of Babylon thousands of years ago, just look around you. Men, women and children then, in far off lands those thousands of years ago, were doing just about what we are doing today—planting, cooking, sewing, loving, fighting, the things of the commonplace home and workshop—then and now just alike. Only the names are different.

The small, life-tired man who painfully crawled out of the wagon May noon, 1868, and lit his last camfire on this spot was, like Ceasar and the black; but he stood for the ending of a tremendous movement of race, and in this fact alone it is worth while to have placed this stone to mark the place. Centuries ago our white race left somewhere in Asia and came into Northern Europe; then we spread over Europe to the ocean shores both on Europe's west and south, but we were balked for twenty centuries by the Western waves. Then we crossed the sea. Here was a new and greater land America, the two Americas we have come to know them now. So we swept over the new lands, ever westward, and we came to the desert beyond the Rocky Mountains. "Here we rest," such is the meaning of the name "Alabama" in one of the Indian tongues. True, the race had crossed these Western sands beyond the ranges, has even crossed the greatest seas, the mighty Pacific; but not to stay, for now, after twenty centuries, we meet again the Yellow Man on those Asiatic shores and the signs threaten that in time, perhaps shorter than many realize, the Yellow

Man, who once drove the White to the West, will soon drive the White to the East, back over the Pacific, and even back across the thousand miles of canyoned rocks and cactused sands that are our racial protection to the West. These Rockies seem destined to be the flood of the White race.

And such men as Boone, Crocket, Bridger, Cody and Kit Carson stand forth in history, and must stand greater and greater as that history ages, as the symbols of that racial tide crossing the plains to the eastward and finally finding its limit right here at the Rockies. When Kit Carson that day built his campfire he was lighting one of the last campfires, not only of the American frontier, but of the Western frontier of the White race. The changes o f human history are not marked like rainbow colors; one thing blends into onother too gradually to be told at the instant, but time and distance shows the change—where and when.

Kit Carson was 63 years old and dying. He knew the end was near, so his granddaughter, who stands here by me, a told me. Blood vessels, broken years before had again ruptured; and with his friend, Major Oakes, he was going from Fort Laramie, Wyoming, to his old home place in Taos, New Mexico, by wagon. But he could not get home; he died on the way, at Fort Lyon, a few days after he lit the fire on this spot. They had stayed at the Shinn ranch. on Little Dry, a short distance up that creek above where Englewood now is, the night before Carson slept in the wagon on a spring bed to be in the open air. The next forenoon they trailed up the old road, now gone, that I have many a time when, forty years ago, I was a boy and rode after cattle over these then unfenced prairies. At noon they stopped here to rest the horses, here on the top of Riley Hill, where the road pitches down by the old Riley ranch to Plum Creek, then on over the Divide to the South.

"I'll build the fire, Oakes; you turn out the team. It will be my last campfire," Kit Carson said, as he slowly rose from his bed in the light wagon, painfully climbed down over the wheel, and lit his last campfire. Within a year or so, Oakes pointed out this spot to Judge Hiram Bennett, and Bennett piled up stones on the ashes like a section corner. Then for many years, at frequent intervals, this cross-road, right where these two old roads meet, William Bennett, here today, time and again noted that pile of stones, and always spoke of the place as "Kit Carson's Last Campfire." Of the place there is no question, once one has learned the facts. It is a mile or more from water, true, but that was not a night camp only a noonday stop for rest and lunch. After the wagon, with its sick man, had gone down that hill, the campfire flickered down smouldering, finally died. And Kit Carson lingered a few days and, like it, died. And the white frontier, more slowly, flickered and is even now smouldering. The White race will build millions on millions of fires in the centuries to come, but its frontier fires, that winked in the night like stars on the ground from Central Asia to these Rocky ranges, are almost out, and one of the last of these fires was that day lit by Kit Carson on this spot where stands this granite stone,

put here today to mark the spot for history, by the Territorial Daughters of Colorado. And as we stand here with uncovered heads, let us not forget that some day, like little Kit Carson, each of us will build his last fire, and may it be as clean and bright as his.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

Not many boys were visited on last Wednesday on account of the wet weather.

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Herbert Apple has returned to the institution after a short visit to his home in Greensboro.

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Hogs are being killed, 7 large hogs averaging from 300 to 400 pounds each, were killed last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The shoe shop has been doing a rushing business for the past week, as the boys are all wearing shoes now.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys have been hauling coal for the past week, they have also been hauling gravel and repairing the roads.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A new chicken house is being built, behind the ninth cottage. This house is nearly completed, and will soon be in use.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A very worthy friend of the boys, contributed one dollar to the Cone Literary Society for the purpose of buying magazines.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

On last Sunday morning, instead of having the regular Sunday School lesson, Mr. Paul Barger, of Mooresville made a very interesting talk to the boys..

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Lyerly, of Concord, conducted the services in the Auditorium on last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Lyerly took as the subject of his address "The Unpardonable Sin."

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

For the past two weeks the boys have been practicing every other day, instead of once a week, as it is getting close to Christmas. They take a great interest in practicing their Christmas songs.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Stonewall Literary Society had an interesting debate on last Monday night. The boys to take part in the program were Kieth Hunt, Walter Page, Charles Maynard and Stanley Armstrong.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The band boys had their regular practice in the Auditorium on last Friday and Tuesday night. They will soon be through with their first book, and will start on the second book as soon as they get them.

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A big base ball game was played between the boys on last Saturday afternoon, the score of the game being a tie of 1 to 1. The basket ball players also had a match game and

all of the players played fine.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. R. S. Huntington, of Greenville, S. C., paid a visit to the institution on last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Huntington has taken a great interest in the Training School. The boys of the first cottage greatly enjoyed his visit, as he told them many funny stories.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys to take part in the debate of the Cone Literary Society on last Monday night were Ervin Cole, Julian Strickland, Robert Ferguson, Julian Commander and Garland Rice, and after the debate, Mr. Warren the cottage officer gave the boys some very important points in debating.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys of the first cottage after leaving the ball ground on last Saturday afternoon, went to look for a lost ball, and while looking for the ball, jumped a rabbit and of course the boys all started running after him, and after about five minutes of running one boy had caught two large rabbits.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS RECORDS AN INTERVIEW.

The appeal to the appetite is very strong, sometimes I am persuaded it makes the strongest of all appeals. I heard some time ago of a lady in North Carolina who had celebrated her one hundreth birthday. It was a notable event and a nearby reporter went to see the centenarian to interview her. Here is the conversation as reported later:

Reporter—"Mrs. 7, you have lived to an honorable age and seen many wonderful things in your pilgrimage through life. You have lived through four great wars in your own country and a mightly cataclysm of slaughter overseas. May I ask you, madam, having lived through crucial and great days and seen many wonderful things, what is the one thing that has interested you most and that you have enjoyed most in your long and eventual life?"

Centenarian (laconically)—"Vittles."

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 22, 1923 No. 6

HIS BIRTHDAY.

Over the world, with outspread wings,
The spirit of Christmas broods and sings
Of happy, hopeful, helpful things
All for you and me:
Charity, wide and deep and high,
Love, that reaches from earth to sky,
Peace, that close to the heart doth lie—
All these gifts are free.
Then what do we care
For the things that tear
And rust and fade and break,
When love will keep
Till our last good sleep.
And greet us when we awake.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"Unto us a child is born
Unto us a gift is given
Hail with holiness the morn,
Kneel before the Prince of Heaven
Blessed be the day of birth
God hath given His Son to earth,
Hallelujah."

THE SHEPARDS AND THE STARS.

From the Silver Cross we gather the following most appropriate remembrance of this season, and from it we gather inspiration to follow in the footprints of the wise:

Only the Wise Men came out of the East, following the light that led them to the Manger-Throne. Only the shepherds, keeping watch over their flocks while others slept, heard the wondrous music of the angels. The little Christ in his lowly bed, attracted no notice at all of the people of Bethlehem that night. It was years afterward before they realized "how silently, how silently the wondrous gift was given." We like to feel that if we had lived in that far-eastern country we, too, would have been of that little company coming, gift-laden, across the desert sands with eyes of faith fixed upon the gleaming star. We like to feel, that like the shepherds, our ears might also have caught the echoes of those heavenly strains heralding the good tidings of great joy to all people. And yet we wonder—

The Wise Men had their faces turned Heavenward, else they had not

seen the Star. If the shepherds had slept the angels' message of hope would never have reached a sin-sick world. And what about ourselves? Are we working or sleeping at our posts of duty today? Are we gazing upward toward God and His Star or out into the enticing world of pleasure that surrounds us? If we would be as the Wise Men we must find our Star, and finding, follow it. Listen to the counsel of a Wise Man of the 17th century:

"When, therefore, the first spark of a desire after God arises in thy soul, cherish it with all thy care, give all thy heart into it. Get up, therefore, and follow it as gladly as the Wise Men of the East followed the Star from Heaven that appeared to them. It will lead thee to the birth of Jesus, not in a stable at Bethlehem in Judea, but to the birth of Jesus in the dark centre of thine own soul."

* * * * * * *

"MURDER WILL OUT."

The whole state became aroused over the final outcome of the appeal to save from the electric chair the young mountaineer, Dalton. The young fellow had escaped jail when his appeal for a new trial was pending, which was successful; but having disappeared into the west, the granting of a new trial availed him nothing. But murder will out, and Dalton was captured and brought back to the state. Governor Morrison worried himself almost to the point of illness over this case; and finally he commuted Dalton's sentence to imprisonment for not less than twenty years and not more than thirty.

This course by the governor, in the light of some new evidence and a great doubt of the establishment of a first-degree murder, meets the hearty approval of the general public. Though escaping the electric chair, an imprisonment of from twenty to thirty years is a staggering price to pay for the folly of doing evil. Every day evidence accumulates, making certain that "murder will out."

* * * * * * *

GOVERNOR MAKES APPOINTMENTS.

There have been several vacancies on the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School, caused by death, resignation and expiration of terms. Governor Morrison has made three most admirable appointments, as follows: Mr. Chas. A Cannon, of Concord, to fill the vacancy caused by Mrs. D. Y. Cooper, resigning and removing from the state; and Dr. W. P. Few, president of Trinity College, and Hon. Paul C. Whitlock, of Charlotte, to fill expired terms in the class of 1928.

These appointments by the Governor are hailed with delight by the manage-

ment of the institution; and when the Board again meets it will probably fill the three vacancies that are its responsibility.

* * * * * * *

FAITHFUL TO THE CUSTOM.

The next issue of THE UPLIFT will bear date of January 5th, 1924. It is a custom with many North Carolina publications of the weekly type to snatch one week out of the year as a vacation. This short rest will not, we make sure, be begrudged by our constituency.

The youngsters who have made the journey during the past year both agreeable and profitable deserve to have their Christmas season uninterrupted by a daily grind, besides the old man of the shop feels that a week's let-up from a routine will do him good, if not deserved. So long, therefore, good friends—a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to each and every one, and, in the world of Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one!"

* * * * * * *

TROUBLE BREWING.

Editor Huneycutt of the Albemarle News-Herald and vice-president of the state press association, has gone to publishing original love stories. In a recent number he prints "Ellen's Two Suitors," a charming girl who had eyes "the color of a summer sky." The one suitor that made Ellen shed tears was Eugene Ashcraft. Is it possible that Huneycutt has had somebody to unearth an old love affair of Editor Eugene Ashcraft, of the Monroe Enquirer?

But Ashcraft's infatuation for the girl is excusable and even commendable, for the author says "Ellen was a very beautiful girl with auburn hair which curled around her face (none of the bobbed stuff) and her complexion was a very creamy white and pink."

* * * * * * *

Brother Zeb Green, of the Marshville Home, did himself proud in the issue of a thirty-two page paper on the 31st anniversary of the paper's life. It is marvelous that such an achievement could be pulled off in a town of Marshville's size. That's the community that is inoculated with a confidence in Lespedeza, and it's the work of Green himself.

* * * * * * *

THE UPLIFT would have all the youngsters directly under the care of the Jackson Training School, as is their usual custom, to read understandingly

the clever contribution of Mr. Clark in this number. It will be a source of much knowledge to all children to read it and dwell on its truths. Many a sixty year old person is described in this snatch from the ways of the past. Who among them all would not now delight to play Santa Claus by sticking an apple in mother's stocking and that of a big sister—but, alas, it is too late. These choice spirits have gone hence.

* * * * * * *

THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND.

Dr. Henry Norris	$10.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme	5.00
Stonewall King's Daughters, Seniors	10.00
" " " Juniors	5.00
Cash	10.00
Mr. W. J. Swink	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Allison	10.00
Col. A. H. Boyden	5.00
Mr. E. B. Grady	10.00
Ritchie Hardware Company	10.00
W. B. Ward Wholesale Grocery	25.00
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P. B. Fetzer	5.00
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Mr. C. W. Swink	10.00
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Mr. W. B. Sloop	1.00
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Mrs. Walter Davidson	5.00
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Master W. B. Sloop	1.00
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W. E. Stanley	2.00
Mrs. J. C. Gillespie	1.00
Mr. Mrs. D. H. Perry	5.00
Dr. A. F. Mahoney	25

* * * * * * *

BLESSED OLD CHRISTMAS TIME.

By Robert Lee Madison.

Blessed old Christmas time!
Come with your cheer and chime,
Bring your glad message to earth once again
Glory to God on high!—
Echo each heart the cry—
Peace on the earth and good will to all men!

Season so merciful,
Earth's dearest festival,
Time to give happiness, time to forgive.
God gives good gifts to all,
God forgives great and small,
God gave us Jesus that all men might live!

Childhood is glorified,
Motherhood sanctified;
Poverty, lowliness, toil, are thrice blest,
Since in the manger lay
Mary's Sweet Babe that day,
Worshipped by sages, by shepherds confessed.

Banish your care, O men!
This day be young again,
Warm your cold hearts by the bright Christmas fire;
Light the gift-laden tree,
Join in the children's glee,
Give to the poor as their needs may require.

OTHER CHRISTMAS-TIMES.

By R. R. Clark.

Christmas is coming! Doesn't that cheery announcement give you a feeling of exhilaration? If it doesn't you are not normal. Do you not sense the holiday spirit in the atmosphere at least two weeks before the dawning of the one greatest holiday of the year? If you don't something is the matter. Things all about look different just before Christmas. They may, with a little change, be the same things we have seen all the year, but the near approach of that season wherein the Saviour's birth is celebrated, seems to present familiar things in a different light. Possibly it is the cheer that seems to be in the very air, the holiday spirit that affects us, that gives the illusion. We may be busy; and in maturer years the gladsome season can not give the thrill it gave to childhood and youth. But it is insisted that one is not normal if he is unaffected by the approach of the yuletide. It may be delusion, but here's hoping the delusion will continue while life lasts. In the language of Mr. Church, New York Sun writer, whose answer to Virginia O'Hanlon became a classic that is printed every Christmas, Santa Claus lives and will live forever to make glad the hearts of childhood; and to cheer those of maturer years with fond memories of their own childhood.

It was the approach of Christmas, that indefinable and invisible something in the very atmosphere, that set the man thinking of the Christmases of his own childhood. It was at a period following the great War Between the States he recalled his first clear recollections of Christmas. There was no Santa Claus for him at this first Christmas he clearly remembered. There may have been other Christmases not clearly defined on his memory. But it is more than probable that during those years of desolation and poverty that followed the end of that mighty conflict, Santa Claus may have been unable to reach all homes. But while he as a boy must have known about Santa Claus the man could not recall any hanging of stockings nor any of the happy delusions of children who believe that a kind, ruddy-faced and jovial old man, smoking a pipe, comes down the chimney and fills their stockings after they are asleep on Christmas eve. The man can't recall that he as a boy worried that he missed this, nor has he felt in the years that have passed that he was deprived of his heritage, although it is a heritage he would give to every child.

But it is the man's first distinct recollection of Christmas that is to be recorded. He doesn't remember his age, but he was a small boy. At that period, in the country, hunting was a large part of the celebration of Christmas; and making a noise, which afterward grew to be so much of a terror and a menace in the towns that it had to be abolished, was also a part of the Christmas celebration. But this boy was too young to go hunting and too young to be trusted with a gun, and there were no firecrackers in the country at that period. The problem was solved as so many problems were solved in the late 60s and early 70s in the South.

The small boys were given the bladders of the hogs at hog-killing time. The bladders were inflated by blowing air into them through a joint of cane, called a quill, a string was tightly tied to hold the air and the bladder, somewhat resembling a small toy balloon, was hung to the rafters in the attic or in some out-building and allowed to dry against the coming of Christmas. The man recalled that at this Christmas he remembers he had a bladder to explode. And when he laid it on a stump, or on a block, and struck it with the poll of the axe, there was a big noise. The man recalled that it was a bright, sunny day, this Christmas of his early memory, and that his mother, always a busy worker, was engaged in some task, too busy to stop for the holiday. When the noise attracted her attention she smiled on her little son and said, "You had as big a Christmas gun as any of 'em." Just as mothers had done before and since, she stopped to cheer the child in his play, and the passing years have not dimmed the man's recollection of the great pleasure the mother's smile and commendation gave his efforts to sound a Christmas gun.

It was probably at that same Christmas, the man recalled, that his mother gave him money to buy a Christmas treat especially for himself. At that particular period there were no nickles and silved dimes and quarters as we have them now. There were five, ten, fifteen, twenty-five and 50 cent pieces in paper money. The mother's gift was five cents in paper money. The man recalled that that particular piece was ragged and worn, but it was good. Stores were few and far between then in that particular locality, and the few rural stores kept few Christmas goods. But wagons coming from the mountains far away, as distance was measured then, enroute to a market town also far away, passed with apples and chestnuts. The boy's investment was a half dozen apples, which he bought from a passing wagon for that worn paper five cents. And the man thinks to this day that the wagoner from whom the boy made the purchase must have had a generous feeling for little boys, for while he gave him only six apples—the standard price being ten cents a dozen—they were particularly large and fine apples. That boy was not particularly generous; he had the selfishness of the average youngster. But the man recalls with pleasure that the boy jealously guarded the half-dozen apples until Christmas morning, when he slipped out of bed and put one in his mother's shoe and another in the stocking of an older sister, which he had persuaded her to hang in imitation of the make-believe Santa Claus visit.

The man remembers a Christmas a little later when a good, kind lady, whose memory he yet reserves because of her many kindnesses to a small boy, gave him a quarter to spend all for himself in Christmas cheer. Silver quarters were then in use, and that quarter to spend as his very own was as much as $5 or $10 would mean to most children today. A part of that money was expended for a toy, a duck that quacked when the block on which it was planted was pressed. That duck and a few little toy soldiers, made of wood and painted, cheap things

that wouldn't be looked at by the average child of today, were the only "bought" toys that man can remember he had as a boy. He treasured them and kept them intact until he was too big to play with toys.
diers, made of wood and painted, cheap things that wouldn't be looked at by the average child of today, were the only "bought" toys that man can remember he had as a boy. He treasured them and kept them intact until he was too big to play with toys.

The man, recalling these childhood memories, does not pity himself on account of the meager resources of his childhood; onr is he so silly as to think that children today should be content with similar simple pleasures. The only criticism he would make is that children today, many of them at least, are so surfeited with things that they lose the pleasure the children of an older day found in a few simple things. There was little cause for envy in the days of the man's childhood. About all the little folks in the neighborhood were in the same boat; and he is certain that the children of today, with their abundance, do not get more pleasure, if as much, out of their abundance as did the children of the older day. Conditions have changed. There are so many things for the children of the rich, the well-to-do, even for those in moderate circumstances, that the children of the poor have cause for dissatisfaction if they do not have more than their parents are able to give. And so we have societies organized to provide Christmas cheer for the children so that none may feel neglected. A few, on account of circumstances, fail to secure a share and some little hearts are sad and sore at this blessed season. What a pity it is that even one should be disappointed. And for this reason there is the more urgent call at this time to see that all the little ones have a share in the Christmas joys. It should be remembered, for the reason stated, that envy will lurk in the heart of the neglected child today and bitterness will be planted that will remain for all time; and one who feels that children should be satisfied with little, as the children found contentment with little in a former day, fails to appreciate the changing conditions. Not all children can have an abundance. The pity is that so many have too much and others so little. But it will be a happier Christmas for us all if we do what we can to make sure that all children in our bounds have at least a remembrance at this happy season that they will recall with pleasure in mature years.

Heavenly music swelling
O'er the listening earth;
Angel voices telling
Of the Saviour's birth.

Joyful tidings sounding
O'er Judea's plain;
Peace, good will abounding—
Christ is come to reign!

—J. L. Glover.

THE GREATEST OF THE TEN GREATEST PICTURES.

By Sarah Graham Morrison.

While authorities and individuals may differ, it is generally agreed that the world's ten greatest pictures are:

The Last Supper—Leonardo da Vinci—finished 1498—Refectory, Milan.

Madonna do San Sisto—Raphael—1518—Dresden Gallery.

Assumption of the Virgin—Titian—1518—Academy, Venice.

The Transfiguration—Raphael—last, unfinished—1520—Vatican, Rome.

The Nativity—La Notte—Corregio—1530—Royal Gallery, Dresden.

The Last Judgment—Michaelangelo—1541—Sistine Chapel, Rome.

Descent from the Cross—Rubens—1612—Cathedral, Antwerp.

The Night Watch—Rembrandt—1642—Museum, Amsterdam.

The Immaculate Conception—Murillo—1678—Louvre, Paris.

Aurora—Guido Reni—before 1642—summer house, Rospigliosi Palace, Rome.

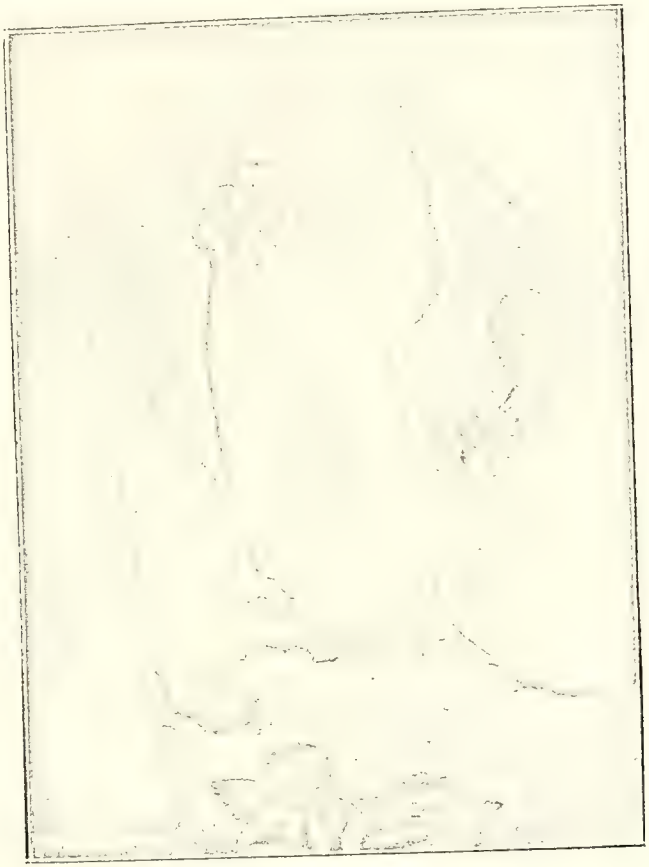
Raphael, Michaelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Murillo, Correigo, Guido Reni—what names! Only two pictures in the list by the same man. Only two that are non-Biblical! Three in Rome, Two in Dresden, one each in Venice, Milan, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Paris! It would cost much money to make the journey around to look upon each one, but thanks be to cheap printing, we can all know them second hand, and to many of us they are as familiar as the portraits of George Washington or Abraham Lincoln. Who does not know The Last Supper, The Aurora, The Sistine Madonna, The Immaculate Conception?

Perhaps the best known of all these paintings in the Sistine Madonna, the Madonna that "steps out from a heaven of angels to float adown the clouds." To use Gruyer's description: "Between two green curtains drawn to either side of the picture, amid an aureole of innumerable cherubim, the Virgin is seen standing upon the clouds, with her Son in her arms, showing him to the world as its Redeemer and Sovereign Judge. Lower down, St. Sixtus and St. Barbara are kneeling on the clouds on either side. Nothing is visible of the earth, but it is divined by the gestures and glances of the two saints who are pointing to the multitude for whom they are imploring the divine mercy."

And at the base, two cherubs leaning on the parapet! How the whole world loves those two bits of angels! Supernatural in intelligence, ecstatic in admiration, they mediate between mortal man and his Infinite Judge. Who says they were just stuck in to fill space? The theme would be incomplete without them as messengers of His will and protectors of the pious and faithful. We cannot help loving their shining faces and eyes glowing with rapture, and loving them, we love Him who shines

through them.

The Madonna is lovely of form and face, calm, serene, confident, as with sweeping movement she rolls down with the Christchild to present to the world,—a sinful world which enrages Him and makes Him wish to shrink back. "Her perfections of grace are mingled with perfections of modesty and gladness. Her eyes, unfathomable in mystic spiritual depths, irreproachable in shape, are full of brilliance and their gaze sheds over all it illumines and infinite softness mingled with an indefinable exaltation. The mouth trembles with divine emotion and seems to quiver with celestial bliss. Not like Shakespeare's Miranda, innocent and pure because unacquainted with evil, she is embodied, active, energized, good." For over three centuries



The Sistine Madonna.

admiring critics have exhausted the vocabulary of expressive epithets.

Many, many people consider this the very greatest picture ever painted by man, and thousands have stood before it and felt its atmosphere of holiness, involuntarily lowering their voices and bowing their heads, conscious or not that it sums up the creative artistic genius of an age that must long stand unique in the art history of the world, the two hundred years during which the above ten greatest pictures were painted.

And yet how simple the construction of this picture! Let us look once more at the attendant figures. When the order was given for this painting it was specified that these two saints and no others should be portrayed. St. Sixtus was the patron saint of the church and brotherhood for whom the picture was originally designed, that of Piacenza, thirty-seven miles southeast of Milan. He had built many churches and died A. D. 440. Out of reverence the artist places his tiara adorned with the triple crown on the parapet, and raises his beseeching eyes to the Savior. Strength, ardor, power are in his emaciated face complementing the calmness, meekness, purity and faith of St. Barbara whose symbol is the tower noted to the right over her back.

St. Barbara, so the legend runs, was the daughter of Dioscorus, of Heliopolis. The father loved his only daughter so much that he fondly shut her up in a tower. She rejected the idolatry of her father and accepted the teachings of Origen—"The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and the three are One." for which reason her father, after many scourgings and cruelties, seeing no hope of her yielding, carried her to a certain mountain near the city and with his own hands beheaded her with a sword.

Such are the figures which compose this most famous of the hundred or more Madonnas painted by Raphael and achievement of his ripest genius. It was bought by Augustus III, elector of Saxony and king of Poland, from the San Sisto Church, in 1753, more than a hundred years after it was finished, for a reported price of $30,000, and placed in the Dresden Gallery, from whence it has several times been moved in days of war, but always returned.

It represents the devotional Madonna, a thing of the past, whose ideal was "the celestial beauty of the mother and child, radiant with every element of divinity, form, texture, unity, relation, association, color and on through the entire compass of art synonyms and nomenclature—perfections of grace, purity, gladness, modesty, joy, humility, all burned into one circumscribing, overpowering, dual personality."

One critic says of Raphael, and we can apply his criticism to the Madonna of St. Sixtus: "Raphael has won the world first, because he thinks for us. Every one of his images is premeditated. We at once escape from Nature in the raw and are in a region of the mind. Nor is the thought difficult. Raphael has no great problems, no fierce passions. . . Again, he dreams for us. His images are idealistic. Madonnos too lovely for mortal pain, saints above the corruptions of the flesh, a Christ with no uncomeliness, landscape vistals that

are of pure Eden, satisfy every human desire. Again, he observes for us. Motives of beauty from a thousand sources are united by an infallible instinct for beauty. An infinitely receptive and impressionable spirit, he can interpret half of the Italian masters from Masaccio to Leonardo and Michaelangelo better, it would seem, than they can interpret themselves, for he extracts the honey and leaves the gall behind. Finally, he creates an intellectual atmosphere. He has painted, although without the highest spiritual power, great themes—theology, philosophy, poetry, even a faith in monumental form."

And what of the man who achieved such greatness? Nature and fortune seemed to unite in lavishing their favors on him, investing him with the rarest gifts of genius and setting him in a rare combination of happy circumstances. His father, a poet and painter, died when he was only eleven, and already motherless, he was reared by relatives. His father had already given him his first lessons in art. Later he went from his birthplace, Urbino, to study under Perugino, at Perugia, then under Timoteo Viti, whose portrait of him hangs in the Borghese gallery, Rome. At sixteen he went with another artist to Siena to help paint the history of Pope Pius II for the catherdral library. Then he went to Florence to study the works of the two great masters, Leonardo da Vinci and Michaelangelo. Julius II employed him to paint the walls of the Vatican palace in Rome, and was so pleased with the result that he ordered all the other pictures rubbed off the walls that Raphael might do them over. So in five years he painted many noble Biblical pictures, "Deliverance of Peter from Prison," "God Appearing to Noah," "Moses at the Burning Bush," "Abraham's Sacrifice," "Jacob's Dream." Then for several years he painted for Pope Leo X, seven of which works are now in the Kensington Museum, London. A painting for a church at Palermo was put on board a ship, the ship was wrecked, but the painting was rescued before the water had harmed it and is now in the Marid Museum, Spain. Then came the period of the Madonnas and Holy Families, and his last great work, never finished, "Tranfiguration of Christ," This picture is now among the treasures in the Vatican and is numbered as one of the ten greatest of all paintings.

He was beloved by all, and when he died at the age of thirty-seven, a magnificent funeral was tendered him as he was laid away in the Pantheon. More than a hundred years later, Pope Gregory XVI had the grave opened and the body was found to be in a very good state of preservation. A second funeral was held, attended by men of emience who marched about the church carrying candles, and chanting beautiful music, and a second time laid away his body.

The best way to understand his greatness is to compare him with the other great artists of the world and this Mrs. Lee has done so well we quote her comments: "When Raphael was invited to Rome by Pope Julius II, Michaelangelo was at the height of his glory; his character tended to inspire awe rather than affection; he delighted in the majes-

tic and the terrible. In boldness of conception and grandeur of design, he surpassed Leonardo, but never could reach the sweetness and gentleness of his figures. Even his children lose something of their infantile beauty and look mature; his women are commanding and lofty; his men of gigantic proportions. His painting, like his sculpture, is remarkable for anatomical exactness, and perfect expression of the muscles. For this union of magnificance and sublimity, it was necessary to prepare the mind; the first view was almost harsh, and it was by degrees that his migthy works produced their designed effect.

"Raphael, while he felt all the greatness of the Florentine, conceived that there might be something more like nature—something that should be harmonious, sweet, and flowing—that should convey the idea of intellectual rather than of external majesty. Without yielding any of the correstness of science, he avoided harshness, and imitated antiquity in uniting grace and elegance with a strict observation of science and of the rules of art. . . . .

"Human affection is necessary to awaken the sympathy of human beings; and Raphael, in learning how to portray it, had found the way to the heart. In mere grandeur of invention he was surpassed by Michaelangelo. Titian excelled him in coloring, and Correggio in the beautiful gradation of tone; but Raphael knew how to paint the soul; in this he stood alone. This was the great secret of a power which seemed to operate like magic. In his paintings there is something which makes music on the chords of every heart; for they are the expression of a mind attuned to nature, and find answering sympathies in the universal soul."

AMERICAN SUPERSTITIONS.

Floyd W. Parsons in World's Work.

The silly ideas that continue today are too numerous to mention. A lot of folks believe that if you rub a wart with a stolen dishrag and then bury it, the wart will disappear when the rag decays. A potato carried in the pocket will cure rheumatism. You can cure an aching tooth by touching it with the tooth of a dead person and afterward greasing it with marrow. A broken mirror means seven years' bad luck. A gift of pearls will bring tears. An opal ring is unlucky for the wearer. The owner of a rabbit's foot is possessed of a talisman that will bestow favor and fortune. It is bad luck to cross through a funeral procession and good fortune will forsake you if you return for a forgotten article and fail to sit down before you start on your way again.

Such beliefs are too foolish to deserve comment; and yet we have among us right now a great army of people who are influenced by these or other equally ridiculous credulities. One reason for the continuance of superstitious beliefs is the everlasting truth that "men mark when they hit and seldom when they hit and seldom when they miss."

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Most of the habits of people are very generally determed by customs. Many years ago certain tribsmen in Africa used to polish and shine their faces as a mark of attractiveness. They did not consider themselves properly arrayed for a dance of victory unless their faces were duly greased. People in this day see no beauty in such a custom. The American girl would feel she was inviting direct censure should she appear with the slightest shine on her nose. Holy smoke, yes! To provide against such a contingency she goes equipped with a battery of beautifiers encased in a dainty vanity box. It's real cute to see them use the puffs and miniature mirrors. I was walking along Main street the other day, behind two beautiful girls. Before I knew it I came near running into them with a bim. They had passed a mirror in one of the stores, and had stopped with a suddenness that threw me into confusion. Out came two little puffs, like the tail of a rabbit; and up went two little mirrors, and they peeped into them, like looking through a keyhole, and their hands began a series of gyrations like they were fighting off a swarm of bees. It lasted only a few seconds; it was done with neatness and despatch; and both wore off cute little noses that looked like they had been down in a flour barrel. But, hush your thinking! They do say the girls are not the only ones to whom a shiny face brings discontent. She has to guard her vanity case from the girly boys. Heaven defend us! And nature help us to look as she intended we should look—natural.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning. The great printing press was quivering and throbbing with electrity ready for the button to be touched, and start on its whir of turning out papers. Pressmen were hurrying and fitting on the plates to complete the sixteen pages the big press would belch out at 16-thousand an hour. A boy of sixteen or seventeen, unoticed, was loling on a table. The pressman, kindhearted and talkative, thinking to cheer the sleepy youth, asked: "Where do you work now? What do you do?" The boy replied, "I'm helping my brother." "What does he do?" inquired the pressman. "He sets out shade trees, and I sit under the shade," came the quick answer. That set the press to running.

I picked up in the postoffice a unique piece of advertising some one-without as much as looking at it had cast it aside. It was artistically gotten up. The front page contained a woman painting, not her face, but making a dollar mark out of the letter S. It bore this inscription, "Putting the dollar back into Style." When contrasted with mark, krone, ruble, franc and pound, the American dollar is the biggest piece of money on earth. But compare its purchasing power with that of pre-war years, and you'll discover a thirty-three to fifty percent difference between the greenbacks of 1923 and 1914. Department of commerce statisticans—who like you specialize in figures—find

upon investigation that the gross receipts of industry have proportionately increased far beyond output. In 1921 our leading manufacturers sold $43,000,000,000 worth of goods as against $24,000,000,000 worth just before the war. The discrepancy isn't due to greater output so much as higher wages, heavier taxes, more expensive materials, and growing overheads. Pretty much the same conditions have ruled the retail market. Gross sales were never greater. Folks are spending larger amounts but the number of cutomers and the variety of their purchases are little above former average. The net tells the tale of merchants as well as fisherman. Mend the gaps. Calculate what you are losing as well as what you are making. Don't let a possible profit evade a single counter! Balance sheets may be enthusiastic, but sales slips will tell you how many formerly prosperous departments are dropping behind.

There are good liars and bad liars, just as everything else in this world is where a contrast between good and bad run parallel with each other. There are some lies told in such a way that they are really interesting. Here is one that has come to my attention. It may be an old saw; may have come down from the ark, but it's interesting, and I'm going to tell it as I heard it.

Two insurance salesmen were discussing the policies of their respective companies. The first salesman said:

"My company makes a practice of quick delivery to the beneficiary upon the death of the party insured. Why only last week a man died and within 24 hours after his death we handed his wife a check for $5,000."

"Why that's nothing," replied the other, "You see that 12-story building over there? Well our offices are on the fourth floor, and yesterday one of our policyholders fell off the roof and we handed him his check as he went by the window." Beat that, if you can.

I was very amused over a little squib I read the other day. It afforded me such a wide range for thought that I really laughed over it. Anything that will make a person laugh does good. But some fellow, apparently with nothing else to do, has made the assertion that a yardstick is longer when pointed east-west than if turned to the north and south. Why he doesn't tell us. I am not sure, but it is my opinion that of course a yardstick is longer when pointed east-west if you will hold it in that position longer than you do north and south. But the idea gives this thought. This is getting to be complicated world, if we are going to listen to everybody. Everything is contradicted, and if we do not watch closely the first thing we'll know we will be contradicting ourselves. Queer world, isn't it? But a mighty good one if we are all right.

It is a self-evident fact that if the number of automobiles continue to increase as they have the past year or so there's not going to be enough room in this old world for the automobiles and the people. It's hard to find parking places even now. Centuries ago there were many species of tremendous animals, larger than anything to be seen in these days, which are now extinct. Scientists hold that when the tyrannosaurus, the dinosaur, the glyptodont the arsino-

therium, and other like animals of their caliber flourished, the world was too small for them, at the time. They couldn't find places to stay, or park, and they perished off the face of the earth. History may repeat itself in regard to the multiplicity of any one thing. Who knows? But it is an assured fact that as long as the wreckless automobile is extant, human beings will be put out of the world, and the auto remain to do its deadly work, in ever increasing numbers.

THE OLD STATE'S SUPREMACY.

Col. Frank Hampton, Senator Simmons' private secretary, has been paying some attention to the report of the United States Commissioner. He boils some figures down in such a way that one can carry them around and speak with great pride. The exhibit he makes is based on the amount of Revenue taxes paid into the United States treasury by the several leading states. Here it is:

North Carolina paid:

More than Massachusetts.
More than California.
Four times as much as Connecticut.
Over three times as much as Indiana.
Over 35 times as much as Utah.
Over eight times as much as Iowa.
Over six times as much as Kansas.
Over twice as much as Missouri.
Over four times as much as Texas.
Over five times as much as Kentucky.
Three and one-half times as much as Virginia.
Nearly four times as much as Maryland.
Thirty per cent more than New Jersey.
Approximately 65 per cent as much as Illinois.
Approximately 60 per cent as much as Pennsylvania.
Over seven times as much as Georgia.

Practically the same as Ohio, Ohio paying $148,486,487.29 and North Carolina paying $140,347,366.18.

Ohio's population, however, is more than twice that of North Carolina, the population of these two states being, respectfully 5,759,394 and 2,559,123, under the United States census of 1920.

MA'S BOUNTIFUL CHRISTMAS.

By Helen F. Huntington in Young Folks.

Glenn Burton was signing her last Christmas invitation when her chum, Winnie Clark, ran in all aglow with happy excitement. "We've just had word from Polly saying that she's fetching the babies to spend Christmas week with us," she accounted for her radiance, "so you may know how we all feel. Oh, Glenn, are you fearfully busy?"

"No. I have just finished my invitations and they are ready to be mailed. Is there anything I can do for you?" Glenn cheerily inquired.

"If you will write the girl you told me about—the one up at Burnt Mountain, who wanted to earn a little city vacation—and get her to spend Christmas week with us looking after Polly's babies, we'd be tremendously relieved. Tell here we will pay her well and see that she has some real fun besides."

"Oh, you mean Mattie Baise? I'll write her this minute and send the letter out with these invitations," said Glenn pushing the batch of thick white envelopes to one side of her desk.

She wrote the brief letter to the accompaniment of Winnie's happy chatter about her Christmas plans which accorded with Glenn's own, as neither of the girls had forgotten lonely outsiders." Yes, Bea Gordon is back from California," Glenn presently answered Winnie's question, "and I expect her to spend Christmas week with us—have just written her to that effect. She is such delightful company, you know, and Rick will be so pleased to have her here to help entertain the fastidious college chum he's bringing home for the holidays. Seems the chum, Raymond Brooks, is the only son of rich parents who have given him about everything money can buy, and he's rather hard to please on that account.

"Well, I hope he won't expect too much of us all," observed Winnie, as she reached for the finished letter. "I'll take your invitations along and mail them," she offered, "then I must fly home and get ready for my last-hour Christmas shopping. Thanks, ever so much, Glenn. Isn't it just the happiest business, getting ready for Christmas!"

Noon of Christmas Eve day brought Glenn a 'phone message

from Bea Gordon, half-way across the state. "I've just got in from an over Sunday visit to my brother Fred," she said, "and found a letter addressed in your handwriting with an enclosure evidently intended for a stranger, Mattie Baise, whom you ask to go down to Atlanta and make herself useful during Christmas week in your neighbor's home. You probably crossed envelopes—that is, put her letter into my envelope and sent mine to her. If you will give me her address I will forward her letter at once."

"Oh, how could I have made such an embarrassing mistake!" Glenn exclaimed worriedly. "Winnie was here while I dashed off the note to Mattie, and we talked all the while. Just destroy the letter, Bea, for it wouldn't reach Mattie, in time, from out your way. I will send her word this afternoon, somehow. You will surely be down by the first morning train, won't you?"

As Glenn's mother was out of reach at the time, the worried girl ran over to consult Winnie about her dilemma. "The mis-sent letter was the most cordial of all the invitations and I began it as I always do when writing to Bea, just "Dear Girl," so Mattie may think it was meant for her, and come in as a Christmas guest. If the party was to be merely a home affair it would not be so bad to have Mattie with us, but on account of fastidious Raymond Brooks alone it is not to be thought of," Glenn positively declared.

"Surely the girl's common sense will tell her that it's a mistake," Winnie consoled her anxious friend.

"I wish I could believe that. You remember that Mrs. Baise insisted on taking us in for the two rainy days after the storm blew away our camp tent up there last summer. The family treated us beautifully and wouldn't take a cent of pay for our board. Of course I sent Mattie some things—chiefly books—as an appreciation token; but she may consider the mis-sent invitation as a return for her hospitality."

"What sort of folks are they, anyway?"

"Very pleasant and friendly, but poor and rather ignorant. Lem, the oldest boy, who has been the head of the family since his father died is a disabled soldier, who by some oversight was not sent to a hospital for special treatment when he returned from overseas very lame and run down, and the slight embittered him somewhat; but aside from that he's the most likable fellow. Mattie is fine in her way, but they are all supersensitive and one has to be very careful not to wound their feelings."

"The only thing to do is go right up to Burnt Mountain and explain matters frankly," Winnie said. "I am sure Jessie Parks will take us up there in her car, for she's always so ready to oblige her friends, and we two will fix things up for you, Glenn, so don't worry."

Within an hour the trio started for Burnt Mountain, a beautiful but rather obscure region, almost twenty miles from Atlanta, where Glenn and her mother and brother had spent their summer vacation. They had to leave their car at the road-side finally and walk the last of the hurried trip as the Baise cabin was inaccessible to large vehicles.

It was a typical Georgia winter

day, radiant and balmy, and the cabin doors and windows were open so that the voices of the inmates could be clearly heard by the approaching girls before they emerged from the cedar-bordered trail.

"It ain't that I begrudge you any pleasure in the world, Mattie," a man's voice was saying very gravely, "but I don't put no confidence in them rich city folks. They sent you that invitation for politeness sake, not expecting you to accept it, to make it look like they paid for your friendliness of last summer. I've had enough dealings with their kind of folks to know they don't care for anything but show and appearance."

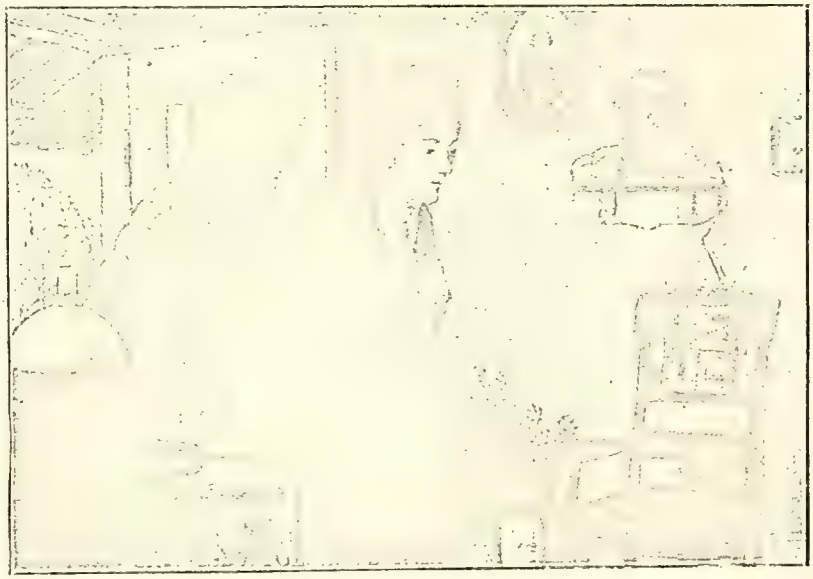
"The Burtons is different," came Mattie's prompt assertion.

Through a little gap in the cedar boughs Glenn saw Lem limp over the cabin threshold and seat himself on a porch bench besides a pile of corn which he fell to husking, and almost immediately Mattie tripped out after him holding up a queer little silk-covered hat stiffly adorned with a bunch of much rumpled cambric roses.

"I made this myself with scraps left over from my party dress," she triumphantly stated as she fitted it over her curly head. "It matches my dress, you see, and the fashion papers say that's the very latest style. Ain't it pretty?"

"You look good in anything," said Lem with brotherly admiration.

"I sure do thank you for the pretty fixings you bought for me with the money your shote brought. You are



"Everything looks a lot cozier than when the Becks lived here."

the best brother that ever was, and I only wish you could have the Christmas pleasures that's waiting for me."

Glenn drew back into the shadow. "We can't let her know about the mistake," she whispered. "Mattie must be made welcome and given the good times she expects."

"But won't she feel quite out of her place with clever Bea Gordon and finical Raymond Brooks?" Jessie asked dubiously. "And don't you think her commonplace company will bore them dreadfully?"

"Don't you worry, Glenn," Winnie put in cheerfully," for we'll make Mattie's visit a success."

Nevertheless Glenn felt uncomfortable, apprehensive of embarrassing moments: she hoped—and felt ashamed of it—that Mattie would arrive early so that she could be divested of her impossible hat and her costume toned down, if necessary, in private.

But a road washout delayed Mattie so that she arrived on Christmas Day when all the other guests were assembled, accompanied by ill-at-ease Lem who deposited her frayed matting suitcase in the doorway and withdrew at once, leaving Glenn to make the best of the awkward situation which all the other guests helped her through. Mattie was not only very happy, but true to her kind instincts and training, she was eager to share her happiness with others, so she soon forgot her natural embarrassment and added to the general enjoyment in a simple hearty fashion which pleased everyone, especially Raymond Brooks. His attention was presently arrested by a curious star-shaped pin that Mattie wore on a black neck ribbon in deference to the latest whim of fashion, whose five rays bore the enameled names of great discoverers.

"I have inherited my father's hobby for insignia and heraldry," he smilingly accounted for his admiration of the pin, "so I hope you will pardon my curiosity about your trinket. It is the Star of Discovery medal, isn't it?"

"I don't know what it is called," Mattie frankly confessed, "but I do know that it's pretty old. It was given to my great grandfather after he had helped Daniel Boone in his big fight with the Indians on the Kentucky River, and he had it made into a pin for a wedding present to his bride. It was handed down to ma in time, and she gave it to me last Christmas."

"The old American histories contain cuts of the medal which is very rare nowadays. It was struck about the time that the Great Northwest Territory was organized by an Act of Congress, in the most stirring times of pioneer days."

"Grandma used to tell us tales of her mother's awful experiences in the first years of Boonesboro where she went to live as a bride, and she must have been a lot braver than most girls of these days."

"Of course you would not consider selling your medal, would you?"

"I would if I could get enough money for it to buy Ma a real nice Christmas gift. But nobody would want such an old-fashioned thing now that everything is so much handsomer," said Mattie with a wistful glance at Bea Gordon's brilliantly colored "Tut" pendant.

"I know a college professor right

here in Atlanta who will gladly pay five hundred dollars for your pin," was Raymond's incredible statement.

"Five hundred dollars! You sure are joking," Mattie exclaimed.

"Indeed I am not."

"Why that much money would buy the little Beck farm that Ma has always been crazy about. Oh what would she say to such a gift! Could I get it soon—before Christmas is all over?"

Raymond turned to Rick Burton. "What about it?" he asked enthusiastically. "I can dispose of the pin tomorrow morning. Can you manage the farm buying soon after that?"

"If we can get into touch with the owner tomorrow the thing can easily be done, for the sale won't take over an hour. Miss Mattie says Mr. Beck now lives in Hapeville, so we will be able to have the sale deed in her hands by tomorrow night."

"And can we move our things into the new house without Ma knowing a thing about it? She's visiting kin folks, with the rest of us, and won't go home till Friday."

"Everything con be done by Friday morning, surely," spoke up Bea. "We will arrange the working details so that each one of us will know exactly what to do."

The sale transaction was promptly made for Mr. Beck, who had left the country so that his big family could have good educational advantages, was glad enough to sell his little vacant place for five hundred in clear cash. Meanwhile the girls gathered up several pretty and useful house things for the new house and at the earliest possible moment the moving began. The entire task involved a great deal of hard rough work, but everyone enjoyed it surprisingly well. On Friday morning the merry conspirators stationed themselves in a rear room of the little cosily furnished cottage to wait for Mrs. Baise and her children who had to pass that way going home, for Mattie was sure her mother would stop there of her own accord as she had never been able to pass it by since the sale poster had been put up.

Presently Lem's slow old mule team lumbered into view, stopped in the roadway, and allowed Ma to alight and look the place over.

"It's done rented or sold," the hidden listeners heard Ma exclaim. "Someone has moved in since we passed here, though there ain't no one about yet. Come and look for yourself, Lem."

Lem limped to a front window and looked in. "You're right, Ma, it's furnished for new folks to move in. I've been hoping we could rent this place at least since you set such store by it."

Mattie could contain herself no longer. She flung wide the front door with a look of radiant welcome. "Come in, Ma," she cried, "and look the house over."

"My land, Mattie, you here! We didn't expect you back till tomorrow."

"I know, Ma, but my plans got changed. How do you like the house now?"

"Everything looks at lot cosier than when the Becks lived here," Ma wistfully declared. "Why, Mattie, that cot cover is exactly like mine. And there's Grandma Baise's old rocker, sure as anything. How—"

"You are right, Ma. Everything

in here is yours, and the house and farm is yours, too—your Christmas gift," Matie radiantly announced.

"I reckon you're playing a little joke on me, honey," Ma smiled with wistful enjoyment.

"Listen, Ma. My friends sold great-grandmother's old star pin for five hundred dollars and bought this place and moved us into it. It's yours forever. See here's the deed."

Over that bit of precious paper Ma came to a dazzling realization of what had befallen her; she dropped into one of her own chairs and wept for sheer luxurious joy, with her three young children gathered in a fervent embrace and Lem and Mattie looking on with the greatest delight.

"You see Mattie was right about her new friends, Lem," Ma presently reminded her son. "Rich folks has kind, friendly feelings the same as us poor ones, or these strangers never would a' done all this for us."

"Yes, Ma, I do see it now," Lem admitted, "I only hope I can make the best out of this gift place for you."

"You can if you'll take the treatment the Government provides for its faithful soldiers," Raymond told the young farmer. "All you have to do is to ask for it."

"I'll do that if you'll tell me how to go about it," Lem promised.

Dazzling joy glimmered through Ma's tears. "Did ever anyone have such a bountiful Christmas as me?" she asked of everyone present.

"Ours has been almost as bountiful," And Glenn's statement summed up the feelings of her satisfied companions.

Teacher of hygiene: "Why must we always be careful to keep our homes clean and neat?"

Little girl: "Because company may walk in at any moment."—Judge.

VISIT TO KITTY HAWK IS ATTEMPTED.

By Ben Dixon McNeill in News and Observer.

Twenty years after Orville Wright lifted himself off the sand dunes at Kitty Hawk with a wheezing little gasoline engine bringing the dreams of five thousand years into reality, the winds are still supreme in the heavens, and the ingenuity of man still trembles helpless before them.

The twelve seconds of that first flight have been lengthened to a day and a half. The speed of it has been multiplied thirty times. The height of it has been built up and up six hundred fold. The power of the engines has grown until man is almost the master, but not quite. The winds are still supreme in the heavens.

Unable to Make Landing.

Over the dunes at Kitty Hawk yesterday a gale came up from the gray pall that overhung the sea, and with it a deep, impenetrable fog that reached from the sandy beach up and up toward heaven, five thousand feet of swirling mist tumbling aimlessly in the lurching, uncertain gusts that

shook a ship of the air like a leaf.

Returning here at dusk last night Lieut. Guy Kirksey, one of the ablest pilots in the Army Air Sirvice, and a member of the staff of the News and Observer after a day's effort to effect a landing on the dunes from which the Wrights made their first flight just 20 years ago brought reports of the gale and the fog that wrapped the little life saving station. They were unable to land and returned to the field here by way of Langley Field.

With maps and compass they were able to locate the little sea village 75 miles south of Norfolk. They dived through the fog, buffeted by the winds that came swept down from the northeast, and centering off Cape Hatteras, but the village itself they were never quite able to see. Above the beach the wind reached at times a velocity of sixty miles an hour, and the fog was like a cloud of live steam.

To Commemorate Anniversary.

The flight to Kitty Hawk was undertaken under the direction of Lieut. Harlan W. Holden, commanding officer of the field here, in commemoration of the first flight of the Wrights on December 17, 1903, when the world was startled beyond belief at the reports that a man had actually left the earth in sustained flight. Lieut. Kirksey, experienced in cross country flying and a member of the photographic unit at McCook Field, was selected to pilot the ship.

Taking off here at 9:21 in the morning in the face of a stiff northeast wind, the DeHaviland ship landed at Langley Field ten miles beyond Newport News two hours and thirty-one minutes later, covering the 225 miles at an average of 87 miles an hour. An hour later they left for Kitty Hawk, but were forced to return to Langley Field after bucking the gale and fog along the coast for more than an hour.

Motor Trouble Develops.

Motor trouble developed in the thick of the battle against the fog and repairs were effected at Langley. The ship behaved well in the storm, rolling heavily at times when the surging winds caught it and flung it drunkenly, but the great Liberty engine pulled it out and away when Lieutenant Kirksey finally gave up the uneven battle against all the winds and fogs of the Atlantic ocean massed somewhere off Hatteras and reaching out for a hundred miles inland.

At 3:16 the ship took off from Langley and headed across for Pope Field. With the wind behind it the DeHaviland at times reached a speed of 165 miles an hour. The return was made in one hour and forty-eight minutes, or an average of 123 miles an hour. The last lap of the journey from Dunn to the landing here, a distance of 34 miles, was made in 13 minutes. Landing was made between sunset and dark.

The Journey to Langley.

The course from Pope Field to Langley follows the main line of the Atlantic Coast Line north, moving a mile to the east of Dunn, Benson and Smithfield, almost directly to Selma, slightly to the east of Wilson and Smithfield, almost directly miles east of Scotland Neck, across

the Chowan river near Wikton, over Suffolk, directly over Romer Ferguson's shipyard at Newport News and down into Langley.

Coming back the last lap was shortened slightly, Lieutenant Kirksey cutting west of Dunn, over the Cape Fear river north of Fayetteville and directly into Camp Bragg from the north and over to Pope Field two miles west of headquarters at the Post. The route is as carefully defined as a railroad, and the ship returned in almost the track it made going up in the morning.

Both Lieutenant Kirksey and his passengers suffered severely from cold on the trip over in the morning. It was the coldest morning of the year and facing a stiff gale. The trip was flown at an elevation of 2,500 feet until the tidewater region was reached, when the ship was moved up to 3,500. The first fog was encountered over the Chowan river, increasing in density toward Norfolk.

Off For Kitty Hawk.

Leaving Langley for Kitty Hawk, the air had cleared considerably but on the horizon to the south a heavy bank of clouds could be seen, a sort of purple gray mountain from an elevation of 3,500 feet. The pilot headed for the beach immediately upon taking off, and crossed over the mouth of Hampton Roads. A gray pall hung over the water, obscuring everything. Below a heavy surf rolled out from under the curtain and broke along the beach. The sea was heavy.

Just outside the mouth of the harbor a greater freighter crawled slowly toward port. Further south the air thickened, and the surf breaking on the beach below was even more obscure. After 25 minutes of flying the first wisps of fog were encountered, scudding along a few hundred feet under the ship and billowing up to envelop it. The wind became unsteady and shifty. Down the beach it had been quartering, and an assistance to flight. Now it became uncertain.

One minute it might be behind, pushing the roaring ship into a frenzy of speed, and in another, come head on, striking it a staggering blow, or flanking it with a shivering attack. It was unsteady and uncertain going, but Lieutenant Kirksey kept her headed southward along the beach, steering by compass when the mists obscured the yellow-white beach.

Somewhere to the South was the village on the narrow width of the banks that holds tomorrow's anniversary, the place the Wrights picked from the entire country when they wanted seclusion for their experiments twenty years ago. Numberless ships pass over it, but few have landed there since the Wrights were there. A seaplane can make landing inside the sound, but a land ship must take its chances with the winds and tides on the hard, narrow beach.

Winds Prove Conqueror.

The great 450-horse power motor would have pulled it through the gale, eventually, and Kirksey sat steady in the boat no matter how heavily it rolled. He dropped down a thousand feet to look at the fog at that level. It was thicker. Lower and lower and thicker and thicker. The motor began to miss fire, and splutter in the gale. Kitty Hawk

was beneath, and perhaps some of the natives heard the roaring engine and their thoughts drifted back to twenty years ago when they beheld the birth of aviation.

It was too great a risk to run. The tide, driven by a gale, was nearing its fullness. The beach, of one could get a glimpse of it, must be almost covered. Kirkesy did the most sensible thing to be done, and a thing that was of no little relief to his passenger who was having mighty cold comfort in contemplation of the cherished doctorine of predestination. He turned the ship about into the teeth of the gale and went back to Langley.

Wherever right and duty call, the soul can go. There are no impossibilities to "I ought."—Young People.

THE EFFICIENCY.

Asheville Citizen.

What is this "efficiency" of which we hear so much.

It is filling your job and filling yourself.

It is bringing to your job the best that is in you and to yourself the best that is in the world. It is acting on the realization that to do well in your job you have got to do well by yourself.

It is having all your resources so drilled and under such command that, at the order of your will, they spring into action. It is such self-discipline that no wish, passion, taste or trend within you can lessen your physical strength, divert your attention or hamstring your ambition.

It is doing your work so well that your superior never has to worry about how you will do it. It is doing your work so well that in a reasonably short time the fineness of execution thus attained will automatically lift you to the next higher level in whatever you have chosen to do.

It is an incessant refusal to let down in your technique or skill of performance.

It is keeping up the morale of

It is keeping up the morale of those around you by speaking a word of praise, by giving a helping hint, by keeping in the fore-ground of attention the bright, happy and enlivening things in life.

It is using, experience always as a help, never as a hinderance or discouragement.

It is jerking success out of the shadows of failure.

It is taking everything you have thought, everything you have hoped, everything you have done and had done to you, and welding it all into an irresistible sledge-hammer to beat down obstacles.

It is making prayer worthwhile [illegible] action, and being strict with [illegible]elf and liberal with others, and [illegible]forming the mistakes of today [illegible]he battering ram of tomorrow.

[illegible]ciency is, in fine, having such [illegible] such eagerness to do and such [illegible] to endure the life, the battle-[illegible]omes the winning game.

WONDERFUL CLOTH AND MATS.

By Frank Burnett in Young Folks.

That portion of the South Pacific Ocean inhabited by the Polynesian people until the time of the arrival of the European was practically devoid if any mammals from the skins of which, or the wool or hair, clothing could be made. The islanders were thus constrained to use their inventive skill in order to produce a cloth out of the most unpromising material.

This, however, they succeeded in doing, manufacturing the most wonderful cloth, artistic in design and coloring, by utilizing the inner bark of the mulberry tree, papir mulberry, indigenous to the islands. Out of this was made a fabric called guatoo, or more generally known as tapa cloth. This substance is somewhat like cotton, but is not woven, and more resembles the texture of paper.

Its preparation is highly interesting, particularly the processes of stenciling and dyeing which show how highly developed can be the artistic sense even in a primitive and semi-savage people. Too, these operations show an inventive faculty of a high order. Indeed, the work of these brown men is much superior to that of the primitive forefathers of the white race.

The work of cloth-making is begun by making a circular incision around the mulberry sapling near to the root and deep enough to cut through the bark. After a short exposure to the sun the thus severed bark is stripped away and soaked in water for two days, at the end of which time the inner portion is carefully detached from the outer layer or epidermis. The inner bark is then rolled up lengthwise and kept in water for a day or two, when it swells and becomes comparatively tough. It is then ready to be "tootooed" or beaten.

This part of the work is performed mnvtenna atieh ad lyd d weeke-ot by means of mallets of hard wood about a foot long. There are two types. Those used by the Polynesians are square, two inches thick, with a rounded handle. The two opposite sides of the mallet are deeply grooved lengthwise at intervals of about an eighth of an inch. The mallet of the Papuan people is round, and likewise grooved.

The bark, when ready for beating, is usually from three to four feet in length and about six inches broad. On some islands it is laid upon a piece of wood with short legs, to be beaten. In Fiji a wooden stool is used. The bark laid upon either of these is beaten out to the desired thickness with the mallet. First, the grooved side of the mallet is used, then the smooth. The work is done by women, and it is remarkable how long they can beat without once resting. When one hand becomes tired they change to the other, without missing a beat.

About half an hour is required to beat each piece of bark to the desired degree of thinness, by which time it is nearly square. In this state it is known as "fetagi."

The next part of the operation is stenciling or stamping. This is done by means of a "cobechi" formed by

the dried leaves of the "paoonga" plant sewed together in such a manner as to create an artistic design of various paterns. This stamp is usually about two feet long by eighteen inches wide, and is tied upon wood.

The stamp having been arranged with the design uppermost, a piece of prepared bark or "fetagi" is laid upon it. The face of the bark is then smeared over with a reddish brown dye extracted from the coea and "tooi-tooi" trees. Another sheet of prepared bark is then laid over the first and adheres by reason of the sticky nature of the dye. This is repeated a third time, so that the finished product is three plies thick. Other sheets of bark similarly treated on other stamps are then attached to the first to increase its size to the desired width and length by pasting the edges of one over the other. This is done so neatly that the joining is not discernible in the finely finished product.

When dry, the fabric is placed carefully folded up in an underground oven and baked for two hours. After thus being exposed to a moderate even heat, the fabric is spread out upon the grass to dry, the dye having been firmly fixed by the baking process, but the sun's rays being needed to complete the drying process. After a few hours in the sun the cloth is stained with the juice of the "hea" which is similar in effect to a bright, red varnish. This is applied particulorly to the joints, so not the slightest evidence of these is apparent.

In addition to the type of stamp already described, another is made of a piece of flat hardwood the face of which is elaborately carved. This is something after the idea of the old wood-cuts used by white men in the early days of printing. The carving on some of these boards is of a high order. Another method, though one rarely applied, is the decorating of the cloth by hand. Cloth of this description is very highly prized by collectors.

The great difference in degrees of culture which can exist between men living very near each other, or in the same kind of environment though far apart, is demonstrated by comparing the wonderful tapa cloth of the Polynesian peoples in the Samoan, Tongan and nearby groups, with the cloth made by the Papuan of the Solomon Islands, and the bark cloth of various aboriginal tribes of Malayia and Borneo. All of these people merely cut a spuare of bark off a large tree and beat it to the required thinness, then stain it a browish red with a native dye. Design or pattern they have never achieved. Moreover the size of the cloth is limited to what the slab of bark will produce, they never having discovered the trick of joining the pieces together.

The making of mats for the floor and as a body covering, as done in Samoa, while a fine art, did not require so much artistic skill since designing patterns was not gone into to any great extent. Nevertheless the work was arduous and took a very long time. For mat making the leaves of the pandanus palm first scraped clean and to a thinness about equalling strong paper. The leaf is then slit into strips of various widths according to the quality of the mat intended to be made. The very finest mats are woven of strips not more

than 1-16th of an inch wide, and are usually of from 2 to 3 yards square. The very old and valuable ones are fringed with small, scarlet feathers obtained from a now extinct paraquet. The best mats are as flexible as cloth and were exclusively used for covering the person. Six months was the average time required to make one, but there are some in the possession of high Chief's families that took over two years to plait, the weaver working many hours each day. These ancient mats have distinctive names and are priceless possessions, which it is difficult to buy, so highly do their owners value them for their connection with the past. The one shown in the phot is known as "The Weeping Woman," for the reason that the maker of it cried often because of the interminable time it took her to work so fine a fabric.

These mats, of course, are a thing of the past, but in many a Samoan villiage in the interior mats are still made, though probably in another ten years the work will be given up.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

Some of the boys have been setting out trees for the past week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The various cottages have been decorating for Christmas, for the past week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Chester Shepard received an honorable parole from Supt. Boger on last Tuesday afternoon.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Talmage Clements, one of the old boys, paid a visit to the institution on last Wednesday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

12 large hogs were killed on last Wednesday morning. These hogs are being killed for Christmas.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

New parole blanks were printed in the Printing Department last week, with several other small jobs.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Walter Morris left the institution on last Thursday night, to spend a few days with his parents in Raleigh.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Manford Mooney has been given the position as house boy at Supt. Boger's, during the absence of Walter Morris.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Louis H. Asbury, the Training School architect, spent a short while at the institution on last Tuesday afternoon, on business.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The lawn in front of the fifth cottage is being repaired. This work is being done under the supervision of Capt. T. L. Grier.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Blank, who is the new Secretary of the Concord Y. M. C. A., made a very interesting talk to the boys on last Sunday afternoon.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Charlie Beech and Sam Poplin have

been given positions in the Shoe Department, where they are learning the shoe trade under the supervision of Mr. Groover.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys have been hauling gravel and repairing the streets for the past week, and for the past day or two have been building up the lawn where the boys play.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Cannon Literary Society had an interesting program on for last Wednesday night. The boys to take part in the debate were Charlie Roper, William Gregory, Tom Hart and Unice Byers.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The band boys had their last practice before Christmas on last Tuesday night. Mr. Jason Fisher their band master gave every boy a Christmas present, and they appreciated it very much.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys of the Cone Literary Society had a very interesting program on last Monday night. The boys to take part in the program were Ervin Cole, Norman Iddings, Hugh Tyson, Carlie Hardy and Paul Funderburk.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys of the Latin class received a big surprise on last Friday afternoon. When they went on class, Prof. Crooks, their teacher, announced that they would adjourn the class untill after Christmas.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys were visited on last Wednesday, by their friends or relatives; Obed McClain, Earle Crow, Doc Cranfield, Billy Odom, Winton Matthews and Argo Page who returned to his home to spend a few days with his parents.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The J. T. S. basket ball players lost their first game of the season on last Saturday afternoon, when they played the White Hall team. The score of the game being 14 and 24 in the visitors' favor. Mooney and Patterson, the Training School stars, played fine, but the White Hall players were too heavy for them.

The most helpful books are those that in our early years serve as lights to pilot us into the wide harbor of the world's wisest and most inspiring literature.—James Wallingford.

p 364

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 12, 1924 No. 21

TIME.

Time is money—we have no right to waste it.

Time is power—we have no right to dissipate it.

Time is influence—we have no right to throw it away.

Time is life—we must value it greatly.

Time is God's—He gives it to us for a purpose.

Time is a sacred trust—we must answer for every moment.

Time is wisdom—we have no right to be ignorant.

Time is preparation for eternity—we must redeem it.—Selected.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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THE HAPPY MONTH.

How blue the tender skies of spring,
  The violets how blue,
And mirrored blue the busy brook
  The meadow singing through.
Was that a flash of azure wings—
  A note like bells a-chime?
He's come, and with him, happiness,
  For April's Blue-bird time.

—Alix Thorn.

"LAZINESS IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION."

We saw Dr. D. H. Hill, the other day, in his workshop busily engaged in that patriotic work of writing the history of the North Carolina heroes and heroines in the great struggle of the sixties. He does not age—looks just like he did when directing the fortunes of the A. & E. College and standing around the lobby of the legislative halls awaiting the decision of that august body with reference to the appropriation to the great institution at Raleigh.

No man is more fitted to write the history of the times during the War Between the States and the period following thereafter—a clean, honest and truthful history—than is Dr. Hill. But we started to tell something that the doctor dropped that is most edifying. He has one absorbing objective before him, but not enough to shut him off from taking a lively interest in cur-

rent events. Discussing the cotton and milling situation, it was stated that some of the observers account for the sluggishness in the sales of manufactured cotton goods in that the price of the raw material makes the manufactured product too high, and that the public is looking for something cheaper, or a substitute for cotton goods, on the principle that "necessity is the mother of invention."

"Oh, shucks," remarked the doctor, that fellow is wrong in regarding 'necessity as the mother of invention'—it is laziness that is the mother of invention." And, since we come to think of it, recalling the wrecks we have observed along the pathway of a tolerable lengthy life, it is LAZINESS and not NECESSITY that often plays the function of motherhood.

* * * * * * *

ONE BEE-HIVE.

Elsewhere in this number is a story of the achievements of the Woman's Club of the city of Raleigh, as reflected in the admirable annual address of Mrs. Josephus Daniels, the president and who was re-elected to serve another term. The women at the capitol have reason to be proud of the great educative work that bee-hive of an organization has wrought. Even the men in that fine old town are not slow to acknowledge their appreciation and recognition of the usefulness of the Woman's Club.

What has been done in Raleigh, has, in a measure, been done by well-established clubs in other towns of the state. The women are simply alive to the call that comes to them in aiding in the great questions that concern a state that has passed the sleepy period in her existence. THE UPLIFT rejoices in saying these words of commendation of the work being done by the women of the state, taking the Raleigh report as an occasion, for this little paper is surcharged with an abiding confidence in the ability and capacity of the women to handle matters of the state and that they are needed. This is no eleventh hour opinion or conclusion, it has been an abiding one for a long term of years.

Strength, growth and enthusiasm to the women's clubs throughout the state—they are agencies of great good.

* * * * * * *

A KEEN MEMORY.

One of the state's most remarkable men lives in Raleigh. His name is Higgs, a veteran of the War Between the States, on the road as a traveling salesman and of the events that make up the history of the state for more than eighty years. We reproduce in this number the story of his meeting up

with Mr. H. C. Jones, of Charlotte, and how quickly the interesting old gentleman noted that Mr. Jones did not resemble his brilliant and sainted father, Col. Ham C. Jones, the author of "Sallie Dillard."

Mr. Higgs, whenever we meet him, asks about Shakespeare Harris and always inquires about the family of the late B. F. Rogers, with whom he had much association as a commercial traveler. Why this man Higgs never forgets anything or even names. He is an encyclopedia. He knows all the roads of North Carolina, the streams, and the last time we met him he desired to know if that miserable stream of Big Cold Water still covered the whole earth at every rain that fell. It has been forty years since the old gentleman traveled this territory, but he carries around with him a perfect picture of the habits of that stream.

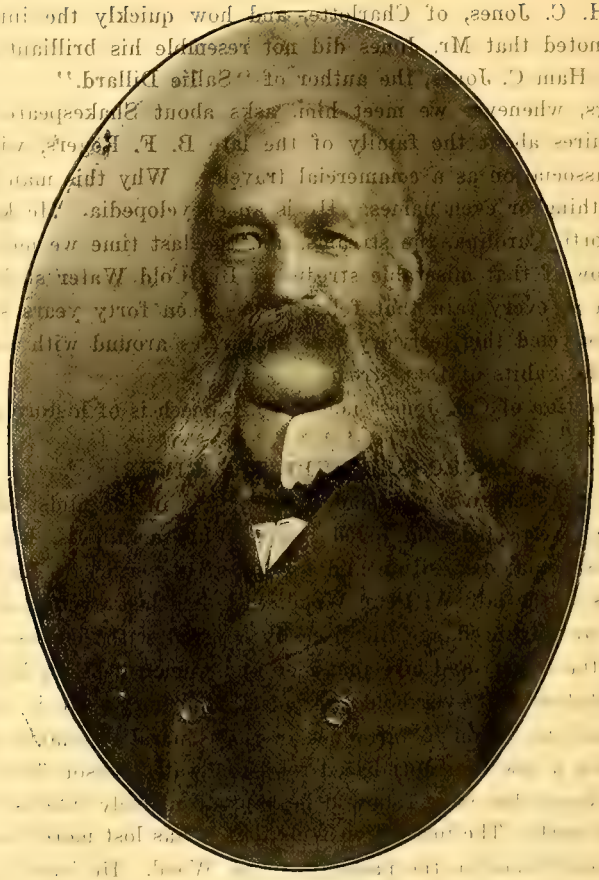
His recollection of Col. Jones' nominating speech is of historical interest.

* * * * * * *

CROSSED OVER THE RIVER.

There is in Asheboro a new-made grave; it is in the midst of a populace that honored, respected and loved him for his manliness, his pronounced integrity, his genial disposition and for his great service to his fellow man. The remains of the late W. Penn Wood, who died last week in a High Point hospital at an advanced age, lie literally covered with flowers—just an expression of the esteem and love that men and women held for him.

This institution will ever hold precious his memory. He it was that had the nerve and the vision to introduce in the General Assembly the bill that finally became a law that authorized the Stonewall Jackson Training School. And in the years that have followed he kept up a lively interest in its cause and its good work. The institution feels that it has lost more than a delightful and sincere friend in the passing of Col. Wood. He lived a good life—he left the world better by having lived in it.



COL. WILLIAM PENUEL WOOD.

Who died, April 1st, in a High Point hospital. At the age of seventeen he entered the Confederate Army, making a brave and fearless soldier. In civil life, he was no less a soldier, meeting every proposition face to face without flinching. North Carolina never enjoyed the citizenship of a nobler man, with a clean and unspotted life. A gentleman of the old school with a sympathy for and a deep interest in the problems of the young.

Love of his fellow man, in attesting a deep esteem, piled his grave at Asheboro with flowers.

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph.

The chastisements of Heaven are often disguised blessings. The afflictions of the body is not frequently, in human experience, the sweetest cordial to the soul. The ministry of the suffering very often brings joy and consolation to the spirit, and opens wider the gateway to the skies. Divine visitations, whether upon the individual, the community or upon the whole people, if viewed in the right way, may prove the greatest of benefactions, for it may lead to the salvation of the soul, the purifying and regenerating of society, and the recalling of a whole people to God, whom henceforth they will honor and reverence and obey. So calamities, when justly considered, are not unmixed evils, and are not always manifestations of an irrevocable Divine displeasure. The way of thorns and jagged stones may end in flowery meads and glorious mountain tops, with eternal sun-bursts and heavenly fruitions.

* * * *

I see, "by the papers," that my young friend, Rudolph Kueffner, was 70 years young last Sunday. We were boys together over a quarter of a century ago. He lives by dyeing, and Time is treating him kindly. Mr. Kueffner is an all-round good citizen, and one among the best of the foreign-born Americans. A most amusing thing happened some years ago, which displayed the wit of the man as well as his conscientiousness and sterling honesty. I had bought a gray Palm Beach suit, and after wearing it once or twice it didn't suit me. I didn't like the light gray color. Friend Kneuffner said he could fix that. He did. The idea was to dye it black. It did go in mourning. I never saw it again. A few days after this suit had met its metamorphosis I received a letter from Mr. Kueffner saying: "Your suit died in dyeing." As great surprise to Mr. Kueffner as it was to me. The fact was the dye had eaten up the woof of the cloth and left a suit of strings, which might have been all right for a Fiji island costume, but not for wear in Durham. Mr. Kueffner enclosed in the letter a check for an amount three times the cost of the suit, which I would not honor, but he personally insisted that he pay the original cost, as it was his fault the suit "died," and didn't dye. That is the kind of a man Rudolph Kueffner is. While I lost my suit, and he was out the cost of it, which I insisted he should not pay, but he would, the incident never broke up our friendship. I am glad he is as young as he is, and I hope the older he grows the younger he will get.

* * * * *

Of all that's told in prose or sonnet,
There's nothing sweeter
Nor can be neater,
Than a pretty face,
With queenly grace,
Beneath a charming Easter bonnet.

* * * *

People who are inclined to drive automobiles fast should remember that they cannot shorten the seconds in minutes, or the minutes in the hour, but they can shorten life in a few seconds. Let the other fellow

take the chances. The auto dealers can furnish with a car everything to make it comfortable and guard against recklessness, with the exception of common sense. That is one element they cannot furnish. That's left to the driver. The supply, however, is not restricted to any particular make of cars. You furnish your own common sense. The use of it now and then in emergencies, will avoid many awkward situations, accidents and deaths. The measure of a man is what he can do with what he has to work with. A child can launch a battleship by pressing a button, when it is all pre-arranged. Keep in mind that gas you burn today will take you to no place tomorrow. Conserve gas. Conserve time. Conserve accidents. Conserve deaths.

* * * * *

A certain department store had a floor-walker whose peculiar characteristic was that his nether extremities were not fashioned on the perpendicular lines of the plummet. One of these very sweet-spirited, precise, matter-of-fact old ladies, from the quietude of her rural retreat, walked into the store one day, and wanted to see some particular line of goods, and so informed this floor-walker, who was standing at the front like a pair of parentheses. With all the politeness of a Chesterfield ,he turned and remarked: "Walk this way." He went across the floor like a pair of the old-fashioned pot-hooks the older mothers used to have in handling pots and ovens, and his pants looked like they had to be cut out with a circular saw. The old lady adjusted her glasses, and eyed him with the keenest interest, and then remarked: "Not on your life; I'll die first."

* * * *

In the spring the maiden's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love;
And the young man dons the pants, he
Wants to fit him like a glove.

* * * *

Children furnish us with a lot of good humor, and most amusing incidents. I remember once I was staying somewhere when the mother sent her little boy upstairs to take his bath in the care of an older brother. They had been up there quite a while when there came loud sounds of protest from the little fellow. His mother called to know what was the matter. He said that his brother had dropped the towel in the water and was drying him off wetter than he was before.

* * * *

Recently quite a number of persons have made inquiries of me as to how the chimes fund was coming on for the bells for St. Philip's Episcopal church. They are in sight, but there is just now, one obstacle in the way of obtaining them as soon as I had anticipated. Unfortunately a part of the fund was caught in the Durham Hosiery Mills common "B" which is not paying any dividend at this time. Can do but little with the stock down to 5 bid and 7 asked. Until I can get this portion of the chimes fund, or make it good, the bells cannot be ordered. I am doing my best, however, to replace the amount that is involved in this stock, but progress is slow. The chimes are going to come, in time .

TIGHTENING OF THE FEDERAL GRASP.

Charlotte Observer

Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, recently made a contribution to The World's Work in which he treated, among other things, of the increasing regulatory powers of the Federal Government, and this is a subject of developing concern to many people who have noticed the steady drift in abridgement of what is called "State's Rights." For a fact, not many of these have been left, as a survey of past legislation would indicate. Governor Ritchie gives summary of incidents to sustain his protest against Federal aggrandizement and his views are taken under consideration by The Federal International News, published at New Orleans, and edited by one of the most conservative authorities in the country—an authority that recognizes the two sides to every question and that makes due account of both. He shares in the apprehensions expressed by Governor Ritchie, arguing that power in public or in private hands is always to be feared, because human nature acting publicly or privately is prone to abuse power in conceit of greatness, in excess of zeal or in sheer love of dominion, and the farther removed the persons in power are from the people the greater the likelihood of abuse. We have gone a long way in the last generation toward the centralized Federal Government which the Fathers dreaded and sought to prevent when they established the Union with rights reserved to the States or the people respectively. For example, even Alexander Hamilton, the chief of the Nationalists of the formative period, perhaps would have been shocked to contemplate an Interstate Commerce Commission denying to a Virginia railroad the right to build a short line to a new coal field. Thomas Jefferson might have started another revolution.

In such jointly maintained activities as Federal aid to roads, agricultural extension, vocational education and maternity care, the Federal Government exercises a right of approval of method which, if carried to the extreme, would be control. There has been, indeed, some complaint by State authorities on this score, though on the whole, perhaps, the Federal administrative restrictions have been warranted. Recently the Secretary of Agriculture withheld the Federal road funds of Arkansas pending certain requirements of local taxation, and frequently State-approved road projects have been rejected by Washington on objections of quality or price of construction. In most, if not all, such cases the Washington view has been based upon sound reason. Yet the fact remains that the power exists in Washington, and it is always to be remembered that power may be abused.

The greater danger in the present political state of mind, as this writer sees it, is the increasing disposition to ignore private rights which heretofore have been regarded as inviolate. For example, an effort is now being made in Congress to allow any authorized committee of either house to examine the income tax returns of any person. The pending oil investigation has uncovered many purely personal communications. The

Federal Trade Commission is quite ruthless in delving into business privacy.

It is no justification of political impertinence to say that if a citizen has done no wrong he should not object to exposure. There are business secrets which are entitled to respect. There are purely personal and confidential matters which no one is entitled to know. No proper man cares to have his private affairs paraded before the world. Official inquiries are almost certain to leak out and quite apt to be exaggerated.

Even the ancient principle that a man's home is his castle and may not be entered except by warrant of law and the constitutional restriction of searches and seizures are held in no esteem by zealots of reform, and traditional minority rights command no respect from the rapidly increasing mass of people who think that a majority has the right to do what it will. There is no longr general acquiescence in the essential principles of reserved rights. This all tends toward a form of Goverment, both National and State, which will enthrone a majority absolution as subversive of true freedom as the monarchical absolution from which the American Colonists revolted.

RADIO WINS ITS SPURS

Wonderful as has been the progress made in radio during the last several years, it was not until quite recently that it won its spurs. When storms swept over the Middle West the other day and all means of communication apparently had been cut off, radio stepped in as master of the situation.

The world learned without delay just where and how the storm had wrought havoc and rescue parties and relief expeditions were dispatched without delay. When railroads lost track of their trains, radio picked them up. When towns were cut off from the outside world, the radio established connections with them. It was the one master of the storm.

The pastor of a New England church has to go away to attend a church conference. His congregation "hooks up" with a church that has a radio broadcasting arrangement in a neighboring city, and services are held as usual.

Lonely farm homes are connected up with distant cities after the day's work, and concerts are enjoyed without leaving the fireside. The country has been moved to the city and the city has been moved to the country.—News & Observer

MRS. DANIELS IS PRESIDENT.

Mrs. Josephus Daniels was for the second time elected president of the Raleigh Woman's Club at the regular monthly meeting Thursday afternoon. The other officers, several of whom were re-elected are as follows: Mrs. R. Y. McPherson, first vice-president; Mrs. W. C. Riddick, second vice-president; Mrs. Kenneth Gant, recording secretary; Mrs. W. H. Pittman, corresponding secretary; Mrs. A. T. Horton, treasurer; Mrs. P. F. Keil, chairman of art department; Mrs. Louis Cohen, chairman health department; Mrs. E. L. Layfield, chairman literature department; Mrs. J. W. Kellog, chairman music department; Mrs. Charles Doak, chairman social service department; Mrs. J. Henry Highsmith, chairman education department; Mrs. V. M. Hicks, chairman civics department; Mrs. W. N. Everett, chairman ways and means committee; Mrs. Sam Smith, house committee.

Several lectures were announced for the month. Thursday afternoon at 3:30, Mrs. Clarence Shore will speak under the auspices of the civics department on the arrangement of flower boxes. The education department will hold the baby clinic during the first part of May, following the meeting of the State Federation. Under the art department three demonstrations in handwork will be given during May. Wednesday morning at 11:30, there will be a demonstration of jelly making, under the Home Economics department. The last luncheon given by the Home Economics departmet will be on April 26.

Dr. W. D. Moss, of Chapel Hill, will speak April 17, under the auspices of the literature department, on "The Bible." On April 16, Rev. J. A. Ellis will give the last of his series of Bible lectures. Mrs. H. C. Satterfield will give the last of the class lectures on the modern novel Wednesday afternoon.

The music department is beginning the practices for songs for the Federation, and the first meeting will be held Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock with Mrs. Kellogg, at the club.

The annual letter of the president, written by Mrs. Daniels, who is away, was read by Mrs. Pittman.

To the Members of the Women's Club:

Dear Friends:

It is with sincere regret that I am denied the privilege of being present when the club members gather on Thursday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock for the annual business meeting. Though absent in the flesh, my heart and interest and deep concern are with you. No honor has come to me quite so grateful as the opportunity to be a co-worker with the women of this Club. In all the years of its existence, it has been a vitalizing influence in the capital for whatsoever things are beautiful and wholesome, both for those who live in Raleigh and for those who are attracted to it as visitors and residents.

I know that every member shares with me the ambition that what has been accomplished is but a hope of the larger things in the coming year. Our membership has now reached

761. Ought we not to make it our goal to round out a thousand members during our next year? We owe it to the forward-looking women of the city, not now enjoying the privilege of the club, to invite them to share with us its opportunities, and to give us the benefit of their ideas and their endeavors. They will do us good, and we flatter ourselves we will open doors of helpfulness and usefulness to them. We have added 57 members since June and 83 applications are pending.

It gratifies me to be able to report that during the year $1,000 has been paid on the debt of the club This much is in addition to paying $795.11 on the repairs and additions to our building. In the movement to secure a Y. W. C. A. for, Raleigh which is the outstanding event for the year in our city, the Club took an active part. Our members were zealous and efficient. The Club headed the fund with a contribution of $1,000 and I am glad to report that $500 of that pledge has been met. The opening of this institution for the happiness, welfare and larger life of the young women of the city gives a centre for social and religious activities. I bespeak for it the continued interest and co-operative support of the Club.

May I not express the hope that you and all other members of the Club will be present Thursday afternoon? In addition to the business of importance, including the payment of the $3.00 yearly fee, it is hoped that each member will bring$1.00 as a "Federation" contribution. Our club is honored this year by being the host to the State Federation meeting. Naturally hosts have some entertainment to provide and the Board is asking each member to contribute $1.00 toward carrying out the functions of hostesses in a manner that will be worthy of the traditions of our hospitable city.

At the conclusion of the Business Meeting on Thursday, we are privileged to be hostesses to the wives of the visiting Rotarians, who have been invited to a reception at our Club at 5 o'clock. This welcoming needs you to make it as hearty as all desire it to be. The Rotarians of the District, with more than a thousand members, are to be the guests of the Raleigh Rotarians. The Board has felt it courteous and proper that the Club should join in giving them greeting at the Club at 5. P. M. Will you not be present to extend gracious hospitality.

May 6th-9th the Raleigh Club is to be host to the State Federation of Women's Clubs. This body, presided over by a distinguished member and ex-president of our club, Mrs. Palmer Jerman, embraces its membership many of the women of the State who are rendering high service to their communities. Raleigh is honored in being chosen as the place of meeting. Plans have been made, and are in process of being perfected, to make this State gathering more than a social event. It is to be that, and a brilliant one, we trust, but the women who will come to our city hope to translate visions, of a better State into workable plans. Committees for entertainment and arrangements have been or will be appointed. During the past month, I have in person visited all the civic

organizations of our brothers in the city, extending an invitation to them to share in the entertainment of our guests. It is a pleasure to report that without exception these organizations in a most cordial manner volunteered to give co-operation and will have part of the credit for the welcome we will extend to the State Federation of Clubs. It will be in session three days. The full program will be announced later and I hope every member of the Club will feel it a privilege and a duty to take part in the courtesies and entertainments the officers and committees of the Club have planned.

I am happy to state that while in Washington, a few days ago, speaking for the officers, I extend, and she accepted, an invitation to Mrs. Helen Gardner, Civil Service Commissioner, to deliver an address at the State Federation meeting. She is the first woman in America to be appointed to an office of that character and importance. President Wilson said it gave him rare pleasure to name Mrs. Gardner for this post for he knew, as the first incumbent of that post, she would serve with ability and distinction. She has more than justified his confidence. It is a matter of gratification that this southern woman, with broad knowlege and national reputation, is to sound a key-note at our approaching State Federation.

I venture to hope that my shortcomings in the office, to which your favor elected me, will be overlooked. What of good has been accomplished is due mainly to the efficient initiative of the chosen leaders. I have been denied the large share I coveted and therefore must join you in thanking them for the good record of the year.

I hope soon to be with you and to counsel with you of the movements for larger service in the coming year.

With my grateful appreciation of your confidence, your co-operation and consideration, I am,

Sincerely Yours,
Addie Worth Bagley Daniels

The genius of a certain Arkansas editor showed itself recently when he printed the following news item in the local columns of his paper:

"Miss Beulah Blank, a Batesville belle of twenty summers, is visiting her twin brother, age thirty-two."—Arkansas Tax-payer.

CHARM SCHOOL OPENS.

News & Observer.

Dress was the first subject discussed at the Charm School which Miss Maude Wallace, assistant to Mrs. Jane S. McKimmon in the State Home Demonstration Department, is to conduct for the Y. W. C. A. during the next few weeks and which met Monday night for the first time.

There is nothing that gives a woman the feeling of confidence and assurance, of being able to stand squarely on her feet and face the world assured that she can do her job a little better than any one else can, like a knowledge of being well dresseed, Miss Wallace said, and there is nothing that is a more clear index to character that speaks more definitely of what a person is, than the manner in which they dress.

The term well dressed, Miss Wallace explained, has nothing to do with being expensively dressed, for sometimes the most expensively dressed persons are the worst dressed.

To be well dressed as defined by Miss Wallace is to be suitably dressed for the time, the place, according to one's income and age and with attention to one's figure and coloring. Dress should be something like the frame of a picture within the frame instead of the frame itself.

To pass a woman on the street and get a general impression that she looks well dressed, makes a pleasing appearance, and yet be unable to mention any of the details of her costume is to pay a high compliment to her good taste in dress, Miss Wallace said.

There are three general classes of dress which women must have, house dresses, street dresses which include dresses of school or business or church, and dresses for social affairs. Any of these worn out of their own particular place will detract from the charm of a well dressed woman. Jewelry, shoes, hats, their dressing out of place all prove equality detracting.

There should be a careful consideration of one's income with a budget for dress that will not cut down the proper amount that should be allowed for food, for recreation and the general improvement of one's mind, for the "higher life" which Miss Wallace defined as that difference which is found between just existing and really living.

The class is to meet at the Y. building on West Martin street every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. The first lecture was held promptly at the time mentioned and lasted only an hour. All women who are interested are invited to attend and there is no admission charge. In the lecture Monday night Miss Wallace outlined some of the other subjects which are to be considered in following lectures. There will be two other talks on the subject of dress. Next Monday night Mrs. McKimmon will take up the subject of line, color and design. Demonstrations will be given with models showing what is suitable to the slim person and what to the stout, what is becoming to the tall person and what to the short, to the blonde and the brunette.

Miss Martha Creighton will give a talk on "Millinery" at a meeting of the school; Mrs. W. T. Bost will talk on "Character," and Miss Gertrude Royster on "Health."

CAROLINA EDUCATING HER INDIANS.

Wilmington Sun.

The assemblage of 31 Indian schools at a county commencement, attended by 3,500 in an Indian community in which there are 3,400 school children, would seem to indicate a very considerable Indian population. At this county commencement one of the features was a parade a mile and a half long, paticipated in by 1,400 Indian school children, accompaning floats of various kinds representing each school.

That Indian school commencement was not in Oklahoma, or Montana, or Wyoming, or in the Sioux country, but it was here in North Carolina. The commencement was held at Pembroke, Robeson county, a few days ago. It was held in the Indian normal school at Pembroke, a handsome new brick building completed by the state of North Carolina only a few months ago. It is one of the best equipped schools in the state, and it is for the higher education of the Indian population of Robeson county—the Eastern Cherokees. These people inhabit a large area within 60 or 70 miles of Wilmington, and education is evolutionizing a once neglected people into a well ordered communities of prosperous people.

The Robeson county Indians take a very keen interest in education and there is zealous rivalry between the 31 primary graded schools. Fifteen years ago there were 1,100 Indian school children in the country but there is now an enrollment of 3,400 pupils. Many are anxious for college educations and Representative Homer Lyon, of this congressional district, is using his influence at Washington to secure admission for Eastern North Carolina Cherokees into the national collegiate institutions of the United States.

State Senator L. R. Varser, a brilliant and eloquent member of the Lumberton bar, was the commencement orator.

He commended the fine work of Prof. J. Newbold, state superintendent of Indian teachers, who is preparing for a six weeks summer school for teacher training. County Superintendent of Schools, J. R. Poole attended the commencement and spoke concerning the progress of education among the Indians. The statistics were presented from his own county school records. Robeson is one of the few counties which maintain separate schools for whits, Indians and negroes.

In his address, Senator Varser stated that the state has spent $148,000 in Robeson county in an effort to advance the educational opportunities of the Indians. Recently he accompanied a delegation of Indians to Washington, and he remarked that they make a fine impression at the nation's capital, from a physical standpoint. They accompanied him to Washington in the interest of a bill which would provide for the attendance of Cherokees at all government schools. That bill is in charge of Representative Lyon and the people of North Carolina hope he will be successful in getting congress to pass it.

There is a considerable tribe of Western North Carolina Cherokees

and it probably will be surprising that this state's Indian population numbers approximately 15,000.

Brown, of Smith & Brown, advertised recently for an office boy. Among a sheaf of wordy answers more or less illegible came this one, printed out with painstaking care:

"Beats all how hard times is. I want the job."

He got it.—Selected.

THE MOTHER OF THE GREAT.

"Her four sons, Dr. Henry Louis Smith, president of Washington and Lee university; Dr. C. Alphonzo Smith, of the United States Naval academy; Dr. Egbert W. Smith, of Nasheville and Dr. Hay Watson Smith, of Little Rock, Ark., are here for the funeral."

This cryptic and commonplace paragraph from the news colums of The Greensboro News tells its own story of the passing in that city of the mother of four of the illustrious sons North Carolina has given to the service of the country in varying vital capacities.

The mother was Mrs. J. Henry Smith, a veteran and beloved woman of Greensboro, who, although her name may have been until now, and may even in her death remain unheralded, has acquired the prestige and the honor of having been one of the noblest of the noble in the contribution she has made in her worthy sons to the benefaction of humanity, to the educational and moral and religious edification of all those who have come within the range of the influence of these great men of to-day.

It is given to few mothers, indeed, to donate to society such a galaxy of the great as Mrs. Smith bequeathed to her generation and to ours in the persons of such eminent men as Dr. Henry Louis Smith, at Washington and Lee, Dr. Charles Alphonzo Smith, educator of the United States Naval academy; Dr. Egbert Smith, an outsanding leader of the Southern Presbyterian church and Dr. Hay Watson Smith, of Little Rock, Ark., every one of them an acknowledged leader wherever their exalted station lands them, and every one of them laboring for the advancement of the permanent good of their fellowmen.

Whether one was priviledged to know personally the mother who lies now deceased, one is within reason in giving full play to the imagination as to what sort of a character she must have been, how godly in the home, how influential in her counsels, how radiant in personality, how dynamic in her exhalations of goodness and how forceful and irresistible in her Christ-ness.

For mothers who contribute such sons as these, so many and so noble and so pre-eminent, are not of ordinary, common type, no matter whether we hear much of them or not.

Many daughters of the land are verily, doing virtuously, but the mother of these men must have been one of those fewer who "excellest them all," whose "price is far above the rubies" and "strength and honor are

her clothing; she openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed.

"Let her own works praise her in the gates."—Charlotte News.

Speak a shade more kindly than the year before;
Pray a little oftener, love a little more,
Cling a little closer to the Father's love,
Then life below shall liker grow
To the life above.

FOREST RAVAGE AND RETRIEVAL.

By Charles A. Ingraham.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished.—Coleridge.

Who does not love the forest! Its cool and silent aisles, its yielding carpet of moss and dead leaves, its whisperings of delightful mystery! For here we are received into the very bosom of nature and learn the better to know her motherly devotion to us. And who does not admire and respect the individual tree, throwing out its giant arms and standing through the long years as the emblem of strength, constancy and friendship!

The natural course of trees and forests is to renew themselves, to perpetuate their kind; and when unmolested they spread and flourish; but it is estimated that there exists in the United States only two-fifths of the forested area that they contained in primitive time ere the advent of the white man. The four great causes of this tragic decrease have been and still are: fire, blights and pests, wasteful lumbering and manufacturing, and neglect of reforesting. Practically all that is left of the pristine coniferous forests of America is in the far Northwest, where the redwood, pine, spruce, etc., may be seen in their original majesty. To level to the earth these vast and towering forests, leaving in their places millions of acres of desolated lands, is an unhappy possibility to contemplate, and the more so when expert forestry opinion declares that by removing yearly a certain class of designated trees, and thus avoidind denudation as is now the practice, these forests would perpetually yield an enormous production of lumber.

The economic value of forests in supplying so many necessities of life, and their influence in storing up water, thus preventing land erosion and

destructive freshets, has been so frequently alluded to that the work of conserving them ought to be further advanced. The fact that they are being depleted at a rate four times as fast as they are renewed should cause an arrest of attention and a determination to avert a threatened national wood famine. There are other than purely economic reasons, moreover, for the saving and rehabilitation of our woodlands, prominent among which is the modification of climate through their influence. Under the burning rays of the summer sun, a forest serves as a thick and cooling screen, tempering the air within and beneath, thus lessening the heat of the surrounding areas and increasing their humidity. Forests render the open country cooler during the day and warmer at night. Another unfortunate result of deforestation is the curtailing of fish and game resources, for as the haunts of game birds and wild animals are invaded by the ax or by fire, they retire to the interior or cease to exist, while the fish, unable to flourish in their depleted and unnatural habitant, frequently perish in the dry beds of where once were cool currents of abundant water. Recreation is also the loser by the disappearance of our woodlands, which the people love to visit and where, aloof from all the feverish artificialities of our strenous existence, we breathe in the wholesome spirit of the wilderness and recuperate from weariness of body and soul. The aesthetic value of forests is not to be lightly considered,—they are places of beauty and impressive grandeur; in winter, majestic in their rugged strength and defiant attitude, in summer, beautiful in their wondrous emerald drapery; in autumn, radiant in their coronation robes of nature.

America is beginning to bestir herself as she gradually realizes the prodigal waste of her forests and the inevitable consequences which await, unless steps are soon taken to prevent the calamity. Europe, which for generations has scientifically conserved her forests, can teach us a great deal, Germany having made the furthest advance in this direction. There are portions of Europe, however, where the forests have been as ruthlessly destroyed as is being accomplished in this country and they are today the deplorable object lessons to the world of what such a barbarian policy produces. It has been claimed that the decadence of Spain from its once proud eminence is due to the sacrifice of her forests, while Italy, France, and Turkey exhibit the characteristic results of the spoliation of forested lands. The frequent and destructive floods and ghastly famines which occur in China and India are doubtless due in a very large degree to this cause.

This country took up forestry as a national charge in 1876, when a special agent was appointed for such work under the direction of the Department of Agriculture. From this beginning the United States Forest Service gradually developed, having at its head a chief forester, with associated administrative officers and several thousand rangers and guards, the work being chiefly the supervision and conservation of our one hundred and forty-seven National Forests, which are distributed in

all major parts of the Union. The Forest Service besides co-operates with the States and with individual owners in promoting the interests of forestry. Through its activities, thirty-three of our States have, to a greater or less extent, adopted its recommendations and all of the States have enacted laws concerning forest fires, while the American Forestry Association and other organizations conduct educational movements and labor in every way to awaken the interest of the people, who are very slow to respond. The New York State College of Forestry Yale School of Forestry, and other similar institutions in different parts of the country, are sending out men thoroughly equipped for service in the various branches of the work. The literature of forestry is large and diversified as may be surmised from the fact that four years of study are required, for the degree of Bachelor of Science in Forestry, besides which there are post-graduate courses.

The arch enemy of the forest is fire, but unfortunately, only those who have actually viewed on a large scale the effects of the destruction thus caused can realize its enormity. The mass of our population, dwelling in long-settled communities, where the woods are not continuous over great tracts of ground, but are isolated and small areas, do not disturb themselves seriously when a neighbor's wood-lot is on fire, for there are so many men immediately available to check it that there is no alarm—the burning of the entire piece of forest would be no appalling calamity. But in a practically uninhabited forest of thousands of acres, when a fire gets under way it presents a very grave situation and the loss, if it is not quickly controlled is gigantic. Some years ago, it was my good fortune to spend five days in the tour of Yellowstone Park, which great reservation at that time had eighty-four per cent of its area in forest, and whenever the roads led us, on either side as far as the eye could reach, lay the dead timber ruined by fire, and the new growth arisen between the fallen tree trunks.

In later years an elaborate system of lookouts and patrols has been introduced into our National Forests, rendering the danger of fires less threatening, while the Air Service of the U. S. Army has rendered invaluable assistance by maintaining aerial patrols over our forest reservations. In the year 1920 no less than 1,632 forest fires were discovered by the airplane patrol of the Pacific Coast. The watchfulness and efficiency of those in charge of our National Forests may be appreciated when it is stated that of the 6,078 fires which occured in them during the year 1920, eighty per cent were controlled before they had spread over a space of ten acres—a wonderful record.

Tree blights of many kinds are another source of the depletion of our forests. Among them is the familiar chestnut blight, due to a fungus of Chinese origin which in 1904 appeared in the State of New York and has since spread far and wide, leaving multitudes of dead trees in its path. The white pine blister rust has been known in this country for twenty years. Its ravages are due to a parasitic fungus which has the peculiar method of propogating itself, not

from infected tree to tree, but through its development on the leaves of currant and gooseberry bushes. This is a deadly enemy of the white pine, and after it has appeared on a tree its destruction is certain. Preventive means consists in uprooting currant and gooseberry bushes at a distance of three hundred yards from the timber. This blight is operating principally in New England, New York, Winsconsin and Minnesota. The elm tree worm, which devours the leaves and hence the lives of this favorite shade tree, has been at work for many years in this country and has destroyed thousands of this noble variety, though in northern New York, where the writer has his home, the depreciations of this vermin during the fast summer were greatly decreased. The industrious and intelligent beaver has become another source of anxiety to those solicitous of the conservation of our forests. In the year 1905, when the beaver seemed likely to become extinct, a number of pairs were set free in the Adirondacks, and under the protection of law with no open season, they have multiplied so rapidly that they are a menace to the great forests of the north. The damage done by their practice of gnawing down trees, though considerable and defacing the scenery, is not to be compared with the death of trees by the flooded waters caused by their dams. More than 1,184 dams flooding 7,863 acres were built by the beavers in the Adirondacks since 1920. These animals are operating destructively throughout these forests and are doing incalculable injury; the above figures represent an incomplete survey and should be doubled.

Wasteful lumbering and manufacturing is a very considerable cause of the rapidly diminishing sources of timber supply. The loss in the forests in order that the output may be merchantable and of certain standards of dimensions is appalling, for, to conform to these requriements, logs are rejected and left to decay while vast quantities of thick slabs are thrown away or used for fuel. Moreover, the sacrifice at furniture factories is again very large through the cutting down of the standard sizes of lumber to the small dimensions required. The left-over, high priced wreckage is used for fuel at a much greater expense than coal. There are in the United States one hundred and sixty-five chair factories which manufacture yearly two million dozens of them, and it is believed that the fearful waste involved under the present methods in all small parts wood factories could be largely saved by utilizing the abandoned materials at the saw mills. The Forest Products Laboratory, at Madison, Wisconsin, has made a thorough investigation of this subject and it states that only thirty per cent of the original lumber passes from the saw mills into merchantable stock, while at the chair factories there is a further loss of fifty per cent in cutting the wood to the required shapes and sizes. By adopting a plan of waste utilization it is estimated that our hard wood forests might add a fourth to the limit of their existence. These facts are but illustrations of the careless and extravagant manner with which our forests have been ex-

ploited. It has been an instance of killing the goose that laid the golde killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

Had reforesting been adopted and perserved in at the beginning of that time when the forests began to be seriously encroached upon, we would now have an abundant supply of lumber and at moderate prices, destructive soil erosions would have been prevented, water supply, fish and game would have been more abundant. Though the government began its work in this direction only after the forests were threatened with extinction, a national system of reforestation has been in operation for many years. Enormous denuded tracts in the National Forests have been renewed by plants or seeds from the many national nurseries. An interesting example of this kind was the planting in 1903 of a portion of the Government Reservation in western Nebraska with jack pine seedlings, procured in Minnesota. The land here is made up of sand hills, yet the pines in 1920 had reached a height from twenty to twenty-five feet. The success of this venture was a great encouragement to that commonwealth, whose forest area is very limited, and demonstrated that the dry climate prevailing there was not inimical to the growth of timber. It is believed that the western plains, at least, the eastern portion of them where the rainfall is greater, were once forested and that forest fires, followed by repeated prairie fires, have prevented renewal; for no difficulty has been experienced in foresting these parts coincidently as agriculture has been established.

The policy of the Forest Service is to stock the National Forests with wild game and the streams with fish, that they may be more desirable for recreational purposes, not only to the hunter and fisherman, but to the ordinary individual, who loves to observe nature's wild creatures at home and in heir own domain.

"Why hasn't daddy much hair, mother?"
Because he thinks a lot, dear!"
But why have you got such a lot?"—London Opinion.

CHILDREN OF THE NETHERLAND.

By Edwin Tarrissee

The prim dress and sober lives of the children of Holland give them a mature look, and nowhere else in the world does one see such quaint and industrious little ones as in this land of waterways and canals.

Tiny girls assist with the butter and cheese making very small boys help their fathers upon the canal-boats, or accompany them far out to sea in fishing-boats. Young girls and half-grown lads drive the dog-carts to be seen everywhere in Holland. Not infrequently one sees a heavily laden vegetable wagon pulled by a dog and pushed by a child, both panting

and doing their best.

Girls who have not yet left childhood carry on their heads heavy baskets of fish and green things from the gardens, which they sell on the streets.

Boys who look like sober little men, with pipe or cigar in mouth, trundle carts laden with brooms or brushes or wooden shoes, or cheeses, or baskets, or tinware. These small peddlers shout theirs wares in the streets with high, shrill voices, which make the stranger turn and smile at the queer little men, clad exactly like their fathers and grandfathers.

From the time a lad can toddle in the street until he is an old man he wears the same style of dress, consisting of black jacket and trousers, coarse black woolen stockings, and painted or unpainted wooden pattens or klamps, as they call these shoes. Their hair is usualy cut in a straight line behind the ears, and crowned by the ugly little black-visored cap, which transforms the rosiest boyish face into one of maturity.

Such also is the effect of the small white muslin cap which in most localities covers the heads of the little girls. The hair beneath this is parted in the middle and plastered close to the sides of the brow. Not a curl of childhood, nor a single hair is permitted to peep beneath the little cap. Over every pair of young shoulders is crossed a demure little shawl, and every girl wears an apron of coarse blue linen over the black frock, made so long as almost to cover the white wooden pattens and black stockings.

When not at other work the fingers of these little girls are nearly always occupied with knitting black woolen hose. Knitting, indeed, seems to be considered by them as almost a necessary accompaniment of play, if not play itself.

One American saw a striking exhibition of this in watching a group of children at play one evening in Schevenigen, a fishing villiage near The Hague.

The day's work was done, and the fine evening had brought all the inhabitants out upon the white sands of the beach that stretches before their doors along the North Sea. A better time could not have been chosen in which to see the people.

Near the American, upon the steps of an old church, a group of girls were playing "tag."

All, without exception, were clad in the same prim-capped costume. If a party of aged little grandmothers had suddenly been galvanized into playful action, they could not have made a more comical exhibition.

To complete the resemblance to grandmothers, every little girl carried in her hands a black woolen stocking half knit, just begun or nearly finished, with the long needles shining in and out in the busy little fingers. While waiting for an antagonist between the turns of tag every tiny maid knitted industriously, often without glancing at her work, but with laughing eyes always fixed watchful on the play. Even the tiniest, wishing to imitate their elders, carried their half-knit black stockings, to which they now and then added a few stitches.

It was a most striking exhibition of how these quaint little ones have been taught by their thrifty mothers

to employ their time. This universal knitting is not confined to the poorer classes, but in the families of the rich, also, one frequently sees the young girls busily knitting, even at the breakfast table, between their bites of cheese sandwiches and coffee.

The ambition of Dutch boys is to go far out to sea in their fathers' fishing-boats, and endure the storms and hardships of sea life for weeks at a time.

Probably no boy on that beach had any other plan in his head than to become one day a fisherman like his father and grandfather before him. And probably no girl had any other ambition than to marry one of the fisherboys some day, and cook and knit her black stockings, and sell fish, and watch anxiously through the wild storms for the return of her fisher lad.

So frequent and prolonged are the absences of the fathers that the women in the coast villages have almost entire rule over their children. All over Holland the mothers are particularly revered. These women, noted the world over for their extreme cleanliness, impart to their children the tidiness, honesty and piety that distinguish them.

Like the Turks, who shed their sandals before the mosque door that its sacred floor may not be defiled, so the Hollanders slip off their wooden shoes before those altars of cleanliness, their tiny dwellings.

A common sight in the villages is to see a row of wooden shoes of various sizes, from the big ones of the father down to the small ones of the baby, placed before the doors, showing that the family is assembled within. No need to ask in these peasant villages if madam is at home to her friends. The presence or absence of her wooden shoes at the threshold tells whether she is in or not.

One can easily tell also where the school-rooms are by the heaps of small wooden pattens piled at the entrances. Often the great holes worn through the soles tell that even the thick wood has not withstood the wear and tear of busy feet. Every child is obliged to take off its heavy wooden shoes before entering the cleanly-scrubbed schoolroom, but the woolen stockings are so thick and warm that no other protection is needed from the cold floors.

The dexterity with which these shoes are put on and off is remarkable. One day, as the American drove through a village toward a toll-gate a half-grown girl came running out of a clean little house to collect the toll. In one instant, and without even glancing at them, she slipped her feet into the waiting pattens at the threshold, and came to the carriage for her money.

Then scarcely even pausing while she left her shoes at the door, she ran into the house for change, slipped them on again as she returned, and then once more went through this quick process of putting on and taking off in going to find the time of day for the American. Not all her haste in running to and fro could cause her to forget the shoe-shedding habit which she had practised from childhood.

In the lives of work which the children of Holland lead, their education is not forgotten. From the age of six to twelve they are com-

pelled by law to remain at school, but this time is not enough to give them more than a small knowledge of reading and writing.

The children of the wealthy are of course as well-dressed, well-educated and as much petted as are the children of the rich everywhere, but the great masses of littleness in Holland dress primly and work industriously from the time they leave their cradles.

Visitor (at very quiet seaside place)—"And whatever do you people do with yourselves in the winter?"

Landlady—"Oh, we talks and laughs about the people who stay 'ere in the summer."

THE OLD MASTERS OF FICTION.

By Mary A. Warren.

It is strange that the readers of the present generation are, with few exceptions, almost entirely devoted to the modern works of fiction, which imaginative as they are, can not furnish that background of culture largely to be found in the works of the old masters. Those who have paid small attention to the the Elizabethan authors, especially Shakespeare and that galaxy of poets which sprang up during English Renaissance, are not prepared to make a wise selection among the new writers who threaten to submerge the old poetic writers beneath an avalanche of good, bad and indifferent literary outpouring. Those who have paid scant attention to the immortal novelists, Defoe, Swift, Fielding, Dicken, Scott, Bulwer, Thackeray, Charles Reade, George Elliot, Stevenson and many others who bring fiction up to comparatively modern time will experience a blank section of the brain when these authors are discussed among the cultured savants whose foundation has been laid in the depths of the past.

In the olden time, during the Renaissance, not so very long after the typographical controversy between Coster and Gutenburg, who both operated printing presses between 1440 and 1468, probably on account of the scarcity of printing shops, there were fewer and better books, most of them being the work of masters. Consequently, for generations, there were fewer but more cultured readers in the literary sphere.

In our libraries at the present time it is my belief that the majority of people are in search of the latest fiction, scanning the bookshelves with eager eyes and craving hearts for the sensational and unusual novels which the classics remain in their fresh bindings and fresher pages, unread, unwept, and unsung. For instance, take that well described passage in one of Scott's novels in which the beautiful Rebecca graphically informs the wounded Ivanhoe of the details and outcome of the battle or siege of the castle.

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "It crashes, they rush in, ...they hurl the defenders from the battlements, they throw the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. Think of the restless knight forced to be away from the scene of action where his beloved Richard Coeur-de-Lion fought with his wonderful courage! Think of the pathos of the unrequited love and the gentle ministry of the lovely Jewess whose race was at that time treated with such scant courtesy. Bear in mind Scott's dramatic power of descriptive ability and the tremendous and lasting impression of his art!

In the world of poetry is there anything more sublime than that wonderful poem, "Paradise Lost," so marvelous in conception as if the poet himself had been carried up the mountain of purification and divested of mortality for a brief period of time. The flight of years will not affect the spiritual message in the great creations of Milton, for in the words of Ben Johnson, "He was not of an age but for all time." How solemn and impressive are the opening words:

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top
Of Oreb or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

If we desire to be truly cultured we must excavate into the past for the glories of literature and upon this foundation we shall build the superstructure of the modern powers of thought and imagination.

Of course there are modern writers whose works should not only be read as pastime but as classics. There is that fine story, "This Freedom," by Hutchinson, whose humor resembles that of Dickens. This book should be studied in high schools and colleges as it deals very closely and carefully with the modern woman, who is in the making when she is in college. This formative period is the time to impress upon her mind the dignity and beauty of womanhood and the extent and best use of her freedom. In Hutchinson's story the heroine, Rosalie, comes just short of the glory of wo manhood, because, surfeited with success in the business world, she fails to heed the warning in her husband's appeal for the welfare of the home, which eventually encounters the rocks of disaster.

"The Woman of Knockaloe" by

Sir Hall Caine, leaves a very tender and artistic impression upon the sympathetic reader, whose sympathy must be kept in abeyance lest it palliates the last act of the lovers who found the leap from the precipice and the fresh breath from the sea more welcome than immediate and apparent separation upon the earth. As they stand upon the cliff entirely alone in the freshness of the young day there is a feeling of awe which takes posession of the emotions, even though the medium of print, and makes the reader feel that he has been a sorrowful intruder upon holy ground.

America can not as yet free herself from the foundation of the past and create a new and original literature. The roots of her civilization are fixed in the solid strata of bygone centuries; her best progressive policy should be to revere the old and to welcome the new, so that another renaissance may eventually herald a better and stronger literature. The people themselves must demand the best and prepare themselves for its reception: perhaps only so can writers attain the full measure of their development.

WONDERFUL MEMORY.

"Colonel Ham Jones' son," demanded Captain Higgs as he was presented to Hamilton C. Jones, Jr., of Charlotte, attending the Rotary convention here yesterday. "Don't look much like him—he had side-whiskers like this," went on the Captain when the current generation of the distinguished Charlotte family admitted his origins.

"Why, I remember your daddy the day he stood right over yonder in front of the Capitol and nominated Jarvis for Governor when it looked for the world like Fowle was going to be the man. We had conventions out of doors in them days. Don't think I'll ever forget that speech—the old man may have had a drink of two in him, but it was the greatest speech I ever heard.

"Pretty nearly every man in the convention had been in the Confederate Army. Back in them days they came with a canteen around their necks, and they didn't have water in 'em, neither. A good many of 'em had fallen asleep on the grass there when Ham Jones got up to speak, but he woke 'em up.

"Ask the men who sleep at Seven Pines, and at Cold Harbor, at Antietam and Malvern Hill for whom they would vote were they here today. To a man they would rise up from their bloody blankets and proclaim Jarvis their leader still," Captain Higgs quoted the great orator. "The Confederates rose up out of the grass like bees. I believe Jarvis got every vote in the convention. But you don't remember that' do you, young man?"

Mr. Jones did not remember it, but there was a glint of prideful moisture in his eyes as the gallant Confederate concluded his narrative."
—News & Observer.

WINDING UP OF AN INGLORIOUS FAILURE.

(Charlotte Observer.)

The affairs of the lamented Inter-Church World Movement, the sensational drive undertaken a few years ago to cement the Protestant Churches of America in a great consolidated effort to capture the world for Christianity, and which went speedily to the rocks, have been closed, the debts paid and the organization disbanded in its entirety.

It marks one of the greatest tragedies in the history of organized religion, not because it was not well-intentioned, but because, perhaps—and it is perilous to pass judgment here—because, perhaps, the end this movement sought shall eventually come to pass, "not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit," according to the Lord.

When the general committee of the movement met in 1920 to wind up the affairs of the organization, after a pathetic failure to get funds to carry on the work projected, the condition was appalling. There were liabilities to be met aggregating $13,000,000. This was divided into "notes payable" amounting to almost seven and one-half million dollars, and pledges and leases of buildings for carrying forward the work for a number of years, almost $6,000,000. The assets amounted to a little over seven million dollars, divided into "underwritings" by the various denominations and institutions of about seven millions, and promises of churches and institutions of about three-fourths of a million, against which there were no borrowings, and which were not legally binding. The liabilities exceeded the assets by more than five and a half millions.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gave $1,403,000 to meet the emergency. Other friends gave $200,000. Denominations and institutions against whose underwritings no money had been borrowed, and hence were not under legal obligation, paid $138,000. All but $15,527 of the underwritings has been paid, amounting to more than $6,500,000.

The complete list of the underwritings of the various churches signatory to the movement follows:

The Northern Baptist Church underwrote the largest amount, $2,500,000. The Methodist Episcopal Church underwrote $1,333,000, of which their Foreign Board was responsible for $1,050,000. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church paid $1,000,000. The Disciples paid $626,000; the Congregationalists, 160,000; the United Presbyterians, $334,000; the United Brethren, $77,000; the Reformed Church, $210,000; the Methodist Protestant Church, $38,000; the German Evangelical Synod of North America, $50,000; the Brethren Church, $133,000; the United Brethren in Christ, $87,000.

United effort on the part of all Christian churches for attaining to the common objective that has loomed before them for twenty centuries would appear to have been fatally hindered, insofar as the fu-

ture is concerned, by the stupendous tragedy of the defeat of the Inter-Church World Movement, and yet, when its operations are analyzed, it will be in evidence that it was not so much the purpose which it had in mind as the paraphernalia with which it invested itself that led to its swift destruction.—Charlotte News.

A joke to be legitimate should be funny on both sides. That which holds a laugh for one while it inflicts pain on another wears another name.

ABOUT NOVELS.

(Greensboro News.)

The research secretary of the board of temperance, prohibition and public morals of the Methodist church said in a speech at Atlantic City the other day, "Hundreds of thousands of copies of novels that are not fit for young girls to read are being sold," and said no more on that subject. Since he quit with that statement it is obvious that he considered the condition described to be so bad that no more comment was needed.

Perhaps the gentleman meant "are being sold to young girls," but he did not say so, and our guess is that he really believes that no book should be sold to an old boy of 50 that might not as well be sold to a young girl of 15. At any rate, if the secretary doesn't believe that, there are thousands of influential people who do, and their influence is holding back the intellectual development of the nation.

The trouble with these people is that they have never realized the function of books, and especially of novels, as tools. They cannot rid themselves of the notion that a novel is intended for nothing but amusement, and that the novelist is therefor under no obligation to tell the truth if falsehood is more amusing than truth. There can be no question among decent people, that for a novelist to pictures soridness, vice and crime merely for the amusement of his readers is degrading to everyone concerned. Unfortunately, there are novelists who are guilty of that degradation, but they are almost always shrewd enough to throw a mantle of hypocrisy over their putrid aims, and that mantle protects them. They are practically never prosecuted.

The question presents another angle, however, once one realizes that the really important function of a serious novel is not merely the amusement of the reader, but a portrayal of life so carefully and accurately done that the reader finishes the book with a clear understanding of the world around him, and a deeper sympathy with struggling, suffering humanity. To understand such a novel the reader, of course, must himself have some experience of life, generally a wider experience than is possessed by young girls. Children are enraptured by Grimm's fairy tales, because little experience is needed to understand them. Schoolgirls are charmed by the ro-

mances of such writers as Marion Harland, because their experience is enough to enable them to understand such work. But it is foolish to expect a mature man to find information, or even interest, in Grimm's or in Marion Harland, whose writings experience has taught him, are hardly more closely related to life as it is lived than are the fairy tales. But put into his hands such a volume as "Jude the Obscure" and he finds something that will test his intellectual powers to the full, and which at the same time he recognizes as a masterly delineation of the souls of real people. We do not think that any grown man or woman can read "Jude the Obscure" without becoming a stronger and wiser man or woman; but we readily admit that it is not fit for young girls to read.

"The difference between pride and vanity depends upon whether we have it or it is possessed by someone else."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

The boys had the privilege of buying oranges on last Monday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Fisher spent several days in Charlotte last week, owing to the serious illness of his father.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Tom Hart was paroled by Supt. Boger, on last Saturday. Hart returned to his home in Wilmington.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

While blasting last week several of the big light globes on the lawn were broken and new ones have been put in their place.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Willie White, who is the Poultryman at the Training School, is expecting about 800 eggs to hatch about the middle of next week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. T. L. Grier, who is the Parole Officer, has been blasting some of the big rocks, before taking another trip to see some of the old boys.

Claude Evans has been given a position in the Printing Department. Evans is a rather small boy, but Mr. Godown is going to make a printer out of him.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys of the carpenter shop have been repairing wagon beds during the past week. The barn boys also finished making a concrete porch in front of the granary.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The third cottage has been converted into a "hospital," this making two cottages in use for the boys with measles. The third being used for the boys who are about well.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. R. C. Shaw, who was formerly printing instructor at the Training School, paid us a visit on last Sunday. Mr. Shaw is now holding a position with The Montgomerian, in Troy.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Eunice Byers, who was paroled a

few months ago, paid us a visit on last Sunday. The boys were all glad to see him, and they were also glad to hear that he was getting along fine.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Cone Literary Society held its regular meeting on last Monday night, the boys to take part in the program were: Robert McDaniel, Valton Lee, John Kennan, Lee Smith, Howard Sillman and Carlyle Hardy.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys didn't get to go to the ball ground on last Saturday, on account of the bad weather. For two weeks they haven't been to the ball ground on Saturday, but they are making up for lost time during the week after school.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Although the boys didn't have Sunday School on last Sunday morning, they had the pleasure of hearing Rev. J. E. Abernathy of the Trinity Methodist Church, of Charlotte, on Sunday afternoon. Rev. Abernathy took as the subject of his talk, "Be thou strong therefore, and show thyself a man."

HONOR ROLL.

A

Thos. Hart, Roby Mullies, Lambert Cavenaugh, Robert Ferguson, Pat Templeton, Paul Funderburk, Wm. Gregory, Jno. Wright, Lloyd Winner, Albert Hill, Ralph Cutchin Wm. Miller, Earle Crow, Chas. Maynard, Vestal Yarbrough, Robert Lea, Chas. Beach, Percy Briley, Sam Deal, Hatem Hatem, Clarence Jolly, Vernon Lauder, Graham York, Coleman Smith, Grover Lyerly, Clifton Rogers, Hiram Greer, Haskell Ayers, Homer Barnes, Valton Lee, Gene Laughlin, Earle Little, Smiley Morrow, Garfield Mercer, Sam Osborne, Filmore Cranfill, Will Hodge, Forest Byers, Howard Catlett, Luther Gray, Carl Neil, Clay Bates, Moody Parkr, Jesse Harold, Howard Sillman, Alfred Stamey, Jesse Hurley, Harold Tompson, Jeff Letterman, Olie Williams, Leonard Burleson, Jim Fisher, Clyde Lovitt, Jethro Mills, John Gray, Tom Groce, Carl Richards, Simon Wade, James Hunsucker, Raymond Richards, Daniel Nethercutt, William Burns, Ray Hatley, Therman Baker, Linzie Lambeth, Ceil Trull, William Wafford, Walter Culler, Earle Green, Bert Murray, Eugene Keller, Newland Cox, Laddie McClamb, Robert Sisk, Fletcher Heath, Otis Floyd, Tom Tedder, Dewy Blackburn, Lyonel McMahan, Louie Pate, Whitlock Pridgen, Frank Stone, Raymond Scott, Lee Smith, Dan Taylor, Hugh Tyson, Jno. Keenan,

Beamon Brittain, Judge Brooks, Edwin Baker, Edwin Crenshaw, Willie Creasman, Mack Duncan, Jesse Foster, Hyro Greer, Dalas Hensley, Sylvester Honeycutt, Albert Jarmon, Bazel Johnson, Roy Johnson, Norman Lee, Grover Lyerly, Conny Lowman, Hally Matthews, Jesse Martin, Ralph Martin, George McCone, Obed McClain, Joseph Pope, Clifton Rogers, John Seagal, Clarence Secrest, worth Stout, Joe Stevens, Harry Stevens, Sam Stephens, William Sherrill, John Perry, Gorvie Holks, Charles Almon, Henry Brewer, James Cumber, Herman Cook, James Ford, Carlie Hardy, Carlton Hagger, Roy Johnson (Little,)

Rhodes Lewis, James Lambert, Herbert Orr, James Poplin, Herbert Poteat, Banes Poterfield, Dwight Queen Morrow Lyerly, Carl Teague, Walter Williams, Joe Wilkes, Brantley Pridgen, Preston McNeil.

B

Claiborne Gilbert, Chas. Roper, Walter Cummings, Chas. Hutchin, Norman Idding, Raymond Keenan, Milton Hunt, Vaughn Smith, George Howard, Chas. Mayo, Everett Goodrich, Aubrey Weaver, Floyd Linville, Stanley Armstrong, Chas. Blackman, Lexie Newman, Uldrich Braken, Mack Wentz, Sam Carrow, Foy Fuqua, Geo. Lafferty. Lee McBryde, Walter Page, Irvin Turner, Herbert Tolley, Leon Allen, Wm. Cace, Plas Johnson, Albert Johnson, Chas. Jackson, Howard Monay, Thural Wilkerson, Robt. Ward, Ned Morris, Carl Glass, John Hill, Lester Franklin, Kellie Tedder, Robt. Cooper, Lonnie Lewis, Earl Edwards, Woodrow Kivitt, Bernard Workman, George Lewis, Paul Camp, Lester Staley, Turner Anderson, Earnest Cobb, Clyde Hollingsworth, Earl Houser, Huge Moore, Homer Montgomery, Garland McCall, Charles Haynes, Luke Patterson, Floyd Lovelace, Floyd Ruth.

WOOD GREW OVER GRAVE OF GENERAL JACKSON.

By Mamie Bays.

The gavel which Bishop Warren A. Candler is using in presiding over the Baltimore conference is one of peculiar interest.

It is made from wood of the tree known as paulonia imperials, native to the Mikado kingdom. It was in 1864 that a piece of this tree was sent by a gentleman in Cincinnati to Col. T. L. Preston, of the staff of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, with the request that it be planted on the grave of the illustrious general at Lexington. This request was granted. The small trees grew rapidly, and within a few years Mrs. Jackson, fearing that it was injuring the grave of her husband, ordered its removal. When the sexton attempted to uproot the tree, he found that its roots had grown far into the ground and had penetrated the decaying casket of General Jackson and had wound themselves about his body. These were cut away and some of the pieces of the wood were sent to the late Rev. John L. Lafferty, D. D., of Richmond, for many years editor of The Richmond Christian Advocate. Dr. Lafferty had a gavel made of a piece of the wood, and sent it to the late Bishop A. G. Haygood, of Oxford, Ga., accompanied with a printed history of the tree and with the statement that the wood of the gavel held in its texture the rare richness of Jackson's nerve and brain.

Following the death of Bishop Haygood, his wife presented the gavel to Bishop Candler, who prizes it highly on account of its history and its association.

THE UPLIFT

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A VITAL AGENCY.

"Our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be reedeemed spiritually. It can be saved only by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ and being made free and happy by the practices which spring out of that spirit. Only thus can discontent be driven out and all the shadows lifted from the road ahead."—President Wilson.

"I tell you, my countrymen, the world needs more of the Christ; the world needs the spirit of the Man of Nazareth. If we could bring into the relationship of humanity among ourselves and among the nations of the earth the brotherhood that was taught by Christ, we would have a restored world."

—President Harding.

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The Uplift

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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EASTER BELLS.

Easter touched the flowers
  Down the garden walk,
Set each blossom swinging
  On its slender stalk.

Lily bells of silver,
  Crocus bells of gold,
Snowdrop bells of pearly white
  Sweet the tidings told.

Tiny violet ringers
  Caught the message, too,
Hyacinths of purple,
  Hyacinths of blue.

On an April morning
  Bright with balmy weather,
Easter, Easter, Easter!
  Ringing all together.

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

EASTER.

Tomorrow we again celebrate Easter, one of the most outstanding events in the life of Christianity. It commemorates the triumph of the Saviour over death and hell. To the Christian church it is the real foundation of the reason for its existence and its manifold activities. This is self evident.

This number of THE UPLIFT very appropriately carries a number of selections that smack of the Easter spirit, throwing light on the observance of the day, as a world event, which does not concern the Christian alone, but

the whole world seems to take cognizance of the day.

* * * * * * *

THE PUBLIC OBSERVED.

There are lessons in death as well as in life. Gathering about the home of the late George E. Fisher, whose funeral occured on the 14th, after some days of suffering, was a host of representative citizens of Concord, who came out of respect not alone to the deceased but to the living. In quiet and unostentatious manner this man had gone about his work and his duties, always attending to his own business and closely observing all laws. In death he excited more comment than during all of his life.

This is how it all happened: there were born to him eleven children, ten of whom reached maturity and are now outstanding citizens, high-minded, dutiful, full of service and most dependable. This is an attestation of a form of home training that unfortunately is growing out of general use. Several times this writer heard commented before the body was carried from his earthly home for the last time, literally lost to sight by the mountain of beautiful, gladsome flowers that loving and appreciating friends of the family lavished in attempting to give expression to their esteem, "wonderful family, this; every child an honorable, upright citizen." And a truth was uttered.

One of his sons, Mr. Jesse C. Fisher, has been connected with the Jackson Training School during all its life, barring a few weeks; and in him the management has long since thoroughly understood what manner of home training prevailed in the home of the late George E. Fisher. Young Fisher, assistant to the superintendent, has the sympathy of the over four hundred who compose the population of the school; and he stood by the father to the last, having drawn from his own veins good, rich blood, time after time, in the hope of saving the life of the father.

The filial regard and anxiety of the children, as one would suppose from the foregoing is impressive. The other three sons stood ready to offer their life blood if need be to save the life of their father. George made contribution; Julius and Homer and Mr. J. C. Pounds, a son-in-law, were subject to the call of the surgeon. This, in itself, is not an evidence alone of courage but of something even greater—a sense of love. THE UPLIFT takes pleasure, in grasping what it conceives an opportunity, in noting the fine examples, here and there, of the reciprocal esteem, that obtains between children and parents —it's joyful attitude that needs to be more general.

Home life and proper environment are potent forces in setting up a rightly directed family—you see it about you on all sides.

THE DOCTOR.

There is no class among the professions that gets closer to man than the physician. When pain tortures the human being; fever crazes the brain; and the muscles are torn and twsited by rheumatism, and the doctor comes along and gives relief, the whole being gives way to the intensest love for the man, who brought order out of disorder. Possibly the profession next to the doctors is the trained nurse—a complement to each other.

The doctors have recently held a state meeting in Raleigh, and, referring to their profession and its offices of mercy, the News & Observer says the following fine things:

Raleigh is fortunate in having the physicians of the State meet here. The people of the Capital are sure to benefit spiritually and intellectually from getting a close-up of the leaders in this noble profession. No one takes the place of the warm-hearted doctor in ministrations of mercy. What a glorious and inspiring mission in life to be the instrument chosen of God for the relief of suffering and for leadership in the promotion of that greatest of all material blessings, good health! Let us hope that the whole medical profession and the whole public will benefit in a very real sense from the deliberations of the physicians here. Let new and higher standards and ideals be set by the profession and let the public awaken to a new appreciation of the men and women who minister to their needs in time of sickness.

Probably a better picture of the doctor in service was never drawn than that given in "Beside the Bonny Brier-Bush" of William MacLure as he went to the relief of young Burnbrae. The devotion to duty and the resourcefulness that the noble old Scotch physician revealed are still exhibited by the profession which he adorned. Ian Maclaren, in his matchless story, says:

It was often told how he was far up Glen Urtach when the feeders of the threshing mill caught young Burnbrae, and how he only stopped to change horses at his house and galloped all the way to Burnbrae, and flung himself off his horse and amputated the arm, and saved the lad's life.

"You wud hae thocht that every meenut was an hour," said Jamie Soutar, who had been at the threshing "an a'll never forget the puir lad lyin' as white as deith on the floor o' the loft, wi' his head on a sheaf, and Burnbrea haudin' the brandage ticht an' prayin' a' the while an' the mither greetin' in the corner.

"'Will he never come?' she cries, an' a' heard the soond o' the horse's feet on the road a mile awa in the frosty air.

"'The Lord be praised!' said Burnbrae, and a' slippit doon the ladder as the doctor came skelpin' intae the close, the foam fleein' frae his horses's mooth.

"'Wher is he?' was a' that passed his lips, and' in five meenutes he hed him on the feedin' board, and wes at his wark—sic wark, neeburs—but he

did it weel. An' a thing a' thoet rael thoughfu' o' him; he first sent aff the laddie's mither tae get a bed ready.

"'Noo that's feenished, ad his constitution 'ill dae the rest,' and he carried the lad doon the ladder in his airms like a bairn, and laid him in his bed, and waits aside him till he was sleepin', and then says he: "Burnbrea, yir a gey lad never tae say "Collie, will ye lick?" for a' hevna tasted meat for saxteen hours.'

"It was michty tae see him come intae the yaird that day, neeburs; the verra look o' him wes victory."

* * * * * * *

A BEATEN PATH TO THE HOME OF CAPACITY.

There is a most worthwhile organization that is operating and functioning under the name of the Parent-Teacher Association. To further perfect the organization and to make its usefulness cover a wider field, the several counties are forming a county organization composed of the several units in each.

In Cabarrus county a county organization has been formed. The presidency of this new organization naturally and spontaneously went to Miss Janie Klutz, an attractive young woman of Concord and a highly beloved teacher in the Concord Schools. The Cabarrus County Parent-Teacher Association has started out under very bright skies, by the election of this fine and capable young woman to become its first president.

* * * * * * *

ON THE RAIL AGAIN.

Hon. Josephus Daniels, whose name appears very prominently mentioned among the democratic presidential timber, does not seem at all excited about the matter. He goes about his business as if no one is talking about him. He is on a western lecturing tour, and while "riding on the rail" he writes many interesting and human interest stories to his "Old Reliable."

The one THE UPLIFT reproduces in this number is of peculiar interest, and our readers will enjoy it. It smacks of historical events that at the time kept the country on ear.

* * * * * * *

There was universal regret when Miss May Stockton, who had endeared herself to Cabarrus people in her superb administration of the office of county health nurse, resigned her position and took similar work in Buncombe county. She has returned to Concord, to the joy of her admiring friends, but she comes under a new name. She comes as Mrs. Samuel James Ervin, the marriage having occurred in Asheville on the 12th. The community's best wishes follow this interesting and attractive couple.

SAM FARABEE.

Sam Farabee, one of the younger editors of the state and who has made a proud name for himself in the profession, has sold his interests in the Hickory Daily Record to Mr. Robt. Pickens, and has become connected with the Salisbury Evening Post. That makes an already leading evening paper all the stronger. Farabee has contributed some very entertaining stories to the press, taking for his theme curious and out-of-the order occurrences which he discovered in the foot-hills of the mountains. Besides being a successful newspaper man, he is a fine, likeable soul, and THE UPLIFT rejoices that he has gotten nearer and become associated with Hurley.

* * * * * * *

THE STONE ROLLED AWAY.

When through the Easter sunrise,
On loving errand sent,
In sorrow to that garden
The holy women went,

They feared lest when they reached it
Their feeble hands alone
Could never from the doorway
Roll back the heavy stone.

Yet when they reched the garden,
They found, at break of day,
An angel, sent from heaven,
To roll the stone away.

When through some gloom of trouble
We take our earthly way,
Our prayers, like Mary's spices
At Jesus' feet to lay,

Does doubt or fear assail us
Lest there in vain we turn?
Remember that bright morning—
This Easter lesson learn—

From every fast-barred doorway,
That parts Him from His own,
He'll send His Holy Angel
To roll the stone away! —*Edith S. Tilloston.*

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A husband told me that a husband told him that he knew of two or three husbands who said that they knew of as many wives, whose husbands said that they snored obstraperously in their sleep. The wives vigorously deny the charge and say that they have never found themselves snoring. It's "snore" such thing. It's a mental fabrication on the part of the husbands to detract attention from their own nocturnal log-sawing while they are snoozing. Now, beloved and patient reader, of the male persuasion, whether or not you can be persuaded, if you have a wife given to esophagus or nocturnal nasal inharmonious sleep-destroying sounds, I'll tell you how to stop the band wagon. When you find her disposed to disturb your repose, get up in the dark, and get her a glass of water. Be sure to run over, and turn over, a rocking chair in the course of your procedure, or strike something that will come down with a good bang; feel for the door ajar, and your hands will invariably go on either side of it, and allow it to whack you between the eyes and across the nose, but don't say the words that suggest themselves to you. The noise you make will awaken your spouse. She will be somewhat perturbed, and want to know "What in the name of common sense are you doing?" But don't tell her. She may not take the glass of water, and then again, she may. It all depends on how she feels about it, and she generally feels very vigorously under these conditions. If this doesn't stop snoring—nothing will.

Some people object to boxing, or sparring matches, and call them brutal. This can be carried too far, and abused, just as everything else. But there is no better exercise. It exercises every muscle from the big toe up, the wind, the eye, everything. The trouble seems to be that our young men are all afraid of getting their beauty spot spoiled. When a hard blow is struck by accident, the strikee wants to quit at once and never try again. It isn't very pleasant to have one's nose laid up somewhere near his eyebrows, but the nose will get all right again, and you can smell a little bit better than before. It is quite a favor to get shaken up a little once in a while. We men are liable to get too fresh, as it were, if we get the best of everybody that comes down the concrete road, and every once in a while, when we pick up a tartar that puts it all over us, we sit down and quietly acknowledge to ourselves that we are not half so smart as we think we are. It's a bad thing to be too previous.

* * * *

Lives of big officers doth remind 'em,
That chicanery in high places will despoil;
And if they let corruption's chains fast bind 'em,
They leave behind a trail of stinking oil.

* * * * *

A fellow can get away from his friends, and away from his enemies, but he cannot get away from himself. His opinion of himself is his boon companion, written large and clear upon

his face and bearing. "He that runs may read," or he that reads may run. If his looking-glass reflects approval, he surveys the world through rose-colored glasses, and as he sees himself, others see him. If all this is not true why does a man array himself with punctilious care for every important undertaking in his life, from applying for a position to "popping the question"? As a fellow has to stay with himself all the time, he ought to make himself a good companion for himself, if he desires to be in good company. The shores of failure are strewn with the wrecks of those who never thought much of themselves." With mallets toward all; with charity for none" is the un-Lincolnesque attitude of the world as it turns contemptuously from men who do not make the most of their opportunities and obligations, and make something out of themselves.

* * * *

This is the bead age. There are beads everywhere. The men have come pretty near wearing them. I have seen some men so close to those who did wear them that I could hardly tell which really had them on. Bright beads and springtime make a glorious combination. When winter, weary and worn, gives up the fight, and surrenders the sceptre to gentle spring then feminine fancy takes on bobbed hair, bobbed hats, and a gayer mood. The spring adornments this year, and beads to match costumes, are almost as important as a becoming hat. In the early ages of the world beads were an emblem of prayer, or rather associated with those who were of a prayerful frame of mind. I would like to look at the custom of wearing beads now-a-days in that light. I would like to think that every one wearing beads is praying. Wouldn't it be glorious?

* * * *

The ministers who oft rehearse
Their sermons ere they reach
Their pulpits, are the ones of course
Who practice what they preach.

* * * *

Yesterday I heard a wife tell her husband that she found a letter in a woman's handwriting in his pocket that morning, and he stuttered and stammered, "But what—where—why I—didn't know—did you open it?" And she said coldly, "I did not. It was the one I gave you to mail yesterday." Men's pockets certainly are often very interesting places, and I don't blame their wives for liking to look through them, but sometimes they rather wish they hadn't, I guess. Like the wife of a man whom another man asked what he was cutting out of the paper, and he said, "Something about a man getting a divorce because his wife went through his pockets." "What are you going to do with it?" asked the friend. "Put it in my pocket," said he rather grimly.

How to live long—Go to church. Keep a clean heart and a good conscience. Give your mind exercise as well as your body—really think.—Exercise regularly, eat in moderation, take a full allowance of sleep. Avoid indulgence in luxuries and the habitual use of any drug whatsoever—not only of alcohol, but tobacco, tea, and coffee.—Dr. Charles W. Eliot, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday last month.

"THE GREAT DAY."

By Stockton Porter

"The Great Day," as the early followers of Christ sometimes called Easter, is as old as Christianity itself, and is the connecting link between the Old, and the New Testaments. To the early Christians it was, as it is today, the holiest and most sacred day in the entire year, the joy of Christmas being but a preparation for the Perfect Peace of the final victory which Easter commemorates.

The devoted little band of early Christians kept the memorial of the Crucifixion, and of the Resurrection, with a faithful and touching loyalty. It mattered not where they were, or what their condition in life might be; whether they were alone, or in the company of others; whether they were rich or poor; whether they were free, or in prison, the feast days in memory of their Risen Lord were always times set apart from all other times, as days to be devoted to prayer, and praise, and rejoicing, with an exceeding great joy, that after the darkest night had come to the world the dawning of "the Great Day."

For a long time there was an unavoidable connection between the new Christion Memorial of the Resurrection, and the old Jewish feast of the Passover. There were two causes for this, one being the fact that "Jesus, the Paschal Lamb." was crucified at the time the Jews, in celebration of their great feast, immolated the figurative lamb.

The second cause was connected with the calendar. The jews counted time by the moon, their month being the period which came between one new moon and the advent of another. Nisan was the Jewish "month" which fell between March 13th, and April 11th. The feast of the Passover began at sunset on the 14th day of Nisan, and lasted for seven days thereafter.

Many of the first Christians were Jews who had become followers of Jesus. They had been trained in the ancient laws of their race, and almost to a man they counted time in the Hebrew way, from one new moon to another, and all these people believed, that "The Resurrection Memorial Feast should be a fixed date, and be always celebrated on the 14th day of Nisan, even if that date fell upon a day in the middle of the week." The Christians in the Orient, many of whom had been Jews, also counted time by the moon, and they insisted upon holding their Memorial of the Crucifixion on the 15th of Nisan, and the great Feast of the Resurrection, on the 17th, regardless of the day of the week upon which these dates fell.

The Christians who used this ancient Hebrew method of counting time were call "Quartodecimans," a word signifying "ob-servant," and were very unpopular with their brethren in the Church, who felt that the holiest and most sacred day in the Christian year should stand aloof from all other days, and be forever severed from even the same date as the Jewish Passover.

In Ecclesiastical history there is much of intense interest centered in the efforts of those early followers of Jesus to select the proper date for

celebrating "The Great Day," and to do it with kindness and good-will toward their fellow Christians.

But despite the earnest prayers of the faithful, and the genuine devotion of all to "The Day," such a commotion arose in the latter half of the Second Century, about a proper date for Easter, that it seemed for a time as if there would result a permanent break in the Church.

The discussion kept up until there came the Council of Nicæa, in 325 A. D. The powerful emperor, Constantine, was deeply interested in both the controversy and the council, and when the question of the proper date for Easter came up to be settled, he was instrumental in having a canon passed to the effect that "Easter was the holiest day in the Church year, and that it should be observed by Christians, everywhere, on the Lord's day, or Sunday."

A letter that Constantine wrote at that time has come down to us, and in it the emperor set forth some very wise thoughts on the subject.

"To the Churches," wrote the Emperor, "At this meeting the question concerning the most holy day of Easter was discussed, and it was resolved, by the united judgment of all present, that this feast ought to be kept by all, and in every place, on one, and the same day. And first of all, it appeared an unworthy thing, that, in the celebration of this most holy feast, we should follow the practice of the Jews, for we have received from our Saviour a higher and a holier way.

"And I, myself, have undertaken that this decision should meet with the approval of your Sagasities, in the hope that your Wisdoms will gladly admit that practice which is observed at once in the City of Rome, and in Africa, throughout Italy, and in Egypt, with entire unity of purpose." Christians all over the then-known world announced their willingness to unite in celebrating The Great Day on Sunday, as the Council had decided, and it seemed for a time that all was well. Then there arose a question which caused untold confusion and controversy, and started the discussion all over again.

"Which Sunday?"

The various calendars used by the various peoples brought sad puzzlement to even the wisest. For in some countries the Christians were using the old Hebrew method and counting time by the moon; in other lands the Julian calendar was in operation. In Rome, the first Sunday after the 14th of Nisan, was the day for celebrating Easter, because this was the historical date of the Resurrection, and to it the Romans clung with great devotion. At Antioch, the Sunday after the Sunday following the Jewish Passover, was celebrated, and in Gaul, the Christians kept the memorial of the Crucifixion on March 25th, and the Feast of the Resurrection on March 27th.

For a time there was very literally a confusion of days. But in the hearts of all there glowed a deep and abiding love for their Lord, and for those who were trying to walk in the path He had made so clear. And the power of this love in their hearts enabled men to rise above personal wishes and preferences, and "break down the wall between" them and their brothers so they could all "think together." They were all Christians, united by one belief and animated by the supreme command "to love one

another.'' And these things made them willing to turn the final decisions over to the leaders in their churches, with the determination in their hearts, to abide by the result.

And from hose who were in authority in the churches there came a wise ruling which eventually brought all the conflicting elements together into one harmonious whole. It was decided by the elders in the Church, that

1.—''The twenty-first day of March shall be counted the vernal equinox.''

2.—''The full moon happening upon or next after, the twenty-first of March, shall be taken for the full moon of Nisan.

3.—''The Lord's Day, next following that full moon, shall be Easter Day.

4—''But if the full moon happen upon a Sunday, Easter day shall be the Sunday after.''

The various reforms of the various calendars during the passing centuries have brought slight changes to that ancient ruling, so that now, to the whole Christian world, Easter Sunday is ''The first Sunday which occurs after the first full moon following the 21st of March, at which time the winter ends, and spring formally begins.'' The earliest date upon which Easter can come is March 22nd, and the latest is April 25th.

It is now to all ''The Great Day;'' a holy time, when, ''Each loves and blesses each,'' and every heart unites in glad thanksgiving to God for the sacred gift of new life, which we have through the Risen Lord.

PAY LAST DEBT UNDER UNIQUE CIRCUMSTANCES.

By M. L. White.

Death is abroad in the land; but on Saturday past, three paid the last debt under peculiar circumstances. Two Confederate veterans answered the last roll call at about the same hour. One was Fank M. Lattimore, aged 82, and the other Michael Crowder, aged 85. Both were in the same regiment and comrades in many desperate battles. Each had about same number of brothers enlisted under Stars and Bars, and several of these brothers made the supreme sacrifice, and their ashes repose among the red hills of Virginia where the moaning pines chant their last sad requiem.

At practically the same hour, Mrs. C. A. B. Jones, of Lattimore, N. C., the daughter of a Confederate soldier, departed to that undiscovered country. Her father perished in action, and she and her brothers and sisters proved their heroic spirit by triumphing over adverse circumstances and wresting a good living from poverty and squalor.

Soon the heroic thin grey line will perish from the earth; but:

''On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.''

LILIES FOR EASTER.

By Elizabeth Fulgham

Every gust of spring wind was carrying showers of pink and white petals from the orchard down upon Pansy May who was busy getting fresh soil for her Easter lily. That morning she had sought her mother with dire distress in her face.

"Mother, do look!" she had said, "these mean old ants have gotten in the soil around my lily! What shall I do? You know Miss Helen has asked each one of our class to grow a lily this spring to decorate the church at Easter. Mine was looking so well, and here these mean old ants are about to kill it. See how droopy it looks?"

Mrs. May had looked at the soil in the flower pot with a puzzled expression. "Why, what could have made them go after it so? It looks like you will have to repot the lily, for they will kill it if you don't. You could use insect powders, but they seem to be burrowing after the root, and I doubt if you can oust them that way. It will be hard to re-pot, too, without injuring the lily."

"What a shame;" Pansy had said in a worried tone. "And it is only one month until Easter, too. I can't grow another one now. If I only hadn't forgotten to look after my lily last week, the ants wouldn't have gotten such a start." And she had gone straight to the task of placing the flower in new soil.

As she worked in the orchard, Pansy kept thinking how much she wanted to comply with Miss Helen's request about the Easter flowers. The thought made her handle the delicate roots very carefully, and kept her from leaving her task in absolute impatience and disgust when the ants repeatedly buried themselves viciously in her hands an arms. She laid the lily at the foot of a plum tree, and began refilling the pot with soft, loamy soil. Suddenly, she straighened up.

"Oh, oh!" she heard a voice call. "Come here quick, somebody. It's srtiking me again!"

Pansy dropped her spade and flew to the orchard wall. Scrambling to the top, she peered over. Back of the orchard, ran a little path that was a short cut to the village store. Lying prone in this path, was little Tim Shanklin, his legs crumpled up under his as he groaned in pain. Pansy knew Tim well. He lived with his grandmother and ran errands helping her in many ways.

"What's the matter, Tim?" called Pansy as she hurriedly climbed that wall and hastened down the path.

"It's struck me again," he moaned and tried in vain to arise. "It—it's pallysis, the doctor said," he explained carefully.

"You mean "paralysis,' Tim," Pansy corrected, almost laughing in spite of Tim's suffering.

Tim nodded tearfully. "Struck me once a month ago and I couldn't use this arm at all, but it hit me just now in my leg and—and I can't get back to Grandma with her things."

"I'll help you, Tim," said Pansy kindly. "You can ride in your little wagon instead of the groceries." She helped him into the wagon, piled the parcels around him, and started off. A little later she pulled the wagon

and boy into Grandma Shanklin's yard.

"Thank you for helping my poor little boy git home." said Grandma, when Pansy started to leave. "It's a hard time he's been havin' with all these strokes." Pansy promised to return to see Tim, and then hurried home, for just then she thought for the first time that her precious lily had been lying in the orchard all the while.

She went quickly to the tree where she had left it, but it was nowhere to be seen. She immediately began a search through the orchard.

"Maybe I was mistaken about the tree I left it under," she said, as she hurried from one tree to another. Then she came upon it where the old hens had discarded it when they were through with it. The long tender leaves were in shreds; the bud, which was just beginning to form and from which Pansy had anticipated a beautiful flower, was entirely eaten out, and the bulb itself had a large hole pecked in it. Pansy sat down limply under the nearest peach tree and cried.

"I'll not have a single flower for Easter," she moaned, "and I was trying to have mine the loveliest of all. Miss Helen has planned to make the church the most beautiful place in town, and—and I want to h-help."

The group of girls forming the class to which Pansy belonged had glowing reports to make about their lilies the following Sunday, but Pansy sat with downcast head. This would have to be one undertaking of the class in which she would have no part, and that hurt Pansy worst of all. The next three weeks passed quickly by, and on until the Saturday before Easter. Then Pansy thought of her unkept promise to little Tim, and set out for Grandma Shanklin's. Tim was still unable to walk, but he was sitting up in a chair, and was eager for Pansy to tell him stories. After two or three stories, Pansy stopped to rest.

"What you diggin, in the orchard that day the pallysis struck me?" queried Tim.

"Why, Tim, how did you know that I was digging anything?" asked Pansy in surprise.

"Tim heard you sing, and he go to the crack in the wall, and he see you dig. He saw big pot, and he thought maybe you dig for gold like the man in the story you just told," exclaimed Tim quaintly.

"You little Indian!" laughed Pansy. "Always looking for something mysterious. No I wasn't digging for gold, I was trying to reset my lily. You see the ants had gotten into the pot and were about to ruin it. I was refilling the pot with fresh dirt when I heard you scream."

Grandma Shanklin's busy fingers paused in their knitting.

"I'll declare!" she exclaimed. "Did it live when you got it set out again?" Grandma was a lover of flowers herself.

"No—I—that is, I never set it out again," stammered Pansy, not wishing to let Grandma know what bringing Tim home that day had cost her.

"Never set it out again? You didn't jest throw it away, did you? I've saved my flowers from ants lot o' times."

"No, I didn't throw it away."

"What did you do with it then?" persisted Grandma.

"The—the hens got it while I was

gone. I left it under a tree and they tore it to shreds,'' confessed Pansy.

''Now, ain't that too bad!'' sympathized Grandma. The old lady was folding her knitting, and her blue eyes were very tender. ''Poor little Tim was havin' a hard time that day you found him. Little fellow's all I got and he's a lot o' comfort to his old Granny. Reckon anybody that is kind to Tim, I owe a heap o' goodwill. That's too bad the hens got your lilies while you's gone with Tim. Jest come out on the south porch and see my flowers.''

Pansy caught her breath at the first sight of Grandma's beautiful, well-cultivated flowrs, but the plant she stood longest before was a huge Easter lily with a full-blown satiny flower.

''It's perfect, just perfect, Grandma,'' she breathed. ''How did you ever get it to grow so large and wonderful?''

''By careful tendin' and lovin' it, honey,'' said Grandma, as she lifted the pot containing the lily and placed it in Pansy's hands. ''It's yours, honey,'' she said simply. ''I heard about your class going to dekkyrate the church tomorrow, and I guess you was raisin' your flower fer that, so you can have this one. You can be thinkin' when you see it in the church tomorrow that it represents more than jest a flower, maybe more than all the others. That little deed o' kindness o' yours, a helpin' my little Tim, and then a-comin' over here tellin' him stories when he was so restless and lonesome, is a flower to dekkyrate God's house with, too. And it wouldn't surprise me if sich a flower as that sent up the sweetest perfume to Him o' any in the whole church!''

Pansy was so touched, she could scarcely voice her thanks. But she carried the lily home very carefully, and that afternoon, when the class met at the church to arrange the decorations, it was given a prominent place.

''I must not be merely proud because my flower is the loveliest,'' she explained to Miss Helen, to whom she had told the story of how it came into her possession. ''I want to remember always what Granny said about our kind deeds decorating God's house. And want to live so I can furnish more of that kind of decoration too.''

TEST OF SUCCESS.

Success is not the test of capacity. There are so many contingencies which prevent the ablest from reaching the place of their aspiration; so many cases where the strong decline to enter the list for life's prizes, and content themselves with honorable private station, without a wish to figure upon the broader stage—so large a proportion of instances in which mere shallowness and audacity have been flung into prominence, like scum rising to the surface of the boiling cauldron that it cannot be contended for a moment that success and ability go hand in hand.—Chas. Henry Bell.

EASTER IN ALL LANDS.

In what country the celebration of Easter is made most beautiful it would be hard to say. Man and nature do their best to render the holy festival fair and blessed, and our whole round earth seems girdled then with blossom and song.

In no land is the gloom of the Lenten season more profound nor the gladness which breaks it on Easter Sunday more pronounced, than in Russia. Seven weeks Lent lasts, instead of six as here. Tolling of bells, chanting of priests, murmuring of prayers, seem to make almost incessant dirge, lapsing on Saturday into intense stillness. Near midnight, with no priest present people prostrate themselves in silent darkened churches. Suddenly, the "Iconostosis" (Holy of Holies) is thrown open, a gorgeous procession of priests proclaim: "Christ is risen from the dead!" There is a burst of light and song. Friends kiss each other on the cheek, it being the custom for superiors, from the Empror down, to thus salute their subordinates. People carrying lighted tapers hurry home, and—if too poor to have a priest come to thme—bring back to church their breakfast dishes for food to be blessed. The whole day is given over to rejoicing and feasting; in the latter, eggs take prominent part.

Easter attracts hundreds of tourists to Rome, and people from every quarter of the globe join with the resident population in attendance on the long mass in St. Peter's Cathedral, where the gorgeous robing of prelates and acolytes, the jewels, incense and flowers, produce an effect of almost barbaric magnificence, oppressive to one who feels keenly the contrast with the life of Him whose resurrection it celebrates. Next to Rome, Paris claims the European traveler's attention at Easter. Yet multitudes of pilgrims pass these by, journeying to far Jerusalem, and to "Little Bethlehem," perhaps there to witness in Greek or Catholic church, a pageant kindred to those discribed; perhaps after attending a simple service in some Protestant chapel to wander about quiet places which Jesus loved.

In Tyrol, at midnight Saturday, hills answer to hills with peasants calling and singing, "Christ is risen!" In Silesia, youths and maidens, dressed in white, climb a hill called Calvary, and in a spot which looks like a graveyard with white stones, keep vigil till dawn, when others, looking up from the village below to see their moving figures, call "'Tis Easter!"

England is rich in curious and beautiful Easter customs. Singing from Magdalen tower, Oxford, at sunrise, by the boy's choir, dates back four hundred years. Was there ever such ringing of bells anywhere as in London on Easter morning? What changes they play! And out in the quiet country, what wondorous melody it makes!

From Germany comes the tradition which makes the hare an animal of importance at this season. White hares, the story goes, bring good children many colored eggs. Great is the search for them and chubby Hans and Gretchen question their consciences anxiously. The hare's connection with Easter really dates back to the ancient Orient, where it was both a lunar symbol and an emblem

of life's renewal. That egg seems to have carried the latter significance through all time and among all peoples. Many Easter customs are of pagan origin, the word itself is from Ostara, Saxon goddess of Spring. Heathen peoples were feeling blindly for centuries after the "Unknown God" who brought nature out of winter's sleep, and who at last gave in Jesus, the God Incarnate, promise that man himself should live again. In our own country Easter is becoming more and more a season for showing forth our Lord's spirit in us, by doing kind and beautiful things to each other and helping the needy. It is customary for churches and missions to give potted plants to children and blossom-burdened processions are in gay evidence on the streets. In New York, Easter is celebrated after the manner of many lands by different colonies from over the sea.

It is interesting to walk through the quarter known as "Little Syria" and hear swarthy, dark-eyed people talking of Easter in Palestine, and to see the merry children play "Going to Jerusalem."

There has never been a man in our history who led a life of ease, whose name is worth remembering.—Roosevelt.

"RIDING ON THE RAIL."

Josephus Daniels In News & Observer.

On the Train in Georgia.—Georgia politics is always at boiling point. A little while ago Hoke Smith and Tom Watson were the two commanding leaders. When Smith was first chosen Governor he had the active support of Watson, who had a way of being a Democrat this year, a Populist the next, a Presidential candidate the next and with the rapid change of being a candidate for Vice-President, without any head on his ticket in 1896. He could box the compass, hit the Democrats hard, bolt and without any recantation hold the balance of power in the Democratic primary in the State. Indeed, he was so powerful that he actually, after many high trapeze political mazes, had himself elected to the United States Senate and died in that great office. It was never any sign, because he was with you this year, that he would support you next time. Quite the reverse. In fact, he was the balance of power that made Hoke Smith and the balance of power that defeated him for re-election. In those days they said he could kill and make alive but could not get an office for himself. He disproved that by electing himself Senator.

When Senator Smith opened a law office in Washington, upon his retirement from the Senate, he no longer sought to direct politics in Georgia. He still has a big following and could make himself felt in Georgia politics if he elected to do so. He has established a lucrative practice in Washington and retains his office and residence in Atlanta. Will he come back to politics? Or will he prefer to stick to the law where from the beginning of his practice he scored a brilliant success?

The Watson mantle has not fallen on any one, though the Watson forces still have a sort of holding together. It was Watson, the dynamic man, who was the inspiration of his following. He had brains and courage and originality. Given these three and it makes an influential leader even if poise and consistency are lacking. And Watson neither desired nor claimed to possess either. He reveled in being a Dissenter and a Pioneer. But he had constructive qualities when he could stop tearing down long enough to do some building up. He was the real author of the Rural Delivery system. That honor is claimed by many, and undoubtedly others bore a part. But Watson championed it to a beginning and adoption in Congress. People will always rise up and call him blessed for that act of genuine far-seeing statesmanship that serves the forgotten man. It is his chief title to fame.

I first met Watson at the Atlanta Exposition in 1895 when the late Col. L. L. Polk was heading the National Farmers' Alliance. The exposition chose Colonel Polk as its orator, and he was a born orator. North Carolina never appraised Colonel Polk's eloquence at its true value. The exposition people sent a car to Raleigh to take Colonel Polk to Atlanta. I was invited by him to go on the trip. It was some time, too! That was the time the Farmers' Alliance was in flower and Polk was its Voice and Prophet. Not an economist, he was its sincere interpreter and most beloved leader. He made a great hit in his speech at Atlanta to 50,000 people and Atlanta put the big pot in the little one, or vice versa, for the Alliance chieftain. He was a "bigger man than old Grant" with the farmers and the big politicians set out to capture him as they had captured some of the Alliance leaders in Georgia. He had not been in Atlanta a day before he told me in confidence that he was troubled. Pat Calhoun, then the big attorney of the Southern Railway and a candidate for the Senate, was making love to Alliance leaders and some of them had fallen for it. The belief was that Calhoun's friends were financing the Alliance's political campaign in return for which the Alliance vote was to send Calhoun to the Senate where he was to support the Sub-Treasury and other policies dear to the farmers, distressed by the low price of agricultural products. Colonel Polk did not like it. He was free from money greed. He wanted a fair chance for the farmers and was ambitious, some said too ambitious. He was not profound, but he was a patriot. As a boy he had entered the Confederate army. Afterwards he gave his whole thought to organizing farmers to secure many of the very things that have come since that time. He was called a "demagogue" and "unsound." He was not always sound in the measures he favored, but he was no demagogue. His devotion to the amelioration of the condition of the farmers was deep-seated and genuine. He loved his Sate. He had a warm heart. He was a pioneer—lived a clean life and hated corruption.

The flirting between Georgia Alliance leaders and the Southern Railway attorney gave Colonel Polk trouble. At that time there was a fight on. The lion and the lamb could not lie down together without one of them making sacrifice. Colonel Polk

knew such being unequally yoked together would mean that the railroad would get the turkey and the farmers the turkey-buzzard. Subsequent events showed he was right.

Watson was young then, only a little while out of college, and the Alliancemen were crazy about him and predicted the high honors that came later. They would have come sooner in all probability if he had remained regular. He was not of those who were flirting with the railroad attorney. He kept his skirts clean of money taint as Polk did, and died honored by those who never agreed with him.

The present political fight in Georgia is over the selection of a member of the National Democratic Committee. I served on that body 20 years, resigning because I did not believe a cabinet member ought to serve in that capacity. Only one member had served longer. He was married last week to a charming North Carolina lady and they are on their honeymoon in Havana. Therefore, he is not letting any lesser thing than a honeymoon interest him. But there is a war on in Georgia about who shall be National Committeeman. They have a queer way in Georgia. McAdoo, having received a majority in the Presidential primary, has the right through his State manager to select the delegates to the National Convention. It seems they have not consulted the counties, or so Jim Holloman writes, and in naming the delegation the McAdoomanagers propose to displace Clark Howell, the veteran, with a younger Democrat, who is said to have been more effective in the support of McAdoo than Mr. Howell. And it has kicked up a mighty dust. Clark Howell has married a beautiful North Carolina lady. Who, so happily married, would care a fig about anything else? That's Clark's attitude. But some of his friends do not like the program and are saying so. And there is likely to be a lively fight over the National Committeeman's place, with the incumbent, about whom the fight rages, happy in the tropics, thinking of nothing so uninteresting and unimportant, comparatively, as position or politics. Honeymoons are not to be invaded by political contests.

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Passing through Atlanta I noted in the Journal that in Georgia as elsewhere women with wealth are feeling a compulsion to use their money for good purposes. "If you die in Boston without leaving something to Harvard, you die disgraced," was a frequent expression at the Hub, seeing that so many rich people remembered Harvard in their wills. That spirit as to gift to education and benevolence is by no means confined to Boston and Harvard. Writing of Mrs. J. P. Williams' will in addition to other large gifts, the Journal says "An additional sum of $10,000 was set aside as the Jesse Parker Williams Memorial Fund for the University of Virginia for the benefit of North Carolina students." Evidently Jesse P. Williams, who was president of the Georgia, Florida and Alabama Railroad, was a North Carolinian and was probably educated at the University of Virginia, or was hypnotized by Svengali Edwin A. Alderman as other rich North Carolinians have been. Who can tell the readers of The News and Observer where Jesse P. Williams was born?

The widow leaves nearly all the estate (it seems to be a large one) for "a memorial hospital to care exclusively for women and children to be established in some Georgia county to be selected by a board of trutees." I can imagine no better way to employ wealth. As long as people are well and have employment they can take care of themselves and their families. But when illness comes the burden is larger than many can carry. Private hospitals are expensive and nursing at home is difficult and in serious illness not easy. In surgical cases it is impossible to come to the need at such an hour as to play the real part of the Good Samaritan.

J. D.

Sergeant (to colored sentry:) "If anything moves, you shoot."
Sentry: "Yes, suh; an' if anything shoots, Ah moves."

THOUGHTS ABOUT YOUTH.

By Rev. A. L. Lucas.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that youth is necessarily the choice period, the green spot in life. To some it has not even the buoyance and light-heartedness which is its ordinary portion. To not a few, cares and trials come while the frame is yet in its fresh vigor, and the years are sparkling with their first bold, lookout on the world. To almost all, youth is a power which hurries them to its goal; the young heart is "hot and restless;" it will not take time to appreciate its treasures; it will not be satisfied with its possession; it is full of uncertain desires, and passionate impulses; it is grasping and striving after a vague, uncomprehended good, an airy or ornate ideal; it is troubled with it ignorance of its own destiny, its unresolved will, its undeveloped circumstances. Youth is not often the cycle of peace. Do not fear, then, young people, to leave behind you the gaily-jested-over or mincingly-mentioned epoch of your teens. Do not dread growing graver or even stouter. With ripe manhood and womanhood, and the still, mellow decline of life, are won, and often and often only then won, rest, power, wisdom, content. There may be a great garner in store for your future; there will be an abundant harvest if you will but sow in grace. It is a half pagan and wholly untrue notion to associate all blessedness of existence with rash, hardy, crude youth. Fight the fight, and run the race, and the older you grow the more royally you will prove the conqueror, and the and the grander will prove your prize.

But the important question now is, how to employ this youth so as to make of its notes some of the sweetest melody which began in the cradle, and which, if not drowned in the clang and discord of idol music and devil worship, should swell until it joins the chorus of the skies. The writer supposes himself speaking to those who are unstable, imperfect, as he is; but who are in earnest, as youth can be in earnest, about Christianity and their

duty; who would consider their lessons and practice their calling humbly, modesty, perseveringly to the end. He is aware from experience that not a tithe of youth of a contrary spirit would listen to him, even from curiosity; and they do not consequently come within the scope of his argument. Only to them he would say, once and for all, solemnly, wistfully and affectionately, it is a piteous sentence which they are preparing to pass on themsleves to refuse to come to the Christ for light.

Idleness, disobedience, and rebellion unless great mercy interposes, must sow the wind to reap the whirlwind.

"I do not know what I shall do with myself after I leave school," says many a youth, doubtfully and regretfully. They need not be ashamed of the difficulty; this is a problem of the present day. How to train the youth, to gather up and employ their energies consistent with dependence and their dignity, are considerations engaging a host of the great thinkers of this age. But while thoughtful men are pondering the questions of youth I desire to offer a remedy that will cure all the ills if only applied. Let youth while conflicting opinions are at work, think more of their duties than their rights.

The test of generosity is not what you give, but what you have left.—Job Hedges.

HELP TO MAKE YOUR HOME ATTRACTIVE.

By John T. Timmons.

The boy who has an attractive home is the most fortunate boy in the world. Home should be the sweetest spot on earth to us all. Those who have not found it so must stop and think. Have they done all in their power to make home the one dearest spot on earth, the most beautiful and the most beloved place in the universe?

No matter whether it is a little old log cabin under the hill, with the green fields all about it, and with the post and rail fence going to rack, and the spring of cold water gushing out from beneath the old maple in the rear, or the stately palace of stone or brick, with its broad verandas and large bay windows, with exquisite furnishings and plenty to sustain it, the home should, and can easily, be made a place of beauty. Let the light of wisdom and the peace of God reign, and love will dwell therein; then it will be an easy task to make home more beautiful and attractive. The humblest of abodes will yield to a few touches from the brush of nature.

First of all, you can help to keep the surroundings attractive. The modest country home, the one we love to remember, can be improved wonderfully by a few days' cleaning up. Straighten up those crooked fence-posts, and nail on a few pickets where those are missing. Dig up those unsightly old quince bushes in the front

yard, and remove the old dead cherry tree that has been there as long as you can remember. Take the grindstone back into the barnyard or workshop, and move the ash barrel into the side yard, where you can build a shed over it, and allow grandmother to make her soft soap, just as she did fifty years ago. Trim up those old-fashioned rose bushes, and reset the hollyhocks along the garden fence. Make a new arbor for the beautiful honeysuckle vine, level up the ground a little, and sow some grass seed.

See if a little generously applied labor does not produce a marked change. If the house is old and dingy, and you cannot afford to repair it and make it appear more modern, you can add much to its appearance by keeping the surroundings neat and attractive. Flower seeds and bulbs are not expensive, and even if you do not have the ready money to procure them from the dealers, a little study and labor on the part of those in the home can produce a number of attractive ornamentations. It is easy matter to secure a few of the more common plants, and neat beds, with an old hollow stump and several rustic hanging baskets, and a rock mound of native ferns, will completely transform the dreary place into one of comfort and real beauty.

Any one desiring to arrange a flower-garden can do so with decided effect if he but uses the simplest of designs, and selects the more showy varieties of flowers, arranging them in such a manner as to produce the most beautiful effect. Do not attempt to have too great a variety, and avoid the sorts that are the least known and most difficult to grow. Select a few tulip and hyacinth bulbs, and plant them in a bright, sunny place where the warm spring sun will do the rest. Take care of these bulbs, and do not allow them to be swallowed up or crowded out by other plants or weeds during the summer. Secure a few rose-bushes, keep them free from slugs, and do not allow the bushes to become too large.

There is a large number of very pretty and attractive flowers for the home, depending much upon one's taste for the proper selection; but do not forget the sweet peas, the nasturtiums, and the verbenas, all of which are to be had in almost endless colors and hues. Candytuft, sweet alyssum, petunias, asters, and the last, but not least, the dahlia, should have a place with every home.

Some very unique and novel effects can be produced by a person studying the nature and bloom of certain plants. Letterings and figures representing certain forms can be arranged, and the effect is charming. Clematis and numerous other vines are easily trained over pretty trellises and neat archways, and where one has taste, with the skill to carry it into effect, some very odd and unique designs can be arranged. The vine-covered designs will add much to the beauty of a home, and the expense is so little and the labor so delightful as to make the reward tenfold.

The autumn flowers should not be forgotten, for as the sun begins to seek a place in the southern sky, and the leaves begin to turn, the few remaining flowers are all the more precious. The aster and dahlia are two favorites. They are so easily grown, and the blooms are so beautiful that it is

an incomplete garden without them.

There is almost an endless variety of asters. They are produced from seed, and if allowed to do so, the plants will reseed the beds for the coming season, requiring only thinning out, cultivating, and regular watering.

The dahlia is produced from bulbs set in open ground early in the warm spring months. The bulbs should have well fertilized earth in a cheerful, sunny location. From the time the bulbs begin to grow until they put forth buds for blooming, the soil should be kept well stirred about the plants as well as reasonably moist. After the buds appear, and during the blooming season, the earth must not be disturbed except on the surface, while weeds and grasses must be kept out. A few applications of liquid fertilizer will assist materially in producing the desired effect.

The dahlia ranges in color from a very deep scarlet to the purest white. Some of the plants are rather dwarf, while others grow quite large. To retain a neat shape they should be tied to a stake about the time they begin to bloom. One of he most beautiful varieties of dahlias is the Grand Duke Alexis, the flowers of which can be grown six inches in diameter, and are a beautiful ivory white. The bulbs should be lifted when heavy frosts appear, then kept in a cool, dry cellar until the following spring.

Those who have handsomely built homes can make them much more attractive by the selection and growing of a few choice plants. Even in a city home, where the air is full of impurities, and the people are as a rule too busy to spend much time with flowers, the home lover can add much to his happiness by giving a few moments each day to nature, finding the much needed rest improved by his work.

A home without a flower must certainly be a dreary place indeed, as in most instances it is a sure sign of the absence of love for God or affection for each other. Let us each resolve to make home more beautiful, more attractive, and more like what a genuine home should be. Such a consumation will abundantly repay all the effort made to secure it.

THREE BOYS TRY RAISING RABBITS.

Uncle P. F. in Progressive Farmer.

"Several of the boys in our class have ordered rabbits. I am going to get the Belgian hares, Robert chose the white giant, and Guy the gray giant rabbits," said Sammy to his teacher.

"Well, I am sure you will have lots of fun and many interesting experiences," replied Mr. Bond. "Of course, the rabbits you have ordered are the domesticated kinds and not the kind that run wild in the fields. How many rabbits did you buy?"

"Each of us bought one buck and two does. We expect to raise young rabbits for sale and to eat at home," Robert explained. "Won't you tell us how to take care of them?"

"Yes; the domesticated rabbit makes a more delicious food than the

wild rabbit," the teacher explained. "In getting ready to care for your rabbits properly, the first thing is to build a house or hutch and yard. The drawing on this page will show you how to build the hutch. Next you may build a yard about 6 to 12 feet long, 4 feet wide and 3 feet high with about 10 inches of the wire extending in the ground. The wire is put down in the ground to keep the rabbits from digging out. A one-inch mesh wire should be used for the walls of the yard while a two-inch mesh will do for the top. One end of the yard should be enclosed and the hutch placed at the other end."

"What kind of food should they have?" was the next question, to which the agricultural teacher answered.

"Dry grains, bright well cured hay, and some kind of greens daily, make a good ration. The greens may be carrots, turnips, dandelions, lettuce, green grass, prunings from apples and the like. The rabbits should be fed twice daily, given greens in the morning and dry grains in the evening. See that they have a supply of fresh water all the time and that they get salt at least twice a week. It is a good plan to keep a supply of dry hay before them all the time.

"You may expect the rabbits to have on an average four litters of young ones each year. The litters vary in number, ranging as high as 12. One buck is sufficient for 10 or 12 does. Rabbit breeders say that it is not a good idea to breed rabbits after they are three years old. The young rabbits may be weaned when they are about six weeks old. In feeding young rabbits, remember that hay, oats, or other grains should not be given to them before they are weaned. Cabbage leaves are not good for young rabbits and they should be fed sparingly to old rabbits that are kept in pens.

"Now I have two other suggestions. One is that you clean out the hutch regularly and spray it every few months with some good disinfectant. The other is, when you lift a rabbit, pick it up by the loose skin of the shoulders and not by the feet or head."

THE POWER OF MUSIC AND THE PLACE OF SACRED SONG.

By Rev. George C. Loos.

Competent authorities declare that, for rousing the will to action, the power of music is probably greater than that of painting, which, though rich in coloring, gives but two dimensions and confines its dramatic action to one precise moment; greater also than the influence of sculpturing, which, with its three dimensions, is even more restricted in its action than painting; whereas music carries the hearer through the various emotions, stimulating his thoughts and rousing his will. In this respect, truly, music is "the language of the soul," or, as Carlyle calls it, "a kind of inarticulate speech."

This powerful influence is felt in instrumental music, which has been known from the time of Jubal

(Gen. 4: 21), who "was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ," Martial music fires the military spirit of the hearers, and through out the ages has been used to kindle patriotic ardor against the enemy. Amphion is "fabled to have built Thebes with the soul of his lyre, which charmed the stones into their places"; and Orpheus played so alluringly that wild beasts were charmed, rivers changed their courses, trees moved and turned their leaves, and the very stones of the roadway followed to hear his music. Browning's story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin tells of a similar influence of melody. Of the piano, Talmade said that it trembles with every grief, and warbles with every gladness, and groans with complete agony.

But no instrument ever invented can equal the musical qualities of the human voice. A mother's crooning lullaby will soothe her child to slumber more quickly than any instrumental music. Jenny Lind's voice with its melody thrilled human hearts all over the world. To hear Adelina Patti sing "Home, Sweet Home," was an experience which made men forget their business cares, and in thought go back to their childhood homes and pleasures. Song has been employed by the human heart to breathe out love and hatred, to express pariotism and religion, and to shout the wickedness of ribaldery and debauchery.

If music, and especially vocal music, has such swaying power we can readily see the place which sacred song must occupy in religion. It moves, not only the heart of the hearer, but the heart of the singer, as well. It is prayer crystallized into melody, the great means of praise to God. There, for instance, is the song of creation, when at the foundation of the earth (Job 37:7,) "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." In this sense we may speak of what the ancients called "the music of the spheres." There is the song of preservation sung by Moses and Miriam (Ex. 15:1-21.) There is the song of redemption greater even than the song of creation; concerning it we are told of "the voice of many angels round about the throne, saying with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain" (Rev. 5: 1-21.) And again (Rev. 7: 11-12;) "All the angels stood around about the throne, and worshipped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen." In Bishop Kerr's grand morning hymn we are exhorted to do likewise:

"Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part."

In a similar vein those who have gotten the victory over the beast sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. In a beautiful hymn of the Church this song is thus versified:

"How wondrous and great Thy works,
God of praise!
How just, King of saints, and true are
Thy ways!
O who shall not fear, Thee and honor
Thy name?
Thow only art holy, Thou only supreme!
To nations long dark Thy light shall
be shown;
Their worship and vows shall come to

Thy throne.
Thy truth and Thy judgments shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people confess Thee Their God.

—Onderdonk.

Music may be abused, as in the fables of the sirens and the Lordelei, who, by their singing, enticed sailors to shipwreck on the rocks. Sacred song, too, may be abused as when, after that dreadful St. Bartholomew's night, 1572, the Catholic Pope ordered a Te Deum to be sung in honor of the massacre. It may be abused, also, when it is sung carelessly or thoughtlessly, as seems so often to be done in church service.

Sacred music is filled with thoughts of Christ. Oratorios, hymn tunes, organ masterpieces, the organs themselves, all are results of the effort to give adequate musical expression to the great theme of Christ and His Gospel.

Singing may not be our constant occupation in heaven, but, if we judge from the language of Scripture, it will be one of our chief joys. It should, therefore, be one of our greatest pleasures on earth to join in the chorus of those who sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

SOMETHING ABOUT OTTERS.

Among the animals that live on land and partly in water, that can run about on shore and breathe the air just as well as we can, and yet dive under the water and swim like a fish, one of the most interesting is the otter. A common otter is about the size of a small dog, having a narrow body about two feet long and very short legs. It is covered with handsome fur next to its skin; and, outside of this, there is a coat of long, coarse hair.

As this animal is very fond of the water and lives principally on fish, it makes its home on the shore of a creek or river. This home is a hole underground, generally quite close to the water. The entrance to the burrow is always under water, and leads upward to the main apartment, which is dug out as high up in a bank as possible, so that, in case of a flood in the stream, the water will not rise up along the entrance way and into the otter's house. Sometimes the animal makes two or three chambers, one above another, so that, in case the water should rise in a lower room, he and his family could go up, higher and keep dry. He does not mind being under the water for a time, but he cannot live under the water. From the top of his house to the surface of the ground he makes a small hole to let in the air, so it will be seen that the otter is a very clever creature. The entrance to his house is hidden under water, where no dog nor other enemy is likely to find it or get in if they do find it, and his home is so well planned that some part of it is always dry and well ventilated.

When the otter wants his supper—for, as he eats only at night, it may be said that he takes neither breakfast nor dinner—he slips quietly into the water, and, as soon as he sees a fish, he gives chase to it. He has large, full eyes, like a seal's, and he can see in the water as well as on land. He is web-footed, and his long, flexible

body and short tail enable him to move through the water with a motion very much like that of a fish. He can thus swim very fast and few fish are able to escape him.

During the day the otter generally stays quiet in his burrow, but at night he comes out and makes it very lively for the fish. Sometimes, when fish are scarce, he will do his midnight hunting on land and will catch a chicken or some other small animal he may happen to meet.

If caught when quite young otters can be tamed so that they will follow their masters about and even catch fish for them. They are as playful as kittens and make very interesting pets. In India and other Eastern countries, tame otters are largely used in the catching of fish, and a very nice business is done in this way. The fur of the otter is quite valuable, hence the scarcity of the animal in this country. The sea otter, which inhabits the Arctic regions, is much larger than our common otter, and its fur is much more valuable. They are killed in large quantities in the regions about Bering Straits and Kamschatka.

The otter is such a clever, interesting little fellow, with so much common sense and shrewdness, that it seems a pity to kill him and use his skin simply for purposes of adornment.

CAN A NATION LONG ENDURE LUXURIOUS LIVING.

When Archbishop Soderblom was with us, he was struck with amazement at the reckless pace with which Americans are plunging into a luxurious mode of living. On more than one occasion he expressed himself as astonished at the enormous waste and extravagance which he witnessed on all sides. The contrast between the poverty of Central Europe, with which he is more than familiar, and the abounding wealth in the United States, the most envied of all nations, made a deep impression on him. On more than one occasion, he stated publicly that we were wasting enough rich food, and pouring it into the garbage cans, to feed a whole nation. Who doubts it?

Let us see how much foundation for the fears cherished by many thinking Americans there is, that we are fast approaching ancient Rome in her riotous mode of living which led to her decay and downfall. (Only we must keep in mind that in the Roman nation, it was the privileged class who indulged in riotous living at the expense of the masses, whereas in the United States it is general.) The bulletin of the Federal Council supplies us with figures that are startling. It is estimated, and with befitting conservativeness, that our luxuries are costing us annually no less than $11,200,000,000—enough to pay the running expense of our Government more than four times! It would be interesting to know approximately what our necessities, including the reasonable comforts and conveniences which every home may rightfully enjoy, are costing us. The bill for luxurious food alone, food that undermines rather than favors health, is $1,500,000,000; for luxurious services it is

another billion; and for luxurious living at pleasure resorts, races and the like, it is a billion likewise.

These figures speak. They remind us that something is going wrong. Unbriled licence is in the swing at present, as has never been the case in our history. Pleasures are taking a vulgar and sensuous turn, and we are rightly called a "pleasure-mad people." Modesty and innocency, two marks of beauty is youthful character, of fast vanishing. It is rare to see a young girl blush, or show sensitiveness, when confronted with some indiscretion or impropriety. Nearly anything becomes proper now. There is a swing around the giddy circle from one end of the week to the other, and the cost in dollars and cents is only less enormous than the cost in character. There is need of the cry, Put on the check rein! That cry needs to be sounded forth as never before during this Lenten season. History warns us that no nation can long stand prosperity, and when luxury such as is ours as a people runs into figures like those above, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin" stands written on the wall—Exchange.

GOOD ADVERTISERS.

(Asheville Citizen)

When Mr. Carl J. Balliet addressed the American Legion auxiliary of Greensboro a few days ago he took as his subject "North Carolina Today" and stated the many reasons why superlatives are absolutely necessary in desiribing the Tarheel kingdom. In a report of the speech, The Greensboro News says:

> For Greensboro, Mr. Balliet claimed the world's largest denim production, for Kannapolis the world's record towel mill, for Winston-Salem the world's greatest cigarette and men's underwear production, for Asheville the nation's greatest summer resort, for North Carolina's mountains the country's most fertile mountain soil and the world's most diversified production of botanical herbs and for Roanoke Rapids the world's largest damask production.

The excerpt is quoted to show the high note on which one may converse statistically about North Carolina and yet steer wide of exaggeration. But the important thing about this address is Mr. Balliet's appreciation of the women of North Carolina as potential advertisers of their State. Women are good advertisers. The shrewd merhanet has an axiom that the best advertiser is the satisfied customer. North Carolina is full of satisfied customers among the women. Give them the concrete facts wherewith to embellish their remarks about the State, and you set in motion a publicity machine in and out of North Carolina which can not be excelled.

As a rule, men are singularly unprovided with definite facts and statistics about their native States, but women are even more poverty-stricken in this regard. North Carolina women leave nothing to be desired in their enthusiasm for North Carolina. They

express their admiration of Tarheelia with striking exclamations and general superlatives. But such tributes are not convincing unless they are fortified with statements of dollars, pounds, yards and bushels

The business men of this State could do nothing more effective in the publicity line than to educate the women to converse definitely about North Carolina's advantages and possibilities. It should be done in every community. The women, once interested in the matter, would respond nobly to the opportunity for distinguished service.

POWER OF CULTURE.

No matter what a man's work he can do it better if he is well informed. And the point here is that education, while it has a larger bearing than a mere preparation for one's trade or profession, is the very best equipment for any sort of efficiency.

Whatever your peculiar calling, your expertness is more telling if it rests upon a basis of general culture.

As a stenographer you will do better work and your chances of advancement are much greater if you are familiar with history, know your Shakespeare, and are not in doubt as to whether Botticelli is the name of a cheese or violin."

As a lawyer, doctor, or preacher, your reputation will likely rest as much upon your "all aroundiness," your wide acquaintance with the inside of great books, and the general impression that you are not a narrow minded specialist, as it will upon your technical finish.

Culture means intellectual background.

It means accumulated force behind your stroke.

It means that you are not only capable yourself, but that you know how to absorb and use the capability of wiser persons.

It gives you perspective.

It increases your personality.

It strengthens your influence.

It keeps you from settling down to become a mere cog in the wheel, a little specialized piece of machinery to do a certain task, and makes you a Human Being, alive, vibrant, radiating.

It makes you Somebody, not just Anybody.

Many a mother has realized too late that she has no hold upon her children because of her lack of knowledge. They have grown up and gotten away from her.

Many a man has risen in the business world only to be humiliated because he has neglected to acquire that education which alone would qualify him to mingle on terms of equality with well-informed people.

In fact, no man or woman who has neglected an education does not bitterly regret it sooner or later.

And no living person was ever sorry that he had secured an education.

There never was an age in the history of the world when it was so true as it is now that "Knowledge is Power."

And Knowledge is open to Every-

body.

Its gates are unlocked, its door is unlatched, its road is as free as the king's highway

The only things that prevent any person from acquiring useful knowledge are laziness and self-indulgence.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

The Cone Literary Society held its regular meeting on last Monday night, and had a fine program.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys have been hauling coal during the past week. They have also been fixing the flower beds.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Nearly all of our sick boys have recovered, those who were in the third and fourth cotages are out playing.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Everett Goodrich, John Perry, Ray Franklin and James Peeler have been given positions in the Bakery.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Breman Britain is spending a few days with his parents in Morganton, on account of an illness in his home.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys were disappointed again on last Saturday, when they went to the ball ground and found it too wet to play on.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys in the Printing Department printed several small jobs last week, one of them being a spelling pad for the school room.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A back-stop is being put up at the ball ground, by Mr. Grier. This will come in handy when the boys are playing because they haven't got a good catcher.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys are all anxious for the thirty day quarantine to be over, as they are all wanting to see some one from home, and the most of them are expecting a visit at the end of the month.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Paul Baker paid a visit to the institution last week, Baker was paroled from the Training School, during the year of 1918, and is now making a good record. His home is in Smithfield.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Ebenezer Myers, of the Westford Methodist Church, of Concord, conducted the services on last Sunday afternoon. Everyone enjoyed the sermon and we all hope to have him back with us some time soon.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The days are getting longer, and it is getting near summer time, so the boys have started going out on the lawn after supper. They have at least a half an hour, if not longer, to play games and run around, and then they go in the cottage and read until time for bed.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Bad weather has prevented the boys

from doing much work during the past week, but bad weather don't prevent them from going in the cottage basements and shelling peanuts, although they don't count this as much of a job, when they get all they want to eat.

LESSONS IN ENGLISH.

We'll begin with a box; the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
One foul is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a bow if repeated is never called bine,
And the plural of vow is vows—never vine.
If I speak of your foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
Why couldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular's this, and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed dese?
Then one may be that, and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,
But though we say mother we never say methren.
And the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim.
So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the queerest great language you ever did see.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 26, 1924 No. 23

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee—
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"KNOWN THE WORLD OVER."

We met an insurance agent, by the name of Isaacs, who has done much traveling, having been around the world and visiting in a number of countries. Some months ago, in a party that was touring the old world, their ship was brought to anchor some miles from the shore of Sweden and the party was carried in on transports.

The captain of this Swedish transport has a son about eleven years of age, who paid the very highest compliment to two Southern heroes and at the same time reflected credit upon the schools of Sweden in impressing upon their pupils the outstanding characters of the world. The Swedish lad liked Isaacs and engaged him in a conversation. Realizing that Isaacs was an American, the lad asked him if he lived in New York. "No," replied Isaacs, "I live way south of New York in North Carolina." Instantly, the Swedish boy inquired, "how far from the homes of Stonewall Jackson and Wobert E. Lee (his brogue having trouble with an "r" sound)." The insurance agent was astounded, for meeting up with a foreign lad just eleven years old who was perfectly familiar with the two great Southern heroes and he himself at the time could not even tell the name of the King of Sweden was enough to shock him; and he inquired how did you come to know of Jackson and Lee. The young lad enthusiastically informed the insurance agent that he learned of them in school where such characters are held up to the pupils, besides we study the English language, and added, "Stonewall Jackson and Wobert E. Lee are known around the world, and I thought you might know something about them I had not heard."

The world is growing smaller. Some of these days a great speaker may

speak an historical address on Jackson and "Wobert" E. Lee, and sending it around the world by radio, and this Swedish lad may catch it, to his joy. Stranger things have happened—Flying once was such.

* * * * * * *

"TIS THE LITTLE THINGS."

There are many classes of people in this old world. There are some who wait for accomplishments and then climb on the band-wagon so to speak, with the leaders and join the celebration with a hope of gathering in some of the laurels

There are others, who like the fable of the dog and the hay, cannot accomplish anything of themselves but will endeavor to put a monkey wrench in all progressive moves by arguments, pro or con, and close with the usual "I told you so."

Despite the fact these two classes exist there is much good developing in our midst all of the time for there are consecrated plodders who work unceasingly for the uplift of humanity. As an example of fine results there is a splendidly organized Sunday School in the state that six years ago was doomed, but today it is one hundred per cent in attendance, in contribution, and interest. There is an atmosphere of hope in response and interest taken in the study of His Holy Word. The day school too in the same community is a model. The children are orderly with fine manners, a splendid presence and they also have been taught to realize the importance of observing the laws of health, such as brushing their teeth, using individual drinking cups, etc.;—all of which has been accomplished by teaching a little each day, day in and day out, by a preceptress who taught school in the truest sense and did not confine herself to the teaching of subjects alone.

All of these things were not accomplished without some hard knocks, there was not exactly an open opposition, but there prevailed that reactionary-told-you-so spirit instead of a hearty co-operation of all the beneficiaries; but in the final summing up the results were fine, and the tireless plodder can view the landscape from the peak of success and see the fruits of her efforts with much satisfaction after years of prayer and toil.

* * * * * * *

A VERY APPROPRIATE FEATURE.

THE UPLIFT has before observed that the Greensboro Daily News publishes an unusual amount of church news, making it a practice to give very

full accounts of sermons delivered in its midst from time to time—in fact, week after week. In addition to this, in an editorial manner, it publishes every Sunday a sermon appropriate to the season or a particular event in the church calendar

It is generally understood that this Sunday sermon is the preachment of Mr. W. Thomas Bost, the News' Raleigh correspondent. A prominent officer connected with the State Board of Health once declared that if circumstances prevented his church attendance on any particular day, he found unusual comfort in reading Tom Bost's sermon, feeling that he had not altogether missed the privileges and blessings of Sunday worship.

Elsewhere in this number of THE UPLIFT we print the sermon the News carried on Easter day. It is a wonderfully clever and forceful interpretation of the real meaning of, behind, within and surrounding what is claimed by the Christian church as the teaching of the Easter event.

* * * * * * *

WOULD DO FOR A STATE CAPITOL.

The empire county of Johnston boasts of one of the finest and best appointed court houses in any Southern county. It is handsome, commodious, fire-proof, well-kept and were it in some capital city a stranger would probably take it for the capitol of the state.

And the beauty of the thing, even now after months of service, it looks so much like a brand-new thing. The commissioners see to it that the janitor janitors, a service very much neglected in some counties where the court houses are treated like step children,

Wonderful old Johnston—it can afford a half million dollar court house—she is in herself an empire.

* * * * * * *

WILSON'S TRAFFIC SCHEME.

The main retail business street of Wilson, N. C., is a wide one. It does not carry a passengerless street car line, either. In addition to this advantage for safe traffic, no cars are allowed to park on one side of the street.

Now comes the explanation why there are no collisions at cross streets. Every car on this main street and on the side streets that cross main must come to a dead stop at each crossing. The result is a moderate speed is observed, no collisions occur and no one gets hurt.

The dead lines are marked off and big "Stop" signs written on the hard

surface make traffic in Wilson safe and sure.

• • • • • • •

THE SEASONS.

Thirty years ago, by the method then in vogue, farmers were breaking out the "middles" in their corn rows. This year no corn is planted; little ploughing has been done; and farm work is "way behind." But it has been written that "seedtime and harvest come" and we may yet take hope.

In the words of some of the oldest citizens here-abouts this is the most backward spring in ages. If the leaves on the trees, which are supposed to reach their growth by the 10th of May, sustain the common belief there must be a rapid growth from now until the appointed time.

* * * * * * *

"Incidentally" has bobbed her hair, and declares that for the first time in her life she knows what true freedom means. The clever Miss Lewis, who makes words dance, laugh, cry or behave themselves, at her sweet will, manifests a lot of courage in her complete surrender to a fad or a style or an epidemic, whatever it is. It is some consolation, however, that if she grows tired of sweet "freedom," nature will restore the glory, as the baser sex had come to regard the flowing suite of hair.

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Easter! The hope of the world and Christianity's sure foundation. Let all the jubilant sounds of earth swing up in one resonant wave of triumphant song. Let us robe ourselves in the sunny gladness of a hope so bright; the hope that defies death, and reaches across all the breadth of graves, and clasps the hand of an immortal friend who died and arose again that we might live. Immortality is the glorious day-dawn of the soul. Over all earth's scarred and grave-ridged surface it kindled the light of this great hope. Bereaved hearts may wrap themselves around with Easter's sweet hope, human graves may be made vocal with its promises; the dying race of men come into victory through faith. We need the cheer of triumphant Easter, and all it stands for. The certainty of an inheritance in the city, whose builder and maker is God, and fadeth not away, goes far to mitigate the pangs which come of the fires and floods and disaster and frauds which so often despoil God's people of their earthly possessions; for we know the things seen are temporal, but the things not seen are eternal, and they are only a few heart-beats away. So "Ring, joyous bells of Easter, Death hath not conquered Life!"

* * * * *

Habit is ten times nature. It is said to be like a cable. We weave a throad of it a day, and at last we cannot break it. All habits gather by unseen degrees. I know a man that for twenty years or more drove a one-horse dray. Every morning he stopped at a certain city drinking fountain for horses. Not long ago his horse died and he got a Ford truck. The first morning he operated it he drove right up to that fountain and stopped. But the Ford would not drink as the horse did, and the old man realized how habit had played a prank on him.

* * * * *

When the day's labors are all done,
Rest comes like a soothing refrain;
Then we rise with the morning's sun
And do it all over again
—With apologies to R. Kipling.

* * * * *

I notice mention was made in last week's Oxford Public Ledger of the Sneed family, and especially Richard G. Sneed, who was sheriff of Granville county in 1875. "Dick" Sneed was a whole souled fellow. He took me on the first deer hunt I ever experienced. With a double-barreled shot gun in my hands, he placed me under a big white oak tree by the side of the road, and told me that if they got up a chase the deer would come by that tree, and I would get a good shot. Off the party went, with the hounds, and I waited, with gun ready to take a pop at any game that came that way. Pretty soon I heard the pack of hounds, in the distance, and they were making a peck of noise. Their barking intonated as they dived into dales and came over hilltops. It would seem as they were miles away, and then again right on me. The enthusiasm of the chase grew apace. My hunting temperature kept rising, as well as the gun to my shoulder. The

hunting climax of my career was about to break forth like a volcano. Visions of my prowess, the dead deer, the trophy of the hunt, floated through my brain like the scenes in a moving picture show. I heard the bushes rattling to my left. My blood tingled with animation. Some fifty feet away I saw a large stag leaping over the undergrowth, and land in the road, in front of me, with head erect, his large eyes blinking in amusing astonishment, and his antlers spread out like a chinquapin bush. He was the most beautiful and graceful animal I ever beheld. He eyed me for a second or two, then leaped over the bushes on the opposite side of the road and was gone, like an apparition. I forgot that I had a gun in my hand, so entranced was I over the grace and beauty of such a creature. No, sir, I had not the heart to shoot to kill such a paragon of grace and thrilling loveliness. I received a good deal of derision for my failure to shoot, but I cared not. It was too beautiful to kill. That was the last deer hunt I ever took, spelt with two e's.

* * * * *

This poetry may not be the very best, but the "idees" contained in the following lines are tip top:

A little more kindness, a little less creed;
A little more giving, a little less greed;
A little more smile, a little less frown;
A little less kicking a man when he's down;
A little more we, a little less I;
A little more laugh, and a little less cry;
A little more flowers on the pathway of life,
And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

* * * *

If you have dropped down and allowed yourself to grow negligent, and sour in disposition; if you have lost something of your interest in life, and have become nagging, peevish and dictatorial, stop short and begin again. Face life squarely. Hold out both hands to her, with no uncertain call of good fellowship. She's a great paymaster and will meet you more than half way. Take time to stand in the clear, open glory of the early morning and draw in deep breaths of its calm—its life-giving, life-completing glory and peace. It will whisper to your soul as nothing else can. Discard everything, that is not clean and sweet, and live as God meant you to live. God never intended a person to be peevish or sharp. Love is the weapon He gave to mankind. It is the best; the most effective. It is full of softness and sweetness and beauty. Try it, and see.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN

A gentleman is a man that's clean inside and out; who neither looks up to the rich or down to the poor; who can lose without squealing and who can win without bragging; who is considerate to others; who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat, and who takes his share of the world and lets the other people have theirs.—The Umpire

ECHOES OF GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS AND SONS.

By A Delegate.

Realizing the intense interest of THE UPLIFT in all of the activities of The King's Daughters, local or general, as a delegate to the General Convention of the International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons, in Charleston, S. C. April 2 to 7, I'll try to give a few echoes of the Convention as it impressed me.

I would not attempt to give the report in full for there was so much going on until neither time nor space would permit me to go into details.

Article II of the Constitution of the Order was emphasized and it is as follows: The Object of the Order shall be the development of Christian life and the stimulation of Christian activities.

There were representatives from twenty-one states, embracing a territory from Connecticut to Florida and California to the shores of S. C., including delegates from the provinces in Canada, making in the aggregate one hundred and forty delegates enrolled, and not at any time was the object of the Order forgotten for it was impressive that all things were done In His Name.

Mrs. A. C. Menet, N. Y., the Executive Sec. reported 2,880 circles in the International Order, with 69,721 members, and the amount of money turned into the general fund from the twenty-one branches, the past two years, was $1,026,539.76.

The North Carolina delegates were amazed, impressed and inspired by the intense interest of old women, young women, and wealthy women who had travelled from all parts of the Union, also Canada, to give reports of their work in the Order of the King's Daughters and Sons at the Biennial Convention.

As we looked around the spacious auditorium of the Baptist Church, and saw there unfurled the banner of purple and silver of the different states in the Order we thought surely this is a glorious meeting place where we can work without discussing differences in faith and do all things In His Name—and hold ourselves responsible to the King, our Lord, and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

During the business hour one morning a Canadian delegate asked permission to unfurl the flag of her country. As she passed up the aisle with the pride of all our English forebears, she placed her flag and then turned, smiled and said—"There"—they are a proud lot.

It was not long, for the S. C. delegation took the hint, until in some mysterious way the Stars and Stripes were found on the President's table and two U. S. flags were soon holding a place a few feet above the British Union Jack. These Charlestonians are a peculiarly proud set and have a fine and unostentatious manner in adjusting matters.

The work of the Juniors was a much discussed subject both in the Convention and in groups at different hours. In some states the Juniors seem more active than the Senior Circle and why not, for their young lives are so happy till 'tis easy to make others happy,—

their enthusiasm is as contagious as the measles.

There was a Circle represented at the Convention known as the Sunshine Circle;—the members are all blind girls. The leader was asked to stand up and tell of their activities. I thought, oh, heavens such a misnomer, how can there be sunshine in the life of a crowd of blind girls? But, my sisters, as this blind child poured forth the blessed sunshine pent up in her soul and told of their works, I was convicted and realized in the fullest sense that Margaret Bottome was right when she said that "happiness comes from within."

Margaret Bottome, like the blind girl, had realized the real joy and spoke from experience.

One evening of the Convention was given over entirely to showing the works of the International Order on the screen. To go into details about the different phases of the work would prove quite tiresome, yet, that audience was held spell bound looking at the pictures, the results of the Christian activities of the Order, for two hours or more;—the fruits of the work of a band of noble women wherein there is no setting of brilliant social functions, no reward or hope of reward other than the satisfaction of doing something to relieve suffering humanity.

But we, the North Carolina delegates, were so proud when the Chapel and Bridge at the Stonewall Jackson School, the state work of the North Carolina Branch, were thrown upon the canvas we burst forth in long and loud applause. Our feelings were irrepressible for our work represented the spirit of the Order in its fullest sense and we could but help feel that our State President, Mrs. W. H S. Burgwyn, had led us wisely in our choice of work, and we all hope her desire for a Chapel at Samarcand will be realized for there is no worship so sweet as that in a well designed edifice only for worship of God. Would it be wrong to say, would it be vanity for me to let the North Carolina sisters know that I thought our pictures were the most substantial looking and most beautiful in every appointment of all pictures shown. The entire delegation of the King's Daughters was invited to partake of the Holy Sacrament Thursday morning, nine o'clock, at historic old St. Michael's Church. The impressive solemnity of this outstanding event in my life cannot be penned, it has to be experienced in its fullest sense to be understood. There were many women of different creeds, but all knelt and partookof the Sacrament—one faith—the blood and body of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The spiritual life of the Order was never overlooked for every session was opened with devotional exercises.

To mix with new members in the same Order, gives life, gives hope. gives inspiration for greater and better things in our own State.

As a fitting close to my reflections I'll just give a geographical survey of the Order. We are established in thirty-one states, also in British Columbia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Quebec, Ontario, Sashkatchewan and a mission point in India that today is recognized by the Government of India as outstanding for good.

By the mingling of friends, all working under the royal banner, In His Name, we catch a clearer and

deeper vision of our mission as united Christian workers, and leave for home with a new inspiration and greater determination to go forward and minister to His suffering humanity unceasingly.

"Outside Echoes"

The Charlestonians are indeed a peculiar people. They take pride in saying "We are a peculiar people," and they are, for their individuality is just so Charlestonian till you get interested and attracted,—no one can imitate them not even an F. F. V.

Well, what I started to say is this. I believe the world is getting smaller. The different ways of travelling has indeed made us all neighbors, so to speak. It is no uncommon thing to meet people you know of, or who knows some one you are acquainted with while you are visiting in other states or countries.

While walking through the old citadel grounds on our way to the Francis Marion Hotel for lunch one morning the delegates who accompanied me said: "Where are you from?" Concord N. C., I replied. Curiosity of course prompted me to do as she had done. "Where are you from?" I asked, "Jewett, Ohio," she answered. "Oh, indeed, I knew a minister from North Carolina who lived there, Rev. So and So." "I guess I knew him, too, for he baptized, catechized and confirmed me," Ohio answered. Well I was surprised to say the least.

In the Convention one morning I heard some one call Mrs. W. R. Blackwelder, State President, Illinois Branch. I approached Mrs. Blackwelder very inquisitively and said, "You have a Cabarrus County, North Carolina name." The Illinois lady smilingly replied, "I have a legitimate right to that Cabarrus County name for my husband's people are from that County and are related to the Blackwelders and Cresses of Cabarrus County." Another surprise. At another time the President of the State Branch of Georgia grew curious and began her conversation by saying, "I know you are a North Carolina delegate but from some one I learn you are a Virginian and I believe I know where from." I gave the Georgia delegate all the information desired and by an exchange of family history we learned we were from the same county and almost neighbors in girl-hood days. In fact the Georgia President was an attendant at my brother's marriage. A pleasant surprise.

'Twas coincident that the President of the Virginia Branch, President of the Georgia Branch and two of the N. C. delegates were from the same county in Virginia, and we all were declared fine boosters for our adopted states. Things happen stranger than fiction. While riding one morning there were two delegates in the machine with the Concord, N. C. delegates and we wanted to know where our sisters In His Name were from. "Where are you from?" North Carolina asked, "Concord, (pronuonced conquered) New Hampshire," they replied. "Well, we are from Concord, North Carolina" we drawled and laughed heartily. We never say conquered down here for some how we don't like the word.

Oh, I must tell this joke for I believe you will enjoy the humor in it to the fullest extent. At the D. A. R. reception some one introduced Mrs. B., the Canadian delegate, to the

members of the receiving line as a prominent D. A. R. from Canada. Poor Mrs. B. was so overcome with laughter till she had to retire. It was a slip of the tongue of course, but it was funny and we all enjoyed the joke.

Oh, indeed, it is pleasant attending Conventions.

Man is like a tack—useful if he has a good head on him and is pointed in the right direction, but even though he is driven, he can only go as far as his head will let him.

WHAT CAUSED HIM TO BE A PRINTER.

(Greensboro Record.)

Joseph J. Stone, telling the history of his business and how it has grown, what caused him to be the printer that he is, and giving many little anecdotes of the olden days from the War Between the States to the present day, was the feature of Tuesday's meeting and luncheon of the Greensboro Rotary club.

Two new members, F. Dudley Courtney, president of the Southern Webbing company, formerly a Rotarian in Utica, New York, and W. B. Hill, of the Hill Milling company, formerly a Danville, Va., Rotarian, were inducted into membership.

Fielding Fry entertained the diners with a solo, "The Palms." R. W. Glenn announced plans for Boys' Week, which the Rotarians are planning to fittingly celebrate.

Mr. Stone told his story in part as follows:

It is recorded, with what particular degree of authority I do not know, that Dr. Benjamin Franklin's future mother-in-law hesitated in giving her sanction to his marriage with her daughter, not wishing her to marry a printer, as there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was uncertain whether the country could support a third.

The gods presiding over our destinies are capricious, and, for all I know, well-intentioned, and it seemed that in my case there was, indeed a destiny that shaped my end, because there was an impelling power that put me in a print shop. I was born in Louisburg, N. C., on the banks of the Tar river, and remained there twelve years.

When I grew to be old enough to wonder what business I would get into as a man, the only thing in my mind was a printing office, as the village paper was printed in a little shop, the back door of which opened into our back yard.

Shortly after my father passed away, a brother-in-law who was a practicing lawyer in a small town near Raleigh (Clayton,) purchased a small printing plant. He employed an old printer, gave me a job, and it was in this little shop that I worked for four years for the magnificent sum of one dollar plus my board and clothes, and felt that I was well paid. After finishing my apprenticeship, I spent one year in Wilson, N. C., in the printing office of Elder P. D. Gold, our townsman Charlie Gold's father,

and I wish here to say that in my humble judgment a more just and kindly man never lived. From Wilson I entered the newpaper business and ran a small paper in Dunn, N. C., going to this place when there were only two or three houses within a mile of the railroad station. I stayed only a short time in Dunn, and after leaving there to go to Wilson where I lived for one year working as a journeyman printer, I came to Greensboro in 1889.

Fellow Rotarians, that was 35 years ago, and things were crude in the printing game at that time.

After seven years of service with Thomas Brothers, through the kind intercession of my friend Bob Vaughn, I was enabled to purchase a small printing plant from a widow to whom I gave a mortgage on the plant for the whole purchase price. But here, let me say, that while I am now president of a company which has all kinds of machinery—binding, printing, linotype machines, job presses, cylinder presses, etc.—that little plant which carried a mortgage and my imprint is, to me, one of the most thrilling pictures in my memory, and devoutly I pray to God that it may ever remain there—the few racks and stands, the imposing stone, that Gordon jobber—then my all, and yet not mine—all of it mortgaged for more than it would have brought at public outcry.

But play time and doll time passed—and the city of Greensboro began to grow, and I saw that it was up to me to grow with it.

I think I may be excused in saying that the Joseph J. Stone Co., of Greensboro, North Carolina, is an institution of which the city is proud and which has a well-earned and sustained reputation among the printing houses of the south. Our department heads have been with us many years, and each has contributed, loyally and intelligently, his part. My ambition and goal in life was to be the best printer and to have the best plant in my native North Carolina, and it is the intention of our company to have completed within the next six months a modern fireproof building which will house all of our activities under one roof, and our desire and expectation is that this shall be the best plant of its kind in the state.

It might be worth while for a moment or two of retrospection to tell about the earlier years, a sort of twilight in printing in the Gate City. The first record of a printer in Greensboro was in 1825, Greensboro had then been in existence seventeen years, but the Patriot, still published, was started in that year. It seems, according to the history, that some years before the war between the states a Methodist minister came here with a little outfit of type and a crude hand press, and began the publication of a religious weekly. After a few years he passed on to the Silent Majority, and for a number of years his widow, known then familiarly as "Aunt Bumpass," continued the publication. The motive power for operating this old hand press was a husky negro slave—and a woman at that. This paper was the forerunner of the Christian Advocate.

Speaking of motive power as compared with our applied electricity of today, Tom Sherwood, of this city, relates how with a sturdy jackass he

used to get up steam for the Patriot by using a threshing machine rigging—and Tom says if he got the jackass in motion the paper went to press on time.

Eearly in the days of the war between the states, when supplies were not to be obtained and school books were scarce, two teachers in the Edgeworth college, once an institution of learning, the pride of Greensboro, prepared the copy for a complete set of books and sent a diminutive Frenchman who lived here on a long and perilous voyage to England to have plates made from which books could be printed. The Frenchman went to Wilmington where he took passage on a blockade runner for England where he succeeded in his mission. The plates were smuggled back through the federal lines. The two teachers, Messrs. Sterling and Campbell, formed a partnership with a young printer, James W. Albright, who died some years ago at Asheville, and together they had for what at that time was a well-equipped printing office, and many thousands of these school books and other publications were produced and sent throughout the south.

THE FRIENDLY HAND

When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's feelin' kind of blue,
And the clouds hang dark an' heavy an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE WAKE FOREST MAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

Greensboro News.

Wake Forest alumni are laying plans to celebrate fittingly the centennial of their college in 1934. Wake Forest claims the distinction of being the oldest denominational college in North Carolina. When the charter was applied for, in 1832, we think, a sharp fight was precipitated in the legislature. The principle of permitting religious organizations to maintain colleges in the state was abhorrent to some of the fathers, and when the question came to a vote it was a tie. The speaker of the house broke the tie, and tradition has it that the vote cost him his political head.

But the sacrifice of one political career has given to the state 90 years of distinguished and invaluable service by an institution that has barely begun to come into the fullness of its strength as an agency for the betterment of the commonwealth. The history of Wake Forest college, like that of most of North Carolina's church schools, and like much of the history of her university, is the story of a fierce battle for bare existence. There never has been a day when the college was not handicapped by want of funds, never a day when she was not compelled to forego something of

the service she might have rendered to the state simply because she had not enough money to make that service possible.

Against that depressing and monotonous record of frustration and partial defeat there is, however, another record of singular devotion to ideals, of patriotism and of courage of soul that has often towered to the level of the sublime. If Wake Forest has always lacked money, she has never lacked men. A long succession of brilliant scholars, lacking silver and gold, has nevertheless given the college such as it had—and it had, among other things, learning, distinction and moral power. The life of a Wingate, the life of a Taylor, freely given to Wake Forest, endowed the institution with something that no amount of money could purchase for it. The lives of many other devoted and self-sacrificing teachers—moral heroes, if any such ever existed—are builded into the very walls of the college, and lend to its ancient building a dignity and worthiness that no material magnificence could ever confer.

Nor is the great service that the college has rendered altogether a thing of the past. William Louis Poteat, its present president, stands today as an American Defender of the Faith, one of the bravest and most powerful of those intellectual warriors who fight for the Bible against the assaults of ignorant and intolerant fanatics who would pervert its moral authority into a sanction of their own superstitious anthropomorphism. His refusal to bow the knee to error simply because it might have been safer to do so has been an immensely important service to truth and intellectual honesty in the state, and has added new lustre to the shining record of his college.

What, then, can the alumni of Wake Forest do during the next 10 years to celebrate fittingly the first century of their alma mater's existence? Obviously, it must be something in keeping with the great history of the school, and what could be more appropiate than to unshackle her, to make it impossible for her service to be thwarted in the future as it has been thwarted in the past by lack of funds? Wake Forest has recently come into some money, but not enough to equip her to care for the 1,000 students who will be clamoring at her doors within a few years. The alumni should so equip her.

EDITOR'S FAREWELL THESIS

The editor of a Kansas paper thus bids farewell to his readers: "This is the last issue of our paper. Twenty-five years ago the editor hit town with one dollar in his pocket, tomorrow he quits work with $50,000,000 in the bank. His success is the result of strict sobriety, unimpeachable integrity, the ability to work 20 hours out of the 24, and live upon practically nothing—and the further fact that a wealthy aunt has just died up in Boston and left him $49, 999,999."

OUR EVERLASTING LIFE.

W. T. Bost in Greensboro News.

And whosoever liveth and beliveth in me shall never die.—St. John 11:26.

In the body of doctrine sacred to the literalists is that which makes sin the wages of death.

Most repugnant to them is the belief that there is no death, that this life is but the preparatory school to a greater life and therefore the Master never closes the doors. Death, dissolution, extinction, all go on until the great Showman waves some wand or by some clever use of power brings back to long vanished life.

To quarrel with persons who find the Scriptures full of detached verses supporting their exceedingly materialistic thesis is the idlest of occupations. But it must appear to any one who reads the New Testament that the Resurrection of Jesus Christ which today we celebrate is a far nobler faith than that which conceives Him as raised from the dead by a power acting on Him from without. The Resurrection is not a doctrine that He was raised from the dead, but rather He had within Himself the power of an endless life. "I am the resurrection and the life," the Beloved Disciple records Him as saying. He was therefore immune from death which had no dominion over Him. He laid down His life and took it up again, because He had the power to lay it down and take it again.

And what the New Testament represents as true respecting Jesus Christ, it represents as true of His followers. The Sons of God themselves have the immortality of the Father. He that liveth and believeth in Christ does not die and rise again; he hath eternal life. He does not wait to be eternal after he dies; he is eternal before he dies. St. Paul follows after Jesus that he may know the power of His Resurrection. Eternal life is not a gift to be bestowed upon a child of God hereafter; far less is it the purchase price of an opinion. Immortality is not a bequest to be received in the sweet by and by. It is a present possession.

The Resurrection of Jesus Christ is therefore not a miraculous prophecy of a future life, but a witness of a present fact. It attests the power of divine life. As the germination of a single seed is evidence of dormant power of life in all similar seeds, so the uprising of this single Son of God is a demonstration of the dormant life in all Sons of God. Dr. Henry Stiles Bradley in his great sermon to Trinity baccalaureates fancies the caterpillar entering the chrysalis and emerging a butterfly but without hope of immortality for all that—"death ends all;" but if the worm had any of the elements of immortality it might indeed enter its tomb in the hope of preparation for the resurrection, just as the Christian, seeing the unconquerable spirit of his Lord, interprets by it the intimation of immortality in his own soul.

Thus the Resurrection of Jesus Christ is an evidence both of a hitherto unrealized power and a once unrecognized standard of life. The power is that of an immortal; the standard is that which belongs

to the immortals. All values in life are to be estimated by their relation to one who is living a deathless life; all questions are to be answered by one who is made but a little lower than God. Easter gives to us a new interpretation to human nature, a new solvent to life's mystries, a new expression of the divine-human powers of the soul, a new point of view for all objects and all problems. . . .

There is a popular understanding, whether entirely true or not isn't material, that Christian Science does not believe in the reality of pain and sickness. But they are as real as death to which they conduct. But as is the inner citadel which death cannot enter, so is the hidden life which pain cannot torment and sickness cannot weaken. And there is a death which destroys this body. It is as real as the decay which destroys the husk of the seed. So there is a decay which strips the husks and leaves life, and the sickness and pain and death which accompany life are the instruments of emancipation. We ourselves are the truly divine, immortal selves which are untouched.

We hear a great deel about the vanishing faith in immortality. There are some signs that hope grows dim and uncertain. Many books, sermons and lectures are offered to show the sweet reasonableness of that faith. But if we are losing our belief in immortality, it is not because this is a scientific age and the future an irrational belief; but rather because materialism moves us to cultivate husks at the expense of the seed, and the animal is indulged at the cost of the spiritual. If we are not living immortal lives here and now, how shall we hope to have it hereafter?

Our associations are in great measure with the things that perish, but if they make out the sum and substance of our being, when they are gone we are gone. Therefore, whether we are in the church or out, we must be exceedinly careful. If we are mere creatures of the tide we shall go out when the tide goes. Our resurrection goes on daily; it is an ever recurring possibility. We may walk with Shakespeare, with Browning and Wordsworth and have all the best that is in us re-enforced by the clearer and clearer life, or we may live with the decadents and have our moral vision limited, our moral sense confused and our moral natures poisoned. And however needful that we know these degenerate souls, we must not know them by living with them or in them.

DOUGHTON MAKES STRONG PLEA AOR GOOD ROADS FUND.

By Edward E. Britton.

Significant facts in connection with the building of public roads in the United States were called to the attention of the House of Representatives this afternoon by Congressman R. L. Doughton, of the Eighth North Carolina District. In committee of the whole, the House had under con-

sideration the Agricultural appropriation bill, and in the course of this Congressman Doughton made a plea for liberality in appropriations for road building, giving pertinent facts to emphasize the need for such appropriations..

Congressman Doughton's address was a well-considered one, and bristled with facts, delivered with force. He is an authority on the history and value of public roads, and what he has to say on the subeot is always given the greatest attention. As the ranking Democrat on the House Roads Committee, he speaks for the minority, and his recommendations have the backing of the Democrats in the House. He is seeking to have the roads appropriation made a continuing yearly appropriation of $100,000,000 in place of the $75,000,000 a year the Republicans have been appropriating since they came into power. Congressman Doughton wants to bo back to the Democratic appropriation of $100,000,000 yearly.

Universal Benefits

"I feel that no legislation enacted by the American Congress during the last quarter of a century has brought such universal benefits to the entire people of the United States as has the legislation providing for the cooperation by the Federal government with the several states and the appropriation of money for a uniform and comprehensive system of road building," declared Mr. Doughton in the course of his remarks. This was the text upon which he preached his sermon upon the need for an appropriation for road building.

Declaring that prior to June, 1913, little had been done by Congress or the Federal government by way of giving encouragement to the building of public highways, Congressman Doughton related that it was not until that time, this during the first term of President Wilson, that the rules of the House were changed providing for the forming or creating of a committee on roads, that before this different committees of the House gave slight consideration to bills relating to roads. Congressman Doughton was a member of that first committee, and in later years he became the head of the committee. He recounted the various appropriations made for roads, beginning with $25,000 for inquiry and investigation, and $500,000 for improvement of certain mail route roads, appropriated in 1912, with $5,000,000 appropriated in 1916, by the sixty-fourth Congress for 1917, $10,000,000, for 1918, $15,000,000, for 1919, this amended in the next Congress by makthe 1919 appropriation $50,000,000 for 1920 and 1921 the sum of $75,000,000 each, this in addition to other sums appropriated during the 1920 appropriation, making it $95,000,000, and the 1921 up to $100,000,000, this done by a Democratic Congress, the Republicans for the next year falling back $25,000,000 when the appropriation was reduced to $75,000,000.

Lauds This State

Then tuning to the appropriations for roads for the states, Congressman Doughton said that form 1917 to 1924, inclusive, these amounted to 452 millions of dollars. Paticularly concerning North Carolina, he said that in these years the State had received a total of $10,597,004.84, saying further as to North Carolina, in this matter: "While the amount received

from the Federal government by the State of North Carolina has been most helpful and is highly appreciated by the people of that State, yet the amount received from the Federal government has been but a small percentage of the amount actually expended in that State for highway construction. The General Assembly of North Carolina in 1921 provided for the raising of fifty million dollars for road building and the General Assembly of 1923 supplemented this amount by an additional 15 million dollars, making a total of 65 million dollars for the State, which added to the $10,597,-004.84 Federal funds, making a total of $75,597,004.84. In addition to this the counties of North Carolina are building county highways at the cost of many millions of dollars additional. It will be seen that our State is going forward in the construction of one of the most progessive and comprehensive highway systems of any State in the Union.''

In closing his speech, Congressman Doughton said that ''it is expected that this Congress will provide for continuing the present program, and will authorize the appropriation of adequate sums of money, which in my judgment, should be at least $100,-000,000 per annum, and for not less than two years.'' Stating that the present authorization will expire with the fiscal year 1925, he called for action, that unless there is, ''the splendid work that is now being done will be stopped.'' Expressing the view that the Congress would see the necessity for going forward and would appropriate the needed funds, Congressman Doughton urged that this be done, ''so that no delay will be caused in the continuation of what is being done, and finally reach the ultimate aim of those who started this movement, that is, a complete and uniform system of dependable highways throughout the entire United States.''

OLD DAYS OF TURPENTINE INDUSTRY.

By O. J. Peterson in News and Observer.

Suppose you could unroll the screen of your memory and discover the picture of several stalwart blacks in a room on a rainy day with, each, a foot upon the end of a hickory withe and with hands diligently twisting the other end? Such a picture is indelibly stamped upon my memory What was it? The boys twisting rafting whips. I see Hilbert and Guy now as a five-year-old tot opens the door and glances upon the scene with surprise and wonder.

During spring, summer, and autumn they had ''chipped,'' ''dipped,'' and finally ''scraped'' the turpentine trees. Old Buck and Joe, the two stalwart oxen, and the team of horses have been busy more recently drawing the loads of ''dip'' and ''scrape'' to the Coharie landing. These loads had to pass over the old ''rolling road,'' so called and so cut-up into mud holes because it had actually been used in earlier days to roll the barrels over. Just as the up-country pioneers used to roll their tobacco hogshead to Fayetteville, so had the

turpentine farmers bored holes in the heads of the turpentine barrels, in serted pins, and these pins into corresponding holes in shafts, and thus improvised a means of rolling the barrels to the landing. Grouped all about the landing are the products of the men who employ that landing. The logs for the rafts have been povided, and everything is being got in readiness for "rafting water."

The woods and fields have been scoured for hickory withes. They have been cut off or grubbed up so as to leave a knob at the butt. This rainy day has been seized as the opportunity to twist them. They are to be used as cords to fasten the barrels to the raft, a hole being bored in each end of a stave and the whips inserted and held firm by the knobs mentioned. The twisted withe is then tied to the timbers of the raft. Soon the freshets will come and the rafts, loaded and manned, will be headed toward Wilmington.

The writer will always regret that he didn't have an opportunity to go down the river on one of these rafts. They would float with the current down to tide-water and there tie up till the tide began to run out, and then they would float with the tide, tying up and floating each alternate period of six-hours till they reached the Wilmington docks, where an inspector met them and inspected every barrel of the dip. This was done with a long steel rod. A hole was bored in the head of the barrel and the rod plunged downward. The quality was adjudged by the ease or difficulty in plunging in the rod and by the character of the turpentine clinging to it.

My great-uncle, Alfred Alderman, the father of Rev. E. S. Alderman, D. D., and the great-uncle of Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, too, and the uncle by marriage of Judge Sinclair, for fifty years or more was an inspector of turpentine and timber on the Wilmington docks. In truth, it is safe to say, I believe, that Alfred Alderman inspected more turpentine and timber than any other man who ever lived in North Carolina. Everybody on the lower Cape Fear, the Black, and the North East Cape Fear and the Coharies knew him, that is, all these who made turpentine or rafted tar timber, and this is probably the reason that he found his secnod wife up in that part of Robeson which used the Cape Fear as the highway to market.

The owners of the rafts usually drove down to Wilmington to be there when the rafts arrived, for getting back for those who went down the river was a proposition. The alternatives would walk all the way or come back to Warsaw or Magnolia on the Wilmington and Weldon train and walk from the depot home. The owner purchased his supplies, brought back some of the lighter ones in his buggy, and had the rest shipped by flat to Lisbon.

These long two-day trips necessitated the spending of a night, going and coming, in New Hanover, or what is now Pender. This resulted in a remarkable importation of New Hanover, or Pender, ladies to Sampson county homes. My father and his two brothers all married Pender ladies, as did old Cousin Haywood and Marsden, the latter the father of Col. Matt Peterson, a West Pointer who became a victim to fever in the after-

war occupancy of Cuba twenty-five years ago. But this is only and inkling of what took place in the draft of Sampson upon Pender for its charming daughters. And that is one reason why my work as a teacher began in Pender and the subsequent draft of my own upon the mother county for a help-mate. And for the same reason there is a much closer affinity between the families of the lower half of Sampson and Pender than between those of the lower and upper halves of Sampson himself. In later days, however, the drafts of Sampson have been largely counterbalanced by those of Pender upon Sampson. The discontinuance of rafting and cattle-driving and the introduction of the automobile have deprived Sampson of its former advantage in the modified game of the Romans and the Sabines, making it now tit for tat with the result that the daughters of Haywood and Marsden are married to Pender men and live in a few miles of their mothers' maiden homes.

The Turpentine Vernacular

I doubt whether there has ever appeared a glossary of the turpentine industry. Like every other occupation it had its peculiar vocabulary. The notches cut in the tree to catch and hold the turpentine were "boxes." These have been superseded in later years and in new fields by actual boxes or cups, which are fastened to the trees and serve as resrvoirs for the "dip," as the soft turpentine which flowed down the "face," the "chipped" side of the tree was called that which clung to the face and grew hard was "scrape," so called from the fact that it had to be "scraped" off at the end of the season with a "scraping-iron." All graders were stilled into rosin and spirits.

"Boxes" tended for the first year were "virgin," and the "dip" and "scrape" from them were also virgin. This product was as white as driven snow, the dip having the consistency of honey containing crumbs of comb, while the yellow dip, the product of the trees after the second year, was yellow and had the consistency and the appearance of strained yellow honey. The higher the face the more golden the dip.

First year and second year boxes had to be "hacked." The instrument was a curved knife fastened to a short handle and weighted at the opposite end with a heavy iron cylinder fitted upon the end of the handle. This weight gave heft to the stroke, and made cutting a chip an inch deep and ten inches long a matter of art, or knack, rather than strength, though the fact that the boxes were cut as near the ground level as practicable made the process of hacking a backtiring job.

As the face climbed higher and higher up the tree, the "hack" was laid aside and the "round-shave" was brought into play. "Chipping with the round-shave meant a pull instead of a hack or stroke, and this required the development of a new neck. Each year the handles of the round-shaves grew longer till, in the latter days of the industry, when the hard-pressed producer could cut no more boxes in almost girdled trees, these handles were often as long as fence rails, and the faces attained the height of fifteen feet, or more.

With this long-handled tool the

"hand" took a scope through the woods, visiting each tree in turn and each box still operated on the tree, for there might be one or two old boxes that had been in disuse for years having been discarded at the height of a few feet when it was not necessary to run the face to the limbs, or having been run to an immoderate height and discontinued from necessity.

Most of the boxes cut in the eighties and nineties were murderous, resulting often in the deadening of the tree as the face climbed upward and the sap of the tree curved, and many of them were cut upon bulges due to the excessive growth of the pines between the old chipped faces. The result was, also, that many pines with four boxes in them were almost as square as if they had been hewn.

Two hundred and eighty pounds made a "barrel," whatever the size of the container. The barrels built by the neighborhood coopers were made to approximate the weight, and these containers, like cotton bagging and ties, formed a part of the weight of the 280 pounds upon which basis prices were fixed.

Every community had its cooper and cooper shop, but today I doubt if there is a man in Sampson county who knows how to make a barrel. The latter-day price of barrels was 25 cents, and the cooper was as hard pressed to make a living as the producer of the turpentine or tar. One poor fellow found relief in the State hospital, where he tarried till two or three years ago, while Tim, a lad of ten, hauled light-wood six miles and sold it at 25 cents a load to support the mother and several girls. Tim was a hero if Sampson ever reared one, and I never see him now, a prosperous farmer, selling a score of bales of cotton a year and making plenty of hog and hominy, without rejoicing in the turn of his fortune. Remembering that family, I shall always insist upon the righeousness of State aid to widows and wives of unfortunates.

The writer and his younger brother tended a few barrel "stands" of boxes when the former was about sixteen. It required a pole, or handle, about eight feet long to reach the top of the faces. These were the last boxes that could be cut on the old Buckhorn tract. Where formerly the pines had been thick and only a small area sufficient to form a "barrel stand," they were then scattered, scraggly-topped, and ready to become a prey to wind or flame. One of the chief means of securing cash on that old homestead was disappearing. Thousands and thousands of barrels of virgin and yellow dip had been carted in years agone to the landing, but now twenty barrels would probably be the produce of a year, and it required those two boys two days each week to chip the boxes. The year's product brought possibly $40 or $50.

As suggested above, chipping is as much a knack as a matter of main strength, but the strength had to be there or it was a slow and hard process. Unless one's round-shave had just the right set, it was hard to make it take hold and harder to keep a hold. And it must be sharp. Well, I could never get mine set just right and it is cool out in the shade of the woods, but as related earlier in this series, there was then very little other growth than pines and these

were now thin-topped. Think, then, of the task of walking up beside a tree on a hot July day, glancing up and catching a hold with a knife on the end of a pole and cutting out a gash in the tree an inch deep and several inches long. Boys all over the pine belt were doing that very thing, and happy was the boy who had a barrel stand for his very own, as the club boy has his acre today. It was his task on Saturday afternoon to chip his own boxes, but most gladly did he forgo the half-holiday. He might make four barrels a year, for each barrel stand made a barrel at a dipping, and there were three or four dippings a year, but hardly more than three in "high boxes," as too much of the turpentine stuck to the faces on the long journey to the box at the ground level. Virgin boxes might be dipped five or six times.

But hacking and chipping were as play beside, the dipping. The "dipper" was a trowel-like disk of steel, fastened to a 2 1-2 foot handle, and this dipper was inserted into the box, a peculiar twist was given it, and the turpentine in hanging stream like underdone molasses candy at a candy pulling was flirted into a bucket, to one side of which was affixed a portion of an iron hoop which served as an instrument upon which to scrape off the dip from the dipper. O, it was a sticky job, and as the bucket grew fuller and heavier it was a man's task to wag it from one box to the next and when full to the barrel.

Well I recall the very last day of that year's experience in the turpentine woods. It was the third and last dipping for the season and the last barrel was just about full and only a bucketful or two left in a small basin. We went for that, but the mosquitoes had swarmed in that low land and, actually, one could hardly have seen well enough to dip the boxes if he had been able to stand the attack of the ravenous horde. Back to the barrel the two youngsters went, and what had been probably a hundred years of turpentining on the Buckhorn tract was ended. But, fortunately, just about this time the northern markets for huckleberries was discovered, and the old Buckhorn place can beat the world on Sampson blues. But that is another story.

The man with a grouch not only puts the brakes on the world's progress, but he throws the gears in reverse speed.

SELLS MOTOR CAR BUSINESS TO MAKE VIOLINS.

F. O. Stanley, millionaire manufacturer of motor cars, has sold his interest in the Stanley Motor Car Company, and is now making violins. From automobile to violins is some jump, but Freeman Oscar Stanley—or F. O. as he is more popularly known in the automobile industry—is no amateur at adopting new businesses.

He has run the gamut from farmhand to financier, with occasional sojourns into the photogaphic dry plate business, teaching school, running a hotel, acquiring a mastery of higher mathematics, studying taxes—he's death on all taxes, except revenue stamps—and delving into any other business fancy that strikes him.

Is 75 Years Old.

Now he wants to be a Ford of the violin business. He intends to apply the principles of quantity production and by use of machinery, new process and standardization, to manufacture a violin that will make Stradivarius look like a piker.

He is seventy-five years old, married, has no children and lives in the exclusive Weaverly avenue section of Newton. Last Wednesday he fell on one of the terraces of his estate. He broke his leg and is now directing the violin venture from his sick bed.

"I am only at the experimental stage of making violins for wholesale," said Mr. Stanley. "Although I am making violins because I am interested in them, there is a wonderful opportunity to make money in violins. More than 500,000 are imported every year. One firm in New York alone imports 100,000.

"There never was a time when the violin was so popular as it is today. Schools are teaching violin, especially in the West, and there is a growing tendency among young folks to take it up.

"Now if a boy or girl learns to play, the boy or girl appreciates a good violin. You cannot buy a good one now for less than $200 and you will probably pay as high as $600 for one. A violin can be made by utilizing machinery for the rough work and by the application of the proper principles, skill and workmanship for the fine work, a violin can be turned out just as good as Stradivarius ever made, even in his palmiest days, and the cost of making it will not be more than $30.

"This includes the cost of material, labor and everything else. My idea is to make a violin of Stradivarius quality to retail for $100. This leaves a good margin of profit for the dealer.

Not New To Him.

"If you make 10,000 or 20,000 violins a year it means a lot of material. What I am now experimenting on is to see whether or not old wood is absolutely necessary to a good violin. Most violins are made of old wood and makers scour old buildings being torn down looking for it.

"I have made eight violins during January and February. Four of these were made from green wood, fresh from the forest, and four were made

of old wood. Of course, the green wood had been dried before it was put into the violin. I have a kiln in a laboratory attached to my house. One of the old violins was made of wood 100 years old and the violins made of green wood are just as good if not better than it.

"I have made violins since I was ten years old. In 1865, when I was sixteen years old, I made two violins and sold one for $10. I didn't sell any more until 1878. Then I was the principal of a high school in Columbia, Pa. Teaching school didn't pay much money, and I made violins besides. Then I sold three for $100 apiece and two to pupils of mine for $60 apiece.

"Making violins is not, therefore, new to me. I have always been interested in them and it has been a hobby all my life.

"My start in life is very similar to that of many other New England men. I was born in Kingfish, Franklin county, Maine. I had a twin brother, F. E. Stanley. We were together all our lives until he died. We had to earn all the money we ever spent. We never had a dollar given to us.

"We began very early in life to develop mechanical ability. Our first big venture was in the manufacture of the photographic dry plate. We knew there was an opportunity in the field and made a study of it.

Sold To Eastman.

"We found a superior method of coating plates with a sensitive dry emulsion. We built up a profitable business and in 1904 sold it out to George Eastman.

"In 1906 we began the manufacture of Stanley Steamers and a short while ago retired. We sold a good business.

"When I was a boy we worked on the farm with my five brothers. We studied hard at home. My father was a school teacher before becoming a farmer and, when I was seventeen years old, I left home to teach myself. My brother also taught. He did not go to college. I did. I went to Bowdoin.

"I told some friends some time ago that I think I am the dullest student who ever went to Bowdoin College. It took me 36 years to be graduated. I went there for a year in 1878. I left there to teach and never went back.

"In 1919 I received a letter from President Searles inviting me to come back to Bowdoin and get a degree of A. M. It was pleasing to get the degree, but it was sad to see so few of the old boys left.

"But to get back to the violins, my experiments have shown me that green wood can be used with better results than old wood. There is but little research work and experimentation left to be done and then I am going in for the manufacture of violins on a large scale. The demand in this country is great and there is no necessity for going outside the country to get fiddles of good quality.

"The idea means better and cheaper instruments and it means placing good violins in the hands of young players. I am not a player myself. I can get tones out of a violin, but I am not at all accomplished at it, but I have enlisted the aid of Miss Josephine Monahan, who is an accomplished player and whose ear is trained to detect the variations in different instruments. And besides, my nephew,

Carlton Stanley, helps in the laboratory work.

"I intend to make real viloins, violins any musician will be proud of. They will not be flivvers. They will be of standard quality and the high quality of a Stradivarius will be built-into every one of them."

Politeness is like an air cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.

SOUND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION GREAT NEED OF PRESENT DAY.

Robert D. Towne, in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The most baffling thing about religion is the way people split up on it. There is the believer and the nonbliever. We have dramatized faith and doubt as two tragically opposed movements of the human mind. In our time the mystification of it all has been increased by the prevalent notion that doubt grows with knowledge and intelligence while faith lapses and on the other hand that faith keeps its throne by resisting knowledge and despising reason.

That is the way thousands of persons on both sides of the fence feel about it. As a result, we have the strange alienation between religion and all the rest of our knowledge and concerns. Education, science, mechanics, business, invention, art and fiction are all up and coming interests shouldering their important way along all throughfares. Religion shrinks away in the bypaths of solitary meditation and private belief.

On a church billboard the other day I saw the announcement of this sermon-subject, "What is Man?" Anatomy, biology, anthropology and every other science is pursuing that question with the most eloborate and costly investigations. Isn't it strange that from the religious standpoint it is regarded as a stale or impertinent or useless inquiry?

The cause, I believe, is to be found in the fact that we have developed almost no system of religious education for the common people. We have come to take it for granted that religion is not a matter of study or effort; that while a man must work for every other kind of knowledge, he can pick up a religion and find a faith most any time or anywhere just as he likes.

Religion And Education Allied

And yet the history of religion itself contradicts that degrading notion. In every age and among every people where religion has made any progress at all—even among the higher pagan nations—it has gravitated inevitably into the most intimate contract with the best educaion anl culture and poetry and literature of those nations and gaes.

The Jewish and Christian religions flowered forth in a Book which has held first rank for centuries as a liter-

ature of great genius, subtlety and charm. Even to read the Bible requires a good education, and its preservation and translation through the centuries out of dead and dying languages into the living tongue has been the work of the foremost scholarship of every age.

Wherever religion has revolted against its scholarship and become hostile to books and knowledge of a rational mind you know without further inquiry that religion has been undergoing a reversion to earlier and more pagan forms. Paganism may be defined as devotion to the past. Christianity has always had its face set toward the future—"forgetting the things that are behind and stretching forward to the things that are before."

Religion and Morality

Many men have toiled to make religion into a morality—"Be good and you will be happy." It seems utilitarian and reasonable but it has never worked. It is like so many other wise maxims—"Honesty is the best policy." Of course it is. Everybody knows it. But people go on being dishonest.

Men have toiled to make religion into a science; and that is reasonable. The trouble is, we know so little and are constantly unlearning what we do know and learning something else in its place. Let's quit believing what we don't know and build on what we do know. That's the most sage and practical advice current. The trouble is, that so often when we build on what we know the building falls down.

There are persons who would make religion into politics and economics and this and the other reform. It has been tried time and again; but a subtle instinct in the general heart defeats it. Others still would turn religion into history. They would nail it down with the hard spikes of authentic fact; and so we build our creeds and doctorines of historicity and authenticity and all the rest; and then comes Jesus out of Galilee and says: "The letter killeth; it is the spirit that giveth life."

And thus the endless debate goes on. "What is man?" Frank Boreham, away off in Tasmania, says he is "a fagot of thunderbolts." You can't corner him. You get him all corralled and nicely sorted and labeled and before your eyes he blows up and breaks out in new shapes all over the place.

Human Dynamite

Now it is a singular fact that the New Testament constantly speaks of this eruptive spirituality of human nature—the very word used for both the spirit of man and the spirit of God is the word "dynamite," which we have transalated into "power."

Religion has always stood for this unlocated dynamite lodged in the very powerhouse of man and nature and God. It is neither a morality nor a science nor a philosophy—neither naturalism nor supernaturalism—or rather it is all of them put together. Jesus says it is a life which constantly springs up into more life, a light which brightens and makes more light, a leaven which works until has leavened the whole lump.

Jesus upbraided Nicodemus for professing to be mystified about all this when it is at once the simplest matter in the world—and just because it is

simple it runs away by the directest paths to all the mysteries and sublimities of the universe.

Manifestly we need a popular, sound, invigorating system of education to put all these special knowledges together; and such an education can be no other than religious, no matter what it is called. All the voices of our day are demanding such an education. For when you stop to consider it carefully how can we go on with any of the business of life without some general theory or hypothesis or presupposition about the whole of man and all of life? And how can that come except through faith—the kind of faith that "is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not yet seen or attained?"

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

By James Whitcomb Riley

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall; unstead
Of words of blame, or proof of so and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled
And by your own soul's hope for fair renown,
Let something good he said.

A LITTLE TRADGEDY AT GREENSBORRO.

(Greensboro News.)

The Record tells of a little tragedy which happened in Greensboro, in which a little girl whose frail body was worn by suffering and racked by pain, was making a desperate battle for life. The best medical attention obtainable had been called to her bedside to aid in the almost unequal fight.

Hour after hour, the despairing parents watched the candle of life burning lower and lower. Medical and surgical skill combined in one last effort to save the life of the little tot

that a short time before had been laughing and playing with childish happiness that knew no shadow and comprehended no suffering.

With the simple faith the child looked to her mother and father in this suffering, looked to the one source of aid that had never failed, and to the one power that had always been able to smooth out childish troubles.

Then the test came. The crisis was reached. The surgeons must act. Knowing that every ounce of energy must be retained in the frail little body if life was to remain, the masters of surgical skill hesitated to take the step. The operation must be performed and there must be no struggle, no resistance, no fear. Even as the physicians consulted the flame of life in the little girl flickered lower.

The mother at last approached the bedside. She spoke in a low tone. Her voice sweet and soft was soothing to the tired litlte mind and the child relaxed. The mother continued to speak and with abiding faith and unquestioned obedience, the little tot listened and obeyed almost mechanically. There was no hesitation, no whining, no resentment. Trained from babyhood in unquestioned obedience to a kind and loving mother, the child turned in the crisis of its life to this fountain of rest.

Mother love and obedience had done something that medical skill and anesthetics were powerless to accomplish. The delicate fingers of the surgeon worked swiftly an in a few hours color came back into the pale cheeks and a smile formed on the drawn white lips of the suffering child. The battle was won.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

Jim Gillespie was given permission by Supt. Boger, on last Friday to go home for a few days visit with his parents in Shelby.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys received five Easter eggs each on last Sunday, and most of them received nice boxes from home, and they all had a big time.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Howard Monday a member of the seventh cottage, was paroled on last Saturday. Monday has made a fine record at the Training School, and we all hope to see him make good at home.

The shop boys have been making new screens for the cottages. The boys that are doing the most of this work are Ervin Cole and Haskell Ayers.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys have been busy cleaning up during the past week. Mr. Kennet, with the help of some of the boys, has been putting new bed springs on the beds in the first cottage.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Cone Literary Society held its regular meeting on last Monday night, and had a fine program. The boys to take part in the debate were Walter Morris, Robert Ferguson, Charles Huchins and Paul Funderburk. The

boys took a great interest in this meeting, because they are expecting to discontinue the meetings during th summer.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mrs. M. W. Fetzer, who is a matron of the second cottage, is spending a month's vacation with relatives in Baltimore, Md. and Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Mable Cloer is taking Mrs. Fetzer's place as matron during her absence.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Supt. Boger gave all the boys that wanted to go barefooted, permission to do so on last Tuesday afternoon. About half of them sat right down where they were standing, and took their shoes off. All of the shoes were sent to the shoe shop to be repaired and put away until next winter.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A person without a sense of humor doesn't stand much chance anywhere and least of all at the Training School. At the Sunday morning service one little fellow on the very front row of boys was apparently engrossed with all that was being said and done. He sang with great gusto, and recited his Scripture with fervency and enthusiasm; he listened to the sermon with rapt attention, and he closed his eyes and assumed a pious attitude during the prayer. When it was all over and the boys were leaving the chapel, he leaned forward and raised his hand. Superintendent Boger, wondering what he might have on his mind after such a service, moved aside the lilies that stood in his way in the pulpit, and bent low to catch this—"Say, Mister Boger, how about goin' BARE FOOTED?"

EASTER AT THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

By Miss Vernie Goodman.

April 20th, Easter Sunday, was truly a significant Easter Day. The warm sunshine, the bursting buds, the cloudless sky, the gentle breeze of the morning would have awakened in the heart of the most indifferent a livelier attitude toward nature, mankind, and toward the God of it all.

A service had been planned for Sunday morning instead of the regular Sunday School, and in preparation for the event the chapel was decorated with masses of flowers. Pink and white blossoms filled the windows, and choir loft. In the pulpit only white was used, lilies and white lilacs and pedestals holding baskets of white flowers were arranged against a background of dogwood, and the whole effect was most artistic. At nine thirty the boys assembled in the chapel, and the following program was rendered:

Processional—"Hail, O Joyous Morn of Gladness"

Gloria Patria

Scripture Reading in Concert—School

Solo and Chorus, "Jesus has Arisen"—Lambert Cavenaugh and School

Sermon—Rev. J. F. Armstrong

Solo—"Open the Gates of the Temple"—Charles Maynard

Prayer

Hymn—"Come Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs"

Benediction.

The boys entered fully into the spirit of the service and it was one of inspiration and joy. It is fitting that the sermon should have special mention. Rev. Armstrong, who is the

busy pastor of the Forest Hill Methodist church of Concord, and who is a loyal friend of the Training School at all times and under all circumstances, took double duty upon himself that morning in order to bring an Easter message to the boys before the usual 11 o'clock service at his own church. His sermon was based upon Christ's statement to Mary in the garden, and was full of hope for all who on Easter celebrate the ressurection of the Savior with true faith. He was heard with close attention.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the boys again assembled in the chapel for the afternoon service. The speaker at this time was the Rev. Mr. Pentuff, of McGill St. Baptist church, Concord. The lily, symbolical of the season, was used to illustrate a most fitting and appropriate address by Rev. Pentuff. He was accompanied and assisted in the service by Rev. Thomas Smith, whose untiring devotion to the school has long since endeared him to the institution.

Easter Monday was a real gala day. Nature contributed everything possible in the way of weather, and three hundred and eighty-one boys, with tingling blood and high spirits were attired in their khaki uniforms ready for something to happen. Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Foil, of Concord, something happened. Mr. Foil conceived the idea that it would be a genuine pleasure to do something real nice for the boys of the school—(he's another regular feller when it comes to the Training School.) Being a member of his home town Kiwanis Club, he communicated the idea to his fellow members and to Kiwanis Clubs of neighboring towns. Accordingly, a big barbecue was planned and executed at the school athletic field on Easter Monday. A number of Kiwanians, together with members of their families, came out to enjoy the occasion with the boys. While the barbecue was in process of preparation a ball game, a military drill, and other stunts were put on by the boys for the entertainment of the visitors who found the spacious, airy grandstand a most comfortable place from which to watch the proceedings. And did the boys enjoy it? Well, just ask any youngster who passed his plate for the second generous helping of barbecued pork "with accessories" if he had a good time! Yes siree! spiritually and materially the Easter season was one of joy at the Training School.

Don't worry when you stumble—remember, a worm is about the only thing that can't fall down.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., MAY 3, 1924 No. 24

AND NAMED IT AMERICA.

God built Him a continent of glory and filled it with treasures untold. He carpeted it with soft rolling prairies and pillared it with thundering fountains and traced it with long winding streams. He graced it with deep shadowed forests and filled it with song.

Then He called unto a thousand peoples and summoned the bravest among them. They came from the ends of the earth, each bearing a gift and a hope. The glory of adventure was in their eyes, and in their souls the glory of hope.

And out of the earth and the labors of man, out of the longing of hearts and prayers of souls, out of the memories of age and the hope of the world, God fashioned a nation of love, blessed it with a purpose sublime, and called it America.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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PRESERVATION OF NATURE'S CONTRIBUTION.

In this number we are carrying an interesting story about native flowers, shrubbery and wild growth in general in our wooded and low lands. The way that many of these beautiful and cheering contributions which nature lavishly furnishes us are destroyed ruthlessly, with no consideration and with an abandon, amounts at times to vandalism.

Reverting to this a lady offers us this contribution on the subject which we here use to illustrate how some people consider might right and have no regard for the work of others. The lady talks as follows:

"Sometimes things happen that give one the shock of a life, most especially if one has an aesthetic temperament. Two persons, a week or more ago, while riding out on the National Highway toward the Jackson Training School, purposely to enjoy the freshness and beauty of the woods, observed and commented about two dog-wood bushes in all their flowery glory that stood sentinel, one at each driveway leading into the old home-place, planned and developed by one of Concord's most progressive citizens, Mr. C. W. Swink.

An average person would be compelled to be impressed with the care used in selecting the planting place, for it was evident that the outsanding thought in the mind of the landscape gardener was to beautify the grounds and at the same time to give pleasure to the passing traveler.

All nature seemed to be in tune this bright Easter-day as these lovers of nature sped on, enjoying the early spring blossoms and the foliage of the trees in their tender freshness that made a canopy for the song birds as they flitted about with the glee of a younster in a new play-house, or a lover with

his new bride, making plans for home-building.

The shock came—it was the end of a perfect day. On the return trip home, a few hours after the first passing, just in view of the old home mentioned pedestrains were seen on the highway bearing long branches of dog-wood with no other thought than to fill an empty jardiniere at their respective homes. Since we were in the open, with nothing but cultivated fields on either side, it was but natural to conclude that the very bushes so much admired a few hours previous had been treated rather severely.

Our conjecture was true. As we approached it was observed that one bush had been topped, so to speak, for there stood the splintered stub to tell the tale.

Why did this happn? It was a lack of appreciation or understanding of how many years it takes to grow these bushes or why they were planted just at that spot. No doubt these people thought, if they thought at all, it just happened so and considered themselves fortunate to be the first to pass and without the least exertion to break lown the bush, thereby ruthlessly destroy in a few moments that which some thinking and designing person had taken years to see materialize.

This thought comes into the minds of all thinking persons, who love beauty and order, is there nothing that can be done as individuals, as associations, or through the schools, or the press, to educate people to an appreciation and spirit of conservation of our shrubs and trees along the highways?

Col. Benehan Cameron, as president of the Bankhead Highway, is charged with the most commendable business of organizing the counties along this highway into clubs, whose privilege and duty will be to make more beautiful the borders of the superb roads that are being given our piedmont section. By conserving what nature has lavishly given us, the job before Col. Cameron and his county assistants will not be a monumental one.

There are dog-wood, cedars, shrubs and blossoms of all kinds back in the woods that are available probably without the asking, costing nothing but the effort, and we pray you spare those in view of the highways. Let us give serious thought to this matter, and through the press give publicity to this one thought: conservation of native shrubs and trees on the highways."

* * * * * * *

DEATH IN OUR MIDST.

We have just gone through a terrible epidemic of measles at the Jackson Training School, probably a hundred cases from first to last. Several cases ran into pneumonia, and were for a time very sick, giving to the officials the

deepest conern. Two cases did not stop with pneumonia. There followed stubborn cases of mastoiditis and two of them later with meningitis. There was one fatality in the latter; the others are doing well and seem on the road to recovery. The best medical and surgical treatment to be had, was invoked.

In the death of Master Uldric Bracken a sadness came over the entire school. He was a fine, little fellow, that sought to obey the rules, to apply himself to his studies and zealously discharge his other duties at the school. He stood high with his associates and the officials. His future was bright and most hopeful; and sorrow prevails that the likeable little fellow could not survive the terrible ordeal which he bore up to the last like a manly soldier.

The best of hospital care was given him, and his people from Transylvania county were with him and realized from the start that Master Bracken faced an uneven battle; and they were grateful, even in their intense sorrow at the loss of a child, that everything possible was done that he might live. Philsophically they resignedly accepted the situation in the spirit of "Thy will be done."

In this connection, THE UPLIFT desires to publicly confess a deep sense of gratitude to the Great Physician of the Universe that only three deaths have occurred during the fifteen years of the operation of the institution. One was the result of an accident in which the young fellow against rules took a risk and met death; another was a victim of the terrible siege of flu several years ago, and this one that occurred last Sunday morning in a hospital in Charlotte.

* * * * * * *

SUPERINTENDENT ALLEN.

On Saturday the 26th, the county commencement of the rural schools occured. The young people acquitted themselves well, and there was a small but interested attendance.

The annual address was delivered by Mr. A. T. Allen, State Supt. of Public Instruction. Mr. Allen is a practical educator and has a vision of what the public schools should be. He has impressed the general public in the state as sound and safe in positions he takes relative to the improvement of the rural schools and making them function to the best advantage.

This practical educator in no uncertain manner made clear that he had but little hope in the one-teacher school and the multiplication of districts, a ruinous practice that yet prevails in a number of counties. Holding aloft the eternal righteousness of such conduct of the public schools as that the

children of the rural sections should have equal opportunities with those of the towns and other favored sections, he rang clear in his suggestions wherein every child could enjoy equal advantages.

Just because a child lives in a sparsely settled community or a poor one, is, in his sight, no reason why he should be neglected. The Public School system, as now considered, is a state unit, and there is no reason why a child in one county should enjoy better advantages than a child in another county. Yet that very condition does prevail in the state and if Supt. Allen, in his wisdom and determination, may have his way, school officers will sooner or later come to a realization of their powers and duties and remedy the evils that Mr. Allen and all other progressive and capable officials know exist in varying degrees in the several counties.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A NOBLEMAN PASSES.

The whole state mourns the passing of General Julian Shakespeare Carr, of Durham, who died Tuesday evening at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. C. Flowers, in Chicago, where he had just arrived to make a visit. Enroute to Chicago, Gen. Carr was attacked with influenza, which quickly developed into pneumonia. It was an uneven fight, and soon he succumed.

No man in the past fifty years met more charity calls; no man contributed so generously to the demands of public progress—he literally went about the state with his heart and his purse hanging wide-open for every call that had merit. His generosity, if he had any outstanding weakness, was a fault that affected him alone.

Quitting school at the age of sixteen, he entered the army of the Confederacy, showing the highest type of patriotism and bravery; in peace-time, having returned home after the surrender, he built up quite a fortune; and all this time he was lending his influence and aid to the upbuilding of the state. For a period of years he was Commander of the Confederate veteran association, a position, on account of age and approaching infirmities voluntarily relinquished at the last Reunion.

It will be a long time before the state will feel like itself in the absence of this choicest spirit of the period—lovable and loving Jule Carr, as his thousands of devoted friends affectionatly called him, for he was the most democratic democrat in his habits and associations with the public of the state.

A GREAT LEADER.

Charles F. Murphy, the Tammany chieftain of New York, has payed his

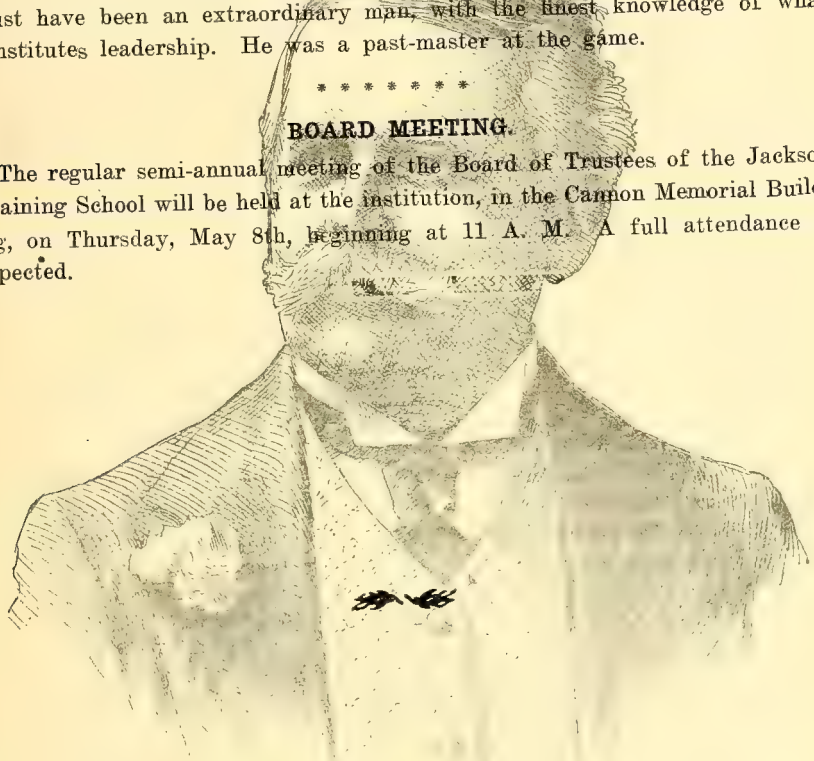
last debt. Among the men of the nation who have been discussed for forty years none have received more notice than has Murphy, the leader of Tammany.

Whatever our individual tastes may be, or preference for the type of politics may be, it must be admitted that one man, who could have his way for so long a time and so effectively with thousands of men of all types and tastes, must have been an extraordinary man, with the finest knowledge of what constitutes leadership. He was a past-master at the game.

* * * * * * *

BOARD MEETING.

The regular semi-annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School will be held at the institution, in the Cannon Memorial Building, on Thursday, May 8th, beginning at 11 A. M. A full attendance is expected.



GENERAL JULIAN SHAKESPEARE CARR

Great Heart, Great Citizen, Great Soldier, and Great Philanthropist,

Of Durham, N. C.,

Who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Flowers, in Chicago; Tuesday evening at 10:30, April 29th, 1924.

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph.

When fishing, the fish you do not catch, and the ones that get away, are always a great deal bigger than the ones you bring home—if you can bring any. The past Easter was a gloriously beautiful day, in every way, for fishing, and there was more patience exercized on that day than possibly during the whole year by some of the persons who went fishing; I might say the majority of them. Funny, isn't it? People will sit on a creek or river bank for hours at the time, watching a cork floating on the water, and squint their eyes in the glare of the sunshine on the flickering surface of the stream, and say never a word. Watching and waiting. Such perfecct patience! Watching the little wavelets that indicate a nibble, and waiting for a bite, which oft times comes in the shape of a mosquito, a sandfly, a knat, an ant, or a red-bug, and not a biter that pulls the cork under the water. It reminds me. A fellow from one of the big cities—like Durham—went to the country, and while there his country friend took him out fishing, and fixed him up with a new red cork, on a nice line with the proper hook to catch the fish of that neighborhood. The city chap was not accustomed to the art of country fishing. After some time the city chap said to his country friend: "What does that little red thing that floats on the water cost?" "O, about 10 cents; why?" "Well," replied the c. c. "I owe you for this one. It has sunk."

* * * * *

A trip in the broad, open country is a delight and an inspiration. The snow-white dogwood has hung her certains in the woodland, shot through with innumerable blushes of the redbud, and the tall trees with their budding green above, look like an emerald arbor over a smiling flower garden. From hilltop to valley below, with blooming haw, and dogwood white, mingled with the various other blossoms, appears to be covered with the lightest snow. "Opening buds salute the welcome day, and earth relenting feels the genial ray."

* * * * *

"By the Way," I have been over to beautiful Oxford and once again mingled with her hospitable people. Oxford is an inspiring town. While it is full of energy, and throbs with commercial life, there is so much joy and inspiration and delight in her social life. Oxford the past week was host to the Odd Fellows' Convention, to the Granville Presbytery, and to the annual meeting of the seventh district Federation of Women's Clubs. Not being an odd fellow, for I'm married, I did not get there in time for the first event. But I Presbyterianed with the Presbyterians, and federated with the Federation. It was the time of my young life. I found that the Presbyterians had their problems and difficulties in the march of Christian progress as well as all other denominations. They handled them in the most agreeable Presbyterian style.

The Federation meeting was one of the best ever held in any district of the clubs. For the time being I was

one of the women, by the grace of some warm friends who took me in and registered and tagged me as "one of them." Of the 14 counties every one was represented but one, and some 160 delegates were present. Mrs. Robert G. Lassiter presided with beautiful grace, and made an earnest plea for beautifying the highways. The address of welcome by Mrs. J. C. Roberts was warm, hearty, and couched in lovely language. The response by Mrs. S. P. Cooper of Henderson, was no less so, and might be likened to strains of inspirational music to the delegates. The solo by Mrs. A. A. Wilson was one of the climaxes of the morning session. The solo and encore were gems. The outstanding feature of the morning session was the address by Mrs. Palmer Jerman, of Raleigh, president of the N. C. Federation of Woman's clubs. The luncheon served in the Lyon Memorial building was one of the most delightful events of the day. It was perfect in every appointment; rich and appetizing in its menu, and a joy to the more than 200 women and three men who partook of the gracious hospitality as guests of the Oxford Woman's club. All success to these beautiful, energetic and progressive women, the flower of the land.

* * *

A calamity had befallen the Patterson School for mountain boys, in the Happy Valley, Caldwell county. Palmyra, the main building—the old colonial home of the late Samuel L. Patterson—has been destroyed by fire. It was burned Monday afternoon. Fire originated in the laundry, back of the building and spread to the majestic old residence before anything could be done to prevent it. A terrific wind was blowing, and with the dwelling the granary and a lot of valuable feed also went up in flames, which, not content with burning houses, spread to the woods surrounding one side of the old home. The loss is estimated at between $18,000 and $20,000. This is a very serious blow to this industrial school for mountain boys, where such a splendid work was being done. While the loss is severe and stunning, it should be a cause for greater hope, and a stronger determination on the part of the friends of the school everywhere to come together for a larger and better school, in the rebuilding of the home. United effort can do it. If the friends of the mountain boys will come together right now, with a liberal aid, the work can go forward before the ashes of the old building grow cold. Let's do it. And do it right now. Send all contributions to Rev. H. A. Dobbin, Legerwood, N. C.

In the beginning the law that like begets like was established. This law runs through two worlds. The gardener knows it. The farmer knows it. It would be a precarious world if the man who sows his seed in the spring of the year did not know what to expect. But he takes no chance. Now carry that law over into the other realm, and we find no difference. Sow hate, and you reap hate. Sow smiles and you reap smiles. Sow love, and you reap love. Sow spiritual things, and you reap eternal life.

THE PRESERVATION OF WILD FLOWERS AND OTHER NATIVE PLANTS.

By Alvin M. Patterson.

The discovery of America opened to the old world a new continent rich in virgin forests, soil fertility, wild life, and minerals. During the last two or three hundred years, the forests have been burned, slashed, and broken up into farms, the wild life has been shot, the soil in many places depleted in fertility, and the mineral deposits exploitd. Our wood, lumber and mineral supply is now limited, some lands are lying idle to recuperate, and the great auk and passenger pigeon extinct and the American buffalo nearly so. Our cities are creeping into the suburbs and the suburbs on into the country. The passing of our great forests and the breaking up of the land has resulted in a marked decrease in numbers of some of our choicest native plants. Much of the loss of forests, land, minerals and wild life was unavoidable, but on the other hand much of it was avoidable. The destruction of the great auk and the passenger pigeon and much of th loss of forests from fires could have been averted. Likewise much of the loss in numbers of some of our native plants could have been averted. But whether the loss in the past was avoidable or not, the fact remains that we may still save and use more wisely what we have left. And what we have left is a great deal.

There are many reasons for the rapid decrease in numbers of some of our choicest native plants. Most people naturally like wild flowers and when in the country pick every flower they can lay their hands on. School children on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays pick them by the thousands. These thoughtless nature lovers not only pick the flowers, but in their haste tear many plants to pieces, break them down, and walk on them. This is resulting in a great avoidable loss. Many flowers, in fact nearly all flowers, may be picked if picked sparingly as a person picks choice flowers from his cultivated plants.

Forest and other fires, most of which are avoidable, have been a mighty factor in the destruction of our native plants. Forest fires even in this day and age only too regularly sweep over and destroy thousands of acres of standing timber. Slashings are periodically burned. Many people buy farms and country homes only to begin systematically burning and destroying the natural beauties of the place. Many wild flowers and other native plants are destroyed in every such fire. But there is another side to the story. When a fire destroys our forests or the weeds and grasses in waste places, it also destroys the leaves, humus, and soil bacteria, changing the soil conditions so that many plants cannot grow there again until the former conditions have after a long period of time been restored. Weeds and less-favored plants take the places of those destroyed. Many people fairly ache to burn the weeds in those despised places we generally speak of as waste

places. But many of them are far from waste places. A careful study would reveal many natural wonders in them and would make people less anxious to burn them.

The coming of the automobile has been another mighty factor in the destruction of our wild plant and animal life. Hunters are now able to visit a number of hunting grounds where they formerly could visit but one. They ride or drive to one hunting ground, shoot all the game easily procurable, go on to a second and there do the same, and then go on to still another. William T. Hornaday director, of the New York Zoological Garden, estimates that the automobile has increased the perils of our wild life by at least fifty per cent. He goes on to state tha as yet he has not found a single person willing to contend that his estimate is to high. I suspect that a person is equally safe in estimating that the automobile has also increased the perils of our wild flowers and other native ornamental plants to a like extent. People by the thousands flock to the suburbs, natural parks, and country on every Sunday and other holiday. Many of them stop to pick flowers and ornamental plants, even festooninng and loading down their machines with them. Raids are made on our wild plants for decorations for weddings, parties and programs of all kinds. Little wonder then that the warning has been issued that unless the wholesale and ruthless picking of our native plants stops we will soon not have many of the fairest and most popular ones left. Little wonder, too, that many flowers have been exterminated in some places where they once grew in abundance and that many species have been sadly depleted in numbers.

Our schools have been an important factor in diminishing the numbers of our native plants. Step into many school rooms during the spring and fall months and you will find vases, tin cans, bottles and jars filled with either fresh or faded flowers brought to the building by pupils. Some of the plants are used for botany and nature study lessons, but most of them are never used for school work. In a few days they wilt and find their way to the waste paper basket or the furnace. Much of this loss is avoidable. Flowers, if cut sparingly from vigorous plants, may be used for school work without such a great loss.

Some of our rarest and most beautiful wild flowers have been made state flowers with disastrous results. It has tended to popularize the flowers and has stimulated the picking of them. Colorado made the columbine its state flower, South Dakota chose the pasque flower, Connecticut the mountain laurel, Massachusetts the arbutus, and Minnesota the moccasin flower, all with unfortunate results.

Wild flowers are often sold on trains and on our city streets by wild-flower venders. This practice has resulted in the wholesale destruction of some of our rarest flowers just as the traffic in feathers and plumes resulted in the wholesale destruction of some of our wild birds. Nurserymen, too, often offer the roots and plants of wild flowers for sale. In so far as easily transplanted species are sold the practice does good instead of harm. However, plants

almost impossible to transplant are sometimes sold with the loss of many plants. The arbutus and some orchids are examples of wild flowers that are very hard, if almost impossible, to transplant successfully.

The arbutus, cardinal flower, mountain laurel, moccasin flower, rhododendrons, columbine, pasque flower, fringed and bottle gentians, and the flowering dogwood have in some places either been entirely exterminated or sadly decreased in numbers for one or several of the preceding reasons. Other flowers that hvea suffered and are suffering are the harebell, Dutchman's breeches, pond and water lilies, iris, hepatica, Jack-in-the-pulpit, bloodroot, rue anemone, sweet bay, painted cup, some ferns, as for example the maidenhair and walking-fern, toothwort, larkspur, red-bud holly, Venus' flytrap, and the trilliums.

Our native plants differ a great deal in natural hardiness and manner of reproduction and hence some may be picked freely, while others should either be picked sparingly or not at all. The picking of the more hardy and more numerous species in preference to the frailer and more easily exterminated species is an aid to conservation. Some plants reproduce only by means of a few seeds, while others spread by means of their roots and countless seeds. Some have seeds that stick to our clothing and the fur of animals and are thus carried far and wide, while the seeds of others fall to the ground at the base of the plant and get no farther. Some seeds are carried far and wide by the wind. Furthermore, some flowers are in a measure protected by not appealing as strongly to most people as do some others. They are protected by their modest colors or by the numbers of leaves to a single flower. Still others are protected in that they are hard to reach or hard to find. The lady's slipper, arbutus, hepatica, harebell and columbine are good examples of flowers that are noted for their wide appeal. The wood anemone, Solomon's seal, oakesia, bellwort, May apple and cranesbill are some not so eagerly sought for. The wood anemone, wild cranesbill and May apple, for example, require the picking of several leaves for a single flower. The bouquet consequently contains too many leaves to suit some people. The flower of the May apple also is well hidden from view and furthermore the odor of the plant is objectionable to some. The oakesia and bellwort have flowers that match their leaves quite well in color and hence are not conspicuous. Some orchids are extremely hard to find, the nodding trillium has its flower tucked under the leaves, and the pond lily, water lily, marsh marigold and blue flag are hard to get at because they grow in wet places. The small blossoms of the Solomon's seal are found along the under side of the stem where they are not conspicuous. In spite of these facts, the Solmon's seal, blue flag, nodding trillium, marsh marigold, pond and water lilies are in some places in need of protection.

Flowers which because of their natural hardiness and manner of reproduction may be picked freely are the asters, some goldenrods, ox-eyed daisy, brown-eyed Susan, bouncing Bet, yarrow vervain, everlasting, evening primrose, buttercups, wild ber-

gamot, bush prairie, and other clovers, wild rose, wild morning glory, cinquefoil, mustard, blazing star, lupine, vetch, chicory, wild sunflower, fireweed, boneset, dandelion, healall, milkweed, wild mints, mullein and smartweed.

Some of the preceding plants are in many places considered weeds because of their numbers and persistent growth. Examples of pretty flowers classed in some places as weeds are the ox-eyed daisy, some asters, some goldenrods, the black-eyed Susan, bouncing Bet, vervain, evening primrose, chicory, fireweed and dandelion. Their picking is sometimes a help rather than the reverse.

Thorns and wild crabs are in some places so abundant and the trees so hardy that twigs may be safely cut without damaging the trees or hurting the cause of the conservation movement. The flowers make beautiful bouquets and might well be taken in preference to the flowers of the dogwood, shad-blow and other flowering trees that at present are being destroyed. The fragrant crab has very beautiful pink flowers that rival the arbutus for fragrance.

When picking flowers and trying to help the conservation movement it is well to keep a few simple points in mind. They are:

(1) Do not pick flowers that are easily exterminated or in danger of extermination. In case some of the more easily exterminated species are very numerous in your neighborhood, they may, of course, be picked sparingly.

(2) Cut and do not tear or break flowers from the plants.

(3) Never pull flowers up by the roots or trample them down.

(4) Pick flowers from the most vigorous plants, a few flowers here and a few there. Get your bouquet as you would get a bouquet from your garden, from your cultivated plants. Leave plenty to go to seed.

(5) Do not pick flowers near highways and in parks. Pick your bouquets far from highways in out of the way places. There will then be some flowers left to go to seed both near and farther from the highways.

(6) Do not try to transplant wild flowers unless you are quite sure that you can make them live. Begin by transplanting flowers that may be picked freely, such as asters, goldenrods, black-eyed Susan, bouncing Bet, chicory, spiderwort, and the others given in the list.

(7) Do not purhase wild flowers from vendors.

(8) When camping or out for a picnic, never throw matches where they are likely to start disastrous fires.

The home wild flower garden is a means of preserving wild flowers, provided the ones selected for the purpose bear transplanting. The flowers thus transplanted are cared for, encouraged in their growth and reproduction, and saved from ruthless picking just as are our cultivated varieties. If bouquets are picked from the wild flower garden, the flowers are picked sparingly with plenty left to go to seed.

Naturally, the less burning done everywhere the better for our wild flowers and other native plants. This applies to the burning of leaves, weeds, grasses and underbrush, as

well as to the burning over of slashings and forest areas. Leaves, weeds and grasses make excellent fertilizers. Save them and at the same time conserve soil fertility and save our wild flowers; wild flowers improve the looks of any place. Railway right of ways, too, are burned over periodically with a great loss of wild flowers. In many places, such right of ways are literally ablaze with the colors of wild flowers. Many of our native plants are making their final stand along them.

The wholesale destruction of flowers has caused some states to pass laws protecting certain plants. Such laws have been passed in California, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Maryland. Vermont has passed a law protecting nearly fifty different plants. Such laws are, of course, a help to conservation, provided they are enforced. Establishing natural forbidding the picking of native plants is forbidden is also a step in the rigth direction. The more such parks and the more rigid the rules forbiddingk the picking of native plants the better. The mere establishing of parks and the passing of rules or laws forbidding the picking of flowers is not enough. Penalties must be imposed on offenders and officers kept on the grounds all the time to see that no violations occur. I live in the open country, but within the limits of a small city. An ordinance has been passed by the city council prohibiting the shooting of squirrels within the city. However, the ordinance is not enforced. One hunter passes up a shot, thus living up to the ordinance, only to be followed by a less scrupulous hunter who shoots the squirrel with impunity. Such a state of affairs is trying to every law-abiding citizen. When a city passes an ordinance protecting wild flowers and animals, it is in duty bound to see that officers patrol the city, enforcing the ordinance, otherwise the ordinance becomes a nuisance. The argument that it is the duty of every citizen to see that the laws are enforced may be all right, but does not relieve a city, county or state from assuming its share of the responsibility.

If wild flowers were photographed instead of picked a great deal of pleasure could be gotten from them without any loss to our fields and woods. The flowers would be left in their native haunts to beautify the place. The individual might then return to natural beauty spots day after day and year after year and find his favorite flowers in the same places. A picture of the arbutus, hepatica, anemone or bloodroot could be enjoyed the year around. Why not take pictures of your favorite flowers instead of picking them. A four by five plate camera is ideal for the work. It should have a lens with a focal length of six or seven inches and a bellows from eight to twelve inches long. During the spring of 1923, I tramped over eight hundred miles during my spare time through the woods with my film pack and camera. Occasionally, I took pictures of my favorite flowers. Consequently, I have a fair set of flower pictures and can at any time look at many beauty spots I visited, though I am now many hundred miles away. The best pictures are secured when the flowers are shaded. I generally use a small stop

and expose the film for a second or more. The pictures then are sharp and have plenty of depth. The flowers as well as their surroundings show to the best advantage.

Flowers may also be photographed indoors. Of course, then the picture shows the flower only and not its surroundings. Pictures indoors, however, are more easily taken because te light conditions remain the same and the photographer is not troubled by the wind. Dark backgrounds should be used for blue, purple and white flowers and light background should be moved during the exposure. Of course, photographing flowers indoors requires the picking of the flowers and the conservation movement is not materially helped unless the photographer picks but a flower or two for each picure. However, for indoor photography, one flower is as good as a dozen or more, and if a single flower is photographed instead of a large bouquet picked, the result is a great saving in flowers and plants.

The Wild Flower Preservation Society of America has printed considerable literature on the subject of Wild Flower Conservation. Copies of leaflets and pamphlets may be secured by writing for them. The society has also published posters which are now to be found posted along our highways. "Will you help save the wild flowers by not picking them?" reads one of these posters. "Spare the Flowers" is the headline of another. "Thoughtless people," it continues, "Are destroying our native wild flowers by pulling them up by the roots or by picking too many of them. Weeds will replace them if there are not plenty left to go to seed. Will you help save them?"

Will you not do your part in this work of conserving the wild flowers? Will you try to influence others?

Another explanation of the modern child's manners is that too many woodsheds have been converted into garages.

CORNELIA VANDERBILT'S ROMANCE.

By Helen Laurier.

In these days when impoverished Counts and Dukes and Princes from Europe are thronging the better type of boarding houses and making discreet arrangements to meet young ladies whose fathers have a great deal of money, the romance of Miss Cornelia Vanderbilt is refreshing.

Her father's wish that, despite immense wealth, hers should be a love marriage is to be carried out. And the clever clause which George W. Vanderbilt left in his will had a share in bringing it about.

The fortune hunting industry had not reached the huge proportions it has today when he died several years ago, but even then it was not easy for a girl of great riches to turn away from the blandishments of resoundingly titled gentlemen from over the sea.

"Kings may come and Dukes may court, but they must sacrifice their

foreign estates (if any) and live in America. That will be the acid test.'' mused George Vanderbilt.

So the will stipulated that Cornelia, his only daughter, in order to inherit Biltmore, the beautiful Vanderbilt estate at Asheville, N C., must reside there for a specific time every year. It was an effective way of preventing his fortune from being a premium set upon the youthful head of his daughter.

It meant that the noblemen or others from the Old World must perforce give some proof of their sincerity. The fortune could not be of great use to them tied up in America. They could not sell the estate, because it had to remain in Cornelia's hands. They could not spend the income, because the money was hers. And that is why Cornelia Vanderbilt, one of the Princesses royal in the aristocracy of wealth, has been singularly free from the annoyances of practical fortune hunters, even since the war flooded the market with them.

Cornelia Vanderbilt has chosen her friends among the silly sex for exactly the same reason that Anna Jones in Jaytown, Mo., chooses hers —because she has liked them. She is going to marry Hon. John F. A. Cecil because he is the man she wants to marry.

John Cecil, on his part, was faced with the problem of choosing between a particulary promising dipomatic career and the woman he loved. He made his choice.

Cornelia Vanderbilt, herself an exceptionally beautiful and attractive person, has waited with a resolute patience for her romance to come. And this was far from easy.

She reached her twentieth, her twenty-first, her twenty-second birthday, and was still unmarried. Girlhood friends, certainly not more attractive, were already settled in matrimony and sharing their fortunes with titled nobility from various parts of the world.

Cornelia visited them and expressed polite admiration for the decorative armorial bearings displayed on their belongings. Military cloaks that had been in a titled family for hundreds of years were outspread before her eyes in tempting array. Chests of drawers that had once held the knightly trappings of the first 'Sir' stood about in conspicuous corners. And Cornelia's friends prattled about coronets and the peerage in the same familiar manner as her unmarried manicurist's bourgeoise friends prattled of bank accounts and babies.

At times Cornelia wondered whether they were luckier than she. She too might possess the glamour and dash that went with titles—these might be hers at the first encouraging smile she vouchsafed the foreign suitors flocking to her debutante parties. But also she was aware that she would be forever unhappy if she knew that her fortune had been the suitor's motive in marrying her.

Moreover, Cornelia inherited her father's dislike for ostentation. What would all this flutter and fuss matter if the titled husbands were stunted or stupid? Trumpets and gilding might be attractive for a while, but after the glamour had worn away, facts would have to be faced. And facts in the person of a portly,

drowsy Marquis! Cornelia shuddered. She reached her twenty-third birthday still unmarried.

It was about this time that a handsome young Southerner with neither fortune nor title passed a great deal of time at the Biltmore house, the Vanderbilt estate nestled among the hills of North Carolina. He was diffident, shy to pursue his predilection for the young heiress. But was not this just the sort of romance that Cornelia was eager for? She had no suspicions regarding his disinterested love, and it seemed as though the possibilities were in sight of a happy, romantic marriage.

To prove her good sportsmanship and her indifference to her enormous fortune in the face of her suitor's poverty, Cornelia garbed herself in the rough homespun of a farmer's daughter and set out to do some practical farming on her own estate. In the blazing heat of summer the Vanderbilt heiress blithely drove a tractor—furrowing the ground in the daytime and changing to dainty gowns to dance with her reticent suitor in the evening.

The story might have ended as romantically as it began, but that winter the Hon. John F. A. Cecil, First Secretary of the British Embassy in Washington, arose in the sphere of her attention. He was tall and slender, aloof but kindly. His dress was simple and without mark of the distinction that was his through an honored line of ancestry.

Amid the luxury and brilliance that attended the affairs of the Vanderbilt circle, John Cecil, simple in manner as in name, was as free from the ostentation of nobility as any democratic soul could wish. He is the so of Lord Wliliam Cecil, Gentleman Usher to the King, late Comptroller to Prince Henry of Battenberg, and a son of the third Marquis of Exeter. His mother was Mary Rothes Margaret the late Baroness Amherst of Hackney, who died in 1919, and was a peeress in her own right.

Had John Cecil possessed no right to a title, the idyl might have proceeded smoothly on its idylic way. But he was in line of succession to his mother's Baronetcy, now held by a nephew. Moreover, through his father, Lord William Cecil, the young man was to inherit the title to the Marquisate of Exeter.

In the deeply wooded lanes of the Biltmore estate the two young people pursued their courtship with all the ardor belonging to any romatic affair.

Fortune and title were forgotten for the time being. They were simply two young people in love with each other. The outside world disappeared and they were alone in the Eden that lovers create for themselves.

But the world could not be shaken off forever. Soon it was clamoring around the lives and hearts of its favored pair—Cornelia Vanderbilt daughter of the late George Vanderbilt, multimillionaire, and the Hon. John Cecil, future Baron and Marquis.

And the real world's mandate came in the form of that clause in George Vanderbilt's will.

Cornelia Vanderbilt must reside on the estate in Asheville a specified time every year, so the will read.

To the average person this would

not have presented a problem. Here was a grand and beautiful home provided and ready. But John Cecil is an important factor in diplomatic life, and for him to remain secluded in the mountains of North Carolina would mean the extinction of his career. Moreover, there were his own estates in England to look after.

What was he to do?

It was this problem that so long withheld the public announcement of the engagement. Cornelia Vanderbilt weighed against a shining public career. Which would win?

The engagement has been announced, so it seems as though the question has been answered. But will John Cecil retire from public life? That is not so certain.

WISHING.

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do.
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true.
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be clean and high.
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrapbook of your heart;
Do not waste one page of folly;
Live to learn, and learn to live.
If you want to give men knowledge
You must get it, ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way,
For the pleasures of the many
May be oftimes traced to me,
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

THE MONOPOLY OF BARNABAS BEAGLE.

By Clarence B. Kelland.

Jacob Whittle, newly elected Town Councilor, was excited. He rushed up stairs to the office of Martin Goodhand, who had been president of the board for a time so long that the memory of the man runneth not to the contrary.

Martin, Jacob began shrilling, as he burst into the room and mopped his brow with a huge blue handkerchief, we been neglectin' our duty. Not knowin'ly, Martin, nor delib'ratly, but neglectin' all the same. What d'you s'pose, Martin, is existin' in this town right under our noses, without our seein' it, that has got to be stamped out in the grasp of iron hand? Wha d'you s'pose?

Martin leaned forward, his jaw setting grimly.

Ain't nobody violatin' the licker law, is they?

Worse! Worse'n that! And who'd ever thought one of 'em would 'a growed up right here in Sand Hill? It's monopoly, Martin one of them graspin', grindin', unholy monopolies; that's what it is!

I don't believe, said Martin judiciously, that you'd know a monopoly if it walked right up and stepped on your foot.

Jacob bristled.

I guess I read the papers and the magazines and such; and if a feller don't git to know monopolies from ground floor to flagpole, like he was horn and brought up in the same house with em, he ain't very quick in his mind. I've read about railroads and trusts and pools and consolidations till I kin see 'em with one hand tied behind me. Monopolies!

Well, bein's you're posted, you might's well out with it. Who's monopolizin' in Sand Hill?

It's our one only public service concern. It's our bus line, that's what it is! It's Barney Beagle. Look this thing in the eye, Martin, and tell me if there's any competition. Does anyone else own a bus? What other feller carries passengers and trunks to the depot? Nobody! Barney Beagle holds us in the holler of his hand. He's grasped off this here necessity and is runnin' it to suit himself. I tell you, Martin Goodhand, if he took a notion he could raise the fare from the depot to the hotel to a quarter instead of ten cents—that's what he could do! He could charge folks fifty cents for takin' 'em and their baggage to a train and wouldn't raise a hand to prevent him. Now what you got to say?

Martin pondered.

What's your idea? he asked finally.

Competition! As officers of this here town, it's our bounden duty to look to the int'rests of all the folks that live here. Who knows what minute Barney Beagle will shove his hand deeper into their pocketbooks by boostin' his prices? We'll give him competition; we'll git into the field and haul people from the depot to hotel for five cents; that's my idee—and so bust the monopoly. We'll start a village bus line, and the profit can come off'n the taxes. It's bound to be a popular measure, Martin, with

everybody exceptin' Barney.

Jacob—Martin struck his table a tremendous blow—I'm gratified! I didn't think you had it in you, Jacob. You're a man of brains, and how you've hid it all these years beats me. I wouldn't be s'prised to see you sent to the Legislater after this—no, sir, I wouldn't. How'll we begin proceedin's?

Call a meetin' of the Council and summon Barney Beagle in front of it. Peaceful measures is best. If they'll work. If he'll give bond and guarantee never to raise his rates, all right. In that case he becomes one of the monopolies spoke of by the Supreme Court, that eats out of the hand of the public without bitin' off a finger. If he's stiff-backed, we kin perceed with stronger measures.

The village Councilors were called together and Jacob Whittle's discovery was laid before them. One and all sat aghast at the calamity that had well nigh overtaken them, and one and all gazed on Jacob with eyes of admiration and envy. Tacitly he was accepted as the main-spring of their engine of war, as the general of the campaign against the monopoly of Barnabas Beagle.

Has Barney been sent for? demanded Jacob.

He's comin' up the street now. I can hear the rattle of his bus, said Able Martin.

The Councilors waited breathlessly. There came a clattering on the stairs, and Barnabas Beagle, stout, proclaiming horse from every feature, red of cheek, with hair that curled in tight little twists all over his head, and blue eyes that twinkled, and a broad mouth, open more bent in smile, entered noisily.

Afternoon, gentlemen, one and all! he roard.

What kin I do for you? Tickled to death to be of serice to the Council.

Set down! President Goodhand ordered sternly. There's a serious matter we want to talk over with you—a matter touchin' the interests of the public of this here town.

I'm set, responded Barnabas. Start your hosses to runnin'!

It's been discovered, began the president, that you're a monopoly. Know what a monopoly is?

I cal'clate. It's where a feller has got all there is o f it and is reachin' out for more.

You've got the idee, all right; that describes you a T. You've got all the busses there is, and for all we know you may be stretchin' out after more. You ain't got no competition; this here town lays at your mercy. Havin' no competition, you kin raise prices; you kin gouge us and hold us up—and nobody knows when you'll up and do it. That there is a possibility this here Council is settin' for the purpose of preventin'!

Barnabas looked from one Councilor to another, and his eyes disappeared in a mass of wrinkles that always came at the commencement of a laugh. Then he opened his mouth and roared until the lamp in its bracket threatened to fall. He pounded the table and stretched forth a powerful hand to dig Councilor Martin in the ribs. At length he became preternaturally sober.

Gentlemen, one and all, he said, with solemnity, you're right! It neer hadn't occurred to me before—never. I'm what you said, one of them monopolies. It's a mean thing to be and a hard name to be called,

but like the dog said when he killed the sheep and was wonderin' whether to eat it, I might as well have the game as the name. Therefore, gentlemen, one and all bein's I'm a monopoly, I'm a'goin' to monopolize a little. Follerin' out that line of argyment, from and after the present minute my rates for carrin' folks from the depot to the hotel is twenty-five cents, and for cartin' 'em from their house is half a dollar.

That bein' the case and seein' as how my business has growed so profitable it needs my attention, why good afternoon, gentlemen, one and all, and I hope every one of you is thinkin' of travelin' soon!

With that Mr. Beagle stamped out of the room, clucking and leaving behind him a thunderstruck Town Council, each member of which looked into his neighbor's face with dismay written on his features. Simultaneously all turned to Jacob Whittle, who seemed likely to burst with suppressed emotion.

We got to fight! Jacob rasped. We will not be trod on. We'll run a competing line, and we won't charge but half Barney's old price. Then we'll see where he'll be with his monopoly.

Meantime Barnabas Beagle hurried to the printing office and had printed two huge placards, with black letters on red paper, reading:

BARNABAS BEAGLE
Bus Monopoly
Price Double and Custom Solicited.

These he fastened, one on each side of his bus, and drove noisily down Main Street.

Jacob Whittle with the burden of the campaign on his willing shoulders, gave thought to ways and means. First, it was clear, a conveyance capable of transporting passengers and baggage must be had. For an hour Jacob vainly endeavored to scale this obstacle, but his indomitable will finally led him to a path that might reach its crest.

The path took the shape of the village band wagon, a cumbersome affair on wheels, consisting of a huge wooden body, with long, parallel, cloth-upholstered seats. It was uncovered, but would serve its purpose. It was owned by Henny Richards.

Forth sallied Jacob to the Richards home, where, behind the barn, stood the objective vehicle. It assumed an important entity as Jacob gazed upon it; became an instrument of righteous justice, a weapon placed in his hand for the destruction of the octopus monopoly. He summoned Henny, who emerged from the barn.

Henny, he began, be you aa public-spirited citizen?

I be, declared Henny, drawing himself up. I ain't missed a vote since I was twenty-one.

You'd be willin' to do a service for the community? asked Jacob, rubbing his hands.

Henny stratched his head.

Depends some on the service, he hesitated.

If it was lendin' the village this here band-wagon for a spell? suggested the diplomatic Jacob.

Gratis? asked Henny.

Gratis, nodded Jacob.

In that there case, Henny said positively, I feel my public spirit oozin' out rapid. Besides I've—

At this point Barnabas Beagle appeared around the corner of the barn, coughing and choking alarmingly. He backed toward Henny, evidently wish-

ing to be pounded on the back—an office which was performed with enjoyment and gusto.

Like to choked! gasped Barnabas. Somethin' got stuck in my throat. He glanced at Jacob and nodded.

I came to see you, he said addressing Henny, about rentin' this old band wagon of your'n.

Henry gazed at him open-mouthed and felt of his collar—a sign of helpless astonishment.

But—he wheezed.

I want to hire it for a few weeks, declared Barnabas.

Jacob seized Henny by the arm.

I was here first, he said, excitedly.

To borrow—not to hire, observed Henny, who had resumed his usual calm.

I'll pay—I'll pay! exclaimed Jacob.

How much?

Fifty cents a day.

Barnabas grunted scornfully.

I'll give seenty-five, he said.

Jacob glared at the monopolist. A dollar! he shouted.

And a quarter, bid Barnabas.

Dollar'n half, groaned Jacob, his face working conulsively.

Two dollars, raised Barnabas.

Jacob hesitated until he saw Henny turn to his rial and open his mouth.

Two'n a half, he bellowed.

It's your'n, observed Henny. Cash in advance.

Jacob paid over a day's rental with reluctance, his eyes fixed on the proprietor of the local monopoly with a baleful glare. He even shook his fist.

This'll come out of you, Barney Beagle, he vowed. You'll be made to pay.

Barnabas smiled tolerantly, and Henny Richards doubled up with suppressed laughter. Presently the latter recovered enough to ask if Jacob desired horses and driver.

I kin rent 'em to you and drive myself, he offered.

How much?

Two dollars a day for the horses and a dollar a day for me.

Jacob recognized this price as reasonable and closed at once. His campaign against monopoly was costing five dollars and fifty cents a day, and he was pledged to carry fares at half of Barnabas' old rate. He hoped the opposition would be unable to hold out long against such competition.

The following morning the active campaign opened. Henny appeared at the depot platform on the seat of the band-wagon, just as Barnabas drove up on his bus. Barney's sign was still displayed; on the band-wagon was a legend which begged all public-spirited people to help break the monopoly and save money at the same time. Prices of five cents to the hotel and fifteen cents elsewhere were offered. Barnabas serenly made demand for a quarter to the hotel and fifty cents beyond.

Jacob stood in the waiting-room anxiously. How, he thought, could any reasonable person choose to ride with Barnabas when such a bargain was offered by the municipal band-wagon.

The train drew in and a dozen people alighted. Two were traveling men with heavy grips, and with glad shouts as of those who sight an old acquaintance, they hailed Barnabas. Mutely, but grinning, he pointed to his sign and to the band-wagon.

They loudly demanded to be enlightened as to what they called the joke, then threw their baggage on the roof and entered the bus.

Two other individuals chose the

band-wagon. Next came Higgings, the grocer, returning from the city. He took in the situation at a glance and, with wry mouth, climbed into Barnabas' conveyance. Four strangers took the band-wagon, all passengers beyond the hotel. That was all, with cracking whips, both equippages started on their way, Barnabas carrying three passengers and collecting one dollar; the municipal carrier bearing six and collecting seenty-five cents. Barnabas chuckled.

That afternoon Jacob approached Grocer Higgins frowningly.

What's matter? he demanded. Ain't you goin' to help bust the monopoly? Be you goin' to let a restraint of trade rob you?

When Barney Beagle is in it, I am. said Higgins: His trade is wuth more to me than savin' a quarter two or three times a year.

So matters went on for a couple of weeks, the reformers spending five dollars and fifty cents for their conveyance each day, and never taking in more than three dollars in fares. The dead loss of sixteeen or eighteen dollars a week—for no trains arrive on Sunday—was carving great chips off their enthusiasm. Barnabas' earnings were being cut in two, of course. Even with his increase in price he did not make as much money as before, but he showed no sign of weakening.

Jacob alone, of the Councilmen was indomitable, and he inspired his colleagues to fight on for another week.

He'll never hold out, Jacob reiterated. He's got to come to terms. He's got to! Then we kin git an ironclad agreement out of him, and his monopoly will be busted. We'll be able to control rates!

The week passed, and still Barney perched imperturbably on the high seat of his bus. He made no complaint, his face bore a look of contentment and his voice was often lifted in song.

Whittle, with perspiration streaming from his brow, begged the Council to remain steadfast for yet another week. In that time Barney must surrender, he urged with almost frantic insistence.

But Barnabas did not surrender; and after the fourth week the village councilors had had enough.

Seventy-five dollars wasted in four weeks! It was not to be heard of longer. Besides, the town lawyer told them that it might come out of their own pockets if any taxpayer protested, for the expenditure was beyond their authority. Learning of this, Barnabas promptly lodged a formal protest.

Forthwith the monopolist was summoned again to the Council Chamber.

"Be you willin' to sign an agreement to let this here Council fix your rate of fare?" demanded Jacob.

"Now, Mr. Whitter," said Barnabas in a pained voice, "how could I do that? Maybe you'd have me carryin' folks for a cent a ride."

"We'd be reasonable," declared Jacob anxiously; "and bein' friends of your'n we hate to see you losin' money like you be."

"Course," said Barnabas. "I kin see just how you feel about me. But I guess I'll have to stick it out. I'm fighting for principle you know—principle, gentlemen, one and all!

"You're a illegal monopoly!" shouted Jacob.

"Maybe so—maybe so. 'Taint my fault. Nobody knew it till you found it out."

"You raised your prices."

Here Martin Goodhand made his presence felt.

"If we pull off our band-wagon will you promise to come back to your old prices and stay?"

"I won't promise nothin' This here fight ain't my fight. You started it, and when you git ready you kin stop it. I'll make out to git along somehow."

"You're losin' money every day."

Barnabas made no reply, and Martin kicked the table in disgust. His anger got the better of him.

'We'll show you, Barney Beagle! You can't go playin' no tricks on us. We'll fight this thing out, if every cent has to come out of my own pocket. We'll bust you!"

'Just a minute,' said Barnabas soothingly; 'let's talk this over quiet. Let's see how long it's goin' to take to bust me and how much it'll cost you to do it. Let's jest see. Now I guess I rec'llect right your payin' two-fifty a day for that old band-wagon, eh?"

Martin nodded.

And two a day for the hosses?

Again a nod.

Who be you payin' it to?

Henny Richards, of course.

Um, grunted Barney, 'Now, let's look at me. I'm makin' a livin' with my bus, Even with the trade fallin' off, I been comin' within a day of what I made before. But—he paused and grinned aimably at Jacob—I got other resources.

Everybody sat erect and stared.

What d'you mean? demanded Martin.

I got a crowd of village Councilors helpin' me out, Barnabas explained, with a broad grin, payin' me a matter of four-fifty a day, and two-fifty of that is clear profit.

What, roared Martin, seconded by Jacob Whittle.

That gives me a dollar'n half more profit than I was makin' before, Barnabas pointed out. You see Henny Richards don't own that band-wagon nor them hosses.

What? shouted the Council in chorus.

No, replied Barnabas happily, I bought 'em from Henny just before Jacob turned up to borrow 'em.

And they bid again' me to raise the hire! yelled Jacob.

You was wantin' competition, said Barnabas.

Martin Goodhand arose slowly.

I guess we got it all right—plenty of it! I reckon, Jacob, we better leave monopoly-bustin' to them that's used to it. For me, I'm satisfied.

Barnabas walked to the door, recognizing his surrender.

Seein's competition's withdrew, he said, my charges comes down to the old figger that was good enough for me, and went out. In a moment he poked his head in at the door. If this here Council ever wants to go on a picnic, he said, I'd be glad to rent 'em a band-wagon I bought recent!

So saying, he retired, to resume the guiding hand of the only monopoly flourishing unrestrained in Sand Hill.

The easiest way to expand the chest is to have a big heart in it.

HISTORY OF FOUR BIBLICAL CHARACTERS.

Abraham and Lot.

Abraham seems to have been like a father to Lot. I am sure Lot was a much better man than he would have been had he not lived with Abraham, and had his good influence about him. His uncle would encourage Lot to do those things which were right and keep from doing those things which were wrong.

God had greatly blessed Abraham and Lot in giving them many sheep, goats, camels, donkeys and cattle. The place where they were living in Palestine had not enough grass and water for their flocks, so trouble arose among the herdsmen. Of course, Abraham's herdsmen wanted the best of the grass and the most water for their master's animals, while Lot's herdsmen wanted the same for their master; so these men quarreled. Someone told Abraham of this trouble. This grieved peaceable Abraham, who said, "Let there be no quarreling; this is wrong."

Calling Lot to him he talked the matter over and said, "See, Lot, all the country spread out before us—there is plenty of room for us both. Since there is not room here for us to dwell together, let us seperate. You may take your choice—choose that part of the land which seems best to you, and I will take another portion."

Lot, being the younger and having been so greatly helped by his uncle, should have said, "Abraham, my uncle, you take your choice and I will take what remains;" but Lot was selfish and wanted to have the best. Looking over the country spread out before them he made his choice. Far in the distance was a deep, green valley with a river running through it. Surely there in that valley he would find grass and water in abundance for his flocks; and there was a city—yes, this should be his choice.

The good-bye was said. Lot's flocks and servants started for the new home. And right near the wicked city of Sodom Lot pitched his tent. Perhaps he did not know how wicked a place he had chosen for his home; but he found out later.

Years passed and Lot lived in the city. Pitching his tent close to the city was the first wrong step the next was to go and live among its wicked people.

Here Lot's children grew up to young womanhood. One day, while sitting in the gate of the city, there came toward Lot two men, who were really angels. Lot was kindhearted and invited these men home for the night, promising them food, shelter and the comforts of his home. The men accepted the invitation, and during the evening delivered their sad message. Sodom had grown so very wicked that God was going to destroy it. It would be destroyed on the morrow, and all the people in it, except Lot and his family. They must at once prepare for flight. The morning dawned. The angels told Lot and his family to hasten before they would be overtaken by the dreadful storm of fire and brimstone that would fall from Heaven that very day.

The start was made by Lot and his wife and two daughters, the angels still hastening them, for they realized that very soon it would be too late to

escape. The command was given, "Look not back, but hasten forward." Nevertheless, Lot's wife who seemed to cling the wicked city, looked back, and she was turned into a pillar of salt.

Lot's son-in-law would not believe when Lot told them to leave the city, so they also perished. Lot escaped with his two daughters, but lost his home and wife and possessions—all because he made that wrong selfish choice and had pitched his tent close to the wicked city of Sodom.

Lot's selfish choice brought to him sorrow; while Abraham's faith in God and obedience to his commands brought blessing. The Bible is a most wonderful book; when we heed its warnings and believe its promises, we, with righteous Abraham, are eternally blessed.

Boys, you, like Lot, will constantly be called upon to choose between good and evil. Avoid a foolish choice like Lot's.

Choose for companions those children who will lead you into right-doing and being. When a child begins to whisper secrets that you must not tell mother, father or Sunday-school teacher, beware—like Lot you are pitching your tent too near Sodom!

When boys who smoke coax you to go off with them to smoke—beware lest you pitch your tent too near Sodom!

When boys tell you there is no harm in a game of baseball on Sunday, just to watch it played—beware of fellowship with those boys, or you will be pitching your tent too near Sodom!

Pitch your tent close to the church, close to temperance people, avoiding all evil places and all those boys and girls who would lead you into wrong-thinking, doing and being. Remember Lot and the results of his choice.—Mrs. Frank Hamilton.

Hagar and Ishmael.

Abraham's wife, Sarah, did not have the faith that Abraham had; she trusted much in her own wisdom. She had, to wait on her, an Egyptian maiden. As she had known of other women giving their maiden to become the wife of the husband, so, when she was old with no child she thought she would do the same; then if God did give a child to the maiden they both could take care of it. God had said a man was to have but one wife; the family would be happier that way. But Sarah trusted to her own reasoning and told Abraham he was to look upon Hagar as his second wife.

After a time God promised a child to Hagar, but this only made her selfish; she despised Sarah. Had not God honored her more than He had Sarah? This annoyed Sarah, and she did not treat Hagar as she had done, but was severe and hard in her treatment. So Hagar left the home and went away to a desert place; there she sat down by a well of water, feeling very lonely.

But she was soon roused by a voice speaking to her. The angel of Jehovah was asking her what she did there. And he told her to return to Sarah and be in subjection to her, and that she should be blessed. Hagar said to the angel who had spoken to her, "Thou art a God that seeth" (Gen. 16:13.) So Hagar returned, and soon a son, Ishamael, was born to her.

Years passed, and at last Sarah was made very happy when God sent to her a dear baby boy, whom she named Isaac. Abraham and Sarah made a feast for the son while he was yet a

child; and Ishmael was now quite a lad, instead of being glad and helping all to be happy, made fun and so distressed Sarah that she asked Abraham to send him and his mother away. This grieved Abraham, but he talked with God about the matter, and He told him to listen to the wish of Sarah and send them forth: that while Ishmael would be blessed and become the father of a great company of people, he was not to be the leader in the Jewish line of people that was for Isaac.

So, in the morning, Abraham gave Hagar bread and a bottle of water and bade her depart in peace. This was much better; now Abraham and Sarah could train their child undisturbed in their own way.

Hagar and her son wandered to a desert place and the water in the bottle being used up, she sat down, leaving her son under a tree, thinking they would perish from thirst. But God heard the child cry. He saw Hagar and called to her from Heaven, "What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad; Arise, and lift up the lad, and hold him in they hand; For I will make him a great nation."

And, looking up, God showed Hagar a well, so she and the child were refreshed and strengthened. The child, Ishmael, grew; he learned to shoot with the bow and arrow, and so became a hunter, and was soon able to aid greatly in the support of the mother.

Here the story closes. The last we hear of Hagar she is choosing a wife for her son among the Egyptian maidens. And he became the father of the Arabs.

We may learn from this story that it always is wise to trust in God to have His way with us and not act on our own wisdom when it is contradictory to His law.

Often boys and girls feel they know more about things than their parents; they see no harm in such amusements as picture shows, dances, etc.; but later, when they have followed their own wisdom, they find disappointment and no happiness they expected.

It is reported that packages of cigarettes are being sent to children through the mail by tobacco dealers to reach them on their birthday, preceded by a note wishing them a happy birthday and saying that, hoping to add to their pleasure, they are sending the cigarettes, which they hope the child will like and become a smoker. Should you receive such a letter, at once show it to your mother, and refuse to have anything to do with it. Your own conscience must tell you this is only a "trap" set to catch weak-minded boys, so that the tobacco-seller can sell more cigarettes as the boys get the habit of smoking.—Selected.

It is not in great cities, nor in the confined shops of trade, but principally in agriculture, that the best stock or style of men is grown. It is in the open air, in communion with the sky, the earth and all living things, that the largest inspiration is drunk in, and the vitals of a real man constructed.—Horace Bushnell.

WHEN THE GREEN GETS BACK ON THE TREES.

In Spring, when the green gits back in the trees,
  And the sun comes out and stays,
And yer boots pulls on with a good tight squeeze,
  And you think of yer bare-foot days;
When you ort to work and you want to not,
  And you and yer wife agrees
It's time to spade up the garden-lot,
  When the greens gits in the trees
Well! work is the least o' my ideas
  When the green, you know, gits back in the
    trees!

When the green gits back in the trees, and bees
  Is a buzzin aroun' ag'in
In that kind of a lazy go-as-you-please
  Old gait they burn round' in;
When the groun's all bald whare the hay-rick
    stood,
  And the crik's riz, and the breeze
Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,
  And the green gits back in the trees.
I like, as I say, in sich scenes as these,
  The time when the green gits back in the
    trees!

When the whole tail-feathers o' Wintertime
  Is all pulled out and gone!
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,
  And the swet it starts out on
A feller's forred, a-gittin' down
  At the old spring on his knees—
I kindo' like jest a-loafin' roun'
  When the green gits back in the 'trees—
Jest a-potterin' roun' as I-durn-please—
  When the green, you know, gits back in the
    trees!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Father, said little Frank, as he turned the pages of the history, how did the cliff dwellers keep warm in winter time?

Why, I guess they used the mountain ranges. Now don'task any more foolish questions.

FROM TOP OF BOX-CAR TO THE PRESIDENCY.

A. C. Needles, who got his first railroad training from the top of a freight car while working his way up as brakeman, was elected president of the Norfolk & Western railway yesterday to succeed President N. D. Maher. He will take over the direction of the road May 1, Mr. Maher retiring on that date under the company's pension regulation system.

Back in 1882, at the age of 15, and after a brief spell in the public schools of Baltimore where he was born, the man who climbed to the highest office of a great railway system picked up a lineman's rod and tramped over the Shenandoah hills with a surveying party. That was, in fact, his first railroad experience, but men in the transportation service realize that to get to the top a youngster must first undergo a sort of baptism in the yards. Railroading in those days was not like it is today. And it wasn't long before the husky rodman was back on the line he helped survey as superintendent.

Few College-Bred Executives.

The heads of the big railroad systems who graduated from college can be counted on the fingers of a man's hand, or on both hands, at least. L. E. Johnson, for many years president of the Norfolk & Western, also started as a brakeman.

From 1912 to 1918 Mr. Needles was general manager. Then he was made vice president in charge of operations.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

The boys couldn't do much work last week, because of wet weather.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Letter writing day came around last week, and every boy had the pleasure of sending a letter home.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The big lot behind tenth cottage is being fenced in for the chickens. This work is being done by Mr. Alexander and some of the boys.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The sick boys are all back on their jobs now with the exception of a few who are still being given close attention by the two trained nurses and Dr. King.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys of the second cottage enjoyed a fine sermon over the Radio on last Sunday night, which was broadcasted from station K. D. K. A., East Pittsburgh, Pa.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

New quarterlies for the second quarter, were taken around to the cottages last week. The boys have already started reveiving the lessons that they have missed during the past month.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Jim Watts and Vaughn Smith, who

are members of the eighth cottage, were given permission by Supt. Boger, to go to their homes for a short visit last week. Watts has been working with the sick boys during the past month.

* * * * *

The boys in the shoe shop haven't much work to do, since the boys started going barefooted, so Mr. Groover and his boys are working out, fixing flower beds or anything that needs to be done and when a boy needs a pair of shoes fixed, one of the shoe shop boys goes in and fixes them.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. J. A. Sharp, who is the Secretary of the Kannapolis Y. M. C. A., made a very interesting talk to the boys on last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Sharp is working with boys all the time, in his Y. M. C. A. work, and he has taken a great interest in the boys of the Training School, and we all hope to have him back to talk to us some time soon.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Cone Literary Society held its regular meeting on last Monday night. After the program for the evening was completed, Mr. Johnson, who is the cottage officer made a very interesting talk to the boys, and after the talk a question about discontinuing the meetings, was put before the boys to be voted upon. The majority voted to have society twice a month, instead of every week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Saturday was the fifth straight Saturday that the boys didn't get to play ball, on account of rain. If the boys don't get some practice some time soon they won't have much of a team this summer. The new back stop is completed, the new ball goods are all ready, and everything is ready to go except the players, and they haven't had any practice for five weeks on account of bad weather.

At Hamburg, Germany, the longest day occupies seventeen hours and the shortest seven. At Stockholm, in Sweden, the longest has eighteen and a half hours and the shortest five and a half. At Petrograd the longest has nineteen and the shortest five hours. In Finland the longest has twenty-one and a half hours. In the northmost part of Norway th longest days are from May 21 to July 2, the sun not sinking below the horizon during this perid, but skim along very close to it in the North. At Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.

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THE UPLIFT

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NEED THE SPIRIT.

"Perhaps there has never been in the history of the world a time that so needed the things of the spirit as this. An age of materialism, going through the maelstrom of re-adjustment after a world upheaval that wrecked so many standards is finding itself anew. There are nearly three million members in our General Federation now. Can you visualize this as a great channel through which is flowing in every community organized power, not for self, but to promote the things that shall abide. Perhaps the club woman's greatest contribution to this adjustment may be the steadfast holding aloft the ideals that make for a saner, sweeter life. Certain it is that the tangible things we accomplish will have little value unless we see in them the visible expression of a spiritual force that is moving through all our efforts. "Phillip Brooks once said, 'do not pray for easy lives, pray to be stronger, do not pray for tasks equal to your power pray for power equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle but you shall be a miracle and every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life that has come to you."—Mrs. Palmer Jerman in her presidential address before the Convention of Women's Federated Clubs.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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A FUNERAL WITH A MEANING.

The most largely attended funeral occasion this writer ever attended was that of General Julian S. Carr, at Durham, Sunday afternoon, May 4th. There were people in attendance from every section of the state, if not from every county. All classes and professions and occupations were represented in the vast throngs that filled the spacious home, the porches and the large grounds about; and these being overflowed the crowds extended for blocks and blocks away.

What did it all mean? It was an expression of the esteem of the masses. As we have said before Gen. Carr was the most democratic democrat we ever knew—he drew no lines in his courtesies, his fine manner, his contribution, and literally went about with his heart and purse hanging loose about his person. This outpouring of the citizenship of the state to pay its last respect to the fine soul, that richly enjoyed life and had a good time for many years, was not due to the gifts he made, for in the thousands there were thousands that did not participate in his generosities but those folks were there simply to give testimony to their appreciation of a great heart, a great builder, a great North Carolinian and prince of gentlemen—that's all it was.

The crowds that witnessed the putting away of the body of this great North Carolinian were estimated all the way from fifteen to twenty thousand souls.

* * * * * * *

BUILDING A MONUMENT.

Mrs. Rogers Winter, of Atlanta, Ga., Chairman of the Children's Founders

Roll of the Confederate Memorial is asking for help from every one to aid her in enrolling as many names as possible of white children, of the South, under 18 years of age in the Great Memory Book. Each name has to be accompanied with $1 and by this means each person who thus participated has aided in carving the greatest monument the world has ever known. This Book of Memory will have a place of honor in Memorial Hall at Stone Mountain.

Each child who makes a contribution will receive a small bronze medal, designed by Gutzon Borglum, showing that he is one of the founders of the Memorial, and later, when his name has been inscribed in the great volume of the Children's Founders Roll, he will receive a certificate showing the number of the page and line on which his name appears.

This appeal goes out to all Southerners who have the lost cause enshrined in life's memory, and to those who wish to demonstrate a love for the thin ranks who wore the gray. If you wish to memorialize a Confedrate soldier any child can do it by sending in an extra dollar.

This is a wonderful way to perpetuate history, does it through childhood, especially the children of these heroes who wore the gray, therefore, the love and memory of the cause will never die. Blood is thicker than water.

Mrs. Winter says the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association closed its appeal April 26th but it strikes this paper that this association should keep an open book till every Southern State has a goodly membership enrolled.

* * * * * * *

OVERFLOWING.

Raleigh can justly boast of hosts of smart and constructive women, who have a vision for better and greater things. But during the past week the capitol was overflowing with brilliancy and brains. The men had to stand aside, being so hopelessly in the minority, and let the women take the old town. The reason for all this was the annual convention of the Woman's Federated Clubs.

The cordiality of the reception and the social functions pulled off in honor of these fine women by different leading citizens, attest how proud Raleigh is to have within her gates representative and leading women from every section of the state. It was a great convention, following a successful year in the various clubs, and this reflects the able leadership of Mrs. Palmer Jerman, one of North Carolina's outstanding and able women.

* * * * * * *

MORE PROOF.

Col. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury, is chairman of the city school board,

and has for years manifested a deep interest in the development of the school facilities. It was announced that Prof. Andrews, a charming gentleman and a fine school man, who has been superintendent for a number of years at Salisbury, had received an unsought call to the High Point schools.

Applications began to pour into the school board of Salisbury, applying for the position thus made vacant. It is said that no less than thirty-five applicants live in Texas. The fame and glory of North Carolina are covering a great part of the earth—the United States, anyway.

Our private opinion, publicly expressed, is that quite a number of Virginians would like to take up their domicile in the good old North State but pride of past glory prevents their move. There is one bunch of Virginians, however, that do not care to return to North Carolina one bit—for instance the ball team of the University of Virginia. That bunch of walloped fellows have enough of this glorious commonwealth, for a long while at least.

* * * * * * *

HE'LL COME BACK.

Last week Editor Zeb Greene announced in a very entertaining statement that he had retired from the editorship of the Marshville Home. He is too unanimously smeared over with printer's ink to stay out. He'll come back; maybe not to the helm of the Marshville Home, but he'll come back. What in the world will we farmers do without Brother Greene's edifying accounts of the stunts that Lespedeza (he always spells it with a capitol) has wrought in his section.

Mr. Greene, besides being personally a most delightful gentleman, has been a virile writer and seems not to know how a collar feels—he's his own pilot.

Succeeding Mr. Greene is Mr. L. E. Huggins, who by his act proves that there is no earthly way in which to succeed permanently in quitting the game. He too has come back after years out of the harness. Mr. Huggins has returned home to The Home—it is familiar ground to him.

* * * * * * *

PUT IT ACROSS.

Charlotte went on record Tuesday as strongly favoring giving her children all the educational facilities that they need. She voted strong for the issue of a million dollars of bonds to be expended in increasing the school facilities of that proud and growing city.

The Observer compliments the parent-teachers association for the effective part it played in pressing this matter upon the hearts and consciences of the

voters. You can't lose the women, when it comes to public welfare matters and ringing clear in the defense of what they feel just and true.

* * * * * * *

FINE READING.

THE UPLIFT, which has an intimate knowledge of the constructive power of women and a high appreciation of their business judgment, enhanced by an association with the women in the conduct of the Jackson Training School, is impressed with the able and forceful manner in which Mrs. Palmer Jerman, the president of the state Federated Clubs of Noth Carolina, discussed serious problems confronting the people and the pleasing manner in which she visualized the results if the forces at the hands of the women were invoked.

The address really approximates a state paper and is of such a high character that THE UPLIFT will reproduce it in full in our next number.

* * * * * * *

MY HERO.

Of all the heroes laurel-crowned,
The one I most admire,
Is he who rises ere the dawn
To light the kitchen fire.

He may be ugly as a goat,
Unskilled with tongue or pen;
He may have fringes on his cuffs,
But he's a prince of men.

Most heroes have one glorious deed
By which they won their praise,
My hero goes forth every morn,
Through his precarious maze.

Gooseflesh he braves and carpet tacks,
Doors standing half ajar,
And countless chairs to bark his shin,
And leave their battle scar.

And so I sing my hero's praise,
And strike the exultant lyre,
For him who rises every morn
To light the kitchen fire.

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Gen. Julian S. Carr sleeps the eternal sleep that knows no awakening, beneath the beautiful flowers he loved so well. The name of "Jule" Carr has been a household word in Durham, and the State of North Carolina, for more than a half century. He died in the twilight of his long service and generous benefactions, "a friend to man." He was as some grim stone of the sea on whose surface a raging tempest made impress, but whose base it could not cause to tremble, or its parts to disintegrate. He loved his church, his people, his country, his state, his town. He had a passionate love for his comrades, the Confederate soldiers. He was a benefactor, the like of which we shall not look again. He was a great man; the controlling powers of his life were his courage, his love, his benefactions. The life of this patriot and statesman, simple, affectionate, unaffected, kindly, generous, is a benediction to us all. He has crossed the great river, made wider by our affections, and deepened by our tears. The world is poorer for his going, and Heaven has a new attraction for us. Truly of him we may say, "A great tree has fallen in the forest, and with the crash the gates of Heaven opened and the angels came forth, proclaiming to the Master, "There cometh one to us whom we now receive for that we loved him long and dearly."

* * * * *

I wonder, if there were no flowers, would the birds sing so happily. Their songs seem so full of joy for the flowers that are already here and glad hope of those to come. When I think of Spring, I always think of the violet —the common purple that spread through the woods, and meadows, nestling in shady dells, or clinging to creek banks to look with complacent vanity at their modest faces reflected in the clear waters. And the little bluebells and bluets, that make you think of little Quaker ladies, shining in clusters, like little patches of blue sky and sunshine which have fallen to earth. Behold the glory of the woods! Every few yards now you see the immaculate dogwood lifting their mass of white blooms against the dark green of the woods, like vestal virgins before the sacred altars of nature. I feel, too, like I want to worship with them and their choir of birds, returning thanks for the countless, sweet, glad things, loving and growing under the calm, cerulean wide sky of nature's Spring down here in good old North Carolina.

* * * * *

Man is measured much like water and gas—
When sweet things rule, he selects the sweeter;
He falls in love—a pretty girl, a-lass!
Then he is always running to metre.

* * * *

Marconi announces that finally he has succeeded in harnessing the waves set in motion by radio energy. With the air waves, the ocean waves, the hand waves, the hair waves, and the handkerchief waves, we have much to listen to and hear what they are saying. "Listen in!" Most people do —whether it be radio or not; they

listen. We are getting smart—perhaps, a little too smart. But just so they do not finally reach the point where they get our thoughts and broadcast them before we can think them, I don't care how smart they get. However, some people do that anyway, and that will be nothing new. So, go ahead, Mr. Marconi; harness all the waves you please, just so that harness is not too expensive.

* * * *

The United States department of agriculture has given out its favorite receipe for making old-fashioned cream rice pudding. Shucks! Speaking of cooking rice the U. S. D. of A. doesn't know anything about cooking rice so it will spread. They should consult W. P. Ormsby, of Winston-Salem—if he is living— and he can tell them something. He went with me once, along in the 80's, on a camping expedition, on the top of Pilot Mountain. Ormsby did the cooking. We had a peck of rice and he concluded one day to cook it all at once and keep a supply of the cooked on hand. Well, sir, that rice sure did spread itself. It filled all the campers, and everything else we had in camp, and then just boiled, and swelled, and ran out on the top of the mountain until the pinnacle looked like it was covered with snow. The people in the valley thought it was snow. Never saw so much rice in all my life, running wild. Ormsby can tell rice cookers how to gather rice. That was certainly a swell time.

* * * *

The charm of women's mind, it is said,
Is the choicest one of their graces;
But with the fads, and bobbed hair head,
It's not made up as quick as their faces.

* * * *

You can learn a great deal about human nature in a printing office, just well as anywhere else. A good many years ago, when I published the Sun, I had a correspondent in West Durham. One afternoon I received a note from him saying, "Hold the press a little while. There's a man up here they think is dying and I think he will be dead pretty soon." But the press wasn't held. Mistakes, grievous errors, sometimes play an important part in making life miserable to newspaper men. One day an editor, I won't say what editor, was confronted with a very ponderous and important looking lady, who pitches into him about the account of her club election. "Why what's wrong with that report?" asked the editor looking worried." I wrote it myself, and said that you, being the fittest member, were elected president of the club." "Did you, indeed?" remarked the lady rather heatedly. "Well, the paper said 'the fattest member.' "The editor remembered an important engagement just then and departed in haste.

* * * *

Just think of the millions of perfectly good corkscrews that are out of jobs, with very little chance of ever getting them again. If they'd been straight like chisels or screwdrivers, they'd have good paying jobs all the time. It's one of the unfailing laws of the universe, anyway, that you can't get something for nothing. Even when you lift tubes from a radio and think you're that much in, you'll be surprised some day to look back and see what they really cost you. A re-

markable poet puts in this way:

"Don't let this good advice be lost,
To grab it you should try;
The things you get for nothing cost
More than the things you buy."
Isn't that the truth?

* * * *

It's pretty hard to get stupid people to see things straight. It's another matter when they are bright and clever—like a certain auto party who saw a calf getting its dinner from its mother, and one of them exclaimed, "Oh, see the 'self-help restaurant?'" Another said, "Yes, it's a 'Child's restaurant.'" While the third added, "And it is also a 'Calfateria.'" And they rode on. They'd better. So much brilliancy might have set the creek on fire.

"HULLO."

W'en you see a man in woe,
Walk right up an' say, "Hullo!"
Say, "Hullo!" an' "How d'ye do?
How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back;
Bring your han' down with a whack!
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow;
Grin an' shake an' say, "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh; sho!
Walk right up an' say, "Hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true,
Hale an' hearty "How d'ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk right up an' say, "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo" an' "How d'ye do?"
Other folks are as good as you.
W'en ye leave your house of clay,
Wanderin' in the Far-Away;
W'en you travel through the range;
Country t'other side the range;
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who ye be, an' say, "Hullo!"

—S. W. Foss.

TWENTY THOUSAND STAND WITH BARED HEADS IN HONOR TO CARR.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill

Twenty thousand men and women come up from every section of North Carolina lined the streets, standing with bared heads when the first citizen of Durham was borne to the simple grave that waited for him at the end of the journey here this afternoon, paying the last silent mede of reverence to him that was General Julian S. Carr.

Behind him the enfeebled residue of the once vast gray army, whose chieftain he sometime was and whose comrade always, and after these a great concourse of people from the high places of the world and from humble places, and alike their faces were wet with the tears of a common grief that over-reached the metes of class and creed and color and condition.

Into a simple grave in the earth they lowered him, the hands of his sons and his nephews, wrapped in the folds of a great American flag against which his hands had once been lifted up and entwined within it yet another flag, the flag of the General's youth that belonged very near to the heart of him and of the feeble gray line that gathered about the open grave for a little while before the earth covered him.

In their hands these Veterans, these comrades of his youth, brought white flowers and while the choir chanted the last hymn for the dead they passed by the grave. Their white flowers followed him into the grave, covering over entirely the casket that holds the dust of him who was sometime their chieftain and always their comrade. And then they turned away, leaving him there to sleep in the ground he himself had given for a resting place for all of his neighbors.

About the grave were massed thousands of those who were his friends, and in whose hearts there will forever grow green some tender memory of him. Without the gates of the cemetery were massed other thousands, unable to make their way into the enclosure, and along the streets through which the cortege had come, yet more thousands came from a long way to be there when the General passed down the street on the journey from which there is no turning back.

Not in a generation has North Carolina witnessed so profound a tribute as was brought to the bier of General Carr. All through the day the throngs poured into the city, passing in solemn silence along the streets that lead by the grounds of Somerset Villa. When the hour of the service drew on the grounds of the villa were packed to the gates, and the streets round about were congested with people. Corps of extra policemen were unable to fully cope with the congestion.

Within the house were gathered hundreds of friends, but above them all place was made for the veterans of the War Between the States representatives from camps of veterans,

from the State organization and from the entire body of those who remain of the armies that once were mighty. About the casket were grouped the immediate relatives, and in another room apart from the great library, the honorary pallbearers.

Among the veterans were Colonel Sam Small, chaplain of the Confederate Veterans; General William A. Smith, of Wadesboro; General A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury; General W. B. Freeman, commanding the Virginia department and others. Numbered among the distinguished men attending the funeral were Governor Cameron Morrison, Chief Justice Walter Clark, Dr. H. W. Chase, General Albert L. Cox, Baxter Durham, Col. James P. Cook, Colonel Beneham Cameron, Josephus Daniels, Attorney General James S. Manning, Capt. Nathan O'Berry.

General Carr had asked that his friends send no flowers when he lay dead in the villa, but rather let them send books to the public library. They have done both, and about the house, along the walks through the grounds, and piled in riotous magnificence about the casket, there were floral tributes that perhaps have no parallel in the annals of the State's sorrow. Five great trucks were required to transport them to the cemetery.

The service began at 3 o'clock. Prayer was offered by the Rev. W. Hibbard, former pastor and intimate friend of General Carr and Bishop James Cannon, representing the College of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, read the scriptures. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. R. C. Beaman, of Tarboro, formerly pastor of the church to which General Carr belonged. The choir of the church, grouped in the far end of the library participated in the service.

"How Firm a Foundation," "Rock of Ages," "Lead Kindly Light," and other favorite hymns of the General were sung. Mrs. D. W. Newsome sang another of his favorite songs. The service was conducted by Rev. Dr. W. W. Peele, pastor of Trinity Methodist church. Dr. Peele delivered a brief eulogy of General Carr, speaking as follows:

Pastor's Tribute.

"Most people touch their generation at only one point. They serve in one field of service. General Julian S. Carr, 'the grand old man of Durham,' touched his generation at many places and each point of contact was a place of service. It is safe to say that North Carolina has never produced another man who touched life in so many places and who exerted so great an influence in so many constructive lines. He was a patriot. His whole life was one of courage and chivalry. He was no coward. As a young man he took up arms in defense of the southland which he loved; in the late world war when he was too old in years to walk in the trenches he served as a 'dollar-a-year' man in the Federal Food Administration. He was as genuine a patriot as ever lived. His was an unselfish patriotism. He was no ambitious self seeker. He had a passionate affection for his country. He was a man of action and, though he carried seventy and eight years, he was active alert with youth. He kept young by doing. He did not have time to grow old. General Carr was never

happier than when he was with his comrades in the service and the temple that once housed his spirit is now clothed with the uniform of the Confederate General.. It is as he would have it.

"General Carr was a champion of education. He touched his generation in the field of learning. You have but to recall his connection with the educational agencies of the State to see his contribution in this field. A member of the Board of Education of the city of Durham. the giver of the present sight of Trinity College, a member of the board of trustees and of the executive committee of the University of North Carolina, the one who saved Greensboro College for Women in the lean days of eighties, a member of the board of trustees of Carolina College, a member of the board of trustees of the Training School for colored people in Durham, the champion of education at every point.

"He was a farmer. He touched his generation in the out-of-doors on the farm. He loved the farm and was vitally interested in the agricultural development of his State. Who has not enjoyed gifts in kind from his model farm, Occoneechee? He was a master in the world of finance. He was a pioneer. One has but to look around and see: The tobacco industry, the hosiery mills. the flour mills, the banks, the railroads, the cotton mills, these and many other industries stand as a monument to his leadership in the field of industry.

"He was a philanthropist. He was a doer of good. His benefactions cover a broad field. Institutions large and small received of his gifts. And the best thing about it all was the love that prompted every benefaction, General Carr seemed to feel that God just must distribute goodness through him. In politics he was ever active. Not seeking an opportunity to be served but to serve.

"Early in life he joined the Methodist Church. He loved the church and was ever faithful to her call. His ear was ever open to the call of the church. For many years chairman of the board of stewards, a member of the boad of trustees, for years superintendent of the Sunday School, a teacher of a class of young men to the very last, honorary chairman of board of stewards at the time of his death, Trinity's representtive at church assemblies from the lowest to the highest—the ambassador at large of Trinity church. In his going Trinity church has lost one of its most loyal and generous members, the State one of its truest and greatest benefactors. and the nation one of its truest and most patriotic citizens."

From the house the casket was borne in the hands of his sons and his nephews, with his comrades in arms following after him and the friends assembled from every walk of life in their wake. There were humble people from the mills he had built, bankers with whom he had worked, Negroes who had served him or had been befriended by him. Out for the last time into the streets of the city his body was borne.

Down the solidly massed thousands the cortege moved, finally turning into the cemetery where the grave had been made to receive him

and there with Chaplain Sam Small wearing the gray uniform of his youth the body of the patriarch who never grew old was committed to the earth. Chaplain Small recited the commitment service. The choir sang, the veterans moved past the grave where they had laid him and dropped their flowers in it. And then they turned away, leaving him there among the dead.

But there was no feeling of strangeness, perhaps, for the General to sleep there in the ground that he had dedicated for a burial place. Many have preceded him there and they all were his friends, and he sleeps among them, wrapped about with the flags that were as life to him, one under which he fought in his youth and the other, once his enemy, but served with no less devotion when the years unfolded their wisdom. And there he sleeps, still among his friends, for all mankind were his friends.

THE WIND.

Of all the phenomena of nature the wind seems to be the one that is most strikingly endowed with personality. Sunlight, starlight, moonlight, thunder and lightning, rain and snow—there is no wide range of expressiveness in any of them. But the wind has moods and a many-sided character indeed there is no human emotion, no virtue no vice of the human soul, that does not find its representation or its symbol in the blowing of the wind.

The insane, destructice fury of mankind at war has its counterpart in the tornado and the hurricane. Violent gales, though less demoniac in temper, have occasional outbursts of brutality corresponding to those that human beings sometimes exhibit. Then there are the mean-spirited, ill-natured gusts that do spiteful, malicious things and play disagreeable practical jokes; experiencing them, we feel that the wind is at heart a vindictive bully. At other times it is better disposed, yet not quite amiable-boisteriously humorous, usually at expense of people who dislike boisterous humor. But even those people will admit that now it has got rid of its malice and is merely prankish and not above playing the clown.

When the wind ceases to be aggressive it becomes gentle, confiding, sympathetic, affectionate; it soothes and caresses, it stimulates and refreshes. It seems then to have the most agreeable personality of all the force in the natural world. To the poet's imagination it becomes a lover murmuring endearments to his lady, or a mother singing a lullaby to her babe, or an old nurse crooning softly to a child.

The wind is like people; it cannot be at its best.

And however much we may object to it and denounce it or long for and welcome it, of one fact we may be sure; we can never do any thing about it.

A REVIEW.

Bishop Cannon, Jr., Speaks to the Conference on Politics, Economies and Citizenship at Birmingham, England, Saying as Follows:

It would not be difficult to say "Fellow Countrymen," for as I stood in Westminster Abbey last Sunday afternoon, before the tablet of Dr. Walter Hines Page, on of the most distinguished and best beloved fellow graduates of our beloved Virginia Alma Mater, I realized that Britain and America are indeed one, in their love of liberty, and in their high aims and purposes for the uplift of the world.

I have thought it might be of interest to the conference in connection with its discussions on Housing, Relation to the Sexes, Leisure, and Crime, to hear what have been some of the results of the greatest experiment ever made by any great nation, to promote the general welfare of the whole people by the restriction of the personal indulgence of the individual. For that is exactly what the prohibition law of America is—no more, no less. It is a great honest effort by the great mass of American people to secure the greatest good for the greatest number. All law is the expression of the will of the governing power, and all law is the restriction of the activities of the individual for the common good. And so the prohibition law is simply the expression of the will of the governing power of the United States, namely, the majority of the people—not all the people—but of the overwhelming majority of the people, which majority has fully deided to restrict the right of the individual to manufacture or to sell intoxicating liquor. Intoxication is that state in which a man has lost control of his physical, intellectual and moral powers—in short of himself. The people of the United States have definitely decided to prohibit a traffic which destroys the self-control of its citizens.

When in 1885 th supreme court of the United States rendered its ever memorable decision that "the liquor traffic is the most prolific source of misery, poverty, insanity, vice and crime, and that "no citizen has any inherent right to sell intoxicating liquors," it was evident that the death knell of the liquor traffic had been sounded.

There have been three oustanding influential factors: 1. Compulsory education in all public schools concern the effects of alcohol. 2. The Christian conscience—the great apostle's declaration of the Spirit of Christ: "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourseles," became the rallying cry of the Christian citizenship of America, until when the climax of the conflict was reached there was hardly a Protestant pulpit in America which was not lined up againts the liquor troffic, indeed which would have dared to favor it. 3. The good, hard, common sense of the common people of America became fully convinced tnat "the liquor traffic is a public nuisance"—the enemy of the economic, educational, social, religious home life of the people, and that good, common sense demanded that like every other public nuisance, it must be abated. Why? Because the new social conscience of America brushes aside without hesitation any

claim of any individual to perform any action or to enjoy any privilege, which act or privilege, if exercised, will probably be a menace to the comfort, the safety, or even the life of other members of the community to which he may belong. A man's "private life" ceases the moment any act of his life affects the life of another or of the social order, of which whether he likes it or not he is a part. The new social consciousness absolutely refuses to recognize anything as "private" in conduct, which affects the welfare of others.

These are the three great influential factors which must be given tremendous weight in any proper consideration of the action of the American people in the passage of the prohibition law.

What have then been the results of the first four years of prohibition.

Insurance statistics show that there has been a great reduction in the death rate, so that there have been 873-000 fewer deaths than were indicated as probable by the records of previous years; these same life insurance companies also state that in the single month of April they wrote 1,137,000 new life insurance policies at a face value of $727,000,000, which was $270,000,000 more than in any equal previous period; the charity organizations of the country report that they spent $74,000,000 less for poverty and destitution caused by drink. There were 250,000 fewer industrial accidents; 2,000 more new homes have been built on an average monthly since prohibition went into effect; the consumption of meat last year was 167 pounds per capita, an increase of 17 pounds per captia; four million new automobiles were built and sold in 1923 at a cost of seven billion dollars. The savings deposits in the country increased from six billion to fourteen billion dollars, and the chief labor statistician declares that liquor has saved one billion dollars annually as the result of prohibition; the United States department of commerce gives an increase in the national yearly income of the country of from 34 billion dollars to 50 billion dollars; church membership has shown an unprecedented increase, 900,000 in 1921; 950,000 in 1922, and congregations are much larger the attendance of men being nearly double in many sections.

Mr. Roger Babson, one of the leading statisticians, says "the great improvement in business which has followed the war is very largely the result of prohibition, and thereby the salvage of our former waste of two billion or more of dollars each year due to the liquor traffic. I know of no other way to account for the great impetus in home building, the tremendous number of new automobiles purchased, the larger volume of the department store sales, accompained at the same time by continued swelling of saving bank deposits, except as the result of prohibition for the tendency of business as a whole would normally have been downward.

Mr. Warren Stone, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in an address in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on February 1st last, said: "There are 90,000 locomotive engineers in the United States. In the recent international convention with 902 delegates the vote was unanimous in favor of nation wide prohibition. There are some people laboring under the delusion they are going to have the prohibition law mod-

ified or abolished. Someone should wake them from their Rip Van Winkle sleep. I wish they could go with me for thirty days as I travel over this broad land of ours and see the effects of prohibition on the working man's life, see the homes being erected everywhere; note the accounts being opened in the savings banks; see children taken out of the sweat shops, well fed, with shoes and warm clothing to wear, going to school and getting an education; see prosperity, happiness and sunshine now existing, where formerly there were only squalor and misery—all of this as a result of prohibition. Why they had just as well talk about stopping the waves from beating on the shore, or the sunlight descending from heaven, as to stop the onward march of the prohibition movement. We are not going back to the old condition of things with the misery, want, poverty and crime. Never again! Prohibition has come to stay.

What has been the effect of these things upon crime itself? The arrests for drunkenness have decreased two million in four years, an average of 500,000 a year; the commitments to penal institutions have decreased from 22 per cent to 64 per cent depending upon the area—with a total of over 20 thousand persons less sent to the prisons and the pentitentiaries. In New York City, where some people say "Satan's seat is" and yet where the saints are also found, the death rate has decreased 23 per cent, assaults have decreased 55 per cent, the average yearly convictions for drunkness before prohibition 14,290, since prohibition the average has been 6,911, showing a decrease of 7,379 yearly for the four years, or over 50 per cent. In San Francisco, where exists also a very difficult situation, the decrease for arrests for drunkenness have been about 60 per cent. It is no claimed that the prohibition law is perfect, but it is far better than anything America ever had before. In conclusion, in the name of the American people, I desire to thank the British government, representing the British people, for the ratification of the anti-smuggling treaty. Although the British people have not yet themseles adopted the prohibition policy, this treaty is an evidence of British "fair play" which agrees that as the American people have approved the prohibition policy, they should be permitted to carry out their will without the interference from the people of other nations. This is a specific example of the best method of maintaining international friendship.

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool—shun him,

He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is ignorant—teach him,

He who knows, and knows not that he knows, he is asleep—awake him,

He who knows, and knows that he knows, he is wise—follow him.—Eastern Saying.

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK, UNCLE SAM'S FIRST RESERVATION.

By C. W. Hunt.

(Number 1)

Hot Springs (Ark.) National Park is not only the first national reservation, but is the only health resort owned and operated in part by Uncle Sam; in that the hot spring waters are applied externally and internally, by rules laid down by the highest hygenic authorities; and the price is limited, and quacks tabooed.

It is the only place known where human beings suffering with rheumatism, neuritis, skin and blood diseases can go with almost a guarantee of a cure, by the scientific application of waters heated by an unseen and an unknown power beneath the surface of the earth.

It is the cleanest place on the globe; you can go all day with hands unsoiled, thanks to street sprinklers and natural gas for heating and cooking, brought hither by pipes for more than 200 miles in Louisana.

It is both a Winter and Summer and all the year resort. Western and Northern people come there in winter to dodge the cold, bathe and get a new lease on life. Southern people come there in Summer to get out of the low lands and swamps and get the breezes that flow through the Ouachita (Wash-i-taw) mountains. The sick come at all times of the year. There, walking canes are both fashonable and necessary.

It is said to be more free of the pesky house fly than any city east of the Rocky Mountains, in Summer; all in spite of the large number of horses in the city, and the innumerable number of public house kitchens.

There you see the family love and affection in all its forms. The wife rolling on a wheel-chair; the husband rolling the wife; the mother rolling the daughter or son; the daughter or son rolling the father or the mother, and vice versa; but all with the same purpose; the helping of a loved one to health by means of that given by an unseen power.

Its Early History.

The lay mind could easily ascribe the heated waters to the power of an extinct volcano, and there is a rock protruding that looks like several varieties of stones melted together, but the geologists are silent as to volcanic orgin, of which more will be said further along. There seems to be no positive record that DeSoto, the intrepid Spaniard and his band of explorers stopped at Hot Springs National Park, and named the springs the "fountain of perpetual youth," but there was found evidence in a dam built across Hot Springs creek that bore the marks of white men, rather than the Indian. It is not known when the Indians first knew of the springs, but is known that they came there from all parts, and waring tribes respecting it as neutral grounds, and the sick were brought for hundreds of miles over Indian trails to be cured of diseases of the primitive American, by bathing in holes provided and filled with nature's heated waters. Besides the waters

there was another attraction for the native Indian, the stone known to geology as Novaculite, and to the mercantile world as the "Arkansas oil stone," the finest whetstone known. This the Indians used for making arrow heads and must have been known also as the best; and further it must have been carried hundreds and hundreds of miles in all directions. It cannot be proven, of course, but this writer has picked up arrow heads in North Carolina that must have been made from this navaculite stone. This stone became a commercial commodity, on the advent of the white man, and in the years that have passed has been quarried by the hundreds of tons, and is to be found in most places where very sharp edged tools are used.

The Indians are said to have held Hot Springs in great reverence and sacredness. Why should they not? Here the Great Spirit had caused to issue from the earth, waters heated by unseen power, in which their afflicted ones were bathed and went away well again. Near by the Great Spirit had planted the best known material for making the necessary weapons of offense and defense; the stone from which they carved arrow heads and tommy-hawks, with which they fought enimies and killed animals for food. Here the hand of the Creator was shown in a way to be undisputed. The heated waters were flowing long before the discovery of America, and the same Almighty hand is still causing an undiminished flow, and a great and benificent government has taken out of the hands who would take undue profit, and made it so the humblest can get it the same as the mighty.

Thomas Jefferson The World's Great Man.

Thomas Jefferson this country's greatest man, though Washington and some other may loom above him in this far distance, was the first president of these United States, that took note of Hot Springs. It was he that wrote the Declaration of Independence; it was he that caused to be made the Louisana purchase; (That great expanse west of the Mississippi) he gave us the decimal system of money, the easiest and simplest in all the world; he founded the public school system; was a planter of trees and a lover of nature; he was the architect that gave this country the Greek column effect in building and better known in the South as the "colonial home." And it was he who said: "That people is governed best that is governed least." And that "The people that till the soil are some time, gathered a number of intuitive mind saw, that early, the possibilities of Hot Springs, and he sent Hunter and Dunbar, officers of the army hither in 1804, where they spent some time, gatherred a number of interestnig and valuable specimens of minerals and stones and Indian relicts, that still adorn a corner in the Smithsonian Museum at the capitol. Jefferson saw the value of such a place as Hot Springs, and in 1818 the lands adjacent and the sprngs were ceded to this government by the Quapaw Indians, a tribe then in possession. Their name is perpetuated in a very handsome bath house bearing that name.

In 1834 H. M. Rector, then governor of the territory of Arkansas, took possession of Hot Springs, claimed the property as his own, made the

first accurate survey of the property, sold lots and rented property. There was warm dispute as to the virture of the different springs, and pools and crude shelters protected the bathers who paid those who claimed to own them and went away benefitted. On the death of Govrenor Rector, there being no land records kept then, "Squatter sovereignty" obtained, and for many years strife and confusion reigned, as to who really owned Hot Springs. From a folio by the United States Geological Survey, entitled "Hot Springs, Ark.." the following in part is taken: "Wm. Dunbar and Dr. Hunter, attached to the Lewis and Clark expedition or exploring party, visited Hot Springs in 1804 (one hundred and twenty years ago) finding white people had already been there, using the waters for bathing. "The lands were ceded to the government by the Quapaw Indians in 1818, and became a part of Arkansas. "The grounds about were located by several claimants. Congress reserved the grounds in 1832, and it became the first reservation, though it remained in the hands of disputing claimants until 1877, when the United States Supreme Court decided in favor of the government, all claimants being removed by liberal payment; and by congressional acts of March 3, 1877, June 16, 1880 and March 4, 1921 all titles were perfected.

Originally There Were Seventy One Springs.

"There were originally seventy-one springs coming out of the foot of North Mountain, but by combination and otherwise they were reduced to 49; five of which rose out of the bed of Hot Springs creek. (This creek is now arched over for the distance of nearly a mile, and the paved street and street car lines run over it, the visitor seeing no sign of the creek.)

From Whence The Heat and Healing?

"Weed claims the oxygen and nitrogen given off from the heated waters are derived from air, it being in same from as that from air. "The springs issue from the base of Stanly shale (rock) and the top of Hot Springs sandstone (underlying a large territory.) "The Bigfork chirt (whatever that is) is the underground reservoir for hot waters, and their point of issue was determined by the altitude of the locality, by southward volcanic pitch." Branner suggests "that the heat is derived from masses of heated rocks, the cooled edges of which may or may not be exposed." "The fact that with one exception these are the only hot Springs, in the Ouachita (Wash-i-taw) area, though there are numbers of cold springs, gives the view great weight." "Kirk Bryan, who examined the waters in 1920, decided that 44 hot and two cold springs were RADIO ACTIVE. (radium gas) Nine had an activity of from one to eight and eight tenths millimicrocuries per liter. A Mil-li-mi-cro-cur-rie is radio activity produced by one millionth of a milogram of radium. The chief inorganic constituents of the water are silica, calcium and bicarbonate, and except in very notable features of heat and gasses are similar to the cold springs in the Ouachita (Wash-i-taw) Mountains. The Ouachita area or mountains extend from Little Rock, Ark. to Atoka, Oklahoma, a distance of 200 miles long by 50 to 60 miles wide, running to a point at the places named."

(Concluded Next Week)

MONSTER "SNOUT" REACHED DOWN TO DESTROY PEOPLE.

(By Ben Dixon MacNeill.)

"It looked like the snout of an elephant reaching down out of the clouds and picking up a house here and there and then pulling itself up into the clouds again," is about the most graphic description that any Robersonville citizen had to offer today of the holocaust that circled the village at 2:45 yesterday afternoon, in plain view of an astonished and panic-stricken populace and wreaked its terrible jest upon the countryside.

As cyclones go, this elemental behemoth appears to have adhered to the established precedents in such matters. First there was the gathering of a great, seething cloud, muttering low on the horizon, and rolling through the heavens with an ominous detonation. Then the snout appeared, thrust suddenly downward ward the earth. The first structure to be snatched into the maw of the behemoth was the oldest Primitive Baptist church in these parts.

The great black head of the elephant rolled across the heavens, and those who watched it from the streets of the village bethought them of their families and of the storm cellars they had always intended to dig and hadn't. Robersonville had not a storm cellar to its name, but there are ditches in this flat country, and they came in handy for a period. They were even congested in places, and there was contention reported.

Attended by countless miracles the thing rolled on, moving, according to some estimates, at 175 miles an hour, poking its snout down here and destroying a house utterly, and then suddenly lifting over another not a hundred yards away, where not a shingle was disturbed. Some explain these manifestations of mercy on the ground of pious intercessions and others, who prayed, perhaps, just as hard, don't know why their house was distributed over the entire township.

Miracles at Every Turn

At every turn of the tree-filled roads there are a dozen miracles to be recounted. Here is a devout negro explaining how hard she prayed, and with what result. She was alone in her cabin, when the snout reached down. The cabin was removed bodily, save for the floor upon which she knelt. Even the cook-stove was thrown across the plantation, but she was not touched by so much as a splinter. Across the road a man and his wife and two babies who prayed just as hard, were crushed by falling timbers.

Culverts came in handy. A road gang at work on a highway, seeing the snout reaching down after them, deserted the truck with which they were working and dived into a culvert. The snout picked up their heavy army truck and set it upside down a hundred yards away, but not a man of the crew was hurt, save for the crowding that he was forced to endure when he crawled underneath the road.

It evidently pleased the behemoth to play with motor vehicles, and

wherever there was one available, it was picked up, severely battered and tossed away. One flivver traveled 150 yards into the middle of a great, ploughed field, not even in the lusty days of its youth could it have got there under its own power, but there it stands, on its ear, crushed and broken, but still proud of the fact that the starter takes hold. Its tires are gone.

The power of the thing was appalling. All about Flat Swamp church there were great pine trees. The church itself has been the pride of the community for a century and a half. Now there is not one timber above another, and about it lies a twisted mass of uprooted pines many of them two feet thick, turned and twisted in every conceivable direction. The timbers of the church are masses of splinters.

For a mile along the road trees are piled thick, like a jungle. Houses were swept along as leaves. In one place a six-inch pine is broken in half, and then half way down the bole a tin washtub is impaled. The woods are torn for miles as though they might have been straws. Here and there, waving grotesquely, bright-hued garments torn to strips. There are no wardrobes left in this section of Martin county.

Seven books would not hold all the strange and inscrutable things that happened, and are being retailed on the streets, and wherever people gather to talk about the thing. There is the incident of the baby asleep on a pallet when the storm broke. A few minutes later the pallet was found, spread out smoothly in the middle of a great field, with the infant sleeping undisturbed upon it. About him was strewn the wreckage of the house, with even its bick pillars blown away.

And then there is the inexplicable incident of the negro woman, sick unto death with pneumonia, and nursed by a capable and healthy negro nurse. The nurse was crushed, and the patient, with the bed blown from under her, found lying some hundreds of yards away. Today she is said to be recovering, with the congestion in her lungs sort of siphoned out of her by the force of the elements that swept over.

How any man, and woman, any living thing, came out of these endless masses of buildings that were yesterday homes none can explain. The behemoth jested, smashing here, nudging there, and ignoring utterly, all within the space of a hundred yards. In one place, where stood an impressive country residence there is nothing. Even the flowers about the grounds are sucked up and thrown broadcast. The bricks of the chimneys are thrown for hundreds of yards. Kitchen ranges are strewn about in bits.

Storm A Trickle Terror.

And over the road, another house, untouched. But the elephant was ever a playful beast, and this elemental beast that stalked through the peaceful townships of Martin yesterday was of his kind. Here he laid waste and there he ignored. A generation will marvel at his fickleness and relate strange tales of him to generations not yet born.

And everywhere the pitiful picture of dazed peoples, miraculously un-

hurt, coming back to sit among the ruins of what was yesterday a home and today is a mass of splinters. They sit dully, looking dazedly about them. The little ones crowd about their mother's knees, and gaze with wide-eyed wonder at the thing that has not yet become real to them. It takes days to get over such a shock as these people have had, and generations to forget.

THE WELCOME MAN.

There's a man in the world who is never turned down, whenever he chances to stray; he gets the glad hand in the populous town, or out where the farmers make hay; he's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand, and deep in the aisles of the woods; wherever he goes there's the welcoming hand—he's the Man Who Delivers the Goods. The failures of life sit around and complain; the gods haven't treated them white; they've lost their umbrellas whenever there's rain, and they haven't their lanterns at night; men tire of the failures who fill with their sighs the air of their own neighborhoods; there's one who is greeted with love-lighted eyes—he's the Man Who Delivers the Goods. One fellow is lazy, and watches the clock, and waits for the whistle to blow; and one has a hammer, with which he will knock, and one tells a story of woe; and one, is requested to travel a mile, will measure the perches and roods; but one does his stunt with a whistle or smile—he's the Man Who Delivers the Goods. One man is afraid he'll labor too hard—the world isn't yearning for such; and one man is always alert, on his guard, lest he put in a minute too much; and one has a grouch or a temper that's bad, and one is a creature of moods, so its hail to the joyous and rollicking lad—for the One Who Delivers the Goods!—Walt Mason.

MY EXPERIENCE IN ADOPTING CHILDREN.

(Progressive Farmer)

Our family consists of five members: husband, myself, and three adopted children. The latter came to us in this way:

An older sister of mine had a breakdown and it fell to my lot to take her year-old baby. He showed a fondness for insects from infancy, brought bees into the house by handfuls, showed me the first frog I ever saw with only the front feet developed and its tadpole tail still on. One day he called me to exhibit a pair of wasps harnessed up in spool cotton, hitched to a match box tray. He is now a naturalist in Philadelphia.

Our first little girl was brought from the state orphanage when she was 18 months old. Her delight was to doctor sick biddies; to bind up broken limbs for birds, cats, dogs, calves, and people. She watched faithfully by the bedside of her sick dolly. So after she completed her

college course, she became a professional nurse.

The third adopted—a red-headed baby girl—was left on our porch one night. "Reddy" might properly have been named "Tongue" since she has a "ready speech for every occasion, whether it calls for an extemporaneous debate, a funeral oration, or an after-dinner toast. She is now at college and is president of her literary society. She is undecided whether to become a public lecturer or to make private speeches to a sedate scientific farmer across the way.

We are devoted family and these children were brought up in the Sunday school, taught to be polite, to have respect and love for one another. to read wholesome books, to reverence their conscience and their God. We have tried to develop each one along his natural bent.

Mrs. J. W. Creys.

My Experience in Being Adopted.—

I was left at the door of a middle-aged couple who had no children when I was two weeks old. They kept me and loved me as only heart-hungry, child-loving people can. There was no happier child than I was until I was about 13 years old, just getting to the sensitive, self-conscious age, when in a school contest I carried off the honors and the medal. My parents had been careful to help me in my studies and train me; they kept saying how proud they would be if I won the contest. When the medal was presented my cup of happiness was full.

My father had been so sure I would win that he had taught me a little speech of thanks. The audience, thinking it was gotten up on the spur of the moment by a 13-year-old girl, cheered wildly. I shall never forget the expression of joy on my parents' faces.

I went to the dressing-room for my wraps, one of the girls older than I who had been in the contest, said with a sneer, "You think you are somebody, but you haven't even a name."

Crushed and bewildered, I went to my parents who hurried me home, thinking me ill. I told them what the girl had said, and my mother took me in her arms, held me close to her heart and tried to scoothe me. They told me how I had come into their lies, how they had tried to find some clue to my identity, but had found none. My father said, "Honey, no parents have ever loved a child better than we both love you. You have been a sunshine and a joy in our lives. We are proud of you, and what that girl said hurt her worse than it can you, for it puts her in the class of the coarse and ill bred. Always remember that the well bred person never wounds another."

From that night, in spite of my parents' loving kindness, I was more reserved, more distant. I saw snubs where none were intended. That was many years ago. I now have a good affectionate husband, a bright family, a happy home. I have never known who I am, but the dear old people who loved me say I never gave them a moment's sorrow, and I cared for them in their old age when thy needed a daughter. This experience is given, that it may help some thoughtless person to refrain from wounding one of the little ones. Is it not hard enough to have no parents, no name, without having one drive the poisoned dart in deeper?

One Of The Little Ones.

DOC PROPOSES TO BE REGULAR.

Monroe Journal.

Dr. G. K. Burgess has revived the Waxhaw Enterprise and in his introductory, makes these remarks:

The paper will always be found on the side of good government, law enforcement, education, temperance and religion.

We will strive at all times and under all circumstances to print the truth, except when people die or get married. And if we should "stretch the blanket" just a little when old deacon Jones "kicks the bucket" or his daughter gets married, we hardly believe that good Saint Peter will hold it against us—he would have to be reasonable.

In other words, our friend proposes to be regular, just like the run of newspapers, big and little. Most all newspapers are on the side of good government, law enforcement, education, temperance and religion. The reason for this is that the newspapers are about what the people are and the most of the people of this country are lined up for those very objects. Oh, to be sure, there are all kinds of ideas and even lack of ideas of what good government, law enforcement, education, temperance and religion are. But that, too, is based upon a good reason. It is because all men are different from all other men and on all matters where no exact standards of measurement exist there are going to be all kinds of opinions. All men can understand what a pound or a yard is and agree upon the solution of a mathematical problem. But all the above named subjects have no exact standard of measurement, they are relative, and subject to all kinds of ideas of all kinds of individuals. It is like the old man who said that if his wife had looked as pretty to all other men as she did to him he would have had a hard time in getting her.

No, the average man in this country stands for the things that the Doctor speaks of, but because we can't all have just the particular variety of each subject that suits our fancy we do a lot of bawling and criticising and cussing out the other folks. There are a few newspapers that are violent extreme and abusive and see no good in anything or anybody. We have in mind one published in a town in another section of the State which is of this type. It sees rascality or worse in everything and everybody except its own crowd, who are angels. That type of newspaper is about petered out in this country. Such papers never appeal to the positive and constructive ideas, they never call out the generous side of humanity, they never inspire anybody to do anything except to criticise. There are men of this type in every walk of life, and their whole influence is to whittle down goodness, fairness, generousity and altruism in so far as their power lies. And usually these men think that they are doing a good service. They are like Paul was when he was persecuting the Christians—thought he was doing the Lord's work. But nobody is doing the Lord's work when he is persecuting, even in the mild form of persecution which we have these days. All

men have some weakness and nobody is benefitted by having his weakness "thrown up" to him. They are only stimulated to throw back. But all men can be bettered by an appeal to their better selves when that appeal comes with sympathy and understanding and sincerity. There are a large numbers of preachers in this country now who are runing like hounds on a hot trail after other preachers and other men who do not agree with them in doctorines, and the scent for heresy is as strong in their nostrils as it was in the persecutors of the middle ages. Other men in various callings, politics included, are pursuing trifles and think they are working for good government. They are only expressing their own views of things and the most violent of these are usually those whose conclusions are based upon the least knowledge and understanding of the subjects they are talking about. Half of us are running around in circles chasing our own tails and thinking that we are vindicating some great principle or pointing out some great evil.

Life today is fairly wholesome and good, certainly as much so as it has ever been, and there is a better chance than ever for men and women to be wholesome and happy if they choose to. Most of it depends upon themselves and their own mental attitude. That the public generally like wholesomeness and kindness and good will rather than the opposite is shown by the last paragraph in the Doctor's announcement, namely that we are compelled at times to say only the good about people whether we wish to or not. Frankness is a great attribute but so few of us are able to distinguish frankness from our own prejudices that we dare not undertake to tell what appears to us at times to be "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Hence the necessity for taking the charitable and friendly view every time it is possible. The country is about fed up on little nagging criticisms that get nowhere and alter nothing. Most of such criticisms is based merely upon a personal dislike or a dissimilarity in taste. No man who stands for anything worthwhile and is doing something towards worthwhile ends has any time to quarrel with other people because they have different views on hell, on whom to vote for, the way they part their hair or bob it, whether they attend bridge parties or not, or do countless other things that have no importance except as they are over-magnified by dyspeptic critics. All such simply reduce the power to attack real evils and to promote worthy enterprises when real criticism is needed.

HAVE SOME MORE PEACHES.

(Greensboro News.)

The greatest peach crop in history is reported to be on the way in the sandhills. Peach growers probably hear the news with mixed emotions, for a bumper crop always involves the possibility of flooded markets and smashing prices, which means bad business for the sandhills.

Which moves the Daily News to start a new variation on an old theme.

We do not believe that the North Carolina market for sandhills peaches has reached anything like the saturation point. If that belief is correct, this home market ought to be worked intensively this year, to take care of the surplus production and prevent its being thrown on the northern markets where it would hammer down the price.

We offer the suggestion that the Greensboro chamber of commerce might be well advised if it would take steps to co-opereate with the peach growers in developing the market in this city. The peach country is about equidistant from Greensboro and Charlotte, and the business men of those two citites ought to stand ready to help this valuable trading territory to get full value out of its great crop this year. On the other hand, the inhabitants of the two cities would be enormously better off, financially and from the standpoint of health, if they could be persuaded to take full advantage of the opportunity that a bumper crop of sandhills peaches will offer them to store up a valuable food product for winter use. Perhaps Greensboro cannot absorb many more peaches for immediate use than she usually takes from the sandhills growers, but she should be able to use several times her usual share if she did her best in canning preserving and pickling them.

If the chamber of commerce, by urging upon housewives the advantage of using quantities of sandhills peaches, were able to develop this market for the growers, there would be just that much less chance of dumping too many peaches into northern cities and thereby breaking the price. At the same time, the dwellers in Greensboro would be far better off next winter if their pantry shelves were loaded with jars containing the astonishing variety of goodies that may be made from North Carolina peaches.

THE BEAUTY OF MAY AS SEEN BY WALT WHITMAN.

Last week we had a bit of comment on the beauty of April. Now here is a tribute to the beauty of May as written by Walt Whitman, which is calculated to make one wonder how many of us really see and appreciate half the interesting and beneficent objects with which nature surrounds us at this season of the year. Here is Whitman's comments on May:—

"May-month—month of swarming, singing, mating birds—the bumblebee month—month of flowering lilacs—(and then my own birth-month). As I jot this paragraph, I am out just afte sunrise, and down towards the creek. The lights, perfumes, melodies—the blue birds, grass birds, and robins, in every direction—the noisy, vocal, natural concert. Then the fresh-earth smells—the colors, the delicate drabs and thin blues of the perspective. The bright green of the grass has received an added tinge from the last two days' mildness and moisture. How the sun silently mounts

in the broad clear sky. How the warm beams bathe all, and come streaming kissingly and almost hot on my face.

"A short while since the croaking of the pond-frogs and the first white of the dogwood blossoms. Now the golden dandelions in endless profusion, spotting the ground every where. The white cherry and pear-blows—the wild violets, with their blue eyes looking up and saluting my feet, as I saunter the wood-edge—the rosy blush of budding apple-trees—the light, clear emerald hue of the wheat-fields—the darker green of the rye—a warm elasticity pervading the air— the cedar bushes profusely decked with their little brown apples—the summer fully awakening.

" As I write, I am seated under a big wild-cherry tree—the warm day temper'd by partial clouds and a fresh breeze, neither too heavy nor light—and here I sit long and long, envelop'd in the deep musical drone of these bees, flitting, balancing darting to and fro about me by hundreds—big fellows with light yellow jackets, great glistening, swelling bodies, stumpy heads and gauzy wings—humming their perpetual rich mellow boom. (Is there not a hint in in it for a bumble-bee symphony?)"

AN INSPIRING STORY.

Charlotte Observer

Thirty years ago there lived in a rather humble farm home in Chatham County, North Carolina, an ambitious boy in his early 'teens. The only school open to him was the little one-room, one-teacher public school that was open not more than 11 weeks in the year. Fortunately the lad had an educated and well informed mother, who, like most mothers, was ambitious for the future of her boy, but, unlike many mothers, encouraged her boy to read the best books, magazines and newspapers, to the end that he might educate himself despite the lack of school advantages.

That was in the years when cotton got down to five cents a pound and the agricultural outlook in North Carolina was exceedingly gloomy. This ambitious boy's parents found themselves struggling to pay off a mortgage on their humble farm home. The boy borrowed books and read them; he saved pennies and bought postal cards and wrote to various publishers for sample copies of their magazines; he picked a field of cotton for a year's subscription to a North Carolina farm paper and read it thoroughly every week.

At the age of 16 years he wrote a letter to the editor of that farm paper voicing plea for a six-months school term, the one step in the line of progress for his native State for which he wished more than anything else, doubtless. At the same time the editor of the farm paper was looking for a boy to help him in the newspaper office. Impressed by the boy's letter, he sent for him and gave him a job. The boy began, an awkward, bony, lank country boy typical of his day and rural environment, but with a will to work, a determination to do

his utmost with his opportunity, an ambition to advance.

Two years later, that Chatham County boy became editor of the paper, and five years after that he came into control of it. It grew in popularity and its circulation bounded forward. Years later its owner bought a farm paper in another State and consolidated it with his own, and then another in another State, and still another, until the realm of his influence and the inspiration of his weekly messages reached hundreds of thousands of farm homes from Virginia to Texas, inclusive. Circulation continued to grow.

In the meantime, the young man had read books on history, political economy, sociology, science, argriculture, everything that would better fit him for his life work. He made a tour of the United States, studying advanced agriculture. Then followed a tour of Europe, and a book on his travels; then a trip around the world, and another volume of his obserations in the Far East. In the meantime he had written numerous articles for magazines of National circulation and attracted the attetion and aroused the interest of men like President Theodore Roosevelt, Walter H. Page and Ambassador James Bryce. Twice the Patterson cup for the best literary production of the year in North Carolina was awarded him. More than once New York publishers sought to take him away from his native State, but without avail. Incidentally, he married the daughter of one of the greatest Governors North Carolina ever had, and visited Ireland and Denmark, studying agriculture on his bridal tour.

Today, rounding out his twenty-fifth year as an editor, he is publisher of what is declared to be the most widely circulated independent farm paper in America with a circulation of 400,000 copies weekly, with offices in Raleigh, N. C., Memphis, Tenn., Birmingham, Ala., and Dallas, Texas., with a great plant in Birmingham which prints the four editions of the paper each week for the four groups of states into which the paper's field—the entire South—is divided. Its publisher, while always declaring against seeking for wealth's sake, would be regarded anywhere in the South as a wealthy man. Years ago he was honored by one of the leading colleges of the State with the degree of L. L. D. and today he is chairman of the executive committee of the State College of Agriculture and Engineering and a member of the board of Wake Forest College, though he himself never went to a high school, let alone a college. He never had the chance.

Most readers know perhaps that we refer to Dr. Clarence Poe, of Raleigh, and that the farm paper to which we refer is The Progressive Farmer. The foregoing is but a brief outline sketch of his career. Many of us have known the story for years, but it remained for that inimitable editor, W. O. Saunders, of Elizabeth City, to tell the story to the world, wihch he has done in a lengthy article in the May issue of Success Magazine. It is an inspiring story.

The man who does his best can trust the world to do its part.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

A new cooling tower is being installed in the ice plant.

§ § § §

Mr. Jay Cope has accepted a position as an officer at the Training School.

§ § § §

The boys have been fixing terraces, plowing and planting during the past week. They have also been fixing up the roads.

§ § § §

Mr. B. S. Green, of Shelby, who was formerly an officer at the Training School, paid us a visit last week. The boys were all glad to see Mr. Green.

§ § § §

As it was raining on last Wednesday, not many boys were visited. The following boys received visits. Edwin Baker, Floyd Lovelace and Obed McClain.

§ § § §

Last Saturday was the first Saturday in six weeks that the boys got to play at the ball groud, and every fellow played as hard as he could to try to make up for lost time.

During the past month, jumping has become a popular sport among the boys, the first cottage boys especially, as Mr. Kennett, who is the champion, is their cottage officer.

§ § § §

Miss Arline Fitzgerald is visiting her mother, who is the matron of the seventh cottage. Miss Fitzgerald played the piano for the boys at church last Sunday, as Miss Goodman was absent.

§ § § §

Rev. Mr. Myers, of Concord, conducted the services in the Chapel, as it was the first Sunday in the month, and that is always his Sunday to preach to the boys. Mr. Myers preached a fine sermon, which was enjoyed by all.

§ § § §

The boys of the third cottage are having a big time with their volley ball. On last Monday night, Mr. Alexander, who is the cottage officer, fixed up a court for the boys to play on and although all of the boys don't know how to play this game yet they are learning fast.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

"A"

Carl Osborn, Parks Newton, Ervin Moore, Jas. Autry, Stanley Armstrong, Freed Mahoney, Lexie Newman, Uldric Bracken, Washington Pickett, Claiborne Gilbert, Chas. Roper, Thos. Hart, Chas. Hutchins, Norman Iddings, Carl Henry, Patrick Templeton, Paul Funderburk, Keith Hunt, Wm. Gregory, Vaughn Smith, Jno. Wright, Jess Wall, Lloyd Winner, Chas. Mayo, Albert Hill, Ralph Cutchin, Everett Goodrich, Howard

Riggs, Chas. Maynard, Robt. Lea.

"B"

Thos. Howard, Jno. Windham, Grover Cook, Chas. Crossman, Odell Wrenn, Odell Ritchie, Theodore Wallace, Chas. Blackman, Herbert Apple, Elvin Green, Doy Hagwood, Eugene Myers, Roby Mullies, Thos. Sessoms, Raymond Keenan, Walter Morris, Robt. Ferguerson, Geo. Howard, Wm. Miller, Earl Crow, J. J. Jones, Jr., Vestal Yarborough, Aubrey Weaver.

Room No. 2.

"A"

Rodney Cain, Amaziah Corbett, Wm. Case, David Driver, Plas Johnson, Howard Monday, Watson O'Quinn, Sam Osborne, Clyde Pearce, Raymond Scott, Percy Briley, Arthur Duke, Sam Deal, Coleman Smith, Graham York.

"B"

Albert Johnson, Chas. Johnson, Jno. Keenan, Valton Lee, Eugene Laughlin, Garfield Mercer, Donald Pate, Lee Smith, Robert Ward, Roy Fuqua, Hiram Greer, Vernon Lauder, Clarence Jolly, Lee McBride, Craven Pait, Jim Suther, Olive Davis.

Room No. 3.

"A"

Breman Britten, Judge Brooks, Paul Camp, Edwin Crenshaw, Willie Creasman Jesse Foster, Dallas Hensley, Sylvester Honeycutt, Albert Jarman, Gronin Halks, Baswell Johnson, Roy Johnson, Norman Lee, Floyd Lovelace, Hallie Matthews, Ralph Martin, Preston McNeill, Boney McRary, Obed McClain, Joseph Pope, Lee Rogers, John Perry, Brantley Pridgen, John Seagel, Clarence Seachrest, Worth Stout, Lester Staley, Harrel Stevens, Sam Stephens, Joe Wilks, William Sherril, Ray Franklin, Charles Almond, Turner Anderson, Henry Brewer, Earnest Cobb, James Conehen, Herman Cook, James Ford, Byron Ford, Clyde Hollingsworth, Carlyle Hardy, Carlton Heger, Earl Houser, James Lambert, Ralph Lewis, Hugh Moore, Homer Montgomery, Herbert Orr, James Poplin, Banes Porterfield, Luke Patterson, Dwight Queen, Garland Rice, William Terry, Walter Williams.

"B"

Edwin Baker, Hoke Ensley, Coney Loman, Jesse Martin, Robert McDaniels, Joe Stevens, Harry Wyatt, Charles Haynes, Roy Johnson, (little) Garland McCalls, Carl Teague, George Ford.

Room No. 4.

"A"

Adam Beck, Fonzo Wiles, John Forester, Bill Rising, James Ivey, Herman Hemric, John Creech, Walter Hildreth, Samuel McPherson, Travis Browning, George White, Wm. Harvel, Lester Bowen, Silvon Gragg, J. B. Walker, Nat. Johnson, James Long, Earle Wade, James Philips, Sam Poplin, Alton Etheridge, Paul Hager.

"B"

Clayton Stepphens, Teachy Rich, Leary Carlton, Solomon Thompson, Albert Buck, Frank Hill, Waylon Barbee, Herbert Fulford, Ralph Hunley, Conley Kirby, Junius Matthews, Roy Lingerfelt, Raymond Kennedy, Clyde Trollinger, John Kivett, Ed. Moses, Clarance Maynard, Bloyce Johnson, Jeff Blizzard, Vernon Hall, Willard Simpson, Paul Edwards, Harvey Cook, Leonard Atkins, Silvon Smith, Roscoe Grogan, Simon Wade.

Room No. 5.

"A"

Newland Cox, Eugene Keller, Laddie McClamb, Robt. Sisk, Maston Brit,

Fletcher Heath, George Lewis, Theodore Colman, Burnard Workman, Clyde Smith, Lee King, Otis Floyd, Toddie Albarty, Lester Franklin, Kellie Tedder, Tom Tedder, Kenneth Lewis, James Long, Marshal Weaver, Larrley Griffith, Elmer Mooney, Robert Cooper, Bronco Owens, David Whitacker, Lonnie Lewis, Andrew Bivins, Earl Edwards, Claude Wilson, Samuel Devon, Woodrow Kivitt, Dewey Blackburn, Lemuel Lane, Filmore Cranfill, Will Hodge, Forest Byers, Luther Gray, Clay Bates, Moody Parker, Jesse Howard, Ned Morris, Howard Sillman, Alfred Stamey, Jesse Hurley, Harold Thompson, Jesse Letterman, Olie Williams, Leonard Burleson, Jim Fisher, Clyde Lovitt, Jethro Mills, Carl Glass, Jno. Gray, Tom Gross, Carl Richards, Jas. Hunsucker, Raymond Richards, Wm. Burns, Ray Hatley, Linzie Lambeth, Cecil Trull, William Wafford, Walter Culler, Earl Green, Bert Murray, Claude Dunn

"B"

James Peeler, Harold Crary, Thermon Baker, Howard Catlett, John Hill, Daniel Neithercutt, Lyonel McMahan, Ray Brown.

HANDSHAKING AN OLD IDEA.

Even Homer, Aristophanes and Virgil mentioned the social custom of handshaking hands. English speaking races took it up vigorously apparently as none are more adept in that custom that British and American. Many others, like the French and Italians have variations in their form of greeting which the English sheaking countries do not...At the conformation of a bargain it appears in II Kings, 10:15. It is nevertheless practically relegated to the Anglo-Saxon races today.

A good hand-shake is one of the finest graces one can indulge in when it comes from the heart. A welcome should come from the heart, therefore, the hand-shake is the comparison piece of a genuine howdy-do.

p 364

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, No. 26

WHAT COUNTS.

That which constitutes the supreme worth of life is not wealth, nor position, nor ease, nor fame, nor even happiness; but service. Nothing at last counts but service, and that counts always.

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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SOME MORE FAME.

The Old North State is attracting attention not only by the fine system of roads Mr. Frank Page and his admirable commission are bringing into existence; and the progress the state has made in its health crusade under the leadership of Dr. Rankin and the State Board of Health, but the Welfare work of the state is attracting from the Department of Labor, at Washington, a close scrutiny. An expert from this national board is being sent to North Carolina to make a survey of the welfare work and to study the means and plans that are used in the development of the service.

This expert, THE UPLIFT is informed, is to spend a week in each county, and after this tour, making a general survey, he is to make a minute study of three counties, which have already been designated—to get a close-to-hand knowledge of the plans that each county welfare officer uses in working out the results. The three counties selected are named, supposed to represent three peculiarities, for instance, largely agricultural, industrial and one with a large number of towns. Vance county, Mrs. W. B. Waddell, county welfare officer, for the industrial county; Pitt, Mr. Futrell the county welfare officer, representing the predominating agricultural activity, and Guilford, with Mrs. Blanche Stearne, the county welfare officer, representing the county with numerous towns and villages.

The understanding is that this expert, after concluding his investigations, will make a minute report to his department, and the same will come out in the form of a U. S. Bulletin. THE UPLIFT entertains no doubt that this report of the export will exhibit this surprise and wonderment at what has

been accomplished in the state in this most important field. If he had the time, he could have his eyes further opened by a minute investigation into the achievements and records of the welfare officers at Gaston, Rowan, Iredell, Rutherfordton, Durham, Johnston, Robeson—in fact every county in the state where an all-time welfare officer is supported. Those of us, who have no occasion to have a first-hand knowledge of the workings of the county welfare departments, would be astounded and gratified at the splendid humanitarian work that is being wrought. It is a great work.

* * * * * * *

TOOK NERVE ALONG WITH RELIGION.

As civilization has advanced and the power of the Christian religion has become more largely felt in the world, the life of the missionary and the frontier preacher has materially changed.

There was a time, however, even in this country, when a missionary or preacher on the outpost of civilization took his life and safety into his own hands when he undertook to carry his message to those who operated in the wilds. There are not many to-day, who have become acquainted with and enjoyed the conveniences at hand in modern living, who would care to go through the experiences that Dr. J. R. Bridges encountered in early ministry.

Elsewhere in this number we reproduce a highly entertaining story, by Rev. J. R. Bridges, D. D., editor of the Presbyterian Standard, giving the "Reminiscences of a Texas ministry." Dr. Bridges is one of the outstanding scholars of the state; and though of small stature, he possesses all the nerve that any one man is entitled to possess—his trials and experience among the cowboys, Mexicans and others of the same stripe in those days, when the program was to paint everything red, attest the pep, the nerve and determination of this genial, docile and most likeable little little gentleman.

Those of us who do not know the hardships of the messengers of the eternal truth, as they went into the highways and outposts of a wild and undisciplined country, may profit by reading Dr. Bridges' engaging article.

* * * * * * *

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

Rev. John Edward Underwood, one of the old time Methodist itinerant preachers, station preacher and presiding elder, in a long life of service in North Carolina, recently passed away. Been many a day since this writer has enjoyed more any article than the one we take from the Christian Ad-

vocate. It is about this godly man, who has gone to his eternal rest, and was contributed by his son, Prof. S. B. Underwood, of Greenville, N. C., who, though suffering bodily ills that are all but torment, is so possessed of a living faith in the justice of the Almighty and maintains that spirit represented in "Thy Will Be Done" prosecutes his own great mission, that of the education of the young, earnestly and without any misgivings.

When a son can write, when suffering the agony of an affliction, in the spirit Prof. Underwood has done about his sainted father, he proves the result of a parental training that always makes men and women. The hundreds and hundreds, who enjoyed the ministration of this old father in Israel, will say "amen" to all that this fine son has read into the life and character of his itinerant father preacher.

* * * * * * *

MUSIC IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

A bird that can sing and don't sing should be ashamed of itself; and a bird that doesn't know how to sing ought to be taught how to make some kind of music. Here and there over the state, some of the schools are introducing music into the public schools. Already the benefit is visible—in that character of culture, order, and general demeanor of the young.

The Asheville Citizen, editorially, tells of a movement in the school life of that city. It is proposed to introduce instrumental music teaching. Beginning with the violin (what is the difference between a violin and a fiddle?) it takes up other instruments. But let the Citizen tell its own story in these words:

> Beginning next September every child in the public schools of Asheville who has musical talent of any kind will be able to develop it free of charge. That is an inestimable gift to the children and an immeasurable benefit to the community. The School Board commends the gratitude of every citizen for the way in which it has undertaken this innovation. The thing has been done in a big way. In making Mr. George E. Hurt Director of Instrumental Music for the public schools the authorities have selected a man ideally qualified for the work.
>
> Mr. Hurt is a superb musician. Specializing on the violin, he plays every band and operatic instrument, and is distinguished as a composer of music. His record in England, where he took the highest honors possible for a musician, demonstrates his standing in the musical world. But, even more important in his new position, is his talent as an instructor. His teaching is well known to many Ashevilleians. During his two years of service as head of the music department at the Asheville

School for Boys he has proved brilliantly his ability to develop among his pupils a genuine enthusiasm for music and to give them prompt and thorough control of their instruments. His twenty-six piece orchestra is one of the "big things" at that school.

Consider, then, what is in store for the children of Asheville and for Asheville as a whole. No musical talent among our boys and girls is to go neglected. A musical education is no longer to be reserved for the children of parents rich enough to pay for private lessons. In a few months from the start of the next school term Asheville is to have a school band and a school orchestra. Eventually, whenever the talent in a grade school makes it possible, an orchestra will be formed there, and the grade school orchestra will be used as fields from which to select the "star" players for the biggest and best orchestra of them all.

How many musical geniuses have been lost to America, how many to Asheville, because children with music in their souls and at their finger-ends could not be given the necessary musical education, it is impossible to estimate. Certainly the loss has been great. For Asheville now that is all over. Music and all its blessings become a part of our school children's life. A wonderful thing for Asheville.

* * * * * * *

THEY HAVE ARRIVED.

There seems to have been much disappointment, when full suffrage was accorded the women of the United States. There was a little of that feeling in North Carolina, but it has all disappeared. There is more than one reason for the complete disappearance of the misgivings on the part of some in according the women full right of citizenship and the enjoyment of same. The chief reason, it seems, was the fixed idea that the place for women was in the home; and that by nature she was not endowed with that wisdom and power of reasoning safely on public and state questions. This notion of the limitation of woman's ability has been most successfully exploded.

She did this herself, not waiting for the baser sex to have any part in the accomplishment. All men are not endowed with the qualities required to make successful and able United States Senators or governors of States, neither are all women. But already, since studying the science of government and taking a lively interest in all questions that look to a betterment of conditions, there has come upon the horizon in North Carolina quite a number of women who have the power of intellect and the grasp of governmental affairs that would amply qualify them to hold any office in the gift of the people.

No little of this speedy recognition of the fine qualities of the woman mind

and grasp, is due to the activities of the Club Women of North Carolina. In their several clubs throughout the state the women have gone about the study of those subjects that enrich the mind and give an insight into the questions that confront the state, and when they come to meet, through their representatives in the annual Federated Club (such as was held at Raleigh last week) the public have a clear example of the power of woman to legislate and do it effectively and in a parliamentary manner.

We are happy to carry the picture of the distinguished President, who presided so ably over that collection of brainy and brilliant aggregation that honored Raleigh with their presence. Mrs. Jerman's address, which we carry in this issue, is an analysis of the times and a call to duty, done so well that no man in the state could do it better or finer.

The women have arrived. And we are all glad of this event.

* * * * * * *

"WE'LL HAVE A CALL MEETING."

When superintendent Boger was making his report to the board of trustees, at a recent meeting, he paused to state that already there were hatched out this Spring over twelve hundred chickens, and that during the following week it was expected that the incubators would deliver six hundred more. Whereupon some one asked if they had reached the frying size. "Pretty soon, they will be ripe," answered the superintendent. "Oh well, we can have a call-meeting," observed Rev. Jimison, who runs true to form—he is a Methodist preacher.

* * * * * * *

CHEERING NEWS.

Hon. W. N. Everett, Secretary of State, who was stricken while on a visit to his home in Rockingham, was carried to a Charlotte hospital and there underwent several serious operations. It will be glad news to the whole state that this popular and efficient officer rallied from the severe shock and is now rapidly on the road to recovery.

MRS. PALMER JERMAN

President of the Woman's Federated Clubs, of North Carolina.

SPIRIT BIG NEED OF THE DAY.

As indicated in our last week's issue, we reproduce before the admirable and very sound presidential address before the recent meeting of the Woman's Federated Clubs of North Carolina, by Mrs. Palmer Jerman, of Raleigh, the popular and able president of the organization. Mrs. Jerman said:

"In submitting this my first report to the organization which honored me by making me its official head for this term, I beg to say in the outset that I shall not give a detailed account of the work accomplished. That has been carried on by the Department Chairmen and Chairmen of Standing Committees and District Presidents, and to them I leave the glory of telling you of it as they make their reports to this Convention. All that has been done this year has been the work of many women and together it makes a proud total.

"Let me say for those officials and district presidents who have worked for you this year, that without exception I believe each one of them has had but one motive in their efforts and that is a vigilant labor and love for the Federation. I have seen no evidence of self seeking, no attempt to use the organization. On the contrary, their aim has been to promote the welfare of the Federation and strengthen it through all its branches of work. For it is not through the undue enlargement or development of any one department that we build a great Federation but in bringing all up to meet the growing needs of our day."

Forward Looking Women.

"We bring to you an obligation one year older, one year stronger, one year wiser. It is for you to say what you will do with it, what use you will make of it in the measures you advocate and the plans you lay for another year. The club woman's eyes are always to the front—past performances give us satisfaction but the march of events moves so swiftly in one day, there is scant time for magnifying them. Always there is the urge forward—always the call to greater things.

"For our records I report that I have presided over three meetings of the Executive Board, one midwinter meetng of the Council, two of the Board of Directors and two of the Board of Trustees. Have attended the sessions of the Southeastern Council at West Palm Beach, the Convention of the Florida Federation, the January meeting of the Board of Directors of the General Federation in Washington and the National Conference on Illiteracy. Have been present with the greatest pleasures at every one of our fourteen district meetings—have written something over 2,500 letters, have visited and spoken before dozens of clubs and have represented you at various meetings and conferences. Have travelled four thousand miles on your business and only regretted that owing to lack of days in the calendar could not accept more of the charming invitations to visit local clubs.

A Growing Spirit.

"Everywhere I have found a grow-

ing spirit of club life, that through their clubs women are thinking in community terms more largely and more definitely, and they are realizing more the power they hold in their hands. The alert interest that characterizes our organization is because its members are the women of every community who are willing to do honest thinking and back up this thinking with hard work. Perhaps the outstandng feature of the year's work has been the final accomplishment of a plan begun sometime ago. The bringing into our Federation upon terms of closer contact than affiliation the entire Federation of Home Bureaus. Part of them had joined us previously but last August at their Convention in Raleigh they voted to come in 100 per cent. We believe that in this complete amalgamation of town and country women there are potentialities beyond our sight today. Each organized for specific purposes there are certain broad fundamentals upon which we are united, things that are going to Washington by our honorary president and at the recent convention there no Law Enforcement by the wives of our Congressional delegation who happened to be club women.

"The growth of the Federation has been most gratifying, rarely a week goes by that we do not add to our roster and it is now the accepted thing to federate as soon as organized. But most indicative of the growing club spirit has been the enormous increase in attendance that mean much to womanhood—much to North Carolina. This organization has voting strength in the district meetings and at this convention. So far as I know we are the first State to adopt such a measure, but many must be considering it for numerous request have come to me for copies of our plan.

New Committees.

"Since our last convention we have added at the request of the General Federation a special committee on International Relations and one on Anti-Narcotics. We were represented at the Pan American Conference in the district meetings. A few years ago they brought together a small handful, while now churches, courthouses and school auditoriums are taxed to their capacity, in many districts, and the enthusiasm and good fellowship developed there, are putting constructive Federation projects forward more than any agency we have. There the individual clubs have their opportunity to give in detail reports of their work, discuss problems, learn of their Federation, in an intimate way not possible in our Annual Convention.

Progressive Measures.

"And now I am going to ask the privilege of discussing frankly with you some forward looking measures whereby we can continue and enlarge the usefulness of our Federation. I do not offer them as resolutions, just ideas and suggestions born of years of intimate contact and deep interest in the work. There is nothing personal in any of them and I am only looking to the gain of the Federation in offering them. I hope you will seriously consider them and if you see any merit in them it is your privilege to formulate them, knowing always that the will of the convention is my law which I cheerfully obey.

"It becomes more and more evident we must figure out a better scheme and system regarding finances, and some increase in dues is necessary if we are to hold our own. Today we are trying to operate on an income that was barely sufficient ten years ago. Most of us are housekeepers and we know it cannot be done, so as we have developed, we have adopted the plan of raising special funds for seven different objects. This takes up too much valuable time. Our finances should be budgeted. We know the causes to which we are committed and the support of those objects belongs to our whole membership. Our stationery and printing bills are enormous and all of your department and committee chairmen are spending from their own purses to carry on their work. It is to be regretted that the enthusiasm and constructive spirit of there chairmen should be checkmated by lack of funds. They have given generously of their time, their thought, their actual labor and is it not asking too much of them not only to do the work but also finance the expense of their office? When the situation is understood, I know you will wish to relieve them of the worry and limitation that comes from a treasury too small to carry on the work in a dignified and effective manner.

Condensation Of Departments.

"I believe there should be to some extent, a condensation of departments. Some that have accomplished fine results now find that the responsibility for their objective has been undertaken by some of our State departments; others should work as a section or committee in some related department. Ours is a growing organization, each department must be on tiptoe, right up to the minute, so it is necessary that we lay aside finished or outgrown work to make room for the vital things of today. The success of the club of the future will be the measure with which it meets the needs of its day, and unless we have the courage to prune where pruning makes for healthy growth we shall find ourselves carrying a most complex organization. Often work that is of supreme importance at the moment, could be better executed by a special committee instead of creating a standing one, and to that end your board voted at the beginning of the year to coordinate with existing departments those standing commitees that bore a direct relation to them.

"Then, too, the Federation should not undertake work for which some other organization has assumed responsibility and set up its machinery to handle. Let us rather co-operate with these existing agencies and thus avoid duplication of effort. The field is too wide, the needs too varied, for there to be this overlapping of objectives.

Two Great Issues.

"There are two great issues before the world today, both of which are of permanent interest to women—Law Enforcement and International Relations. The world, our world, can no longer be one town, one city, one state. Every question hinges upon the good of all humanity, not one isolated part. Raymond Fosdick said that "the needs of the human race have overthrown the boundaries of the nation" and today women are thinking in world terms. As a factor in the

world's work this brings us face to face with the responsibilities of our citizenship. Are we using it as a sacred obligation, a tool in our hands to bring to pass the progressive measures our Federation has favored?

Women's Duty To Vote.

"It is the duty of every wife and mother who holds the home and family sacred to vote at every election for officers who will safeguard that home and protect the children through laws governing health, education, social relations and labor. This year we shall elect to office men for the highest place in our State and nation. What do we require for the nation's president and its Congress in law enforcement and our relations with foreign countries? To them the chief issue may be a question of expediency; of international economics; or international politics but to the women the human element overshadows all other considerations.

Continue State's Progress.

"In our own State we shall ask a continuation and enlargement of the progressive policy that has made it our proudest boast that we are sympathetic to the humane thought in government and who have the courage to fight valiantly for progressive measures.

Women In Office.

"It should not be beyond the bounds of possibility that some of those elected, particularly to the Legislature and the boards of county convention will pass resolutions that establish our platform for the coming year. Many of them by their very nature must be related to politics. Unless you are willing to back up these resolutions with your ballots, they are not worth the paper they are written on. Partisanship has been and must be kept out of our club life, but every club woman should strive through the party of her choice, and the ballot conscientiously used, to elect people in her city, county, state and nation who are citizens of North Carolina. In the departments of government that lie closest to the club woman's heart—Education, Health and Public Welfare —we have seen a great and long desired expansion and we rejoice in it. These things as well as our material progress have given this State nation-wide publicity. Club women bore a large part in their attainment, for a list of them sounds like a roll call of our resolutions throughout the history of our organization.

"But we have attained the eight months' school term, our per cent of illiteracy is too high, there are communities without a public health nurse and public welfare must be kept above partisan politics, so the end is not yet. Rather there is a challenge to club to greater attainments. The commissioners should be women. So far they have not manifested the predicted eagerness for office. It must be our part to urge the right kind of women to a willingness for such service, that is one duty of citizenship we are as much responsible for as any others. With a group of club women in each house of our General Assembly, our legislative program would be much easier of attainment, and boards of county commissioners, some of the most important officials we elect, and often to whom least thought is given, would be all the better for a little feminine help. But when all is said,

and all our progress as club women and as a state is summed up, unless our material advancement is guided by spiritual values, we work in vain.

Need The Spirit.

"Perhaps there has never been in the history of the world a time that so needed the things of the spirit as this. An age of materialism, going through the maelstrom of readjustment after a world upheaval that wrecked so many standards is finding itself anew. There are nearly three million members in our General Federation now. Can you visualize this as a great channel through which is flowing in every community organized, power, not for self, but to promote the things that shall abide. Perhaps the club woman's greatest contirbution to this adjustment may be the steadfast holding aloft the ideals that make for a saner, sweeter life. Certain it is that the tangible things we accomplish will have little value unless we see in them the visible expression of a spiritual force that is moving through all our efforts. "Phillip Brooks once said, 'do not pray for easy lives, pray to be stronger, do not pray for tasks equal to your power pray for power equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle but you shall be a miracle and every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life that has come to you."

COMPENSATION.

Task, not time's the measure
  Of toil; that task is fit
Which finds the worker willing
  And leaves him loath to quit.

When work spells merely wages,
  It's set in lower case,
When the payroll and the workman
  At last come face to face.

But the work of the master workman
  And his pay in figures clear
Loom large on the final roster
  In the hands of the Great Cashier.

——F. H. Phillips, in Young People.

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph.

It is perfectly natural for people to make a "big to do" over stranger singers and musicians when they come among us. It is the thing to do to show our appreciation of their talents. But it is so much more refreshing when you meet local talent, that will sing and play, when requested, without affectation, and do it willingly and heartily, without being begged and pleaded with. The enjoyment and appreciation are always there every time they sing and play. I think some times we sort of take it for granted that our own folks, that we have always with us, know how much we love them and love to listen to them, and think it isn't necessary to tell them so every single time. But we ought to think of it every once in a while, anyway, and not reserve all our enthusiasm for the stranger and new comer, as we are so apt to do.

* * * * *

Now that the ladies wear their hair short, and go round in trousers instead of skirts, it is getting to be pretty hard to outspeak them. And I hear that the time is soon coming when a lot of them are going to be bald just as a lot of men are. At least that's what Charles Nestle, the famous hair wave man said the other day in addressing the American Master Hairdressers' Association in New York. "A few more years of the bobbed hair craze," he declared, "and the shingled belles and women will be as bald as men. The reason men become bald is because their hair is cut so often and so short. Each hair is supported by a muscle; as the hair grows heavier, the muscle is deprived of its normal exercise, loses its function, and the hair falls out. The most beautiful hair is that which is allowed to grow unhampered. As long as the barber rules the waves woman's hair will never again be her crowning glory." Isn't it terrible, Mable?

* * * * *

This life may be called a "fleeting show,"
As you gaze upon the moving masses;
But there is one thing certain, as things go—
You'll find there are issued no free passes.

* * * * *

There is a song known to every clime, and sung in every tongue. It is the Song of Love and can be sung without words or music. Everybody can sing it. It tells the love of man for maid; of husband for wife; and of parents for child. A beautiful way to sing it is with happy smiles, from a cheerful disposition; kind and helpful words to our fellow creatures; in expressions of joy and praise from a thankful heart. Forgive the slights and foibles of others; forgiving others their trespasses as you expect to be forgiven your trespasses by your Heavenly Father. If you have love in the heart, instead of "envy, hatred and malice," it will make itself known, and sing glad songs. The Song of Love is sung in every season, in the springtime its melody is sweetest. Happy is the person who can sing it through the summer, autumn and winter of age.

* * * *

I have seen the mighty works of

God in the floods, upon the giant mountains, when they were torn and stripped in streaks that carried away miles and miles of great trees, earth and rocks, as if they were straws before the wind. I have seen the angry waters as they rolled down the streams, in apparent glee, with all the noise and thunder, and like a mad army, to submerge and destroy all in their wake. It was terrific and awful in its heart-rending appearance. I have seen the same supreme power in the gentle zephyr that toyed with the modest little bluebell that was adorning the same mountain side with gentle lovliness in the most beautiful simplicity. My thoughts grew as big as the mountain until I could hardly think—only what a Great Creator; what a wonder God; what a universe; what a beautiful world—how little is man, and how dependent upon the Divine Will, and how he ought to obey that will in cheerful service when such awful wonders are revealed. The sight of the mountain floods washed away all little human differences, bickerings, animosities of the flesh, and established in the human breast as nothing else could, HUMANITY. It was an awful lesson. But it was learned in a very brief period. All were brothers. Charity blossomed and fruited above the raging waters as it was never seen before in the effected regions. God is wonderful in all His works. "Praise thou the Lord, O my soul!"

* * * *

Some men reach success with both feet,
And then are puffed up with foolish greed;
They think their efforts are incomplete
Unless they're fashioned like a centipede.

* * * * *

Every community has its local orator; some one smooth talker, whose voice is a delight to hear; whose arguments are inspiring; whose wit and humor is proverbial, and folks like to listen to him—if he doesn't try to talk too much. When he does, he is in danger of the experience of a rather dry lecturer, who interrupted his address one night to point an accusing finger at a little man who was yawning on the front seat and said, "I'm afraid, my friend, that you are not following me closely." "I'm not your friend, and I'm not here to follow you," responded the little man. "I'm just waiting to put out the lights and lock up the hall when you get through talking."

* * * *

"Say it with flowers," is a very beautiful way of expressing kindness, love and appreciation. Flowers are always such an appropriate gift for every soul of an occasion. One florist that I know of was a little nonplussed when a man came into the blossom emporium and asked for a make-up box. "A make-up box!" the florist echoed, in a puzzled tone. "Why, we don't keep theatrical supples." "I mean a box of flowers to take home to my wife," exclaimed the young married man. "I promised to be home three hours ago." I wonder if he got by?

* * * *

A certain young man, I'd better not name, said to another one, that a certain young lady, I also won't name, painted and powdered a good deal, it seemed to him. And his friend replied, "I'll say so. When I kiss her

its just like eating a marshmellow.'' I suppose it never occured to the young man that it might be the girl's gentle way of warning him off. Powder and paint is the modern pacifist's substitute for powder and shot, perhaps. As a matter of fact, I don't think that's quite the idea the majority of girls have in putting it on. But if it works out that way, it's all right anyhow. I heard of a young man a while ago, who told a girl, when she asked him if he didn't think her face pretty, that even a barn would look pretty all painted up. The villian.

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK, UNCLE SAM'S FIRST RESERVATION.

By C. W. Hunt

(Number II)

In chapter one there was given the best authority to be had on the history, cause and quality of the Hot Springs and the Hot Springs country. Some who read this will know whereof the writer writes. None who went there with curable disease have had the heart to doubt there is virture in the waters, even when men and women bathed in improvised pools and holes in the ground, just so the water was drunk and the body soaked in its heated state; nor to doubt that its heat and virtue came from Nature's God. (The God of all the Universe.)

Chicagoans Led In Settlement.

There is no written historical record of the fact, but it is known by many that Chicago people were the first to make Hot Springs an active resort, but it is a matter of record that Chicago and Illinois send more people there each winter than any other state; nearly two to one, excepting Arkansas. It is further of record that once it was a ''wide open town.'' Fast men, fast women and fast horses were there in numbers. Since ''Uncle Sam'' set his hand to the plow, the different secretaries of the department of Interior have established and kept orderliness. None of the springs are left in their natural open state. All are walled up or arched over, and the waters, about three fourths of a million gallons per 24 hours, are piped into reservoirs for bathing or pass through the drinking fountains open to all alike, and where thousands take in the smoking hot draughts from daylight until midnight each day. Everybody carries a drinking cup as religiously as he or she wears clothes. The city of near 20,000 souls, citizens, is nearly all hotel or rooming houses. there are 43 hotels, listed as such, not to mention the innumerable rooming and housekeeping boarding houses, ranging in size from the great Eastman hotel with 1,000 rooms down to the humblest. One hundred and fifty thousand go there each year.

How The Baths Are Served.

Since the Interior department has had control of the Hot Springs reservation, there has sprung up below the highest springs, and on the reservation a row of bath houses, nine, in a line, known as ''Million Dollar Bath

Row.'' There are seven others in hotels and off the reservation, served in same way for white people and several in the negro section for colored people. All are palaces and prepared to take care of thousands each day, in the highest known scientific way, based on years and years of observation and experience. Men found relief when bathing in holes in the ground, with attendant exposure, and one can draw his own conclusions as to how much more profitable it must be when he goes into a palatial palace, register, is assigned and attendant for the course, with dressing rooms, lockers for clothes and valuables. One goes first into a full tub of water as hot as comfortable for from 15 to 30 minutes, and is rubbed all over, with a coarse fibre under the water; from there to the vapor bath for ten minutes, and to the pack room, where you lie wrapped in a sheet, on a metal couch, in a temperature of 110 degrees for ten minutes or longer according to strength and heart action. From here to bath room at a temperature of 95 degrees for a rest and cooling; then to the shower of hot turning to cold, and to the cooling room at 85 degrees, which feels like out of doors. Here you cool preparatory to dressing. In all one hour to one hour and thirty minutes is consumed, and you feel like you would like to go to bed and to sleep. To some they are weakening, and they lose weight. Others gain weight. One of the most peculiar things about the water is no soap is used on the ordinary patient after the first bath.

To be an attendant and bathe patients one must stand a physical and mental examination before government examiners, and pass an oral and written test before or under the tutorlege of the Superintendent of the reservation who is a physician. There is or has been lately a certified list of 114 resident physicians to choose from if you need a doctor. If you come under one not having passed the government test you are not allowed to bathe. You do not have to have a physician, but most people do have one to direct the length and number of baths.

Each bath house is furnished the water alike, on a basis of a given figure for each tub in use, payable quarterly in advance. The nine houses on ''Million Dollar Row,'' and which are on the reservation, are on a 20 year lease plan, with privilege of perpetual renewal on good behavior. Most of these get water by gravity. To the others it is pumped. Each certified doctor pays an annual fee sufficient to make it interesting, as does each attendant, in the bath houses, who are paid by the houses on a basis of number of baths administered. The bath houses are required to charge patients according to cost and quality and equipment in use in the houses, ranging from $14 to $20 for 21 baths, the average being about $16.50.

Army and Navy General Hospital.

On the reservation stands a fine hospital plant, where soldiers and sailors of Uncle Sam are cared for, and where it is said 95 per cent of them are restored to health. For these the government has a large and well equipped bath house on the opposite side of the North mountain, where baths are administered free to all alike. The government patients live in the hospital buildings and are issued tickets for the baths free. You

find veterans of the War Between the States and all other wars since then at this healing fountain.

How and Why Does it Heal?

That is the greatest wonder of it all. Here flows from the ground a heated water, as high as 147 degrees of heat; heated by an unseen and unknown power, that has virture; that cures ills that medicine and science has not mastered. To drink it is light and pallatable, hot or cold. In a glass it is as clear as crystal and tasteless. In a porcelane tub filled nearly full it has the appearance of sea water, a greenish blue or a blueish green. It cured human ills when they could only lie in the water and soak; to this has been added sanitation, the vapor bath and the sweating and shower processes. In spite of its tastelessness there is a cleansing and a healing power within itself. Daily baths keep the skin like velvet, without any soaps or softeners. In many cases a change is noted in three days: in others, where the poison is great, it seems to stir up all the bile and kindred sickeners until the patient is nauseated, and has to rest; but persistance drives it out and you feel like new.

In spite of all the affliction and afflicted ones you see, there is no pessimistic note; all is optimism. And why not? A man or woman long afflicted, having suffered pain at every turn, begins a series of baths and day after day sees self growing better and better. There can be only hope and appreciation and trust.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS EASY.

To apologize,
To begin over,
To take advice,
To be unselfish,
To admit error,
To face a sneer,
To be charitable,
To be considerate,
To avoid mistakes,
To endure success,
To keep on trying,
To be broad minded,
To forgive and forget,
To profit by mistakes,
To think and then act,
To keep out of the rut,
To make the best out of little,
To shoulder deserved blame,
To maintain a high standard,
To recognize the silver lining,
—But it always pays.

—Selected.

REMINISCENCES OF A TEXAS MINISTRY.

By Dr. J. R. Bridges.

The Presbytery of West Texas overturned the Assembly of 1881 to send two evangelists to that territory to care for the rapidly growing population, and in response to this request F. P. Ramsay was sent to Laredo, and I was sent to Walde. Before reaching my field, however, I was inormed that the Presbytery had decided to send me to its eastern section to take the place of Rev. J. H. Zivley, who insisted that as one who had labored in the work for years he should have the choice of fields in preference to a novice.

When in the fall of 1881 I reached San Antonio, and attended the called meeting of Presbytery, I found the Home Mission Committee at sea as to what to do. Mr. Zivley, after a few months' experience at Walde had concluded that a frontier town would not do for his family, and after the cowboys had "shot up" the town, one or two nights, he had also concluded that if he remained there, he would probably die with his boots on, a kind of death not suited to a preacher. He therefore asked Presbytery, either to return him to his old field or permit him to labor without its bounds, because under no circumstances would he go back to Walde. The brethren were anxious to keep him with the work, yet they hesitated to ask me to change again. I at once informed them that I was a stranger to the State, that I had come to do the work, and that I was ready to go wherever they thought best. I was accordingly ordered to Walde as my headquarters, to care for that territory running west to the Rio Grande River and Northeast into Bandera County, which required 350 miles of horseback riding every month. As the railway from San Antonio to El Paso, at that time was only completed to Sabinal Station, about 60 miles from San Antonio and 22 miles from Walde, I had to ride that distance in an old-fashioned coach, hung on leather straps, that gave a motion like a ship at sea.

My first sight of Walde was not cheerful. The town was filled with men who were making the roadway, apparently the scum of the slums of New York, as wild and desperate a set of men as I have ever seen.

The hotel where I had to stay was kept by a man who was a congenial spirit with his guests. The stores were frame, streets were stretches of dust in summer and mud in winter, and wherever one went he heard the most horrible oaths. Drunkenness was the common sin, and a too reckless use of the six-shooter seemed to be the popular amusement, especially at night when the cowboys would at times take the town, and in their vernacular "paint it red."

The hotel was of two stories, half finished, so one could easily count the stars through the openings in the roof and hear the whiz of the bullets when the game was at its height.

On one occasion the correspondent of the San Antonio express, known

as "Greely No 2," from his resemblance to Horace Greeley, had to share my room, and as the welkin rang with the whiz of the bullets, he lay there in expectation of death, while I, being hardened to such amusements, slept quietly and soundly.

The surrounding country was occupied by sheep and cattle men, who often came into town when filled with whiskey, and sometimes fought with the authorities if the latter tried to control them. Then they sometimes fought with each other, so that we soon grew accustomed to murders, taking them as a part of a day's performance.

After a while I was able to get a comfortable home on the edge of town with an old couple, who were kind and good, but afflicted with a set of boys that had almost broken their hearts. There was a feud between them and some Mexicans, with the result that three of the boys had been killed by Mexicans, and the other boys had killed several Mexicans. Once by reason of my resemblance to the oldest son, a wealthy sheep man, I was nearly shot by Mexicans lying in ambush, while I was coming back from a trip on horseback to the Rio Grande River.

With Walde as my base, I began to work westward and northward, and in course of time we organized a church at Walde, Del Rio, 80 miles west, and at Bandera, 80 miles northeast, and I had a regular appointment at Montell, in the Nueces Canon. Besides these regular preaching places, I preached at times in the Frio Canon. These appointments were 80 miles from Walde, with the exception of one in the Nuces Canon, which was about 40 miles.

A tough mustang cow pony was my mode of traveling, and when I started out I was a facsimile edition of a Methodist circuit rider, being equipped with saddle bags, a canteen for water, a "slicker" for rain or a "norther," and a coil of rope for staking out the pony at night. Sometimes I shared the "bed and board" of a teamster, which generally consisted of a greasy blanket for covering, a sack of corn for a pillow, and black coffee, fat meat and cold bread. At other times I would share the garret with the hired man, not to mention some of the original occupants of the bed. There was one place where I often stopped as, it saved 10 miles of the trip, and there I always occupied the prophet's chamber—though, because they took no interest in the prophet, and made a regular charge, he was forced to conclude that it was "profit's chamber."

The preaching was often done under difficulties, sometimes in an adobe, hut with dirt floor, grass roof and soap boxes for seats. At one point near the Mexican border my night services were held in a hotel dining room, across from a large tent in which there was always going on a game of faro, the dealer's cry combining very delightfully with that of the preacher, and where once a gang of roughs tried to stampede the congregation by firing a pistol inside the room, while drunken men were trying to climb in through the windows.

These were the rough sides of my experience.

If space permitted, I could tell of delightful companionship with Josephus Johnson, whose memory is still fragrant in West Texas, one of

the truest and sweetest spirits I have ever known. We hunted and fished together and enjoyed the open air of the Neuces Canon, with its clear streams, its pure air and its excellent people.

I have mainly presented the rough side of that life. Remember that there was a soft side, too. There were Christian homes with Christian training. Refined men and women illustrated the power of the Gospel and dispensed a hospitality that I have rarely seen surpassed.

Over the space of 40 odd years I look back, and I see the forms and faces of dear friends passing before me. I forget the long rides through heat and cold, now facing the rain or else the fierce "norther." I only remember the dear friends and their kindness to the young preacher. I even recall the professional gamblers who were always courteous to the "Sky Pilot," and were ever willing to aid any charity.

Dr. J. W. Neil, of the First Church, was ever a kind friend and wise counsel, and his original and eloquent sermons even now linger in my memory. All of these dear friends have gone to the other world, and the young preacher has reached the top of the hill and is nearing the foot. In a few years, at least he too must join them, and then he hopes to renew that happy association of the long ago.

The country then was in its primitive state. Since then it has developed, and where the Indian once roamed and murdered, there are now happy homes filled with women and children.

Though many years have passed and with these years have come new experiences and many pleasures, the great state and her great people have still a warm place in my heart.

If the commissioners should perchance venture into the section I have described, they will find a great change. The cowboy is no longer wild and wooly; the gambler is no longer the chief man in the community; and the saloon no longer greet you on every side.

He perhaps may not find the culture and the refinement of the effete East, but he will find a kind and genuine people, who fear God, but no one else.

As I review the past, the picture grows, and lest I develop the "Texas Fever," I must stop.

A country is not made by the number of square miles it contains, but by the number of square people it contains.

JOHN EDMUND UNDERWOOD, METHODIST ITINERANT.

By S. B. Underwood.

Because of my deep seated veneration and profound respect for the Methodist itinerant ministry, I am moved to pay them this slight tribute by setting down some characteristics of one who typified for me some of their highest virtures—my father, John Edmund Underwood.

The whole of his mature life was given unstintedly to the service of God and his fellowmen in the work of the Methodist ministry. In all his years of labor and sacrifice, I do not think he ever considered himself for a moment. His call was clear and unquestioned. Many a time I have heard him describe it. To him it was the very voice of God and he gave it unswerving obedience. Through the long years, on hard circuits, in city churches, and as presiding elder, he was ever true to the Vision Splendid.

I do not think he ever gave thought to the kind of appointment he might receive nor to the salary to be paid. In our most intimate talks I never heard him express even the slightest desire to be sent to any particular place. He was a true soldier, ever ready to be sent anywhere to battle for the Lord.

And he did battle. I never knew a man more true to his convictions nor more loyal to his ideals. He was a courageous representative of the Most Hight. He was in the forefront of the fight for prohibition in the hard years of the campaign. He was in the midst of a number of local option contests and carried the battle always into the camp of the enemy. He asked no quarter and gave none. In all his pastoral and ministerial relations he was outspoken in his condemnation of sin. He never put on the soft pedal. He did not know how.

He would not be classed as a great preacher, but there was something about his sermons that gripped. He went to their delivery from his knees and an open Bible and he preached the word simply, plainly, directly. God gave him souls for his hire.

He was a genuine shepherd of his flock. He knew and loved his people, visited them in their homes and places of business, entered into their joys and their sorrows, carrying himself always as an ambassador of God. Just a short time go I had an experience that was a joy and and inspiration. I made a pilgrimage to the country community in which he labored for four years during his early ministry. I traveled the roads that he went over, visited my mother's grave in the country church yard, and mingled for a brief season with some of those who had known and loved him. His name had become a sort of sacred tradition in the community. I was told many tender and intimate things about the relationship between preacher and people, including the story of how when he came to leave one of the stalwart men of the neighborhood, who had been brought into the church under his ministry, climbed to the top of of his house and with a telescope watched my father as he drove out of

sight down the red clay road.

Denied in his youth the advantages of extensive scholastic training, he was yet a well trained man mentally. He read widely and knew books and people. His mind was vigorous and alert and never let go a proposition until it had been thought through. His power of expression was remarkable and his diction was chaste. He had regular hours for study and his grasp of problems of church and state was sure. He was never guilty of the sin of preaching a poorly prepared sermon.

And what a vigorous champion of education he was! The church schools and colleges had in him a constant and faithful defender. I do not know how many young men and young womn he encouraged to go to college nor to how many he rendered financial assistance out of his own meager salary.

As a pastor and as presiding elder he was constantly seeking some young fellow out of obscurity, putting him in the way of securing an education, and perhaps leading his mind and heart to the ministry. One of those wrote me:

"What he meant to me no one can ever know. He picked me up out of insignificance and ignorance and inspired and trained me. What I am I owe to him and to God through him."

He had a sort of passion for encouraging and helping the young ministers under his supervision. I think every one of them looked upon him as something more than an official supervisor. He was to them a tender and sympatahetic frienl and counsellor. In fact, he loved all Methodist preachers as if they were his blood brothers and was never happier than when in their company. He would have shared his last crust with any one of them. Sometimes, he almost did this.

My father was something of an ecclesiastical statesman. He knew church policy and polity. In all the conferences from quarterly to general he gave wise counsel and safe advice. When any interest of his church was beng attacked, he was a veritable lion in her defense.

The religion of Jesus Christ was to him the chief fact of existence. His faith was simple and all-embracing. He knew the power of God and was himself strong through this power. All that he did was born of a conscious endeavor to carry out the wishes of his great Commander. His communion with the Father was close and intimate. He knew the way to the throne. He talked with God and heard His answering voice. Out of all this came a tender and consuming love for all of God's children. He wanted them in the fold and suffered when they did not come.

He literally wore himself out in the service of his Lord. He took his work seriously, too seriously I sometimes thought. His was an intense nature, and the breaking down of his giant frame was hastened by this very intensity. The problems that he had to face bore heavily upon him, and he never succeeded in throwing aside the cares and responsibilities of hs office. Human nature could not stand the strain. As his duties became more complex and exacting he drew more and more heavily upon his vital resources, and finally the account was overdrawn.

He had often expressed the wish

that he might die in harness, but it was not to be. Came superannuation and the waiting for the end. A little more than three years he lingered on the threshold, waiting for the door to open. The body wasted away and the mind became tired and worn, but the spirit was strong to the end. He lived on the experiences that he had stored up through the years. His mind went back and traveled some of the old paths again. His talk was of the bishop, of Brother So and So, of some service which he had held or thought he was going to hold, of going home, of rest.

During the mornings he was unusually quiet. In the old days he had spent his morning at his desk in prayer and study. In the afternoons he would bcome restless and walk and walk, until he was exhausted. In the old days he had spent his afternoons going in and out among his people. God was close to him in the waiting, and even in his last days he was an inspiration to those about him.

He did not go alone or empty handed to his God. All through the journey he gathered his sheep about him.

"Thou wouldst not alone
Be saved, my father! Alone
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing; to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save thyself
And at the end of thy day,
A fatihful shepherd! to come
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

Character is the best capital and the man who protects it will have little difficulty in establishing credit.

WHERE AMERICAN HEROES SLEEP.

By Marjorie Nicholson.

The visitor to the national capital of America, when he arrives in the city sees first of all the Capitol, which he recognizes with a thrill of remembrance, for it has been for years familiar to everyone through the pictures; suddenly he sees in the distance the high towering shaft of the great Washington Monument, which, so long as he is in the capital, he will see daily; it is visible from every part of the city and surrounding country. Then, as he goes on, he is likely to look across to the hills of Virginia, rising on the far bank of the Potomac, and the invariable question comes, "What are those two buildings away over there?" One of them raises only its massive pillars through the tree tops; the other, even at a distance, shows its marble amphitheatre. The answer always is, "That

is where America buries her war dead." That is Arlington; and as soon as possible—perhaps on the same day that the visitor has set aside for his trip to Mount Vernon—he goes across to the Virginia hills and visits reverently this great national cemetery. It is an experience which he never forgets.

Only twenty minutes' ride across the bridge which spans the Potomac, there is to be found one of the historic dwellings of the country. The car winds its way along old roads, climbing the river hills, and one finds himself in the midst of a military camp— Fort Myer. Here the chief of staff, now General Pershing, has his headquarters, and here are all the buildings and men which go to make up a great camp. Passing through the grounds of the fort, one comes to a gate which leads into the Arlington Cemetery. Directly ahead is the Lee mansion, the real name of which is Arlington House. This was built in 1802 by George Washington Parke Custis, the grandson of Martha Washington, who, with his sister, Eleanor Parke Custis, was adopted by George Washington when their father died at the siege of Yorktown. His early life was spent at Mount Vernon, farther down the Potomac, said to be the most beautiful spot on the river, and when he built his own house he chose for it a spot as nearly like the Mount Vernon grounds as he could find. The house is built with the massive pillars which distinguish so many colonial dwellings, a broad, comfortable porch, and a great park surrounding it. Few visitors who come out on that porch and look off over the distant views can repress a gasp of admiration. Lafayette, who frequently visited at Arlington House, used to say that that was the most beautiful view he had ever seen; and it has, if anything, improved since the time of Lafayette. Far down at one's feet flows the broad Potomac; across and to the left are the spires of Georgetown University, with the national cathedral of St. Albans upon the highest hill; directly across are the public buildings of Washington, the Lincoln Memorial, with its classic pillars in the foreground, the Washington Monument always in sight, its shaft changing in the various lights continually; farther along rises the dome of the Capitol; then there appears the white dome and tower of the Soldiers' Home; and far down the river are the spires of old Alexandria. It is a house in which one might well be happy, but it has been the scene of much besides happiness. When George Washington Parke Custis died the house passed from him to the children of his daughter, Mary Custis Lee, the wife of Colonel Robert E. Lee. In those few short years a change had come about, and that nation, for whose liberty George Washington, the first of the family, had fought, was split in two; and the rebelling side was led by Robert E. Lee. With sorrow the Lee family left the house where they could no longer dwell, and with bitterness they must have seen their homes taken over as a Federal headquarters. But in time it was needed for something more important still, and Arlington House became a great hospital for the wounded. And when many of those wounded died, and the people wished to give their heroes fitting burial, it occurred

to those in charge that here was the place—in the grounds of this dwelling with its background of South and North, where many people had been happy, where life had been pleasant. So here, overlooking the capital of the country for whose unity they had given their lives, were buried the first war dead.

As time has gone on Arlington has been transformed into a national cemetery. As far as one can see stretch the fields of dead who have died in the service of their country. Privates, officers, all rest there. Not far from the Lee mansion itself there is the grave of Philip Sheridan. Back of it rises the Temple of Fame, a circular white-columned trelissed structure on which are engraved the names of heroes. Farther on one comes suddenly upon the great white amphitheatre which was seen long before the visitor left Washington. For years the American people felt that there should be some one place in which services in memory of the dead could be held with fitting setting, and so there came into being this Memorial Amphitheatre. It is a building which seems to have been transported from the Greece of the age of heroes —white marble, built as the Greeks built their outdoor theatres. Five thousand persons may be seated in the body of the house, several thousand more in the colonnades which surround the theatre. From here they may look over the surrounding country and see all those buildings which have come to mean the capital of the country.

Then one comes to a curious tomb, around the base of which one reads these words: "Their names and deaths are recorded in the archives of their country, and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace." Above there is the line, "The Tomb of the Unknown Dead." Here are buried the bodies of two thousand one hundred and eleven soldier dead who were not identified. Another monument, made of bronze and marble, bears the inscription, "Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catonis"—"the cause of the victorious was pleasing to the gods but the vanquished to Cato." This is the monument of the Confederate dead. The cemetery, at one time to be used merely for the bodies of those who had fought for what its founders considered the right now bears also the bodies of the Confederate soldiers who, time has shown, fought also for what they thought right. The southern women raised this monument to their heroes, and the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans together joined in its dedication—foes at one time, but countrymen and friends for all time. In June, 1914, just before the World War, which was finally to erase all sectional lines in this country, the ancient foes joined in adding the inscription, "And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks."

From these monuments stretches away the Field of the Dead, where sixteen thousand and more soldiers wait for the reveille which shall call them to the last awakening. Confederate and foe, they sleep together. And just a little farther on there is another great field, with hundreds of tiny white stones, each one bearing the name of a soldier, his native state, and a number. In all appearance

they are the same as the stones in the fields which have been passed; but these stones are new. Suddenly, perhaps, there comes a sound of marching feet; from the white amphitheatre which overlooks the city, there issues forth a line of soldiers. They bear a flag-draped coffin. The bugle blows; the earth falls. Veterans of the great World War have given the last rites to a companion who fell in Flanders' Fields. Here are the war dead of the last great war who have given their lives for a cause greater even than that for which their older comrades fell years ago; liberty, this time not of one nation but of all nations.

He who cannot find a place to fit him had better fit himself more thoroughly for the place he is in.

THE VICE PROBLEM IN OUR GREAT CITIES.

Philadelphia Exchange.

And it is a very serious problem. Conditions of living in the downtown sections of the great cities are such as to alarm the serious-minded. Public officials are beginning to realize that unless something is done to clean up "Hell's Acre," (as some one has termed the slum and tenderloin sections) the outlook for the city and the nation is dark indeed. Of late there has been some talk about taking steps in that direction, and forbidding the herding of families in cramped and unhealthful quarters to satisfy the avarice of tenement owners. But little has come of it so far except talk. Some time ago a preacher advocated fencing off these sections and segregating them under the name of Sodom, as the city segregates people afflicted with contagious diseases. He would make it impossible for people to enter this Sodom but easy to leave it for those who so desired. The moral filth of the city could thus be assembled and dumped into it as into a cess-pool to receive such purifying streams of religious and ethical water as the churches might pour into it.

This is interesting; but these sections are already practically segregated, and calling them either Hell's Acre or Sodom will not help the solution one bit. Two things are needed. One is a healthy public sentiment that will declare such a state of things to be intolerable and that will demand that tenement houses must either be made fit for the habitation of man or razed to the ground. Herding families together as you would cattle in a pen should not be permitted. The ban should be put on it in American cities as was done under the Elberfeld System of municipal government in many of the great citys of Germany, where slum life is not permitted to exist. If, instead of seeking to reform people by law, slum conditions of living were made impossible, a long step would

be taken toward removing this menace to our civilization. If half the millions spent on parkways and the beautifying of sections remote from the dense populations were spent on parks and play grounds in the congested sections of our cities, where two- thirds of city's children live under conditions unfit for animals, who doubts that marvelous changes for good results? There is not a dairy farm that would be permitted by the health department of the State to subject cows and cattle to unsanitary conditions such as are forced upon the children of the slums.

Another crying need is a deeper sense of responsibility on the part of the Church for the care and cure of souls in the congested down-town sections. It is short of criminal remissness for Churches to shift this responsibility on the shoulders of the Salvation Army and allow its down-town congregations to flee, as did Jonah from Nineveh, without leaving a well-equipped mission station and agency behind. It is a confession of supineness and inefficiency which Protestantism dare not continue to make if it is to live. The time has passed when congegations can lead a self-centered life in a great city without a sense of corporate responsibility with its sister congregations for the Salvation of the "down-and-outs" in Hell's Acre. It is time for the Church to imitate her Lord, and at his command descend into this Hell and drive Satan out. That is the kind of Christianity that counts—and no other kind does. The air is full of visionary and ambitious schemes of reform. Too many preachers are impatient with slow and noiseless processes. They want to evangelize a whole section by one great, grand swoop and are not content to do faithful, quiet and persistent work. The work that tells for the winning of souls is not that which is set in impressive array on the public stage or advertised in the newspapers; but that which is done by the individual contact method. Here is where Muller and Bernardo, of London; and Wichern, Loehe and Bodelschwingh, of Germany; can teach us useful lessons. What is needed in such congested centers is Christian settlements, with their many and varied activities to build the bridge that leads from the slums of sin across the chasm into the sacred precincts of the Church.

In my young days in the Northwest we were glad to get ten cents apiece for the skins and then in most stores had to take it out in trade. But the great fur boom of six years ago brought the muskrat into something like its true place; for it is a thick, warm fur, with abundant under wool —a durable fur on a strong leather. Thus it lends itself to all kinds of manipulation—manipulation that makes of it fine imitation seal, etc. So the familiar and little esteemed muskrat jumped in price up to $1 and $2, with $5 and $6 for choice pelts; and the three million crop of Canada brought four and three-quarters million dollars in 1921-22, the largest dividend paid by any wild animal in the Dominion, and probably in America.—Ernest Thompson Seton.

WHAT IS HUMAN SUCCESS?

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

A letter from a corespondent asks this question, "When may one feel that he is a success?" It seems easy to answer, but is it so easy? The more I reflect upon it, the wider it flings its challenge to life.

A book that was current 20 years ago, called, "Pushing to the Front," fell into my hands, and its charmed pages were read with eagerness at nights when the farm work was done.

Jay Gould, Morse, Whitney, Webster, and many other great names floated through my youthful thoughts and made them reel as with wine. Then, I was sure that to succeed meant to be great, rich and powerful.

Later, I read the life of Lincoln, and was sure that success was something based on goodness. I have not revised that latter idea. Success in life is success in makinng a life that is full and free and good.

These lines by Walker ought to be pasted in thousands of kitchens, and dining rooms, and burned into the memory of every American boy and girl:—

The key to success is not silver or gold,
It's not made of copper or steel,
But a longing, a sigh, and a yearning to try
A yearning for learning, a burning to try
To climb to a goal where the souls dwells to bless—
That, you can see, is the key to success.

The key to success no man ever gave,
No man ever purchased for gold;
For it springs from the things that a perfect life brings,
A willing for stilling the baser thoughts filling,
To merit our place for the grace we possess;
And it's free as the sea, is the Key to success.

Twice Jesus was asked, "Who is the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?"

Once, he took a child upon his lap and said, "Whoever, when he is grown up, is most like this child, is the greatest."

The other time, he girded himself, and washed the disciples' feet, and said, "He that would be the greatest, shall be the greatest servant." That truth runs a rent through the tattered and tawdry ideals of selfish people.

Who is a success?

If you can look up from honest toil, and enjoy the beauty of God's world, you are a success.

If you can look every man in the face honestly, day to day, and not be shifty-eyed, you are a success.

If the money you call your own has not been purloined from the defenseless, you are a success.

If you can live so that those who love you can know you and can still believe in your honor, you are a success.

If your own children desire to be like you, you are a success.

If the great do not scare you or the poor make you cringe, you are a success.

If, when you lie down at last, a dozen trusty and trusted people are honestly glad you have lived, you are

a success.

If, when you are dead and gone, the memory of your life stirs others to love, to serve, to forgive, stoop and lift, then—

Your life is a success.

The darkest shadows of life are those which a man himself makes when he stands in his own light.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

Milton Hunt spent the last week end at his home in Greensboro.

§ § § §

The Board of Trustees held their first meeting of the year in the Cannon Building on last Thursday.

§ § § §

The boys are all out of bed now and are getting along just fine. They are all glad to get back in their regular cottages, and get back on their jobs.

§ § § §

The Cone Literary Society held its regular meeting on last Monday night. The boys had a fine program, and took a great interest in the meeting.

§ § § §

John Perry and Howard Sillman returned to their homes with their parents, to spend a few days' visit at their homes. Perry's home is in Monroe and Sillman's in Randleman.

§ § § §

The first strawberries of the season were picked last week. There is not enough of them to go around to the boys yet, but they are growing fast and we will soon have enough for the boys.

§ § § §

Rev. L. A. Thomas, of the St. James Lutheran Church, of Concord, conducted the services on last Sunday afternoon in the Chapel. Mr. Thomas preached a fine sermon and everyone enjoyed it.

§ § § §

The dairy is coming along fine now, six new cows were purchased last week. This makes a big improvement in the milk supply. The boys are milking about 90 gallons of milk a day. We now have a total of 37 cows.

§ § § §

Miss Vernie Goodman is spending a few days with her friends and relatives in Mooresville. Miss Arline Fitzgerald played the piano for the boys on last Sunday afternoon, at church, because of the absence of Miss Goodman.

§ § § §

The boys had a big time at the ball ground again on last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Russell picked out a first and second team, and had a game between the two. The boys are showing up fine now, as they are getting more practice.

§ § § §

The following boys were visited on last Wednesday, as it wasn't raining: Ralph Martin, James Peeler, Herbert Poteat, Ray Hatley, Huge Moore, Claiborne Gilbert, Everett

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Goodrich, Alton Piner, Lambert Cavenaugh, Judge Brooks, Sylvester Honeycutt, William Gregory, Howard Riggs, Aubrey Weaver, Howard Sillman, Mack Wentz, Haskell Ayers, Lee McBride, Millard Simpson, Johnnie Boyd and James Robertson. The boys were all surprised, as they thought it was going to rain, this is the largest number of boys visited in a good while and they are all hoping to have just as many if not more on next Wednesday.

BLOWING ROCK.

By E. Roscoe Hall.

On top of the Blue Ridge mountains
Is the town of Blowing Rock,
Where the purest, sparkling fountains
Pour over a granite block.

Where the rhododendrons nestle
To the lay of the laurel leaves,
And the gentle raindrops hustle
To drip from the shelving eaves.

Where the flowers in great profusion,
Give sweets to the honey bee;
And nature is no delusion,
Oh! this is the place for me.

Here nature has done its duty
In a perfect paradise;
No artist can paint the beauty
Of its golden, sunset skies.

The beautiful birds are singing
On the boughs of the hemlock trees,
And the lovely spruce is swinging
To the ozone-laden breeze.

Here the purest springs are bubbling
From the rifled rocks so free;
And the fame of the town is doubling—
Oh! this is the place for me.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., MAY 31, 1924 No.28

THE REWARD.

Work in every hour, paid or unpaid; see only that thou work, and thou canst not escape the reward; whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting corn or writing epics, so only it be honest work, done to thine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the senses as well as to the thought: no matter how often defeated, you are not born to victory. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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REVEREND SMITH RETIRES.

If any man, who ever lived in Concord, deserved a rest from a strenuous life that man is Rev. Thomas W. Smith, an honored citizen of Concord, and whom nearly everybody, old and young, in the county knows and knows favorably. After an active and tireless devotion to the duties that were his, it is asserted that he is going to sit quietly for the balance of his life restfully, peacefully and patiently under the welcome shade of a well-spent life. THE UPLIFT doesn't believe a word of it, though this is the announced purpose which he now entertains.

It is a fact that he has disposed of much of his holdings and has retired from the active direction of the insurance department of the Southern Loan & Trust Company, an important corporation that has had a successfull life in Concord for years. It is his announced purpose to divide his time between his children, still claiming Concord his home; and if his children mean for their father to sit down and do nothing but read, eat and sleep, they will have to confine him in some strong prison—it's just not in his nature to play the part of a wall-flower.

Mr. Smith came to Concord a short while before Christmas in 1880, being sent as the pastor of Central Methodist church. He served other Methodist churches in the county, and was active until a nervous affection made it impossible for him to take regular work, so he retired from the active ministry. But during all this period, he has filled pupits time and time again as a supply, answering calls for all churches that needed aid. Mr. Smith built up a lucrative business in insurance, which later was merged in the Southern Loan & Trust Co.

Though during all these years not attached to any particular work in the

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ministerial field, he has preached to more different congregations of different religious faith than any man that ever lived in this section. It is a broad claim, but nevertheless it is true that Mr. Smith has conducted or aided in more funerals than any living preacher in the whole state of North Carolina. These invitations came to him from every denomination represented in the county—just an expression of esteem for the man and confidence in his Christian piety by the living and those approaching death.

He leaves next Monday, accompanied by his son, for Memphis where he will mingle with his old comrades that wore the gray. He was asked when and where he surrendered. To this he replied: "I never surrendered—I am a free man." He got into the War Between the States as a youngster near the close, and he cherishes the profoundest love for the Confederate soldier for his heroism and his sacrifices. He'll go from Memphis to Atlanta, visiting his daughter. We give him a month in sight seeing, and then he'll commence filling pulpits for the brethren.

We folks at the Jackson Training School think of and look upon Mr. Smith as Our Bishop. For ten years, without a particle of trouble or responsibility on our part, Mr. Smith has made it his business to provide a preacher for every Sunday afternoon. If no one was available, he came himself to the perfect satisfaction of officers and students. This institution, over four hundred strong, wishes Bishop Thomas W. Smith fine health, much joy and unbounded courtesies wherever he goes, and holds in store for him a hearty welcome upon his return to the heart and bosom of his hosts of friends.

* * * * * * *

ANOTHER CONFEDERATE GONE.

A conspicuous and leading figure in the life of Cabarrus county departed this life last week. Daniel P. Boger, who wrought more than the allotted three score and ten years, had entered upon his eighty-eight year. He was one of the few among us who was not enticed by the glare and brilliancy of town life, for he preferred living out in the open close to nature and nature's heart. He knew his birds; he knew every tree and vine on his large estate; he loved the soil and he so guarded and treated it that it bountifully responded to his will.

Before his last illness, which was of only a few days, he was erect and of a commanding figure as much as when he fought through the battles of the struggle of 1861-'65, which he never got away from. Even in his last illness, when things became hazy about him and the mind wandered, he spoke of his ration, his command, the bugle sound and the long night march. He was the

last of his particular family to cross over the river, his brothers and sisters having gone before.

Entertaining fixed views about the things of life, about business, about public matters and life, he had the courage to defend them to the last. In life, clean and law-abiding; in relation to his fellow-man, just; in regard to his state, he gave the courts no business arising from his acts; in religion, he accepted with the implicit faith of a child the Bible as the inspired word of God and clung to the verity of the immortality of the soul. If all men were like Daniel P. Boger tried to be, the court-houses could be dispensed with and the judges dismissed.

Born in the country, reared in the country, lived all his life in the country, it fitted into the harmony of events that his mortal remains should have been buried in a lovely spot, surrounded by nature's finest contribution in forestry, close by the scenes of his activities. Speaking more accurately and eloquently than any words we may employ, are the three sons whom he gave to the world to carry on as his representatives in the affairs of life. They speak in their lives and conduct, as citizens, what manner of home training and preparation for life were their heritage. Mr. M. Augustus Boger, a prominent manufacturer and leading citizen of Albemarle; Rev. William J. Boger, pastor of St. James Lutheran church in Catawba county, and a leader in his synod; and Prof. Chas. E. Boger, the superintendent of the Jackson Training School, than whom the county never produced a finer representative of upright and correct citizenship. These boys attest the high character of a home training; and the large outpouring of his neighbors and friends from near and far at his funeral attest the esteem in which Daniel P. Boger, the ex-Confederate soldier and the lover of nature, was held.

* * * * * * *

THE FEARFUL TOLL.

The automobile has come to be regarded an instrument of death. Last Saturday two notable accidents, with fearful consequences, occurred. Mr. Edward L. Keesler, an outstanding B. & L. leader and a most useful and popular citizen, of Charlotte, met death under an overturned car near Candler, S. C. The whole city mourned his loss and hundreds of admiring friends in the state shared with them their great sorrow over the passing of such an elegant and useful gentleman.

Out near Lexington, Ky., two entire families were obliterated in the twinkling of an eye at a B. & O. railroad crossing. A brother of Mr. T. H. Webb, a leading citizen of Concord, with wife, son and his wife were caught at a rail-

road crossing, upon their return from a pleasure trip east, and met instant death. Mr. Webb's brother was a native of Hillsboro, N. C., but had lived for years in Kentucky, where he had enjoyed a successful and honored business life.

More and more we are brought face to face with the necessity of the elimination of grade crossings; more and more the usefulness of the "Stop Law" is becoming recognized; and more and more does it appear that every one who enjoys the privilege of running a car should be licensed under certain requirements. And some of these days a well-worked out, equitable and enforceable speed-law police will be and must be instituted. This observation, however, is not applicable to the two distressing accidents above noted. Mr. Kessler's accident was not due to fast driving, but intolerable roads; and that in Kentucky, due, it appears, to carelessness on the part of the railroad or the county authorities in permitting a death trap to exist.

A SUCESS.

Greensboro mourns the passing of one of her captains of industry and a public spirit that left things to perpetrate his name—Mr. E. Sternberger. This successful man came to America, when a mere lad, with nothing but good health, fine impulses and an eye for business.

He started life in South Carolina, building up a large mercantile business, which is still in existence. He learned to know Messrs. Moses and Ceasar Cone, and, associated with them, had a part in the development of the extensive cotton manufacturing plants about Greensboro. Though a man of large business that demanded much of his time, Mr. Sternberger was never too busy to lend a hand and his money to the promotion of the public weal in various directions. He stood high in Greensboro because of his moral worth, his genius for work and progress and for a beautiful liberality.

The world is better by E. Sternberger having lived in it, and his marvelous sucess in business is an inspiration to the youth of the state.

* * * * * * *

DR. EUGENE CLYDE BROOKS.

For an example of a brilliant personal achievement, under circumstances at times not very encouraging, the youth may study the course of Dr. E. C. Brooks, who a few days ago was formally inducted into the presidency of State College, at Raleigh. He never knew how a silver spoon felt until he reached a well-developed youth—this is just to say that fortune did not surround him—but having in him the elements that are necessary for the making

of true manhood he worked out his course which has brought him honor, success and the proud opportunity for great service to his state.

For a newspaper reporter to become a teacher of consequence; then an educational official of wonderful accomplishment; and following this with the high position of president of a great college—well, it's no accident; it is ability and energy and brilliancy and scholarship and leadership.

* * * * * * *

HUGH M. BLAIR.

This modest, able man, once an honored minister laboring in Concord, later elsewhere, and then the able and conservative editor of the Methodist Christian Advocate until ill health forced his retirement, has gone to his eternal reward. A consecrated man, of fine intellect and sterling character was Rev. Hugh M. Blair. He suffered long, but patiently and resignedly, a terrible affliction, which baffled all treatment The state sustains a loss when men of Mr. Blair's qualities of mind and heart are taken from us. His death occurred last week at his home in Greensboro.

* * * * * * *

"POCKET VOTE."

Armstrong, one of our linotype youngsters, propounded to the editor the question: "What is a pocket vote?" Just about this time there is much thought on the subject of votes in this shop, but the youngster could not be informed. Later a small delegation of boys from the play ground entered THE UPLIFT office and asked this question, "What is a pocket veto."

The thing was made clear; and the simple scrambling of letters in "veto" became "vote" which is a little subject that is concerning many anxious fellows throughout the state, even our boys are concerned powerfully.

BROOKS BECOMES FIFTH PRESIDENT.

DR. EUGENE CLYDE BROOKS.

Who was on Monday formaly inducted into the office of president of State College, at Raleigh,, in the presence of a distinguished company, presided over by Gov. Morrison.

STIMULATING AND CONSTRUCTIVE.

Editorially the Raleigh News & Observer makes the following reference to the inaugural address of Dr. E. C. Brooks on the occasion of his inauguration at State College.....The Raleigh paper analyzes the educator's words into a challenge. Gov. Morrison in introducing Dr. Brooks said: "An equal of Aycock as orator, of Alderman in grace, of Tillman in fighting spirit and Simmons in political sagacity."

In his singularly thoughtful and suggestive inaugural address at the State College yesterday, President E. C. Brooks laid down four theses for educational institutions which touch upon the live problems institutions of learning must consider and solve. The primary purposes of education, of course, is "to teach the student to think" but "how and what about are pertinent questions," said President Brooks.

Perhaps he was wiser than is appreciated in colleges when he declared that it was a purpose of instruction "to stimulate enthusiasm—that is a wholesome emotional response—satisfaction and joy." Indeed, the best and surest test of a college is whether it "stimulates enthusiasm." If its head and college fail in this fundamental, they fail everywhere. No amount of knowledge avails if the student body lacks interest and enthusiasm. Without these they bring away nothing vital and nothing that remains or that gives the best incitement to usefulness and distinction.

It was well—and was well done—for Dr. Brooks to emphasize that "our higher institutions should be so broadened that those who enter the vocation shall be conscious of a distinct relationship to human welfare." He urged that preparation for a vocation, either law or engineering, teaching or manufacturing, preaching or farming, should be based on the modern humanities which open up the avenues of understanding to the necessity of basing individual welfare on the social good. The notion that an engineer or farmer should rush into his calling without the basis of broad culture found no favor in the theses of President Brooks. His presentation of his four theses and discussion of them are stimulating and constructive.

There may be times when you cannot find help, but there is no time when you cannot give help.

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Some girls are so sensitive. I have just heard of a young lady who was operated upon for appendicitis. After the operation had been performed, she inquired of the doctor if he thought the scar would show. He very politely told her that it ought not to.

"Did you get the spot off my trousers?" inquired a customer of a colored pressing-club operator. "Yes, sir, de spot is off, sir. De spot is dar where de trousers were; but the trousers hab been purified, sir. Dey went thru de fire. I used gasoline, an de trousers habn't been seen since."

Man is always being reminded of that rib incident. Have you ever noticed that when a man's wife wants to attract the attention of her husband, or correct him for something, if she doesn't press his foot under the table, she will jab him in the ribs. That comes from the original, natural impulses. I like to sing the old familiar hymns, although I cannot carry a tune like an organ. But I manage to keep up and in the bounds with other singers. Mrs. Hurrygraph is a great strickler, and striker, for harmony. When she hears my voice in the congregational singing, she gives men an elbow jab in the ribs, as much as to say, "you are disturbing the other singers." Then I sing easy and low, like a young mocking bird, when he first begins to sing and doesn't want any one to hear until he is sure of his notes. But I manage to sing my sing with the aid of an elbow tuning fork.

There has been said a lot of things about old maids at one time and another, but have you ever taken note of the sweet smile of one? Did it ever occur to you that there was something in that smile which produced her homeliness (if there was ever a homely old maid, which I deny)? It was character. God seldom gives all to some and nothing to others. There is normally a fair distribution of His favors, though we may not be able to see the wisdom of His ways. The "homely" old maid is invariably endowed with a character of gold, and beauty of soul is far greater than that of all outward forms combined. Look this matter up, old bachelor.

There are two classes of people in the world today, as a consequence of the changes time brings. One is the fast people—those who go in a hurry in automobiles and get there almost before they start. They roll along. The other class are the slow people, who have to take their time in order to save their lives, by dodging automobiles, or waiting for long lines of cars to pass any given point before they can cross a street. In starting out to walk to any place you have to make allowancee for time spent in waiting on cars—not your own; some one elses. It seems that one half the world today lives on wheels and the

other half spend their time in keeping out of the way of those who ride. The methods of today so forcibly remind we Latin scholars of that familiar expression, "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis," which is only another way of saying, "The times are changed, and we are changed with them." Selah!

* * * *

A certain optician is advising people to avoid eye strain. Bobbed hair and short skirts are doing it. Since they became the fashion the strain on the eyes has become something fearfully great. You can see this yourself from the number of people you observe gazing on the streets, and congregated in front of the ten cent stores, especially on Saturday afternoons and evenings, and places where girls work. The eye strain, says this optician, "makes a tired mind and body." But these gazers never seem to be tired. Therefore, people should not strain their eyes.

* * * *

My! How the colors flame in a flower garden in May. One longs to flit with the butterflies from one to another. One lingers in delicious laziness over a corner in the garden until with rapture in the imagination flies to more brilliant that must surely be found in a further exploration. Pardon me if I grow poetic. Flowers are such sweet friends. They speak to one in a language peculiarly their own—smiles of God's goodness. From Oxford, N. C., comes to the promoter of this "By the Way" album of song, and his better-two-thirds, a generous supply of the most beautiful and gorgeous vari-colored peonies and flaming poppies, the gracious gift of Mrs. B. E. Parham, of that beautiful town. She has overwhelmed us with her kindness and the beauty of her gift. We are as happy as children over a new-found toy. Mrs. Parham is a flower connoisseur. The beauty of her private blossom garden can hardly be excelled. It is difficult for us to get our appreciation down to the prosaic word of thanks; but we do.

* * * *

Ministers meet up with kinks in human nature like the rest of we folks. A certain pastor, the other day, was condoling with one of his parishioners over the fact that the said parishioner's wife had such a fit of coughing during his sermon. "Don't be unduly alarmed, pastor," said the parishioner. "She is wearing her new hat for the first time."

There is a vast difference between pride and conceit. Pride is a talent, conceit is a weakness. Conceit makes you think you are better than the other fellow; pride is knowledge of your ability, and ambition to have more ability.

THE AVERAGE CITIZEN IS CONCERNED.

(Charlotte Observer.)

One wholesome result of the discussion of such issues as the Jones amendment to the tax bill in the Senate is the education we recieve in the economics and ramifications of business. We are so accustomed to think of the great financial corporations of America as the property of a few so-called Wall Street magnates that we are a little surprised when we realize that the real ownership of "big business" is vested in literally millions of investors of all degrees and stations. It suits the purpose of the political demagogue, who, like the poor, we shall always have with us, to create the other impression, but a little analysis reveals the real inwardness of the situation.

Great enterprises demand great organizations and the modern corporation was devised by business statesmen as the logical and proper means of handling enterprises too vast to be undertaken by individuals. Without such corporations our transportation systems could never have been built or operated. Without such organizations gasoline and kerosene would be selling at two or three times the prevailing rates; and fresh meats and some other food products would be luxuries to be had only by the very wealthy. Without this sort of organization our cities would be without the high standard of utility services which has come to be regarded as an absolute necessity in urban life.

Most of us have come to realize that much of our comfort and no small degree of our general welfare are made possible by the magnitude and efficiency of the very organizations we sometimes thoughtlessly condemn, with or without reason. But what we have not heretofore realized as we should is the fact that the great corporations, almost without exception, are simply the means to systematized co-operative investment and endeavor. The railroads, for instance, are the result of the combined investment and labor of probably two or three million stockholders and bondholders. The great telephone systems of the country have been made possible by the combined investment of more than 280,000 stockholders and probably an equally large number of bondholders. The ownership of the electric power and lighting industry in America is distributed among 1,250,000 individuals and concerns. The same thing is true of the great industrial corporations. The expansion of our steel, textile, automobile, and other industries to the present status was made possible only through the united and accumulated investments of hundreds of thousands of ordinary citizens.

The distribution of the investment required to build up our great industries, our railroads and our utilities does not even stop here. Floyd Parsons, editorial director of The Gas Age-Record and one of the best known observers and writers on economic subjects in the country recently pointed out the fact that 27,000,000 depositors in 29,000 banks in America have a direct interest in the great business enterprises in the coun-

try because of the tremendous aggregate holdings by these banks of securities in the corporations that own and operate these enterprises, these banks having more than $2,000,000,000 invested in utility securities alone.

The money that is invested in the great railroad, utility and industrial corporations of the country represents the earnings and savings of the million of average citizens whose thrift and industry have enabled them to lay by something in the way of a competence for the proverbial rainy day and for the evening of life. After all capital is but accumulated and transformed labor and all of us are capitalists who save and invest something out of our earnings instead of spending it all.

It is worth while for us to be informed regarding the structure of the great business organzations which have made this country so great, so prosperous, and such a desirable place in which to live. We are not so apt, then, to be swept off our feet by some adroit, clever and appealing demagogue and led to join in a clamor for something that will directly or indirectly affect our own welfare and comfort and our community's or country's well being.

DON'T WORRY.

There are times and seasons in every life,
Not excepting a favored few,
When not to worry over the strife
Is the hardest thing to do.
When all things seem so dark and drear,
We fear they may darker be,
Forgetting to trust and not to fear,
Though we cannot the future see.

Each life has its good to be thankful for
We may trust we may always find
Some happiness surely, less or more,
Some peace for troubled mind.
Let us try the good in our minds to fit
Passing over the hills in a hurry,
For when we really think of it,
What good ever comes of worry?

We must bear our trials cheerfully,
Not burden our world with sorrow
Because we are anxious, and fearfully
Looking for trouble to borrow.
Look into the future with hopeful heart,
Keep a watch for the silver lining,
And the cloud of trouble will surely part,
If we trust instead of ripening.

JAMES HALL, A MEMORIAL.

By Dr. Archibald Henderson.

An address delivered by Dr. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, at the commencement of Mitchell college, Statesville, May 19. Dr. Henderson was introduced by Dr. James K. Hall, of Richmond, Va., great-nephew of the Rev. James Hall.

I hold in my hand a tiny copy of Virgil—which bears on the inside cover the inscription: "John Steele, Clio Academy, Iredell County, N. C., 1776." On several pages are written in ink the names of James Hall and John Steele; on the fly-leaf: "James Hall, ejus liber" and on another page: "J. Steele—his hand and pen." Here too may be found —like geological markings in a rock—the traces of youthful romance; for side by side stand the names of "John Steele and Miss Nancy Wyatt, Williamsburg, Va."—and nearby a scribbled line: "Nancy—Oh! My Dear."

And since—in the published lists of Dr. Hall's pupils who won distinction in after life the name of John Steele is missing—I may be pardoned for mentioning that John Steele was a friend of Washington, a member of the National Congress, and Comptroller General of the Currency under Washington, Adams and Jefferson. His education—for he never attended any University—was chiefly received from Dr. Hall—in his "log college," Clio's Nursery.

A century and a half ago my great-great-grandfather, John Steele, studied mathematics and other subjects at Clio's Nursery under the Rev. James Hall. And a century and a quarter later, James Hall studied mathematics under the speaker at the University of North Carolina. After all, we are one close-knit unit of Anglo-Saxondom here in North Carolina—one great family. I am reminded of Walt Whitman's words: "Behold the great rondure the cohesion of all, how perfect!" With all my heart I thank my old friend who has just introduced me; and venture the pious hope that a century and a quarter from now my great-great-grandson may be studying under another James Hall at the Clio's Nursery of the future.

Ever since my childhood days, I have felt a deep interest in the remarkable career of that great Christian missionary, versatile teacher, and militant man of God, the Rev. James Hall. The husband of John Steel's half-sister, Margaret Gillespie, was Samuel Eusebius McCorkle—who, with James Hall, received his early education at the famous Crowfield Academy; and these twain founded and conducted the most famous of old field academies and log colleges of North Carolina in the first years of this country's independence—McCorkle as head of Zion-Parnossus, the first normal school for teachers in the United States; and James Hall as head of Clio's Nursery and the Academy of the Sciences, rude temples of classical and theological training for a long line of distinguished men— King, Waddell, Pickens, Pearson, Williams, Harris, Smith, Robinson, Wilson, Laurie, Cummins, Adams, Flinn, Blythe—

and low that another! A melancholy association, too, hovers for me about this locality; for it was in the Spring of 1760, when these woods of Iredell were infested with the hostile red man that Robert Gillespie, the first husband of John Steele's mother, Elizabeth Maxwell Steele, while returning from Fort Dobbs to Salisbury was shot from ambush and scalped by the Indians—his body riddled with seven bullets.

The father of the Rev. James Hall, in company with his widowed mother whom he lost on the voyage over, left his native Ireland about 1720—and landed in Pennsylvania, an orphan in a strange land. In 1751 this James Hall, his wife Prudence, and a family of children, removed from the neighborhood of Chester, Pennsylvania, to a spot on the North bank of Fith Creek some six miles northeast of Statesville in what is now Iredell County. An Irish Presbyterian, of great force of character and religious piety, he had been instrumental in founding the Conewago Church in Pennsylvania; and in the original church certificate, still preserved, made by the session at Conewago on August 20, 1751, it is stated that James and Prudence Hall, "have behaved themselves Christianly and soberly" and "may be received into any Christian society wherever God in his providence shall order their Lott." Their son, James Hall, was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on August 22, 1744, and was upwards of eight years old when he came to North Carolina. Imbued in the lessons of the Scriptures and the tenets of the Westminster catechism, inspired by the pietistic teachings of the traveling missionaries he joined the church at about the age of twenty; and solemnly devoted himself in thought to the ministry of God. The seal of the Christian martyr is stamped upon his character from early manhood; for the monastic ideal of celibacy—the passion for complete and undivided service to God—drove him to the supreme sacrifice of giving up the beloved woman, Eliza Sloan, upon whom his heart was fixed. After a study of the classics at Crowfield Academy, begun in his twenty-sixth year, he entered Nassau Hall, Princeton, whence he was graduated in 1774.

James Hall was a scholar by instinct—training himself intensively and gradually developing high power in mental concentration. Here in the back country of North Carolina, in the sylvan solitudes of Rowan, burgeoned and flowered this remarkable mentality—an exemplar of the scientific spirit, which finds itself so strikingly exhibited in his collateral descendant here with us today. I feel a strong bond of union with the Rev. James Hall, a mathematician and scientist who believed in putting his knowledge to practical use; for after coming into possession of a treatise on geometry at the age of seventeen, he not only mastered its contents, but put its theories into practise—contsructing a quadrant for measuring heights and distances, and inventing for the wheel of his gig a "little clock," as his neighbors called it—a forerunner of the modern speedometer—by which he measured the distances he traveled. The venerable Caldwell, himself a scientist of repute, says of Hall: "He was cer-

tainly one of the first, if not himself the very first constructor of a steamboat. And the invention was original with him not, derivative. I witnessed the movement of his first model (a structure five or six feet long) over a small pond, on his own plantation.'' ''The mathematics were his favorite study,'' says Foote, ''and such was his estimation of them, he could not be persuaded to think favorably of the intellectual powers of any man who lightly esteemed this branch of education, or consider his course of study liberal whose progress in mathematics was small.'' In this day of the cafeteria school of hand-picked knowledge and the convoy method of instruction, I should not dare to go so far as my distinguished predecessor! His brilliant talents as a mathematician were conspicuously recognized by President John Witherspoon who offered him a position as teacher of mathematics at Princeton; but, gratifying as was the offer, James Hall courteously declined, never wavering in his fixed determination to dedicate his life to the preaching of the Gospel.

In the stirring days of an awakening Revolution, the Spring of 1776, James Hall was licensed by the Presbytery of Orange to preach the Gospel as a probationer; and on April 8th, 1778, he was installed as pastor of the united congregations of Fourth Creek, Concord and Bethany. In the year 1790 he was released from the pastoral charge of Fourth Creek and Concord; and from this time, until about ten years before his death on July 25, 1826, he was pastor of Bethany alone, a period of twenty-six years. He bequeated to posterity, says one of his pupils, ''a reputation rarely equalled, and never, as I verily believe, surpassed, in moral rectitude, pure, fervent, and practical piety, and usefulness in the wide sphere of his diversified labors in the Christian ministry by any individual our country has produced.''

To you here at Mitchell College and in Statesville, many of you living within the bounds of his pastorate, reverence for Dr. Hall's ministry is a living tradition, almost a vital memory. But I wish to pay tribute tonight to those arduous and unremitting labors of his as a missionary —everywhere bearing eloquent witness to the truth of the gospel and carrying the fundamental forms of the Christian religion, preaching and prayer, to remote and isolated settlements. His were sacrifices willingly made and extreme hardships uncomplainingly endured for the sake of the spiritual elevation of humanity. Besides numerous short excursions into adjoining counties. Dr. Hall made fourteen long and toilsome missions—to many parts of the state and once as far as the Mississippi Territory. In his book, ''A Brief History of the Mississippi Territory,'' published by Francis Coupee at Salisbury in 1801—a copy of which excessively rare book I had sent me from the Library of Congress—he gives a most interesting account of the country and of his mission—a mission deeply appreciated by the inhabitants of Natchez, who presented to ''Messrs. Hall, Bowman and Montgomery, Rev'd Gentlemen,'' on the day of their departure a memorable address in which they said, among other things: ''We were morally af-

fected by the explanations given to us of those sublime and beautiful laws which govern nature, as well as religiously disposed to your unfolding the far more interesting principles of GRACE in the moral system of things, whose indestructible nature shall survive the general wreck of our physical existence."

Perhaps equally memorable is Dr. Hall's book: "A Narrative of a Most Extraordinary Work of Religion in North Carolina," published at Philadelphia in 1802—a work that would have delighted William James, the author of "Varieties of Religious Experience." It deals chiefly with the Great Revival in North Carolina in 1801-2, and in particular with the general meeting in Randolph County to which Dr. Hall, Dr. McCorkle, Messrs. Lewis F. Wilson and Joseph D. Kirkpatrick, accompanied by about 100 of their congregation, journeyed a distance of 50 to 80 miles. "From what I have known of the fervency and persevering importunity of those families upon whom that remarkable effusion of divine grace fell," records Dr. Hall, "I think I never saw a geometrical proposition demonstrated with more clear evidence than I have seen an answer given to the prayers of those pious parents who sent, or conducted, their children on that happy tour." Thousands of people were gathered together, who sometimes stood for hours in the most inclement weather, and services were sometimes conducted without intermission throughout the entire night. In the space of half an hour, a hundred people would sink to the ground—in paroxyms of remorse and conviction of sin. "The first cry," says Dr. Hall, "is usually for mercy, although I have attended upon sundry persons, who when first struck, have been so overwhelmed with a sense of guilt that they have told me, they were afraid to ask for mercy. . . After fervent cries for mercy, there are usually complaints of unbelief, obstinacy and hardness of heart, together with importune pleading. . . Then there will appear glimmering hopes of salvation through a Redeemer, who seems to appear afar off. Here are pleadings indeed! Sometimes one person of the adorable Trinity, and sometimes another is addressed, . . O, for faith, for more faith, is the usual cry. When the patient receives comfort, he generally lies silent; wrapt in deep contemplation. Then some rise in raptures of joy and praise; others in silence, with placid serenity spread over the countenance." That these exercises of religious exaltation were by no means confined to revivals is evidenced by Dr. Hall who, in the above-cited work, says: "At a communion in my own Church. . . we had a solemnity from Friday noon until Tuesday morning, during which time there was scarcely any recess of exercises day or night, and a far greater proportion of the assembly were religiously affected than I had ever seen at our public meetings."

Sixteen times Dr. Hall attended the meetings of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Philadelphia as commissioner, and was chosen as Moderator in 1803—being the first and only presiding officer of that venerable body from North Carolina before the division of 1861. "From the superior size of

his person," says Dr. Charles Caldwell in his autobiography, "the form and grandeur of his head and countenance, the snowy whiteness of his hair . . . and from the surpassing venerableness of his whole appearance, he was by far the most attractive and admired personage in the reverend body of which he was a member . . . instinctively regarded by all who beheld him, as the rightful Nestor and ornament of the Assembly." Instrumental in the formation of the American Bible Society, of which he was a life member, he was the first president and a devoted member of the North Carolina State Bible Society. Upon him was conferred, both by Princeton and North Carolina, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity; and to the library of the latter institution he made a donation of sixty volumes from his own library.

In his address at the Bethany Centennial in 1875, the Rev. F. H. Johnston said: "As a preacher, Dr. Hall was distinguished more for the power than the graces of oratory. His sermons are said to have been strong and earnest; the heidus ordo was their characteristic, and that unction of the spirit which is the certain mark of pulpit power. His manner was full of tenderness and feeling, and he was often affected to tears." Perhaps this is an understimate of Dr. Hall's gift of oratory; for Dr. Caldwell describes, in the following language, a sermon of Dr. Hall's which he praised as the most powerful and bewitching effort of pulpit oratory he had ever heard.

"In the course of his sermon," says Caldwell, "which from beginning to end was bold and fervent, Dr. Hall took occasion to liken the condition of a heedless and reckless sinner to that of a wild and unthinking youth, crossing, in a slight batteau, a deep and rapid river, a short distance above a lofty and frightful waterfall.

"On each bank of the stream were members of the family and friends of the young man eyeing, in wild distraction and horror, the perils of his situation, and loudly calling to him in screams of terror, to ply his oars and press for the shore. But he either hears them not or disregards their supplication, and in perfect negligence and apparent security, giving only with his oars an occasional stroke, gazes on the beauties of the landscape around him, the azure of the heavens, the birds disporting in air above him, his faithful, but terrified dog, crouching by his side, and looking him affectionately and imploringly in the face; he gazes, in fact, on everything visible, except the waterfall near to him, and the gulf beneath it toward which, with fearful power and rapidity, the current is sweeping him. But, suddenly, at length awakened from his revery, he hears the distracted and piercing calls of his friends, sees their bent bodies and extended arms, as if outstretched to save him; he holds the cataract, over whose awful brink he is impending and, horror-stricken at the sight, starting up and convulsively reaching out his wide-spread hands, as if imploring a rescue, and uttering and unearthly shriek of despair, is headlong plunged and swallowed up in the boiling gulf that awaits him.

"So completely had the words of the orator arrested and enthralled the minds of his audience, so vivid and engrossing was the scene he had pictured to their imaginations, and so perfectly, for his purpose, had he converted fiction into reality, that, when he brought his victim to shoot the cataract, a scream was uttered by several women, two or three were stricken down by their emotion, and a large portion of the assembled multitude made an involuntary start, as if, by instinct, impelled to an effort to redeem the lost one, and restore him to his friends."

It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that Dr. Hall was equally famous as missionary, scholar, preacher and teacher. The schools he taught, Clio's Nursery and the Academy of the Sciences, were justly celebrated in his day; and it would be impossible to assess the magnitude of the educational and cultural influence which they exerted. Upon the tombstone of his father is engraved the statement that more than sixty ministers and thirty minister's wives were among his descendants. The influence for culture set in motion by the Rev. James Hall and felt in all circles of society will continue to be felt far into the future. One of his pupils, distinguished in after life, records that Dr. Hall's "intellect was of a high order, especially in mathematics, astronomy and mechanics;" and he was the author of a system of grammar, first circulated in manuscript among his pupils, and afterwards published and extensively used. He conferred great benefits upon his community by founding a circulating library; and was a pioneer in encouraging debating societies among the young people.

At Nassau Hall he had sat under the great Witherspoon, who replied in the Continential Congress to a distinguished number who said we were not ripe for independence: "In my judgment, Sir, we are not only ripe but rotting," From this great patriot and preacher distinguished for zeal in the cause of the colonies—author of the "Thoughts on American Liberty," James Hall doubtless imbibed much of that enthusiasm, constancy, and intrepidity which afterwards flamed forth in the trying days of the Revolution. No Ironside who followed Cromwell, no Covenanter in the days of harried Scotland was braver in the field or more arden in defense of civil liberty and freedom of conscience than James Hall. Says one who knew him: "An excellent rider, personally almost Herculean, possessed of a very long and flexible arm, and taking, as he did, daily lessons from a skilled teacher of the art, he became in a short time, one of the best swordsmen in the cavalry of the south. . . As judicious in council as he was formidable in action, he received the sobriquet of the Ulysses of his regiment."

When the fate of his country called for aggressive action, the pious and tender Hall doffed the garb of the clerical and donned the buff and blue of the Continental; and then none so intrepid and courageous as he. At once a soldier of Christ and an officer in the American Army, he achieved the unique distinction of serving simultaneously as Captain

and Chaplain of his own company. In campaigns, in South Carolina, in the West against the Cherokee, in North Carolina against Cornwallis, he won high repute as a soldier; and received the extraordinary honor of being offered the post of Brigadier General, after the death of the gallant Davidson at Cowans Ford, by Nathaniel Greene, after Washington, the ablest American General of the Revolution. No man with red blood in his veins can withhold the highest admiration from a man who could fight like the devil all the week and preach like an angel on Sunday.

I congratulate you, friends and alumnae of Mitchell College, upon the wisdom and humanity you have displayed in establishing the James Hall Loan Fund. May it accomplish, in time to come, all the good for which you hope and strive! And permit me now to urge that, somewhere within the bounds of Iredell county, the people of this neighborhood—a neighborhood hallowed with the memories of Bethany church, Clio's Academy, the Academy of the Sciences, and Ebenezer Academy—erect some monument or memorial tablet to James Hall—self-sacrificing Christian, famous teacher, ardent missionary, noteworthy preacher, gallant soldier, great-hearted man. In reverential spirit, I utter in conclusion these words of James Hall:

"May God carry on His work until righteousness cover the earth as the waters cover the seas, and the nations of the world become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ!"

TWISTERS.

Here are a few exercises in the gentle art of tongue-twisting:—

When a twister a-twisting will twist him a twist,
For twisting of his twist he three twines doth untwist,
But, if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist.
In twisting the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls with his twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined in twain,
The twain that in twining before in the twine,
As twines were intwisted he now doth untwine;
'Twist the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

NAME WINNERS ESSAY CONTEST.

Miss Ila Mae Bost, Shelby, and Miss Lucille E. Whitsett, were the winners of first and second prizes respectively for North Carolina in the National essay contest, sponsored by the Women's Overseas Service League in the interest of the Citizen's Military Training Camp. The winner of first place will have her essay judged with the essays of the winners in other States by the National Board at Washington of which General Perishing is the head. The writers of the three best essays in the United States will be rewarded by a free trip to Washington, D. C. with all expenses paid, including spending money, railroad fare, and all incidentials of the trip and will be allowed a chaperon.

Miss Bost's essay on "Why A Boy I Know Should Enter A Military Trainiing Camp," follows:

"The boys of the world, like all Gaul are readily divisible into three divisions. Boys unsullied by bad habits constitute one; boys so hardened that only extreme experiences can change them from the other; and finally, those boys who may be led into either of the two divisions above according to training and environment.

"Taken from the last mentioned group is a boy approaching the forkroads of life; he will willingly go either way, and the temptation of the downward path is strong. At this point in any young man's life there should be a tiding agency, a saving institution which will intervene and morally support him until his footing is certain. This great government of ours has seen fit to expend time and money to provide just such a haven of succor for the youth of the land in establishing Military Trainings Camps.

"It is hardly fair to pronounce this great man producing agency a military training camp as it is not reuired of any boy that he join the reserves even. The benefits to be derived from the camp are threefold; the character, discipline and robustness developed there will be remembered long after the military feature is forgotten.

"It would be hard to conceive of a better outing to be offered any boy even if expenses were incurred in obtaining it, but it is free and the offerings are many, such as physical training, daily military practice, recreation in form of best athletic activities, dancing, music, and the very best of scientifically prepared foods, just such an outing as the wealthy man of today pays hundreds of dollars for and in doing so knows that his son will be greatly benefitted. Again the "Dollar Camp" is devoid of the crowning asset that is featured by Uncle Sam's camp, that of religious and moral suasion without which neither camp nor boy can be completely successful."

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

TELLS OF TAKING OF FORT FISHER.

(Wilmington News-Dispatch.)

"There is, and should be, no ill feeling between Confederate and Union survivors—both were conscientious in the war; but I'll say this, the South did more in four years than politicians ever would have done—we settled secession forever!" An 80-year-old Confederate warrior, survivor of Fort Fisher's battles, said yesterday afternoon in conversation with a report at the ruins of this historic fort.

Fifty-nine years ago this same Confederate veteran, then Gunner Jesse Brake, of Company F, 36th regiment, under the command of Capt. Sam Hunter, of Edgecombe county, was present at the capitulation of Fort Fisher January 15, 1865, in marked contrast to the serenity of yesterday, when a United States flag floated over the Confederate ramparts while a son of a Connecticut Yankee was there making an address, as compared with the narrative that was being recited by this veteran of the Confederacy.

"The biggest blockade runner of the Confederates, the Condor, ran aground about 200 or 300 yards off shore," Mr. Brake stated, as he pointed a withered hand towards the exact spot of the grounding; and he then recounted the story of the drowning of Mrs. Rosa O'Neal Greenhaw, a bearer of dispatches to the Confederate government.

Boat Capsizes.

"Mrs. Greenhaw and a minister of the gospel, who were aboard the Condor, were sent ashore in a life boat. I can not recall the name of the preacher. The boat capsized when coming through the breakers, and the minister was saved, but Mrs. Greenhaw was lost, having been caught under the boat as it turned over.

"The body washed ashore, it was reported, and a soldier from Brunswick county, a member of Brooks' or Swain's company, is said to have reoomved $5,000 in gold from the dead woman's belt, shoving the body out to sea. Finally the body washed ashore again, and the man finding it this time, was charged with the theft of the money, which Mrs. Greenhaw was known to have possessed, according to persons from the wrecked vessel.

"One night, shortly afterward, the man from Brook's or Swain's company told Col. William Lamb, commandant of Fort Fisher, 'There is one of two things I will have to do. I stole that money, and I have either got to give it up or go crazy.' I afterwards asked Colonel Lamb about this fact, and he informed me that he had sent the money to relatives of Mrs. Greenhaw, in Richmond, but that he had never heard from them since."

Mrs. Greenhaw, it should be noted, was one of the bravest women carrying dispatches for the Confederacy. She is buried in Oakdale cemetery, this city, where a monument has been erected by the Ladies' Memorial association.

Cap Knocked Off.

"My cap was knocked off during the first bombardment, and I have

always believed that the shrapnel touched my nose," Mr. Brake stated. Within thirty minutes after the first bombardment started, all of the houses at the fort were in flames, he said, and added that the flames burned up most of the clothing of the Confederate soldiers. The first battle of Fort Fisher started Christmas Eve, 1864, and it lasted through all of Christmas day and into the night. Mr. Brake said that the first bombardment by the Union fleet was heavier than that during the second and final attack. Butler's powder boat, loaded with ammunition, was run in close to the fort on the night before the attack, Mr. Brake said, and he said he thought "the boat was blown up close to the fort to paralyze us with fear, but the explosion hardly woke us up."

The second and final bombardment started Friday morning, January 13, 1865, the fleet having been sighted Thursday midnight. "And as soon as it was light, five monitors and ironsides pulled up within 700 yards of the fort and opened fire, he said, adding that "wooden fleet went to Masonboro sound to land troops." Minnesota, Brooklyn, Colorado, and four vessels in the attacking fleet, the Wabash, had 200 guns, and they shot shrapnel, containing "ball as big as scuppernong grapes," Mr. Brake reported.

Powder Was Scarce.

"We had twenty guns, most of them of six-inch smooth bore, and one or two eight-inch guns," Mr. Brake stated, he said, "the big guns were on the sea face." "One reason why we did not shoot any more than we did, was due to the scarcity of ammunition," he explained, saying that during the first fight orders had been to "fire once every ten minutes.

"I always watched my shot from the parapet, and during the bombardment I noticed that a shell from my gun had made a big black spot on the white wheelhouse of one of the attackinig boats, so I didn't wait ten minutes, but fired my gun again." After the fort was captured, I met a man off this boat and he told me that "my second shot blew up the boiler on his boat."

Mr. Brake recounted various phases of the final attack and told of "six Yankee soldiers approaching the palisades, and two of our companies armed with Enfield rifles, opened fire five of them dropped so quick you could not tell which one hit the ground first. One of the sextet escaped, this latter being Captain Evans, who later attained the rank of admiral and who afterwards became known to the world as "Fighting Bob Evans."

Between Two Fires.

"Fifty of us got behind a magazine Sunday afternoon and remained there until about dark, and the Yankee thought it a trap," Mr. Brake stated; "we finally worked around to the bomb-proof hospital, and when we reached this only 30 of us were left. Everybody ran into the hospital, except Major Reilly, of Wilmington, Captain Adams, Lieutenant Daniel Louis Brame, two others, whose names I do not recall, and myself. There were seven of us who walked out, between a federal regiment forming on the breastworks and another regiment marching towards the sea. The regiments

were about 30 yards apart, we in between, and they did not shoot.

"Some of us started to run, but Major Reilly said: 'Don't run; they'll shoot you if you do. (Major Reilly was the grandfather of James Owen Reilly, prominent realtor of this city.)

"So we walked down to the river, and a Yankee came up, in the best of humor, saying: 'Johnnie, how do you do?' to us all, and I never knew how cheap I was, that I would shake hands with, and be bought by, a Yank, for a piece of hard-tack, which the Yankee was handing out."

Sent For His Clothes.

"Captain Cushing, who blew up the Albemarle at Plymouth, was in command of a detachment that stole Captain Kelly from Southport one night, and there were several hundred troopers at Southport who did not know of the kidnapping until the next day, when a flag of truce was hoisted by one of the boats, and a message was sent in to Southport, saying 'Captain Kelly did not have time to get his clothes; so please send them to him. It was General Herbert the Yanks were after, but they got Captain Kelly by mistake," Mr. Brake said, as he chuckled over this mistake.

"You can see a cannon ball, as good as a baseball, if you kow how to look at it," Mr. Brake informed, stating that "once we saw one coming our way, and one of our men yelled before it passed over us, 'You Yankees shoot too high,' and just when he finished saying this the shell exploded a few feet behind us."

Mr. Brake, who lives four miles from Rocky Mount, came down to Wlmington especially to attend the anniversary exercises at Fort Fisher yesterday. While in the city he was a guest of Dr. W. C. Galloway.

"I was in the legislature with Dr. Galloway in 1881; and we went to Southport today," the old warrior said, as he concluded the interesting-ing and illuminating interview.

WHAT COUNTS

By Edgar A. Guest.

It isn't the bad that you did down here,
When your time of life is through;
That will hurt you so much in the other Sphere
As the good that you didn't do.
Oh, the times you slipped and the times you fell,
Won't show when your race is run;
But it's going to hurt when you're forced to tell
The good you could have done.

OLD PLANTS FOR NEW SOIL.

By Augustus Lee.

He that planteth a tree is the servant of God,
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him.
—Henry Van Dyke.

Fifty or a hundred years from today, this land of America will be the most cosmopolitan on the globe, not only in point of the diverse people it is able to absorb and digest, but also in point of hundreds of food crops that are springing up from its soils, crops that have been introduced into the country from all parts of the world.

Future generations that will inherit the fields and forests and groves that we now call ours will have good cause to be thankful for the increasing measure of fruits and crops of all the earth that they will be able to enjoy. In their gardens, across their dooryards, over vast fields, thousands of plants that were unknown when the Indian girdled trees to provide a sunny spot for his corn patch will be theirs.

In the same way that few folks know that the hundreds of useful and ornamental plants now splashing our landscapes are not native to our soils, so also will future generations never dream of the origin of the long list of plants now struggling for a foothold in our horticultural world. Out-of-the-way corners of the earth, hidden lands, and subdued wilderness, are explored continually so that they may yield what richness of growth they may possess for the people of America.

For twenty-five years the United States Department of Agriculture, through the office of foreign seed and plant introduction, has been exploring the jungles, prairies and gardens of the world, for new and possibly useful plants. The scientists engaged in this work are on the lookout for plants that may produce valuable commercial crops, which may be used for improvements of plants already here, or which may help to beautify our parks, yards and gardens.

To help find that plant which will produce the best results of any that can be grown on every acre of land in the United States is, in short, the object of this bureau of the government. Within the quarter century of its exploring activities plants and seeds, from trained agricultural hunters, missionaries, interested individuals, have been arriving at Washington at the rate of eight or ten a day. A grand total of some sixty thousand have been tried out in the government's experimental gardens and by amateurs all over the country. These immigrants come from spots, uninhabited by man, places you have never heard of and where white man has never passed.

Of course, not all these immigrants become citizens of our soil. Many, sooner or later, are found to be undesirable citizens, but those which have been passed upon as fit for naturalization are now enriching out treasury to the tune of several millions a year. Certain sections of this country that were once pronounced bar-

ren are now dotted with elevators, packing sheds, livestock pens, and comfortable homes. Wild prairies have become thriving agricultural centers. Wasted lands in California and Arizona are now doling out thousands of pounds of dates that rival in delicacy the harvests of Mesopotamia, the date region of the Persian Gulf.

The once neglected regions of the Great Plains are bonanzas of durum wheat, which is worth approximately fifty million dollars a year. Uncultivated patches of the South have been overmade in a few years by the introduction of that popular plant of the West Indies, the dasheen. The currant vineyard of California and the waving rice fields of Texas are other examples of prosperity that owe their existence to some plant or plants coming from an alien world.

As the plants arrive in this country they are first put through an Ellis Island, where they are examined for communicable diseases, germs or pests. If they have been found free of any of these habits they are sent to one of the government's experimental gardens, where they undergo a series of tests under conditions similar to those of their native habitat. The government's workshops located at Washington, Florida, Maryland, Georgia and California, are said to duplicate the climate and temperature of almost any region of the earth.

If these tests are satisfactory, seeds and cuttings are next planted and in a short time a quantity will be ready for distribution to farmers and nurserymen. As the seeds and plants become more plentiful distribution may take place on a wholesale scale, and almost any person who evinces an interest to try out the plant may secure free samples.

Some of the published inventories of the incoming plants have descriptions and histories that read like a romance of science in serial form. From a paragraph that tells you of Mexico, where an inquiring traveler has discovered a plant, related to one of our common weeds whose seeds once filled the granaries of the Aztecs, you are hurled to the depths of Africa, from where a number of plants now important to American agriculture have been introduced. The next paragraph will introduce you to the wonder garden of the Orient, the China of fruits and nuts and vegetables and flowers. You may bump into a bandit or you may be welcomed into a Chinese home where the teachings of Confucius hold sway, but before you are through you will be marveling at the exotic offspring of New Zealand and Australia, where queer and strange plants contribute their share as providers of wood, food, shade or beauty to their toiling people.

What a fascination have those paragraphs for a person of romantic mind! Beneath their quiet words he can see the agricultural explorer penetrating trails, meeting animals, risking life, and in many cases almost being killed. He can see him marveling at a sudden handiwork of nature or listening to the melodic warmth of unknown aristocrats of the treetops. Here are a few words telling of the discovery of the neem tree from India with wood like mahogany, fruits that yield a medicinal oil, and sap that may be made into cooling drink. The eyes that roam those

words can almost feel the sense of exhilaration, the thrill that explorer feels when he first discovered this horticultural gem of the natives.

Read on! Here is a plant, a veritable pearl of that land of mystery, the Chinese yang-tao, whose flavor is noted for its intermingling of the gooseberry, the strawberry, the pineapple, the guava and the rhubarb. One can almost feel a bite of it mellowing on his tongue. Here is a plant, pulsing with the possibilities of a Christmas tree ornament, the brilliant gourd of the Philippines. The spell-binding Himalayas contribute the giant lilies, the envy of all those who have risked their life and limb to conquer their majestic tops. From the dooryard of a Yucatan home comes a tree, ornamental with leaves and treasured with delicious greens. Saucers! Yes, you have them in flowers that come from Columbia, the indigenous night-blooming cereus with blood-red flowers like saucers.

Must I continue? One can dart from country to country over the world within these few pages, and have a wealth of interesting surprises. Won't you prefer, however, to take a peep into the former homes of some of the plants that are fast becoming popular on our American soil?

There is the mango, one of the really great fruits of the world. You, no doubt, have already seen one or two mangoes decorating the stalls of one or more fruit shops of your city. This prince of fruits hails from India, where it is held in so high esteem that the inhabitants do it honor by holding special, annual ceremonies in its behalf. The great Mogul Akbar, who reigned in the sixteenth century, plantd the famous Lak Bag, an orchard of a hundred thousand mango trees, and some of these still remain alive.

Mangoes have made their invasion, by force and not by will, in some of our southern plantations. On some of the tables on which they have appeared they have been regarded as a fruit fit to tease the palate of the most dainty epicure. Their pungent aromatic odor, ranging from the spicy odor of turpentine to that of a mellow yellow rose, has been distinguished as a cache for conglomerate cupboards.

There are probably more varieties of mangoes than there are of peaches. There are collections of over five hundred species in India. They range in size from a goose's egg to a large cantaloupe. The great mango trees of India are said to reach a height of seventy feet or more and are so loaded down with fruit that over one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of fruit has been sold from a single tree. The prices vary with the variety, ranging from a cent to six cents or more apiece.

The best varieties of mango are free from fibre or string and can be eaten with a spoon as easily as a cantaloupe. Train-loads of these are shipped from the mango growing centers of India and distributed in the densely peopled cities of that great semi-tropical empire.

When mango was first introduced into this country from the West Indies, where they are pretty abundant, an articulate howl was heard in protest of introducing this alien among our crops. It was discovered that the varieties shipped were full of strings and knots and that they would

never take on the market. The West Indies are overgrown with mango trees, some of which even grow wild in the interior. Among these there are good and bad varieties.

The worthless varieties are most common and are usually used to feed the hogs. What makes them worthless is not sourness or lack of meat, but the fibrous strings that make bitting a burden. The strings stick all between your teeth. But among these bad varieties, there are first class specimens that would do justice to any dinner table. I can point out three varieties that have won my unstinted admiration. The natives know them under the names of: "Zabueco," "Calabash," and "Douxdoux." Entirely free from strings, they almost melt in your mouth.

Hundreds of varieties are now thriving in Florida and fancy fruit growers say that the demand is far exceeding the supply. In some cases, extravagant prices ranging all the way from twenty-five to seventy-five cents have been paid for the large, showy, delicious ones.

The date palm ranks as one of the world's oldest cultivated plants. At least 4,000 years ago it was growing on the banks of the Euphrates. This plant and the camel are largely responsible for the populating of the great deserts of Northern Asia and Africa by Arabs. The date palm would grow where the water was alkaline, and the camels were able to take long journeys across the desert to take the dates to the coast to market and sell them for wheat and olives.

This hardy plant of the desert constitutes the main sources of nourishment for millions of Arabs that inhabit those regions. The condition is largely due to the fact that the date palm can be cultivated on land so salty as to prevent the culture of any other paying crop, and it will live in the hottest regions on the face of the globe. But the plant is obliging; it will not refuse to grow in other climes and on other soils, for it is now known that the date palm can stand a touch of frigidity from the north as well as its accustomed intensity of heat from the tropics.

Hundreds of varieties are now growing in the government gardens in California and Arizona. Among these are some which candy on the tree, others which used mainly for cooking, and some which are hard and not sticky. There are early varieties and late-ripening ones, varieties short and long, and every sort can be told by the grooves on its seeds. One of the finest varieties is the Deglet Noor, which will bear from 80 to 132 pounds of fruit a tree.

The date plantations of Arizona and California are newcomers in agriculture which few folks outside the indutsry know about. People still believe that all the dates eaten in this country come from the date fields of Mesopotamia. An American child, picking a ripe date off a date palm, was once something novel, but now it is common occurrence in the date orchards of Mecca and Indio in California. The choicest morsels of this delectable fruit are now beiing shipped to the tune of $275,000 yearly from the fast developing date orchards of these territories.

Of the most important introductions of the government within recent years is that popular plant of Trinidad, known as the dasheen. Any visitor to Trinidad cannot help

meeting this plant somewhere in the course of his travels. He need not venture outside of Port-of-Spain, the chief city of the island, to encounter the dasheen. Just a peep into the city's market, a meeting place for the distribution of all the island's produce from wild quenck to cocoanut, will reward the spectator with sights of little heaps which sell at six cents or six pence a heap. He will see servants buying them niggardly and others making an offer for the whole lot.

For dasheen is one of the staple foods of the people of Trinidad. Go to any country plantation and a patch of dasheen waving beneath the dooryard will be a sure and ready sight. If not, take a peep into the kitchen and you will behold a number of this tuber-like vegetable loitering recklessly underneath the table.

Although dasheen was introduced originally into the United States from the West Indies, it is believed to have come originally from China. This belief obtains partly because the name dasheen appears to be a corruption of the phrase "de la Chine," meaning "from China," and partly because other varieties, very closely allied to it, have been found in Southern China.

Dasheen eats more or less like potatoes, but not exactly so. The flavor is delicately nutty. It is, however, superior to potatoes in point of nourishment, owing to its lower water content. Dasheens properly grown have, when baked or boiled, something of the dryness, mealiness and flavor of the chestnut.

In regions of the South where potato crops have been a failure, the dasheen is taking its place as a valuable starchy vegetable. Although the distribution of improved dasheens began only a few years ago, already more than 2,000 southern farmers are growing them, largely for home use, and last year several carloads were shipped to northern markets.

The Chinese jujube and the South American avocado are two other infants in American agricultural industry. The Chinese jujube, which is renowned because it never fails to fruit, is a product comparable to the date. The best varieties have been brought here and the dried fruit is now well know to confectioners.

The avacado was discovered in a tropical jungle and transplanted to the open fields of California and Florida, where it is covering lands to the extent of one thousand acres. Last year a single grower shipped ten thousand crates to market. The fruit is rich in a butterlike flavor and exceptionally tempting to the palate.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Sanford Exchange.

There should always be a spirit of co-operation and friendship between town and country dwellers. Time was (and not so very long ago) when there was a great gulf fixed between the two, and it was taken for granted that what appeared to be in the interest of one was per see inimicial to the best interest of the other. Although this feeling is not so strong

as it was it still prevails to too great an extent.

So far as fundamental economic principles are concerned, all the people are inter-dependent, and, therefore, what effects the people of the towns and cities affects to a greater or less extent the people of the rural districts. If the producers of cotton, tobacco, truck and fruit do not prosper on account of certain adverse conditions neither will the business men of the towns and cities prosper, that is, they will not permanently prosper. If the business methods of the city and town men work permanently against the men of the rural districts, those business methods will in the end rebound to the hurt of the cities and towns, because the fountain head is the all important part of the stream and must be fed to give a healthy flow. But the only way in which a fountain head of a stream can get a healthy outlet is through good conditions for its pasage to the sea. In other words, if there is to be permanent prosperity in a community, county or state there must be co-operation between town and country.

Let there be co-operation between town and country, and the best starting point would be in the maintenance of good roads and schools, such as we have in this county and state. Town and country dwellers are benefited alike by good roads and good schools, and in accordance with the fixed laws of trade all the resultant good effects of agricultural and business prosperity, both of which are promoted by good roads and good schools.—Sanford Express.

The man who sells half a yard of cloth and charges for a full yard, will lose his customers, no matter how beautifully he may illuminate and decorate his show window.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

The boys were all glad to see watermelons planted last week. They are all looking forward to the big feasts on the lawn this summer.

§ § § §

Mrs. M. W. Fetzer has returned to the institution, after a short vacation. Mrs. Fetzer has been visiting in Baltimore, Md.

§ § § §

Not many boys' people came last Wednesday, as it looked so much like rain. The boys visited were: Obed McClain, Millard Simpson, Brevard McClendon, and Paul Funderburk.

§ § § §

Claiborne Gilbert, who was paroled last week, has already sent the boys of the eighth cottage, of which he was a member of, some records and the boys are enjoying them very much.

§ § § §

A tight game was played here last Saturday, when the Training School played the Flowe's Store team. The boys played hard throughout the whole game, scoring 2 runs in the first inning. Mr. Russell pitched a

fine game allowing only 3 hits, scoring 1 run in the eight inning. This was the second game of the season and the second victory, by a score of 2 to 1.

§ § § §

New steps to the bedroom in the first and second cottages were built last week. The boys are not so afraid of sticking splinters in their feet, when they are bare footed, as they were on the old steps.

§ § § §

Pressly Mills, who was formerly a boy at the Training School, paid us a visit last week. Mills worked in the Printing Department while a boy here and made a fine record, he is now working and going to school.

§ § § §

The boys were all glad to get to go back to Sunday School last Sunday, and study the lesson. It don't seem like Sunday at the Training School if we don't have it, and so the boys are taking up their lessons with great interest.

§ § § §

The boys all enjoyed a big chicken dinner last Sunday. Seven chickens were sent to each cottage and they had about all they could eat. The chickens are getting along fine this year and the boys are looking forward to another big dinner.

§ § § §

Mr. D. F. Hilton, who formerly had charge of the Bakery, paid us a visit last Sunday. Mr. Hilton was an officer in the fifth cottage and the boys were all glad to see him.

* * * * *

Dubb Ellis, a member of the third cottage, was given permission to go home on a short visit last Saturday.

§ § § §

The boys of the Cone Literary Society had an interesting debate last Monday night. The boys to take part in the program were Ervin Cole, Norman Iddings, Charles Hutchins, Scaton Trull, James Long, Robert Ferguson and Paul Funderburk.

§ § § §

Charles Maynard sang at the Lutheran Church in Mooresville, last Sunday night, and was heard by a crowded house. Maynard sang several selections and the people were so well pleased with it, that they sent for him to sing at the Presbyterian Church, he was also heard by a large crowd there.

There is safety in silence. The fish that keeps its mouth shut doesn't get the hook.

Cp364

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 7, 1924 No. 29

HOW IT OFTEN APPEARS.

It has been said if you want to know how many friends you have, let misfortune come into your life, either in the form of sickness, failure in business, or death. Surely there will appear many flowers, accompanied by a note of condolence.

The test of real friendship is really exemplified when you begin to grow prosperous or happen to be recognized as being successful. As you start to climb the ladder of success, just look back at the crowd and compare the few unselfish well-wishers with the half-hearted boosters who stand afar off, not indifferent altogether, for there is often a smothered hope lodged therein that success does not finally crown your efforts.

Human nature is, after all, a funny thing; no study is more interesting or perplexing.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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ANOTHER ADMIRABLE APPOINTMENT.

Gov. Morrison, on Monday, appointed Judge Hoke to the high office of Chief Justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court—or rather promoted him from Associate Justice to Chief Justice, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the lamented Clark. This is in keeping with the wisdom that Gov. Morrison has shown in the various appointments that have been his responsibility.

Chief Justice Hoke is a native of Lincoln county, was for years a Superior Court Judge, and was later elevated to the Supreme bench. An able man, devoted to duty, conscientious in all matters, and a charming gentleman is Chief Justice Hoke. It is not given to a layman to take the measure of a lawyer, but lawyers that know say that Judge Hoke is one of the ablest lawyers that ever graced the Supreme bench.

This appointment makes a prediction of the late Gen. Robert F. Hoke come literally true. Gen. Hoke prophesied that Judge Hoke would some day be Chief Justice. We used to gather on the porch at Lincoln Lithia Springs and listen to the great soldier and the great lawyer (they were devoted cousins) discuss matters in general. When law or any legal matter came up the old general sat pretty steady in the boat and was an eloquent listener; but when Judge Hoke began to discuss farming, the General grew somewhat restless, and occasionally took modest issue with the Judge. We are a great admirer of the charming gentleman, who now graces the high office of Chief Justice and disclaim any purpose of contempt of court, but on one occasion General Hoke simply remarked, "He's a great lawyer and a just judge; but I don't follow his opinions on farming—why, cousin Alex owns a big farm

with lots of meadows, but I have known him to buy hay for his only driving horse.''

* * * * * * *

OH, HOW THIN THE LINE!

The boys who wore the gray are passing, passing fast. Just the other day we buried one of the brave men, who followed Lee and Jackson to his last earthly resting place. He had made his last march.

This week his friends and the few surviving members of the Confederate soldiers in our midst, followed the remains of Capt. H. B. Parks to his grave. These frequent deaths among us of the men, who stood up in the trials through which the South went in 1861-'65, bring to us who have an intimate, first-hand knowledge of that stormy period, a supreme sadness.

Captain Parks was a gentleman; he attended to his own business; he was a good citizen; he was a highly respected citizen; he was the leader in the county of the Confederate band, and the old boys loved him, as did others who knew him. He lived on the farm until age and infirmities made farming too difficult, and he moved to town, where he has led a peaceful and orderly life for some years.

Game? Why, so far as the records now reveal, he is the only Conferderate soldier in all this section game enough to drive an automobiile and did it regularly. Not many days ago ths old Confederate was negotiating his gasolene steed through the crowded main street, on Saturday afternoon, the equal of any driver. It was a real machine with power and action.

This pleasant gentleman, who has left an interesting family of worthy children to honor his name, will be missed from our midst. He has gone and is now with the majority of his comrades, awaiting the arrival of the balance, in their alloted time.

* * * * * * *

SENATOR SIMMONS.

More and more the great public comes to understand the power of the leadership of Senator F. M. Simmons, of North Carolina, in the United States congress. This is not the first time in that great body of the representatives of the people that he has shown superb leadership.

Early in this session it was announced that the administration was backing a measure suggested by Secretary Mellon of the U. S. Treasury, bearing on taxes. It would seem that with a congress of his own partty that Mr.

Mellon's measure would have had clear sailing, or at least become a law in due course of time. Senator Simmons, however, did not think well of it, and began to analyze it and to formulate a measure that he believed would be more equitable.

The contest was on. Day after day it became more evident that the Mellon measure was losing ground and that Senator Simmons' views would be written into the measure. All manner of suggestion that the President would have nothing other than the Mellon measure, and that anything short of it would bring a veto. It had no effect. The great leader, with those who shared his views, pressed forward and the other day the tax measure carrying the views of the North Carolina Senator became a law when President Cioolidge affixed his signature.

Senator Simmons, in a national way, long since put North Carolina on the map; and in a legislative manner he is still at that deightful business.

* * * * * * *

THE CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT.

The Senate of the United States has passed the Child Labor Amendment which, of course, must go before the legislatures of the states for adoption or else become null and void.

Senator Lee S. Overman, opposing the passage of the measure, in a speech of considerable power and with great eloquence, concluded his address as follows:

"We are daily urged to support laws for the centralization of power in Washington. For drastic laws, restriction of the hours and wages, interference with sacred rights of our people, minimum wage bills, the admnistration and control of education, birth control, assistance of mothers in child birth, the censorship of the press, moving pictures, control of hunting and fishing, the reguiation of our business, and the Lord only knows what else all of which should be left to the States.

"There has been woeful misrepresentation about labor conditions about the mills of my State. The distinguished and able senator from Missouri, Mr. Reed, was invited to speak in my State several years ago and he told the Judiciary Committee he was amazed at the splendid conditions he found there; houses equipped with electric lights and bath rooms, splendid school buildings, beautiful churches, swimming pools, gymnasium halls, Young Men's Christian Associations reading rooms, play grounds and other athletic fields, etc. The great manufacturers realize that it pays to look after the care and comfort of their employees. Let us stand by the old ship which has carried us safely thus far and not embark in an un-

tried vessel and sail upon unknown waters and dangerous seas."

* * * * * * *

THE CIVIC ORGANIZATION.

Raleigh on Wednesday was full of Lions—not the kind that infest the jungles—but the peaceable kind, that seek to better conditions. The Raleigh papers gave considerable space to the representative Lions from all over North Carolina, who had met in the capitol city in their annual gathering.

We are reminded of the great community worth of these civic organizations to the communities that rejoice in the possession of one or the other or several of them by the visible and tangible results in evidence in Concord by the existence and activities of the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs. Concord may have a few lions that go about roaring etc., but there is no organization of the Lions that do constructive and worthwhile business.

Any community that can bring into existence one of these many civic clubs is fortunate, for it brings about a fine fellowship that is needed in every town and city. It is a fine way, when the club is running in high gear and functioning well, to put flat tires pretty quickly on those who are proned to move, and act, and think along purely selfish lines. More of these Civic Clubs in the state will prove a blessing.

* * * * * * *

MORE PRACTICE.

Dean Henderson of the University of Michigan, who delivered the annual literary address at the commencement of the North Carolina College for Women, at Greensboro this week, left a fine practical impression on his cultural audience in that he spoke forcibly with present conditions in mind. He took occasion to say, among other things that are worth dwelling on, this striking utterance:

> "Educators everywhere, he said, were attempting to determine just what the term education means. There is conflict, too, within the church between Modernists and Fundamentalists, he asserted, and added that the questions could never be settled one way or the other in all minds. What the world needs, he declared, is more of the practice of religion and less of the theory.

* * * * * * *

MERIT RECOGNIZED.

It is publicly talked that Mr. Gerald W. Johnson, one of the brilliant writers on the Greensboro News, is to be called to the Chair of Journalism at the University of North Carolina. Mr. Johnson is a very scholarly gentle-

man; an engaging writer; and no man of his age has ever impressed the general public more favorably as a born editor. If the connection is made, it will prove a most fortunate addition to the already brilliant faculty at the University. Nobody will be surprised to know that young Johnson is a son of the blockade preacher, Archibald Johnson, of Charity and Children at Thomasville—just a chip off the old block.

* * * * * * *

WHO IS YOUR BOSS?

"I work for someone else," he said;
"I have no chance to get ahead.
At night I have to leave the job behind;
At morn I face the same old grind.
And everything I do by day
Just brings to me the same old pay.
While I am here I cannot see
The semblance of a chance for me."

I asked another how he viewed
The occupation he pursued.
"It's dull and dreary toil," said he,
"And brings but small reward to me.
My boss gets all tthe profits fine
That I believe are rightfully mine.
My life's monotonously grim
Because I'm forced to work for him."

I stopped a third young man to ask
His attitude toward his task.
A cheerful smile lit up his face:
"I shant be always in this place,"
He said "because some distant day
A better job will come my way."
"Your boss?" I asked, and answered he;
"I'm going to make him notice me.

"He pays me wages and in turn
That money I am here to earn,
But I don't work for him alone;
Allegiance to myself I own.
I do not do my best because
It gets me favors or applause—
I work for him, but I can see
That actually I work for me.

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph.

In the "good old summer time" Uncle Sam's standing army is always greatly augmented by the women, figuratively speaking. Don't they "bare" arms in the summer?

* * * * *

A drug store advertised, "We carry a complete line of rubber goods." They even had "rubber necks." The persons hunting for the rubber goods.

* * * * *

Anybody can do what is to be done. But he who does what "they say" can't be done is the jewel of great price.

* * * * *

A North Carolina editor is of the opinion that about the only people who read the several investigations going on at Washington are the printers who set up the junk, and the proof-readers, poor things!

* * * *

The great, glorious and progressive state of North Carolina, from the tallest peaks of the mountains in Murphy county, that slice the clouds into sandwiches for sunshine fillings, down to the tiniest waves that sport and dance on the shores of the eastern coast of the commonwealth, pulsate and throb with individual experiences and achievements, and many unwritten incidents that would make thrilling history for a grand state, that is moving in the forefront along all lines, and carrying the banner of achievements to the head of the procession of the Union of States. Let's pay more attention to gathering up our state history.

* * * *

Does faith in human nature—human kindness—pay? 300 per cent. says Frank A. Furst, of Baltimore, who is the "first" man to invest $1,000 to prove it. "Match a dollar," said Furst, and mailed out 1,000 crisp bills to 1,000 persons, picked at random, asking that the bills be returned to him with a contribution for the Fresh Air, Milk and Ice Fund. More than 800 answers have been received, vindicating Furst's belief. Each reply brought back the original dollar bill, accompanied by a contribution. Sums ranging from $3 to $100 have been received. It has been said that if a man's faith is strong enough it will "remove mountains"—mountains of doubt, fear, and all other ills that afflict the chidren of men.

* * * *

I was reading the other day that the close hats women have to wear with bobbed hair, because they can't use hat pns, is tending to make them bald, so I guess we're in for a generation of bald-headed women. Somehow I don't look forward to it. Pretty hair, all waved and coiled, with pretty combs and ornament in it; or a single rose over one ear, add so much to anyone's looks. I hear that when a young man wants to take his best girl a present nowadays, he gives her a nice box of gold-tipped cigarettes instead of chocolates, while she presents him with a box of bonbons. I wonder how long it will be before the men will stay in the house and play with the babies, while their wives run the tractors, kill the pigs, and carry the truck to town. That seems to be the way we are heading. And the wife will give the orders,

and if the husband ventures to rebel the least bit, and asks if she thinks she rules the universe, she'll snap, "No, only the first letter of it," and he'll subside.

* * * * *

"He drew a circle that shut me out,
Heretic, traitor, a thing to flout;
But love and I had the wit to win,
We drew a circle that took him in."

* * * * *

Take the whole wide world of human relationships into your own circle. Swear off on all grudges, not primarily because you are afraid of some future fire of brimstone and damnation, but because you cannot afford them. They cost too much in money, health and happiness. They are a luxury that only the very strong and wealthy can afford. Include in your circle of good will your business rival across the street. Pitch the whole game of business up to the level of real sport, and play the game in that spirit. Whatever your losses may be under this rule, you will not lose your own self respect, not the good will of your rival. Take your own employee into your circle. Make him one of the family, and you will be suprised to find that he is a human being very much like yourself. Then go down the line, or up the line, as the case may be, to the telephone girl who answers your phone for you; to the garbage man who carries off your tin cans. In short, carry the Christian spirit into every day in the year, and into all your human relationships, and the first thing you know, you will have set the bells ringing in your heart that will chime throughout your whole life.

* * * * *

A chewing gum manufacturer is calling upon the public, through the magazines, to let his gum guard your mouth. "It will combat trouble of various kinds," he says. Now if some one will invent a chewing gum that will guard the mouths of so many young men, in the present day, from which issue all sorts of vulgarity, vile epithets, and that take the name of God in vain in almost every breath, it will be a God-send to humanity, and a savior to the person given to such disreputable habits among polite and sensitive souls. It would no doubt be better if more people would chew gum, instead of "chewing the rag" so much; but by all means give us a gum that will guard the mouth from impurity of speech. That's the kind to chew.

Granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, or intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister. These momentary chances we covet; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us. And so society can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves.—John Ruskin.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE CONVENTION.

By Abba G. Friske, of Concord, N. H., a delegate to the recent King's Daughters' Convention in Charleston, S. C. A northern impression.

While our Council members were enjoying their feast of reason—and another kind of feast—at their meeting on Tuesday, the rest of us spent the day in getting acquainted with beautiful Charleston. That it is beautiful as well as interesting we all agree. Its charm grew upon us the longer we remained there. Its very atmosphere is different; there is little of the hurry and bustle of some of our northern cities, and everybody, from the courteous clerk in the hotel to the porter at the station, who "Sure never seen so many women in all his life before," made us feel we were welcome as their guests.

The weather was much like our New England June; peach trees and shrubs were in bloom, mocking birds with their rollicking song and the Kentucky Cardinal with his brilliant plumage were a constant delight and the air was soft and lovely with the perfume of flowers.

Charleston, as you remember, is our second oldest city and owes its origin to a party of colonists sent over from England in 1670, this grant of land having been given them by King Charles II, for whom the city is named. It has many handsome buildings, a museum which is older than the nation itself, having been founded in 1777, and several historic old churches dating back to 1752. A very tall granite monument in memory of Carolina's greatest statesman, John C. Calhoun, stands in Marion Square, opposite our hotel, while his grave is in the old Cemetery of St. Philip's Church. Charleston has reason to be proud of its Battery; from it one looks out on Fort Sumter where was fired the first shot of the War Between the States, and upon Fort Moultrie which figured in the Revolutionary War. Its harbor is deep enough to float the entire fleet of the navy, with a deep channel leading out to the ocean. The Cooper and Ashley rivers bound the city on the east and west and join off the Battery, forming the harbor. We were told that its military academy ranks second to West Point.

Naturally we were interested to see the old slave market and the old powder magazine which dates back to colonial days. In recent years the Colonial Dames have purchased the latter and in it are gathered many valued colonial relics.

When the invitation was given to hold our next Biennial Convention in Charleston, one of the great attractions offered for our consideration was a visit to the world famous Magnolia Gardens. All the week we had been eagerly looking forward to the promised visit. The last day of our stay in Charleston proved an ideal one for our ride of fifteen miles into the country. Our hostesses generously provided transportation and tickets of admission to the grounds, and we spent several hours of rare delight in the garden only to find that the half had not been told of one of

the most beautiful spots in the world, whose peculiar features can be found nowhere else. The natural forest of magnolias and of live oaks, hung as they all seem to be with long streamers of grey moss, has wisely been allowed to remain, and under and among them are walks bordered by azaleas 20 and 30 feet high—a perfect riot of color and glory. Foreign trees and rare plants have been set out. A pond with a rustic bridge adds to the picturesquesness of it all, and the mocking birds were filling the air with their song and the cardinal a flaming bit of color among the trees.

The revenue which the owner of the garden receives in the year, goes towards the upkeep of the place. The house was occupied, but of course no tourists were allowed to enter. Negro women act as guides about the grounds, as it would be very easy for one to get lost in the maze of walks.

I wish I could picture to you the colored woman who served as our guide She was very old and dressed in the most extraordinary collection of garments, rivalling Joseph's coat of many colors.

As she shuffled along in a pair of men's boots, much too large for her, she rolled her big black eyes hither and yon to see that no one broke any of the commandments, and mumbled on in a language utterly unintelligible to me. We did not covet our neighbor's house or his land or his maid servant, but we did covet just one bright, beautiful spray of azalea which bloomed above us and on every side of us and would never be missed among such a wealth of bloom, but that rolling eye was upon us and we walked circumspectly by, hands behind us and feasted our eyes on the gorgeous sight which no word or pen can describe. On the way home our sympathetic and kindly hostess insisted upon getting out and picking for us the wild azalea and lovely yellow jasmine, which grew profusely beside the road. So we came back after all with our hands laden with blossoms.

You have heard something of the inspiring sessions of the convention and will wonder perhaps how we ever survived so many—almost a week of meetings—interesting and helpful as they were.

In making out the program it had been wisely arranged that there should be some time saved for rest and recreation, and our hostess provided several very enjoyable social events for our pleasure.

It was pleasant to meet the Charleston ladies and to renew acquaintance with many whom we had met at other of the International Conventions. We were women from seventeen states, representing the four points of the compass and as many dialects.

One afternoon we were invited by the City Union to a reception held at The King's Daughters Day Nursery. A beautiful old colonial house, the former residence of one of the governors of South Carolina which came into the possession of The King's Daughters of Charleston and in which they are caring for a large number of little children. The graceful and unique winding staircase and the exquisite carving all over the house, indicate what it must have been in

the days when it was one of the show places of the City, in which many celebrated people have been entertained. Delectable lunch was served by a bevy of charming young ladies, assisted by some of the little Juniors. From there we were taken to the Chapter House of the United Daughters of the Confederacy who gave a reception in our honor. Their hall is full of war relics, old battle flags of the Confederacy, guns, pistols, swords, the pen and blotter used in signing South Carolina's Secession from the Union, also the original proclamation of Secession, as well as numberless other things collected from the battle fields or loaned by friends. Miss Martha Washington, President of the U. D. C., graciously welcomed the guests and more delicious punch and cake were served.

On still another occasion the Daughters of the American Revolution arranged a reception in honor of our International President, Mrs. Reed, who is State Regent of West Virginia. As you have heard, Mrs. Reed was unable to be with us, but the reception was largely attended and was very enjoyable. Some of the more adventuresome among us visited a very gloomy and forbidding dungeon, which was reached through the cellar of the house. Punch—more of the same kind—cakes too—was served from a huge silver punch bowl belonging to a silver service of the battleship South Carolina. The rest of the service is kept behind glass doors and was shown us.

On one memorable evening we were given what to us, was a most unique entertainment, "A Glimpse of the Old South." Mrs. Heyward of Charleston charmed a large audience of delegates and friends with her dialect readings of the old Southern darkey. Most, if not all of the stories, were true sayings of her old colored mammy who lived in their family for years and was devoted to them. We almost had hysterics, we laughed so.

At the close of Mrs. Heyward's part of the program, the members of the Society for the Preservation of the Negro Spirituals sang a number of old negro melodies. As most of the singers had been raised (as they say in the South) on plantations where they had seen and heard the negroes sing these spirituals, they imitated them perfectly. The leader of the society explained that its object is to preserve these old spirituals which are rapidly being lost, because forgotten by the negroes themselves. In these days they are singing the Moody and Sankey hymns. These old spirituals have never been set to music and the society is to be commended for its efforts to preserve them.

Those of us who have been at Charleston will always cherish the happy memory of the delightful days spent in that beautiful city and of the charming hospitality shown us, and will, we trust, be better women because of the fellowship and inspiration of the sessions of the convention.

Anybody can turn over a new leaf, but it takes backbone to keep it down after it is turned.

ONE-TEACHER SCHOOLS ABOLISHED IN GUILFORD.

(Greensboro News.)

The county board of education has signed the death warrant of one-teacher schools in Guilford county.

The board has officially adopted the policy of not conducting any more one-teacher schools in Guilford and has gone a step further and announced its definite intention not to conduct any two-teacher schools if arrangements can be made to get along without them.

There were during the year just closed 34 one-teacher schools in Guilford of which 20 were white and 14 were negro. The policy of the board means that not any of these schools will be in operation when the school sessions start next fall. Pupils at all these schools will be cared for in larger schools, with consequently better facilities and teachers.

Coincident with the decision to end one-teacher schools, the board has adopted a further plan in its platform of not having any teachers in the county who do not have state certificates. The policy is expected to raise materially the average of instruction throughout Guilford.

Of the two-teacher schools 44 were in operation this past year. The board would like to start off next fall without a single one of these in operation, but it is finding it impossible to make the whole step at one stride.

In the case of both the one-teacher and the two-teacher schools the new buildings in many parts of the county and the plans of consolidation are handling the situation. The county for the past two years has been witnessing the greatest school building era it has ever known.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Mrs. George L. Robbins.

Close to nature and nature's God,
Out in the garden where flowerrs nod;
Under the balmy sunshine rays,
Spending the happy summer days.

Down in the meadow stretching wide,
Where the sunbeams play and the daisies hide;
With the green grass waving about your feet,
And the robins singing with voices sweet.

Far from the noise of the city street,
Near the perfume of the flowers sweet;
Resting at home at the close of day,
Where love is golden and children play.

AN EDUCATIONAL NEED.

By Mrs. Palmer Jerman.

There is now pending in the Congress of the United States an educational bill that should be of great interest to women who are concerned that educational opportunities for all children shall be enlarged. We know that the rural child does not have equal school terms or facilities with the town child; we know that our problem of illiteracy is nation-wide and of such proportions as to form a menace to our American institutions. The bill introduced last year was reintroduced this year by Senator Thomas Sterling in the Senate, and by Representative Alden Reed in the House of Representatives, and hence changes its name to Sterling-Reed Educational bill.

This bill provides: First for a Department of Education under a secretary in the Cabinet of the President. Surely the educational development of the country is of sufficient importance to rank with agriculture and labor. Second, that the Federal Government shall render financial aid to the educational work of states wishing to avail themselves of its assistance. Third, and to those of us who hold dear the principle of States' Rights, most important, the states shall have perserved to them the absolute authority to control, administer, and supervise their own schools.

The bill further provides for a national council composed of all state superintendents of education and 25 other educators, and 25 citizens, not educators, to consult and advise with the Secretary of Education on the promotion and development of education in the United States. Thus it seems that this bill has been most carefully prepared to provide for the greatest good and to safeguard every contingency that might arise. It has the endorsement of the following national organizations: The General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National League of Women Voters, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations, the National Council of Jewish Women, the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Women's Relief Corps, Order of the Eastern Star, the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, the National Women's Trade Union League, the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, the American Association of University Women, the National Council of Women, and the American Federation of Labor.

Not lightly or unadvisedly have groups like the above loaned their influence to the passage of such a bill. We cannot build a great citizenship with one-fourth of our population illiterate.

The state departments of health, agriculture, and vocational training receive federal aid. Why not make it possible for the department of education as well?

Motive power must be added to ideas to make them worth while.

THE WEAK SPOT.

By James Sharpe Eldredge.

Lieut. George Oakley, one of the test pilots of the Air Service Engineering Section at McClark Field, smiled expectantly as he "taxied" the trim little aeroplane out from the lane of hangars. As he headed the ship into the wind at the end of the field and glanced carefully about to assure himself that all was clear before taking off, he was still smiling.

The reason for the smile was the aeroplane, it was trim and new from the "streamlined" tail to the aggressive nose that housed the sweetly ticking three hundred horsepower motor. The craft was a monoplane, and its single tick wing, instead of having the conventional linen that covers the wings of most aeroplanes, was covered with a thin veneer of maple, the sheets of which were cunningly lapped and secured with tiny nails. The smooth, polished surface of the wing dazzlingly reflected the morning sun. The little plane was a pretty sight, and its lines of speed were calculated to make any pilot want to fly it.

Oakley had been testing new designs of aeroplanes for some time, but this machine, which was known officially as the D-10 pursuit type, was by far the trimmest and speediest looking plane that he had had the good fortune to fly. He hovered round it almost continually since its arrival at the field three weeks before, and now after a succession of exhaustive strength tests on the D-10's engine, as well as a succession of careful preliminary flights, the design had been pronounced "airworthy," and the little plane was assigned to him to be put through its paces. "See what she'll do and find out what is wrong," had been his instructions when Oakley had reported at the flying section that morning.

Oakley adjusted the strays of his parachute to a more comfortable position. He opened the throttle, and the machine jumped liked a startled deer. Almost before the motor had settled to its full-throated drone the wheels were off the ground. Oakley did not "climb" the plain immediately, but let it skim across the field three feet above the grass tops.

His aviator's sense told him that the machine was all right. Instead of "climbing" the D-10 gently and feeling it out, according to the usual practice of the test pilots when flying new machines Oakley suddenly pressed the stick back. At the same time his toe eased the rudder gently to the left. He felt a thrill of power as without preceptible effort the aeroplane soared up in a steep "chandelle" to the left. When the pilot straightened out from the turn the roofs of the hangars were five hundred feet below.

From that time until he reached five thousand feet and ceased to climb, his progress upward was a succession of bewildering swallow-like turns. He would fly level until the needle of the speed indicator flickered round the hundred-and-fifty-mile mark; then he would send the plane surging upward at an angle of forty-five degrees. Every climbing turn brought him from seven to eight hundred addition-

al feet of altitude.

Oakley grinned during the climb. He was finding the D-10, in Air Service parlance, "a sweet, sweet ship." Then too the air was calm, and the morning was cool; it was one of those times when work is plenty of fun.

From a mile above the city Oakley took a morning survey of Dayton, a pulsating hive of industry half obscured by the smoke from its factories. Then he headed back to a position above the flying field, so as to be within convenient gliding distance if the motor should fail, and started to give the observers on the ground "something to look at."

For a time he contented himself with making swift turns. He found that the predictions of the designers had been correct. The ship could turn in a remarkably short space, literally on its tail.

It banked to the perpendicular in a second and whirled like a merry-go-around; the centifrugal force of the turn held the pilot in his seat. Immelmann turns to the left and right followed, and then a dozen loops, swift, tight vertical circles with the machine under perfect control.

"She loops her-self!" thought Oakley delightedly.

It seemed too good to be true. The plane was flying perfectly, but in Oakley's mind a question began to form. There must be a weak spot somewhere, for new designs always reveal defects when handled roughly in the air. Now where was the weak spot in this plane? It was his business to find out.

But, though he tried every manoeuvre and repeated many of them at varying speeds, the ship performed efficiently and consistently. The remarks that he scratched on the pad strapped to his knee were generally the same; 'good' or 'excellent.' The machine came out of a three-thousand-foot "tailspin" at the first touch of the controls. It dove like a plummet, better almost than the best diving planes ever built. Oakley liked to "barrel-roll." That was his specialty, and he could pull an aeroplane through one of the horizontal spirals faster and with less strain on the machine than the majority of pilots. The D-10 fulfilled his fondest expectations; she flipped around without effort.

After dozen rolls Oakley decided to make a turn and a half in the next roll and come out in the opposite direction. That would require more than usual speed, and he dove the plane steeply.

Some people call it a hunch; some say it is luck but it was the aviator's sixth sense, the sharpening of all the nerves and sense in his body, that caused Oakley suddenly to change his mind and pull the machine out of the dive. He throttled the motor and, loosening his safety belt, partly stood up and looked the machine over carefully. He found nothing wrong. Settling back in the snug little cockpit, he continued to fly level for a time and speculated for a while on what could be the cause of his sudden apprehension. He could think of nothing to explain it. The motor was droning with a roar as steady and seemingly as enduring as the Niagra Falls. Oakley laughed at his fears and dove the plane again. He felt the motor running wide open and ducked behind the windshield to avoid the

blast of air.

After ten seconds he drew the control stick steadily back into the right corner of the cockpit and at the time thrust the rudder bar the entire distance to the right. The plane reared with a suddenness that jerked him back in his seat and spun. in a horizontal direction almost on its own axis. It made one complete revolution and started on a second before the pilot reversed the controls to bring it out. The plane responded to the change and stopped rotating when it was on its back. Then it dove with the motor roaring and in response to the stick, which he held straight back, made a half loop and came out in an almost vertical "Zoom."

Then Oakley felt his "hunch" again, and he glanced quickly over the smooth surfaces of the wings. His face whitened beneath its tan Coming from a spot near the tip of the wing was a stream of whitish bits like playing cards. Even as he looked some of the white bits increased in size, and the ship began to travel slightly to the left.

Oakley throttled the motor and banked to head for the field. When he tried to level the plane from the bank it did not respond. Something white and like a crumpled newspaper shot back from the tip of the wing, and then Oakley realized what was the matter. Possibly owing to the strain of the manoeuvre just completed a single strip of maple veneer had loosened and had allowed the air to enter the interior of the wing. A stream of air coming at more than a hundred and fifty miles an hour can do much damage, and half of the upper covering of the left wing had been ripped away in ten seconds!

The field was still three thousand feet below. Oakley was doubtful about landing with an aeroplane only partly under control, but he had no choice. He hoped that enough of the wing covering would stay on to enable him to reach the ground. If it didn't—

And it did not. The plane give a peculiar drunken reel, the forerunner of a "tailspin." Even the thrust of the motor, which Oakley opened failed to check it. A single hasty glance as he unstrapped his safety belt told him that the ship, if it traveled vertically downward would strike on the outskirts of Dayton or might possibly hit the flying field this reducing the danger of injuring people or property. There was a slight tug at his back as the pilot stood up, but he did not heed it. Without hesitation he drove like a giant frog over the side.

Even as he fell Oakley grabbed for the rip cord of his parachute. He did not find it. The four-inch ring which should have been tied to his left shoulder strap, was gone. And he was traveling like a bullet toward the earth, three thousand feet away when he started, but already too close to be comfortable.

Then his fingers touched the flexible tube that encased the rip cord; it was hanging far down his back and had been torn loose as he scrambled out of the stricken plane. Oakley threatened to turn himself inside out in his efforts to reach that rip cord, but with uncanny perverseness it eluded him. He was on the point of giving up when destiny took a hand.

He turned over again. Something hit his head. Faster than any drowning man ever grabbed for a lifeline Oakley seized his head with the fingers of both hands widespread and the little finger of his left hand caught and managed to hold the smooth iron ring. He clenched his hand convulsively and jerked the ring. A handful of hair came with it, but Oakley did not mind.

An eternally long second passed before he was snapped like a puppet on the end of a long string and found himself gyrating violently below the placid white field of the parachute. That taut circle was the most supremely beautiful thing in Oakley's world at that partcular moment.

He noticed that he was still grasping the rip cord. He cast it from him. "I don't need you now" he said.

Oddly enough the ground was still a good distance away. Oakley was just a trifle disappointed it seemed as if he had droped for miles.

Faintly he heard a crash and noticed a cloud of dust at the edge of the flying field near the river. Pigmy figures were running toward it. He watched it with interest as he drifted calmly downward.

A glance at the group a hundred feet below made him realize that he must do somethting and do it quick. The fitful surface wind was drifting him steadily toward a row of hangars and between him and the hangars ran the high tension electric line that supplied the field with power! As Oakley afterward said, he "was aimed right at it!"

He was not high enough to sideslip the chute; so his fingers busied themselves with the clasps of the harness. He preferred to take a thirty-foot drop to being electrocuted. He had not completed his task and freed himself from the chute before the deadly wires were less than ten feet away. Reaching as far up as he could, he grabbed the shroud lines of the parachute in both hands and jerked his knees up into his stomach. He winced in anticipation.

The black wires passed within six inches of his heels! The sigh of relief that he would have uttered was jolted rudely out of him as he hit the slope of the hangar roof with a crash.

But he was not done yet. A gust of wind caught the chute, which billowed out and pulled him across the wide and, incidentally, graveled expase of the roof let him fall, tangled in the shroud lines, over the edge.

Oakley shut his eyes. He hit something that yielded, then he stopped with a solid, substantial jolt.

When he opened his eyes he discovered that he was sitting in the rear seat of an automobile that had been parked in the shade of the hangar. In the top of the car was a large rent through which the ropes of the parachute ran. Further investigation disclosed the fact that the car belonged to the chief of the Flying Section.

A sense of humor is a wonderful thing; although jarred and scratched, Oakley was still able to grin. With due regard for parts of his anatomy that had lost some of their covering in the journey across the roof, Oakley climbed into the front seat and pressed the starter.

At the river the chief yelled in joyful recognition as his subaltern drove up apparently from nowhere and brought his car to a stop. Oakley did not bother to alight. He merely saluted languidly from his position behind the wheel. "I found the weak spot in that machine," he said.

"Get in and I'll tell you about it on the way to dinner."

If you are satisfied to be a nobody, all you have to do is to take the easiest route in sight. But if you want to be somebody, make up your mind at the start that you will have to tunnel your way through hills and mountains of difficulties. There is no easy route to a worthy ambition. It can't be reached in a rolling chair.—Success Magazine.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CHILDHOOD.

By Rev. Charles William Heathcote, Ph. D.

The play spirit of childhood days continues into this epoch, but with a modification of intensity and specialization. Boys and girls of this age have a super-abundance of phyiscal life and energy. They are fond of sports and games. In their engagement they need little encouragement, because their interest is spontaneous. However, they need directing and guidance so that their play will conform to the laws of nature and prove helpful in strengthening their muscles and developing those powers of accuracy. judgment, and perception which play such vital parts in later life.

The adolescent youth in his games displays remarkable powers of physical endurance and strength. He delights in these games in which strength, skill, prowess, and ability excel. Girls, too, should be encouraged to enter into games which help develop their powers of body and mind systematically and symmetrically.

This interest and participation in games should be continued by both sexes all through life. It would be well for every man if he would preserve some hobby, such as tennis, from the plays of his adolescent life, and keep on with the game. It would prove a help to him in every way.

Anger.

One of the instincts which is pronounced in childhood and in adolescence is anger. It is one of those traits which have been inherited from early, primitive man and which appear anew in each individual of the race. It manifests itself particularly in the fighting proclivities of boys between the ages of ten and thirteen years. It is also common to girls during this period. As experience widens in life, anger arises from different causes. Temper and anger which arise in later adolescence and earlier manhood and womanhood come from such causes as jealousy, misunderstanding, sarcasm, selfishness, etc.

However, there is a place for righteous indignation, and outbursts of temper and passion must be directed and controlled in the right manner. The prevalence of wickedness, sin, corrup-

tion, and vice in the world are sufficient to arouse righteous indignation. We applaud the efforts of reformer, teacher, and worker in striving to overcome them.

Sympathy

This sentiment becomes very real during this age. Even at its best, youth has only a limited experience with life, yet it manifests this trait to a marked degree. The tenderness of a youth about fourteen to sixteen or seventeen years shows itself in various ways. This instinct should be broadened and developed so that it will touch the varied forms of life and be manifested in higher ideals of benevolence, love, unselfishness, kindness, and altruism.

It is a time, perhaps, when a mother may have to work hard for her son, and he wishes to get to work to help his mother; or perhaps he sees the need of a library in his home town and he wishes to be a millionaire to build a library building endow it for his friends, etc.

Religious Life

The adolescent period is the golden age of religious decisions. In considering the religious side of this era we are met by two kinds of experience. The first which is revealed in the life of the individual who has from birth lived in a religious environment and been nurtured in religious truth. In other words, he cannot recall in his experience when he has not known something of religious ideals. The second is brought out by the experience of the individual who comes to a religious decision during this epoch.

However, the common factor of the experiences of the two types mentioned is the will. In the first, coincidental with the development of the religious life was the development of the will; in the second, the point in life was reached when the need of religious ideals was recognized and the will became therefore the determining factor in the decision.

It is at this time that doubts appear. The broadening of the youth's intellectual experience has developed the spirit of inquiry. He is not so willing to accept as religious truths mere statements to be bolstered up by faith; he wants to know the reasonableness of his belief. This species of intellectual doubt, which is usually sincere at this period of life, should be met by a patient, sympathetic attitude on the part of teacher or parent. The doubting attitude of this period can be appreciated because it is a common experience of a growing, developing mind. As the adolescent youth comes to a more complete knowledge of religious truth, his doubts will largely disappear. However, this is the golden opportunity for the Sunday school teacher. It is a time when positive, sincere teaching is required. By careful guidance and broader and deeper teaching the youth's horizon may be enlarged, and he can be led out of doubt into the way of truth. His questions can be answered and his faith strengthened and his knowledge increased.

Religious Education

As has already been intimated, the great problem of the Sunday school is to hold the boy who has reached the age of fourteen. When he reaches that age, he feels that he has graduated from it and that he has learned all the school can teach him. There is presented here a most difficult problem. However, we see no good rea-

son why the adolescent boy should not be held, and give to the school the service and help which it vitally needs and has reason to expect from him.

We firmly believe that Sunday school teachers for the adolescent period of boyhood and manhood shuld be men. A male teacher is better fitted to enter into the experience and rapidly developing changes of this period of life than a female. Girls of the adolescent era are less likely to manifest the attitude toward the school which boys show, and are more easily held to its regular attendance.

When the teaching is of a strong, positive, and sincere nature, the adolescent youth will be held. It is the critical and inquiring period of life, and his soul has an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. He knows when a teacher is unprepared or merely passes over the vital truths of the lesson. He is a harsh taskmaster with respect to the plans pursued by his teacher. He has every reason to expect his teacher to present the lesson to him in such a way that he can be led to understand the difficult problems and helped in solving them.

The present movement of organized classes for boys and men appeals to large numbers and meets a long felt need, but organization is not the crux of the problem. The solution is found in the application of consecrated, intelligent, and practical teaching.

MAGNOLIA GARDENS.

Mrs. R. Frank Taylor.

All the glory of the sunset all the sweetness of the rose
Seems to be caught and imprisoned in this Southern gardens close—
Sanctuary for the splendor of azaleas pink and flame,
And the perfume of magnolias, cream white, lovely beyond name!
Witching vistas, luring by paths strung with blossom spangled vine,
Plumed wisteria and mock orange, silver mist and purple wine—
'Neath the feet an em'rald carpet, overhead the warm blue skies,
Infinitely fair and lovely as a dream of paradise.
All the day the breeze is playing, as a lute thru moss hung trees,
Music for the birds whose chorus fills the air with melodies.
Crystal water flowing gently, laves the fringing ferns and grass,
Wax white petals on its bosom, as pale ghosts silently pass—
Generations loved and laughed here, romance tip-toed thru each lane,
Restless spirits found a promise and tranquility again.
Steeped in fragrant, golden softness, by the sunlight, moonlight wooed,
Irem's bowers of enchantment, wrapped in peaceful solitude.

(Mrs. Taylor, a delegate from Virginia at recent convention, was inspired to write the above lines on her visit to the Magnolia Gardens.—Editor.)

THE SHIPWRECK.

By Proctor P. Lincoln.

The final edition of the News had just been put to bed, as the editors say, and the busy hum of the office had died down—as hushed as the night outside. Occasionly the shrieking horn of one of the newspaper autos, dashing wildly to put bundles of newspapers on a train, disturbed the night.

Within the building the drone of the multiple presses in the basement could be heard. In the reporters' room only two men remained, sitting at their typewriters and looking interestedly over the previous edition for their own stories. The floor was covered with a debris of newspapers, clippings, copy paper—tossed aside hastily during the busy hours of the evening rush. The electric lights hung upon vacant desks, in strange contrast to but only a half an hour before.

In the editor's office, right off the reporter's room, the light was burning brightly. The editor, a gray-haired man, was sitting before his desk. He had a big blue pencil and from time to time he marked a cross against a story in the paper which pleased him. His eyes were those of a young man—bright, sparkling, full of vivacity, a great contrast to his complexion, which was slightly pale. Lines on his face showed the immense pressure the evening had wrought.

A younger man, wearing a soft felt hat, sat in the office easy-chair and from time to time glanced out at the lights of an all-night restaurant across the street. He had the air of having time on his hands. He glanced at his watch.

"It's 2:30, Henry," he said. "What time are you going home?"

"Oh, in half an hour or so, was the reply of the editor. "Want to wait and see if anything else breaks tonight. It seems that things happen in bunches. We had a railroad wreck, a drowning accident and several big auto smashes tonight. We have two reporters out in the city room waiting. They'll stay until 3:30 when they'll say good-night."

"Then I'll wait for you if you'll be sure to come in half an hour," was the other's answer. "By the way, where's Jimmie?"

The editor dropped his blue pencil, as if the question was a interesting one to him, tilted back his chair and became the man of leisure instead of the editor working under a heavy strain.

"You mean Jimmie, the office boy?"

The other nodded.

"Perhaps you don't remember that famous night, Karl. It was something just like tonight but even worse. The flood had swept through Uptown and was carrying all before it. Wires were down and we turned the whole staff loose on the story, like a pack of hungry hounds after a rabbit. The office was deserted. It looks alive this minute to what it did that night when everyone left to reach Uptown.

"Jimmie came to me, rather glum, when he saw he was left alone and asked if he couldn't help. I told

him he could serve the interests of our reading public much better by staying right in the office and carrying down the copy. The telephones were working overtime and Jimmie really had enough to do.''

The editor sat back. His mind's eye traveled to that night. Jimmie was the copy boy. He ran from the reporter's typewritters with what was written to the city editor, who looked it over and then Jimmie took it to the pnuematic tube, where the copy was deposited and sent whizzing to the composing room to be set up in type. Jimmie was an overgrown boy, light hair, tanned complexion and that dream in his eyes as if he was forever thinking. He ayways carried a book in one of his pockets, a book soiled from much use, but it was not the type carried by the other office boys. It was a story of the sea, ''Two Years Before the Mast.'' He had read the book four times, the editor knew, while he was with the News.

The editor commenced speaking again.

''Jimmie was some boy, Karl No one ever knew who his parents were, where he came from, where he went when he left the office, but always he was on time. He was always a willing worker, would run here and there and never grumble. He was a great kid, just as great as they made them in the older days.

''The office was deserted and I remember that I was trying to get a 'phone call through to Uptown when the telephone in the reporters' room buzzed and buzzed. It seemed the intsrument wished to talk. Just as I reached the door of the office to answer the call myself the city editor came rushing up to me, his face as red as if he had been running a hundred yard dash.

'' 'The City of Portland is ashore off Highland rocks. It is pounding to pieces. Three hundred passengers on board,' he shouted.

''My heart sank. Here was the whole city staff chasing the Uptown flood, which looked so big, and there was not a person to send to get the story of the sinking ship—not a soul. I glanced around the reporters' room. I couldn't send the city editor and I couldn't send the rewrite men who were to take the flood story over the telephone. What was to be done I didn't know. My first plan was to call back some of the flood men, but I couldn't reach them, I knew, with wires down, and besides it was too long a distance to go away back up to Highland. It would be two o'clock in the morning by that time and we'd never get to press.

''Unconsciously, I sensed someone approaching me. I turned abruptly, Jimmie stood there, edging nearer.

'' 'Let me go,' he pleaded. 'I can get the story and telephone the office.'

''For several minutes I hesitated. Here was a story that required an experienced man, a man of years. How could I send this boy out there, I thought. But it was like a drowning man grasping after a straw. 'Here,' I said to Jimmie, and I gave him a ten-dollar bill for expenses and told him the quickest way to reach Highland.

''His face brightened and he rushed for his cap and put it on as he ran towards the door. He didn't look

around he moved so fast. I kept wondering and wondering as the minutes fled past just what a fool stunt I had done. Meanwhile, the men at the flood had managed to circle the stricken town and had a good story, all the facts. They were 'phoning it from the next town within half an hour.

"The first man who called was Smith, James Lucey Smith, you know, of the big wool firm of Smith, Donaldson & Company. I told him to drop the flood story and rush right off to Highland as fast as he could do so. It was a chance. Take a taxi, an ocean liner, a ferry boat, or anything that flies, but get there, I told him. There were still ten men at the flood, so I knew that I was safe on that story.

"When midnight approached and we had everything we could use on the flood story my heart sank. We hadn't heard a word from either Jimmie or Smith. Here was the big excursion steamer 'City of Portland,' hung on a reef off the rock-bound coast, perhaps being pounded into debris with all these passengers. I was on the point of tearing my hair when the 'phone buzzed again—that long buzz of disaster, of something happening. It rung in my ears and I can almost hear it yet.

"It was little Jimmie's voice, as shrill as an opera singer's, but it was as calm as the most experienced man on the newspaper. He had the whole story, even an eye-witness account, a graphic description of the big ship being hurled on the rock by the heavy seas, the grinding of the hull on the rocks, the cries of the passengers, the mad rush for the life-boats and the vessel's orchestra playing the anthem as the boats were lowered and put off for shore.

"My ears tingled with joy. What a reporter that Jimmie would make, I told myself as the men who took the story over the 'phone were banging it off on the machines. He was worth his weight in gold. I hadn't heard from Smith and I concluded he had been lost en route. Here was an experienced man lost, and a youngster, a boy, becoming the hero of the biggest story in years.

"Jimmie didn't come in the rest of the night, but Smith did. His clothes had been wet and shrunk up his back. He never should have bought such a cheap suit of clothes. He looked as if he had been one of the wrecked ship's passengers. But his face was bright from the excitement of the night.

"He came right over to me and pulled me by the arm, motioning me into my office. 'Where's Jimmie?' I asked him. He said nothing, but pulled me by the arm again.

"We sat just as we are sitting now. He told me how he managed to reach the Highland promontory at the end of which was the reef upon which the boat was pounding. But he couldn't find Jimmie. The vessel was only about a hundred feet off shore and loomed lie a white giant in the darkness, a giant which had fallen. The waves were splashing high over the ship and the life-boats were coming in with the waves.

"Suddenly, he said, he heard a shriek. A life-boat had tipped over just as it was within twenty feet of the rocky shore. He ran to the spot. All he could see were men, women and children, like shadows, struggling in the surf, shrieking. He saw

a form dash into the surf and swim with a powerful stroke to the boat, grasp a mother and her babe and make for shore.

"Then he saw it was Jimmie. He never knew Jimmie coud swim, but he always knew he was silent and that he liked the water. Jimmie brought his burdens to shore and re turned again. Meanwhile others were helping and within half an hour the wrecked life-boat's passengers were saved—thanks to Jimmie.

"Smith, too, had dashed into the sea and helped. Then he took Jimmie to one side and asked him about the story, if he had gathered enough facts. Jimmie smiled, as he tried to wring his clothes dry.

"'Do let me phone this story?' he pleaded to Smith.

"Smith told him to go ahead, and they found a farm-house with a telephone about a mile down the road. Both went in, woke up the people and told them of the wreck and asked if they could use the 'phone. Jimmie did the talking and gave us the best story we have ever had.

"Then I asked Smith why Jimmie didn't come int the office. Smith hesitated and then the tears came to is eyes. 'The poor kid,' he said. 'He was so exhasted, after rescuing the life-boat passengers that he asked the farmer if he could stay there that night. I should have known better than to have allowed him to telephone that lengthy story. He was so weak, he could just barely totter around. I think, too, boss, that Jimmie is going to have pneumonia.

The date plantation of Arizona and

"Smith was right; Jimmie was in a hospital cot for a month. He was as sick as he could be but we had the best doctors in the city come to look him over and he got well and went back to us as the star office boy again. But it wasn' for long. He left us for good."

The editor looked down at the lights of the restaurant, twinkling. A fine rain had begun to fall in the street and the roads were as if polished. He drew out a cigar from the drawer of the desk and lighted a match.

"But what became of Jimmie? A boy like that should become some day a great man."

The editor paused thoughtfully a momment before replying. Then he said: "You know Smith, the reporter, is James Lucey Smith, of the wool firm of his name and he has made a fortune, aided by Donaldson?"

The other nodded assent

"Well, Donaldson is Jimmie. And he's making good. Going to run for Congress when he gets a few years older. We're all for him."

Keep a record of all the kindnesses that you receive and you will find it helpful reading on a day of discouragement.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

By Felix J. Koch.

For some years we have frequently heard the cry, "See America First," and much has been told us of the wonders of the Yellowstone and of Niagara, of the Petrified Forest, and of the Grand Canyons of the Colorado and the Arkansas. People talk of scenery, heights and depths. But when we pin the most ardent enthusiast down to telling just what is what at the better-known American wonderlands, we hear usually a lot of glittering adjectives and really know little more than before.

What, then, is there to see in some of he best known of the American wonderlands? Take for example the Garden of the Gods, near Colorado Springs and Manitou.

Those who visit the Garden of the Gods for the first time are apt to be strangely disillusioned. They have seen picture postcards, or have watched motion pictures of tours through it. They have been led to believe that one would enter the Garden by some magnificent natural gateway and stroll on to the end of the great park with ease. Instead, at a little side street one leaves the line of street cars, that continue on to the Manitou incline. One turns down this byway and ascends a very steep hill; comes to a point where automobilists must park their vehicles; gives a fleeting glance at Pike's Peak off to the rear and then gets one great bird's-eye-view over a jumble of very pink rocks, looking like so many cakes. And one is told that he is in the Garden of the Gods!

Just ahead some of the sightseers are climbing a curious formation of rock, reaching one to the other, as do folk scalng the Pyramids. The accompanying photograph gives an idea of the height of the stones.

Just beyond them a lovely country road invites the stroller, leading him on, over the crest of hills, where, to the right, he views wide fields and meadows, rolling away into distance; while at the left there are fields of very green grass with scattered scrub-oaks. Everywhere in this panorama rise the strange, scarlet rocks, like so many giant livers, lobe over-lapping lobe. Off, farther to the left, the mountains roll up. They are covered with a black shrub, as if a foil to Pike's Peak, on which snow is visible. Closer by are the wild flowers for which Colorado is so notable, and travelers pick these gaily, only to let them wilt.

We stop for a snapshot or two of this region; then ramble on out the long road over the crest. Beyond, the path leads to crags that bend, as some cliff might, inland. Far ahead two or three pinnacles rise, half pink and half gray. The picture presented is charming, especially because of its colors. The day is so balmy, the sun is so bright, and we stop to revel and to enjoy!

By and by we continue along the same highway. It becomes very steep, and such autos as have ventured so far, come to an abrupt stop. The great crags serve as hitching posts, as it were, for them. And curious series of parallel ledges of the red rock, their summits in M's

and N's on the skyline, lead on to other heights. Of course the inveterate camera fiends halt us; they must stop and photograph one and all of their crowd. There is no use attempting resistance; so we smile and lose time being posed on ledges and about the crags. When, again, we have talked Colorado with a half dozen strangers, and loitered for snap-shots sufficient to last us a lifetime, we return to the road and go on.

In due time we come to a great inner valley, the real Garden of the Gods. A self-imposed guide tells how this section, 480 acres, was purchased by the late Mr. Parkins in order that it might be better preserved. Although he might have received $450,000 for the place any day, he left it at his death to the public for all time.

Somehow we discover that all we've heard about distances in Colorado isn't fiction! The more we walk, the farther away things seem to become, and it's much farther than we would have supposed from point to point in this Garden. We rather wish our auto had been more of a hill climber, and twenty-four minutes after we've been in the Garden we'd be glad of any chance to ride. Some of the fresher of foot volunteer to go back to the high road in search of one of the carriages we spurned at the start, and the last we see of them they are vanishing in distance. They do not return (they've pegged out, we find out later;) and finally giving up hope, we trudge on. The vastness of the place grows on us. Then luckily, a Garden wagonette chances by and takes all of us around at seventy-five cents a head. There's a Minnesota doctor, with his wife and small daughter, a girl from Peru and an Ohio man, and three other sightseers from New York State. Thus do extremes meet in the park!

At 12:35 we are off up a road lined with huge rock formations, stretching on like great rivers and guarding the entrance to the six-mile loop through the grounds. It's a mile and a half farther on to the cliff dwellers, who are a tale in themselves. In a ditch at the road-side a huge touring auto lies helpless, a speaking picture of what machines will receive should they venture too far into the park. The chauffeur says he over-turned in turning out for pedestrians; which may, or may not, be the case.

Idly we drive into hills starred with wild flowers, the lovely yucca towering over the rest. A tourist is telling of a Denver enthusiast who sends out seeds of the wild flowers, yucca and yellow columbine, evening primrose and wild cypress. He scatters the flowers, as Johnny Applewood did the pomes, the country over, out of pure love of his kind. The Minnesota doctor has secured some to sow on the countysides near him.

Now we come out on another great view of the Garden. Across the valley from this point Balanced Rock is visible, a mesa with the scrub-oak lying between. Huge crows rise from the earth and fly straight ahead to more crags, colored peaks that give contrast to a gray Sugar-Loaf Rock. There's another triangular or cone-shape Sugar Loaf near this. To our surprise these are really the two crags we've seen far off before.

Meanwhile the driver is enthusiastic over our queries. He gets some folk, he tells us, who never ask ques-

tions at all, and they, as a rule disgust him. Behind us he points out two other cone-mountains; the one with a weather vane. Halting for a moment at the side of the gray crag, he tells us of an eagle's nest located close by. The young of the eagle, he continues, were taken from this by lowering a boy with a rope, who took them off, one at a time. It was risky work, but it paid splendidly. We come to a cross ridge, and then to the rim of the valley. We have reached one of the great beauty spots of the West, the Natural Gateway, they call it. Just ahead there rise two gigantic slabs of the red rock, like two vast slivers cut from some giant melon of pre-historic days! Their height is accentuated by their colors; they rise up seemingly bound to scrape the blue skies. Near at hand another large red slab forms the Sentinel Rock of the postcards; over this, far in the distance, we can make out Pike's Peak, it snows all the whiter in contrast to this foreground.

We halt a moment to appreciate the magnificence, the grandeur of all of it! Then the camera fiends take their pictures, and once more we are off, for the heart of the Garden of the Gods. Throughout the drive the mountains are seen in the distance. We study individual peaks jutting from the main range. Then the closer red outcrops the ledges fascinate us, the more as the guide points out fantastic figures—the "Graces," the "Indian Busy Planting," and so on. Round about us even the earth is red, matching well the liver-like rocks that abound. Nor does this soil stop the growth of the scrub-oak. And there are lovely wild red lillies and the yellow lenum at the side of our winding trail.

Sometimes we look into gorges, big and little. Again, we halt at the Deception Rock. Every traveler dismounts here, sure he can reach the top of this crag. He feels certain, but only the extremely tall ones can come anywhere near even fingering the crest. The opticial illusion is occasioned by the fact of the Rock's standing with a giant crag, or comb, at its rear, so that distances become wholly deceptive.

On ahead there are other wonders. There are Mountezuma's Ruins, The Temple Comb, and higher still, the Needle Rock; while at left there are three combs, The Three Graces. It is a great succession of curious shapes and forms in the scarlet stone, softened by the hazes of Colorado. It's a long, long jaunt, but a fascinating one, and when, at last, we come away, it's with half a sigh that we must leave this great Western Wonderland!

Rutherford joins the list of the counties providing comfortable county homes. If a county undertakes to care for its indigent at all it ought to care for them adequately. And it will not be long before close by every county home there will be a county hospital. It is sound economy to conserve the public health.—New and Observer.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

The boys were all glad to see the end of the month here so they could send a letter home.

§ § §

Mr. Carriker and the tractor boys, have kept the tractors busy plowing during the past week.

§ § §

The boys have been planting flowers and setting out tomato plants during the past week.

§ § §

Ralph Cutchins a member of the fourth cottage was paroled last Sunday. Cutchins has made a good record while here.

§ § §

Louis Norris, who was formerly a boy here, paid us a visit last Sunday. The boys were all glad to know that he was getting along fine.

§ § §

Mr. S. B. Kennett now has charge of the bakery, during the absence of Mr. Spaugh, who left the institution last Monday for his summer vacation.

§ § §

Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Green paid us a visit last week. Mr. Green was formerly an officer at the Training School and the boys were all glad to see him.

§ § §

Rev. C. C. Myers, of Concord, conducted the services in the Chapel last Sunday afternoon. Rev. Myers preached a good sermon, which was enjoyed by everyone.

§ § §

Readers of this issue of THE UPLIFT will notice again a large honor roll for last month, showing that the boys are still keeping up the good work in the school room.

§ § §

H. Ervin Cole was honorably paroled last Saturday. Cole was a member of the first cottage and has made a fine record at the Training School and we all hope to see him make good at home.

§ § §

The following boys had a good time showing their friends and relatives around the institution last Wednesday, Ben Cameron, Lloyd Winner, Floyd Lovelace, George Howard, James Torrence, Johnnie Wright, Eugene Laughlin, Henry Brewer, Ralph Cutchin, Sam Poplin and James Ford.

§ § §

A package came in the office last week, and when it was opened up, it was found to be full of base balls. Well the boys have been wondering since the first of the season how they were going to get balls to play with after supper. Everyone wanted to know where they came from, and when they looked around they found a little tag bearing this inscription, from Coach Bill Fetzer, U. N. C. Chapel Hill, N. C. The balls were counted out and found to be 36 of them, then Supt. Boger said they

would send 2 to each cottage and the other twelve would be used at the ball ground. They are now having a good time playing with the balls and offer many thanks to Coach Fetzer, of the University of North Carolina.

§ § §

The third game of the season was another victory for the Training School, when the local team played the Harrisburg team, defeating them by a score of 9 to 8. The boys played fine during the first seven innings scoring 7 runs and holding the visitors to 0. Bost started the game for the local team and Alexander for the visitors, and, Russel went in to pitch for Bost in the eighth, the boys went wild in the eight allowing the visitors 8 runs in the eighth and ninth. The score was 7 to 8 in the visitors favor in the first of the ninth, Russel and Hobby scoring in the last half and winning the game. The boys all played fine except for a few wild throws, and, everyone enjoyed the game. The boys are going to play the Kannapolis team on the local diamond, next Saturday. This is expected to be the hardest game of the season, as neither has lost a game.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

"A"

Odell Ritchie, Stanley Armstrong, Herbert Apple, Claude Evans, James Davis, Claiborne Gilbert, Chas. Roper, Roby Mullies, Walter Morris, Robert Ferguson, Pat Templeton, Paul Funderburk, Keith Hunt, Wm. Gregory, Vaughn Smith, Jno. Wright, Jesse Wall, Llyod Winner, George Howard, Chas. Mayo, Albert Hill, Ralph Cutchin, Wm. Miller, Everett Goodrich, Earle Crow, Chas. Maynard, J. J. Jones, Vestal Yarborough, Robt. Lee, Aubrey Weaver, Doy Hagwood.

"B"

Ervin Cole, Chas. Crossman, Edwin Greene, Lexie Newman, Thos. Sessoms, Norman Iddings, Raymond Keenan, Lambert Cavenaugh, Milton Hunt, Howard Riggs.

Room No. 2.

"A"

Chas. Beach, Percy Briley, Arthur Duke, Clarence Jolly, Vernon Lauder, Jim Suther, Donald Pate, Earl Little, Pleas Johnson, Wm. Case, Raines, Wm. Cooper.

"B"

David Brown, Spencer Combs, Sam Deal, Hiram Greer, Walter Page, Julius Strickland, Irvin Turner, Herbert Tolley, Graham York, Olive Davis, Frank Stone, Whitlock Pridgen, Louis Pate, Sam Osborne, Watson O'Quinn, Smiley Marrow, Gene Laughlin.

Room No. 3.

"A"

Charlie Almond, Turner Anderson, Paul Camp, Herman Cook, James Cumbie, James Ford, Bryon Ford, Clyde Hollingsworth, Carlyle Hardy, Carlton Heger, George Holland, Earl Houser, Roy Johnson, (Little) Rhodes Lewis, James Lambert, Hugh Moore, Herbert Orr, James Poplin, Banes Porterfield, Luke Patterson, Dwight Queen, Garland Rice, Sam Stephenson, Bemon Britten, Edwin

Baker, Willie Creaseman, Mack Duncan, Hoke Ensley, Jesse Foster, Ray Franklin, Dallas Hensley, Sylvester Honeycutt, Garmie Halls, Albert Jarman, Baswill Johnson, Roy Johnson, Norman Lee, Floyd Lovelace, Hallie Matthews, Jesse Martin, Ralph Martin, Preston McNeill, Robert McDaniel, Obed McClain, Joseph Pope, Brantley Pridgen, John Perry, Lee Rogers, John Seagal, Clarence Seachrest, Worth Stout, Lester Staley, Joe Stevens, Harry Stevens, William Sherill, Joe Wilkes.

"B"

Edwin Crenshaw, William Johnson, Homer Montgomery, Garland McCall, Herbert Poteat, Coney Loman, George McCone.

Room No. 4.

"A"

Travis Browning, Floyd Cagle, Wm. Harvell, George White, Lester Bowen, Silvon Earle Gragg, "J. B." Walker, Nat. Johnson, James Long, Earle Wade, James Phillips, Leary F. Carlton, Solomon Thompson, Alton Etheridge, Albert Buck, Paul Heger, Arthur Hyler, Ralph Hundley, Adam Beck, Clarence Maynard, John Wesly Forester, Bill Rising, James Ivey, Vernon Hall, Harvey Cock, John Creech, Walter Hildreth.

"B"

Alphonzo Kirby, Clayton Stephens, Teachy Rich, Sam Poplin, Ernest Allen, Frank Hill, Wavlon Barbee, Eugene Long, William Bowman, Conley Kirby, Roy Lingerfelt, Raymond Kennedy, Clyde Trollinger, John Kivett, Ed Moses, Reggie Brown, David Queen, Fonzo Wiles, Winton Matthews, Bloyce Johnson, Jeff Blizzard, Ralph Leatherwood, Herman Hemric, Sylvan Smith, Ferman Wishon, John Faggart, Millard Simpson, Hill Ellington, Brevard McLendon, JuniuRs Matthews.

Room No. 5.

"A"

Newland Cox, Robert Sisk, Fletcher Heath, Theodore Coleman, Kenneth Lewis, Elmer Mooney, Andrew Bivins, Claude Wilson, Woodrow Kivitt, James Robertson, Lyonel McMahan, Elmer Proctor, Robert Sprinkle, Filmore Cranfill, Will Hodge, Forest Byers, Luther Gray, Clay Bates, Jesse Harold, Ned Morris, Jesse Hurley, Harold Thompson, Jeff Latterman, Leonard Burleson, Jim Fisher, Clyde Lovitt, John Gray, Tom Gross, Carl Richards, Raymond Richards William Burnes, Ray Hatley, Cecil Trull, Bert Murray, Delmos Stanley.

"B"

Laddie McClamb, Maston Britt, Clyde Smith, Lester Franklin, Kellie Tedder, James Long, Marshall Weaver, David Whitaker, Earl Torrance, Howard Catlett, Moody Parker, Alfred Stamey, Jethro Mills, Carl Glass, Daniel Neithercutt, Limzie Lambeth, William Wallford, Harold Crary, Claude Dunn, James Peeler, Lonnie Lewis.

If your foot slips, you may recover your balance; but if your tongue slips, you cannot recall your words.

Curr

THE UPLIFT

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OUR OPPORTUNITY.

The World is Ours! not for conquest—not for exploitation—not for oppression; but for co-operation and mutual opportunity, to the realization, by the forces and ideals of our enlightened age, of the finer civilization, the finer individual life. The day of Crisis and Awakening calls for the brave, clear and steadfast in the Faith of Righteousness, "With power on this dark land to lighten it, and power on this dead world to make it live."—Concluding remarks of Gov. Craig before Southern Commercial Congress, at Norfolk, Va., December 1916.

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The Uplift

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A FELLOW FEELING.

When John A. Logan, after his defeat for the position of vice-president of the United States, was asked how he felt over the situation, simply remarked: "I'm like the big boy that stumped his toe in a frightful manner—it hurts too bad to laugh and I am too big to cry."

* * * * * * *

THE CHOICE.

The state has made its choice of the two excellent gentlemen, who aspired to the democratic nomination for the governorship of North Carolina. By a decisive vote the Hon. A. W. McLean, of the county of Robeson, has been selected for the exalted position. In the light of conditions and the logic of the situation this nomination is equivalent to an election.

Mr. McLean is in every respect worthy of the great honor that has come to him; he is a high-minded, honest and able man, who will give to the state a most conscientious administration of the great office, to which he has been called.

* * * * * * *

AN INSPIRATION.

Ex-governor Locke Craig, the gentleman statesman, after months and months of ill health and great suffering, left us on Monday, at his home near Asheville.

He lived the life of a true patriot; the elevation to the highest position in the gift of the people did not change his inborn gentlemanly spirit; the humblest citizen of North Carolina could enter his office while governor of North Carolina feeling just as free as if he were entering his own cabin—for

in the face and demeanor of the fine little gentleman he saw a welcome, unimpregnated with a taint of high importance and might, for uncouthness and ill-manners were a stranger to him from birth.

Standing erect and facing every question, Gov. Craig never knew the art of carrying double with friend or foe; he never proved false to a friend, or unjust to a foe; and in his nature sneak and viciousness could not abide.

The pages of North Carolina history are brightened by the life and service of the little mountain giant; and his whole life, with its victory over hardships and its accomplishments in a devoted service to the state, furnish a fine inspiration to the young and is to his fellows whom he has left a joy and a hope.

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WHERE CREDIT BELONGS.

The passing of Ex-governor Craig brings the public to a realization of what his genius, his vision and his advocacy started for North Carolina—the things of which we now boast and which give us a proud position among the states of the union.

In matters educational he pressed forward ably and constructively the plans by Gov. Aycock for the increased facilities and betterment of the public school system of the state. The effect of Gov. Craig's stand has been visible in a substantial growth and development ever since in all those counties whose educational cause has not been chloroformed by the do-nothing policy of visionless and incompetent school officials, who lie, like dead-wood against educational progress as interpreted and understood by the foremost counties, a class in which our own county ought to be numbered, and is not.

It was Gov. Craig, who took the stand for better roads, and he came to be regarded the "Good Roads Governor." What we are now glorying in with respect to the development of fine roads in North Carolina was conceived in the mind of Gov. Craig, and he it was who started a consideration of what has now grown into our distinctive pride. It took real courage then—today it is simply following the line of least resistence. When a people are convinced of the benefit of a movement, however radically new it first appears, they support it and rally to it. In his inaugural address Gov. Craig said: "Improved highways are the arteries of the country. They create organized communities of isolated families and make these communities a part of the life of the great world. The improved road would give to the farmer access to the railroad, to the church, to the school, all the seasons of the year. Good roads stimulate improvement. They enrich the soil, they build anew the

school house, the church and the home. They arouse ambition and generous emulation. They increase the value of every acre they touch, and the value of every man, woman and child whose house they paass. It is an investment that pays 100 per cent dividend every year. Every community in the state must have it.''

Gov. Craig sounded the necessity of a just tax measure. And had his views been adopted in 1913, and only defeated by the combination of fear, prejudice and selfishness at the time, all this complaint about taxes would not now be heard of. And his position about freight rates, in the light of what we are hearing today, makes him stand out as a prophet and a leader. The state will some day come into a realization that Craig was a leader who made it possible for some people today to shiine large and mighty.

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UNJUSTIFIABLE ACT.

There is nothing in the logic of facts or in the realm of justice that gave President Coolidge warrant to veto the measure that looked to the better remuneration of the rural mail carriers. His veto was an act of cruelty and public sentiment will not sustain him, and should not. It is not a human law but the law of heaven that ''the laborer is worthy of his hire.''

The measure was passed by an overwhelming majority in both houses, and the opposition was negligible, yet in the dying hours of the congress, unmindful of the just dues of this large and faitthful band, who are serving the public in a superb manner, he puts his ''John Henry'' on it with killing effect.

The greatest piece of legislation in the past generation, which touches and serves the greatest number of American people and is in keeping with the theory of a republican government, the education of the masses, is the rural mail delivery system. It should be encouraged as one means of carrying pleasure, information and profit to those, whose environments make their chances unequal to those enjoyed by the towns and cities. It is an agency of mercy, of justice and wisdom.

Those of us, who have an intimate knowledge of the hardships and expensiveness of operating a single mail route, resent this cruel act of the president, who exercised his might and no sense of justice in his veto. The freaks of weather, the conditions of roads, the personal feelings of the faithful carriers and the monotony of their work undaunt them, day in and day out—the one thing they recognize is duty. And they should be reasonably remunerated. This they are entitled to, and withholding it is an act of selfish

cruelty. No other way to characterize the act is open to a people that believe in justice.

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SPREADING OUR GLORY.

Mr. Frank Page has had his program carried out to the satisfaction of everybody. The South American representatives interested in the development of good roads have been here and Mr. Page and his party have carried them through the state and no longer can these folks plead "I'm from Missouri." They came, saw and were convinced.

Perhaps at Salisbury, according to a full and entertaining account of same in the Evening Post, the party received the greatest attention. Just off the magnificent bridge that spans the Yadkin, the party met in banquet on Sunday afternoon, where a program, semi-religious, was pulled off. It was started by prayer and interspersed with several sacred songs, and the speeches that followed breathed a fraternal and kindly spirit.

And that party passed, as an honor to the occasion, through the underpass above Concord—the first permitted that privilege. The South American delegates and the others who constituted this party exhibited fine sense in the selection of the state where they could make a thorough investigation of real road-building.

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GOVERNOR COMES TO HELP FRIENDS.

(Charlotte News.)

Laying aside his duties as executive for several days, Governor Cameron Morrison came home Thursday night to spend several days and do be here to cast his ballot in the primary Saturday.

Mrs. Angelia Morrison arrived by automobile from Raleigh Thursday evening and are staying at the Hotel Charlotte. They expect to remain here until Monday.

It's good to get back with the folks occasionally," Governor Morrison said, "and I always like to exercise the right to vote for whatever candidates I think are best suited for public office. It is a great privilege to be sitting in a democratic state where citizens exercise their franchise. On the intelligent exercise of this citizenship right much depends, and the best type of citizen is the man who is not careless or negligent of the right.

I also came home, the Governor said, "to speak a good word for some of my friends who are in the race and to fraternize with friends whom I have not had the chance to see for a good while."

The Governor mentioned his friends Baxter Durham and Will Graham, in the race for State offices.

The Bible is the Word of Life. I beg that you will read it and find this out for yourselves—read not little snatches here and there, but long passages that will really be the road to the heart of it. You will find it full of real men and women not only, but also of the things you have wondered about. and been troubled about all your life as men and women have always been: and the more you read the more it will become plain to you what things are worth while and what are not. what things make men happy—loyalty, right dealing, speaking the truth, ready to give everything for what they think their duty, and most of all the wish that they may have the approval of Christ, who gave everything for them—and the things that are guaranteed to make men unhappy—selfishness, cowardice, greed and everything that is low and mean. When you read the Bible you will know that it is the Word of God, because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own happiness and your own hope and the source of power in seeing many men flowered together in duty.—Woodrow Wilson.

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Most of the corner lots in most towns are now being converted into filling stations. And cafes and restaurants are occupying the centers of the blocks. Well, aren't they "filling" stations, too?

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Instead of a memorial hall at Washington, as is proposed, in honor of the veterans of the late world war, better erect a great memorial hospital. This is badly needed, and there could be no more fitting memorial building.

* * * *

Do not go about with a long face looking as if all the joys of life had fled. Then you should not advertise something has failed to go as you want it.

* * * * *

Look your worries square in the face and show them they have no terrors for you. Brace up and take a fresh hold.

* * * * *

I saw a Mah Jongg game played the other day. It is wonderful. Wonderfully foolish and nonsensical when you first look at the game. China, the land of romance and mystery, has sent us the oldest game known in the world and we Americans have made of it the latest craze. The popularity of Mah Jongg has spread to every city and hamlet of our country, and is being played by lovers of interesting games. It is flavored with the mysticism of the Orient and brings to mind old legends of the Great Wall of China, and gives us a breath of cherry blossoms and wisteria. Mah Jongg to the women is what golf is to the men.

* * * *

I see it stated that after spending several thousand dollars in psychological studies Mrs. Rockefeler McCormick announces that woman is negative, man positive. This is pretty deep stuff. I am positive that I shall not spend several thousand dollars in studying the subject.

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An eastern newspaper wants the standard of living raised. It seems now, with the present lights before us, as if raising the money to meet the needs of the present standard are holding the most of us for a while, at least.

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It is stated that Germany is very anxious to sell the United States the Berlin-to-Bagdad railway. I am strongly in favor of Uncle Sam buying it and presenting it to Senators LaFollete and Brookhart to run and manage, so they can do their damage away from home.

* * * *

This is June; when the fragrance of first summer, and the glory of new green, make the country a fairyland. These are things a man cannot miss without suffering in spirit. At such hours there is a tangible proof that God walks in the meadows, and the splendor of nature puts new hope and courage into hearts tired of seeing many men crowded together, confounded of evil and good. What there is in June to make its magic I know not. Yet every coun-

try-bred soul knows that on a clear June day, when the lacy white clouds just temper the brilliant blue heavens, there is something of restfulness, peace and beauty abroad that never is caught again through the long year. Lowell asked an immortal question in the line, "And what is so rare as a day in June?" If, in any one thing resides the rarity of June, it is in its wonderful perfume. There is a fragrance, a sweetness, a balmy spice in June odors that live but briefly. The wild grape and honeysuckle along the hedges are part of this; so are the roses that come into maiden bloom; so even is the clover and the delicate aroma of the tender grass. Later in the summer the fragrance of the fields is more regal. It is lush and heavy and tuned to drowsy dreaming and love-making. Yet it is tropical and too sweet for the delicate mystery of the spirit. To breathe once this incense of June is every man's duty. It bears a message, and a long day spent in just loafing in the brilliant stimulating air is medicine for body and mind. Every city-dweller ought to be out in the open fields and woods a while, at least, at this season of the year and catch on of the few things that are still miracles. The rarity of June.

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I thought I was going to have something worth reading for you this Sunday, something real brilliant and entertaining, with snap to it, for several different ones have told me they'd like to write this column once, and I was more than glad to have them do it. But someway, when the time came, every single one said they were "awful busy" and hadn't a moment to spare for writing. Perhaps I did not press them hard enough. They may be like the lady author who stopped her writng to ask her husband, or somebody to hug her. When he looked surprised and asked what for, (yes, it must have been her husband,) she remarked sweetly, "Well, I find that I do my best work under pressure," and probably they're like that. Guess I'll drop a hint to their best beloved's Possibly I might do better under such conditions, myself, I hadn't thought of that. Good idea. I'll try it.

* * * *

When habit links up with human nature it forms a subject that is an interesting study. Some habits have a way of distinguishing people; and then some people have habits that make other people wonder how in the world they acquired them. If you will notice closely you will observe that most people have a habit, in walking about town, will always go certain streets, and invariably walk on a certain side of that certain street. When they go to the postoffice, or somewhere else, they travel the same side of the street. It's a habit with them. How they got that habit the fortune teller only konws. It is the case in all towns. It's human nature and habit arm in arm.

* * * *

'Tis said, "the means will justify the end,"
And many live and thrive upon their wit;
The greatest successes likewise depend
On a fellow knowing just when to quit.

Which reminds me of a story the late Maj. William A. Guthrie used to tell with hearty enjoyment. A negro, at Morehead City, was passing the hotel with a large turtle in split stick, swung across his back. A ventriloquist on the porch threw his voice in the turtle and made him say, "Whar you gwine to drap me?" The negro rolled large white eyes of astonishment over his shoulder, and replied, "Ise gwine to drap you right here, and now."

LOCKE CRAIG.

(News and Observer)

Beautiful in spirit, eloquent in utterance, patriotic at heart, clean of life, devoted to lofty ideals, the passing of Hon. Locke Craig will recall his useful and unselfish service to his commonwealth. The price of high public service is often loss of health and early death. This has been particularly true of our Governors. Aycock, Glenn and Bickett died suddenly. Craig and Kitchin paid the price in loss of health. All five of these gifted men gave no thought of themselves in the strenuous campaigns that preceded their election to office, pouring out their life-blood for the causes that were dear to them.

Before coming to the office of Chief Executive, Mr. Craig had been for a score of years the militant leader of Democracy in western North Carolina in days when politics was war. There were times in 1894-1900 when Locke Craig took his life in his hands in the vigorous campaigns he waged. They were the days of the second reconstruction. Buncombe was a bloody battleground. Craig defied the forces of evil and reaction.

Born in the county of Bertie, growing up in the shadow of bad government, and knowing the crimes committed against decency in eastern North Carolina, Mr. Craig pictured the necessity of the unity of patriots to end the reign of evil. He redeemed Buncombe. The first concrete movement to redeem the State was the meeting at Laurinburg when Aycock and Craig, brothers in college and brothers in eloquence and patriotism, sounded the note that stirred the people and heartened them. The men who were on the firing lines in those days laid the foundation for the better and quieter days this generation enjoys. They cannot be too highly honored or too gratefully remembered.

Governor Craig's father was a Baptist minister of force and eloquence, the son inheriting his gift of ornate diction and eloquence from his father. He followed him also in Christian experience and profession. From his mother, born Rebecca Gilliam, of Bertie, he inherited those graces and courtesies which won the hearts of his fellows. Early left a widow, this mother moved to Chapel Hill with her two young sons, Locke and Braxton, who became a Baptist minister, and opened her home to college students and earned enough from her boarders to educate her sons.

Born in Bertie county, August 16, 1860, Locke Craig after spending his

early boyhood on the farm (what a nursery the farm is for greatness!) entered the University where he graduated with honor in 1880. In no period of the history of the University were there proportionately so many young men who were to be called to high station as in the days when Craig was a student there, the greatest being Aycock, Alderman, McIver, the Winstons, the Mannings, Frank Daniels, Joyner, Ivey, to mention only a few who won distinction.

Upon graduation Mr. Craig at once moved to Asheville, and grew in influence and in ability until he was the recognized leader of the Democratic party in the political leader of the Tenth District. He early became interested in politics. In 1892 he was district presidential elector, in 1896 elector at large, in 1898 a leader in the campaign and in the legislature and again was leader in the convention. He was the choice of the Democrats of the Tenth District for Congress, and was elected in 1900 and again in 1902. In 1904 he was elected Governor of his State. In his administration he gave great attention to the great question of the relief from the great evil of tuberculosis. He must not have the opportunity in health, and for many years he was a semi-invalid. But he continued the active practice of the law until increasing disability forbade. In these quiet days, in the beautiful home life, brightened by his devoted wife (born Miss Annie Burgin, of McDowell) and his young son, and cheered by his other five sons, he retained to the last the beautiful spirit and devotion of hosts of friends. He loved his books and loved his friends, and they never left him. The Bible and Christ were never far from him. No man of his day was more deeply rooted in both, and they had much to do with shaping his life and influencing his style. He wrote excellent English and all his speeches were enriched with Biblical and classical references, with the flavor of the Carlyle school running through all. The writer believes he was the greatest good for the greatest number, and has been a teacher, commanding during the space of 40 years, of a high order of manhood and citizenship. He was a man of mean, he loved the beautiful in nature and in letters. He was a poet in his heart, and a friend without reproach, and by a drillmaster and chief of civil engineers in the War Between the States. Center College is in my native state, Kentucky, and wallops Yale, in football and baseball. We feel and hear a great deal about the Delmonico rates for board with no available rooms of war. We must be pleasing to look at. You may not see it again all day, but others will.

"Take care that the face you see in your mirror in the morning is

TEACHERS MIGHT HELP SAVE STATE.

By M. L. White.

There are several ways of saving the State. One is to elect proper officials, charge you $25, and look like be watch them carefully, and when they A union charge you half enough. abuse their trust, to turn the rascals out. But that is from and perhaps a high duty to build a residence, employing as Old Hickory to Jackson; but not quite so partisan. Another way is to let the sovereign voter elect everything from constable to doctor. If he needs legal advice he

know remedies and requirements. If he knows the business is supposed to know the business and requirements. If he knows the business is supposed to know the business and requirements. If he knows the business is supposed to know the business

president. The history of North Carolina proves that appointment of governors by the crown was unsatisfactory; and later we took the power away from state legislatures and delegatel it to the people; and finally gave women the franchise.

This communication is not intended as of a political nature; but to make suggestions as to matters pertaining to the realm of education. We rejoice with joy unspeakable that schools are longer and better; and that a higher standard of education and equipment is required of teachers. The time is near at hand when nobody but a collegiate, with normal training, can instruct the children of North Carolina; and we hail the day. The writer believes in the greatest good for the greatest number, and has been a teacher, continuously during the space of 44 years. This standard will eliminate him; but he can take his medicine. Age will soon disqualify him, anyway, and he never went beyond a high school course. But he was taught for four by an A. M. of Center College, and by a drillmaster and chief of civil engineers in the War Between the States. Center College is in my native state, Kentucky, and wallops Yale in football and erudition.

We read and hear a great deal as to how the schools should be administered. In every other realm of human endeavor, the one who follows the business is supposed to know remedies and requirements. If a man desires to build a residence worthy of the name he consults architects and carpenters, if he loses his health he obtains counsel from a doctor, if he needs legal advice he sees a lawyer; but all the wisdom of the ages as to education is invested in politicians, locust preachers, professors of shingle mills and livery stables. With my 44 years experience, as a teacher, I would not presume to tell a carpenter how to build a house; for I am not a carpenter. Neither would I dictate how an engineer should handle a train, for I am not an engineer. It would be effrontery on my part to enter a hospital and try to direct an operation; because I can prove an alibi as to being a surgeon. By the same token, it would be rank impertinence for me to advise a lawyer how to conduct an important legal case. But, strange to say, all these classes know how to advise a teacher. They are past masters in discipline, in the methods of instruction, in the adoption of text books; and the teacher is accused of having a bad case of "big head" if he offers dissension or remonstrance. It is also a plain case of brazen effrontery if he offers a suggestion as to school legislation. Also, he must not have the temerity to desire a living salary.

He must dress well; he must pay Delmonico rates for board with no available sinews of war; he must attend a teachers' meeting every Saturday to learn his business from some political pet younger and less experienced than himself; and hear it discoursed from the band wagon that he is favored above the sons of men. A doctor can look you over tell you to work more and eat less, charge you $25, and look like he didn't charge you half enough. A lawyer can scribble something that it

would reuire a Daniel to decipher; and charge you $50 for "knowing how." A preacher, who could not justly obtain a certificate, preaches a sermon a week, of ancient platitudes; and clamors for about four times the salary paid a public school teacher. All these professions criticise the teacher, dictate his policy; and deplore the waste of public money. As a rward for the nerve-racking labors of the teacher they inveigh for Christian education; meaning sectarian.

Don't think I am fighting the worthy doctors, lawyers and ministers. They are noble callings and indispensable to progress and civilization. But the teacher is criticized by people who know nothing about the calling, regarded as a maniac, and classed with the lame and the lazy.

One thing apparent to all, is the fact that teachers are no longer permitted to govern. This is partly the after-math of the World War. Men who stayed at home, talked patriotism, and denounced men who were not blatant, as cowards, slackers and exhibiting the dragon teeth of violence by their inflammatory utterances. Like the man who defined patriotism to President Lincoln, "They felt like stealing something or killing somebody;" and interpreted that as a sympton of patriotism. I know of one high school teacher who was knocked down in the streets of a town by a gigantic ruffian because the teacher tried to govern a pupil; and I learned that the best educator in the State is in a hospital as the victim of a brutal assault. Must a teacher be as expert a slugger as Jack Dempsey, or be as skillful with a gun as Jesse James in order to qualify?

County officials, superintendents of public welfare are not all doing their duty. A school that is not governed is a mob and a menace to society and board or teachers should enforce good decorum, take care of building and equipment, and should have the co-operation of county superintendents and the welfare officer. Temporizing to help "the party," or conniving because "cousin" somebody is guilty of infraction of school rules, is out of place. In some places, a complaint from a teacher is regarded as not necessary to notice. If the department is unsatisfactory the teacher is criticized; and if he asserts himself and knocks some ruffiian down he is a monster and a tyrant. So, it is damned if you do and damned if you don't. The way to have good schools is to have good order, and the way for us to have order is for officials and communities to sustain the teacher. In some places if a teacher is haled before a J. P., he is certain to be punished. Like necessity, these officials, many of them, know no law; and go "again" the teacher.

TALKING ABOUT FRANK PAGE.

There is no office of any importance for a man who has served nobody but the people of North Carolina.—Greensboro News.

TAXABLE WEALTH IN N. C.

By S. S. H. Jr. in News Letter.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a table in which the counties are ranked according to the aggregate of wealth listed for taxation on a per inhabitant basis for the year 1923.

The accompanying column shows the aggregate county tax rate in each county. The aggregate rate does not include special district or local levies against property, such as is the case of special levies for local school districts. The April issue of the News Letter carried a table and interpretation of taxable wealth by counties. This brief sketch mainly concerns tax rates on wealth listed for taxation.

Aggregate county tax rates vary greatly in the 100 counties of the state. Explanations for the widely different levies on property are almost as numerous as the counties of the state. The two extremes in aggregate county tax rates and representing nothing down he is a moneyed some nothing down he is a moneyed man and a tyrant. So, it is dangerous to be rich and most populous county in the state and enjoys the lowest aggregate county tax rate, the levy being 55 cents on the one hundred dollars listed for taxation. Clay ranks next to the bottom in total wealth and last in population and has the highest aggregate county tax rate found in the state. As a rule, the rate tends to be high in poor and sparsely settled counties, and low to moderate in the richer and more populous ones. Divergences from this general tendency may be due to many causes.

However, the rate on property is only a rough index to the real burden of taxation. The actual tax burden in such counties is much lighter than the rate indicates. Most likely Wilkes county is a fine illustration of this point, for Wilkes is not the poorest county in the state, real wealth considered, although she is the poorest on the tax books on a per inhabitant basis.

Four Classes.

In this discussion of taxable wealth and tax rates the counties of the state may be divided into four groups. In the first group appear those counties with a large amount of taxable wealth which are able to maintain good schools and effective county government on from low to moderate tax levies. Forsyth, the richest county in aggregate wealth, does much for her people, although her county tax levy is only 55 cents on the hundred dollars of listed property. The rate is due partly to the fact that the bulk of the wealth listed for taxation.

counties property is valued at a fair percent of its true value while in others the tax books give little indication of the real wealth of counties. Some of the counties which appear moderately wealthy are really poorer than others whose listed property is much smaller. See News Letter Vol. X, No. 22. The point we wish to make is that some counties work for maximum values and minimum rates while others hide off the tax books as much wealth as possible and in order to raise on the needed to listed for taxation the revenue needed to run the schools and the county government the rate must be high. The actual tax burden in such

Mecklenburg also come in this class.

A second group comprises those counties whose tendency it is to undervalue property for tax purposes. In those counties of this class which have fairly large expenditures the county rate must be very high to provide the needed revenue. A third group is composed of counties with low valuations and low rates and in such counties are found the poorest schools, roads and the like to be found in the state. These are the counties with less tax willingness than taxable wealth, and it is in such counties that one finds the remaining areas of social and economic stagnation. As a rule such counties are sadly lacking in leadership, which usually explains why some poor counties have a large amount of tax willingness.

The fourth group is composed of several counties which not only have a fairly large amount of taxable wealth per inhabitant but which also have high tax rates on the listed property. These are the counties that are liberally supporting schools, roads and other public enterprises. Usually such counties have a large bonded debt. In this group fall such counties as Lenoir, with the largest per inhabitant county debt—a county that spends liberally on itself; New Hanover and Wilson, both of which have the county-unit school system with no local tax district; and Alamance, Henderson, and others which are spending liberally but whose tax rates are not so high.

The Rate Increase.

The average aggregate county tax rate in the state is steadily increasing. The rate before revaluation in 1920 was very high in some counties because property was not uniformly listed, just as it is high today in counties that have put into effect large reduction in tax assessments. Following revaluation the rate decreased enormously in some counties, but since 1921 some counties not only have chosen to retain the revaluation figures but have added enormously to the wealth on the tax books. Others have effected wholesale horizontal reductions. The result is that conditions are authoritatively reported to be much worse today than before revaluation; that is, there is a larger difference between the counties that list at high rates and those that list at low rates.

The average aggregate county rate in 1921 was approximately 91 cents on the hundred dollars of listed property. The rate in 1923 averages around $1.15. The increase expenditures on the part of the county governments for better schools, improved roads, new bridges and the like. But also it is in some measure the result of horizontal reductions assessed valuations adopted by a majority of the counties. Practically a billion dollars of wealth was wiped off the tax books, and to raise the necessary revenue the rate had to be proportionately increased.

Special Levies.

The aggregate county tax rate is not always a fair indication of the real tax burden of all people within a county. Local district assessments often add enormously to the tax paid. Within each county where the county unit of taxation for schools has not been adopted there are local school tax districts. Often there are special taxes for roads, bridges, drainage and so on. In some counties every school

district has voted a local school tax. In other counties there will be only one or two local tax districts, so that the county tax is practically the entire tax. Special district taxes vary enormously. Often the tax for schools in one district is five times as high as in the adjoining district.

Which is to say that the tax burden on property in North Carolina is not to be measured entirely by the county rate, which is more than four times as high in one county as in another; but in thousands of little districts, special assessments for roads, drainage, schools, and so on, have much to do with the total burden. The increase is often very small but also it is often as burdensome as the county rate of many counties. These local assessments like the county assessments have been voluntarily assumed by the voters at specal elections, and they represent the willingness of local groups of property owners to invest more liberally on themselves than is true of the whole county.

Falls On Whites

The burden of taxation in North Carolina, as elsewhere in the South, falls almost wholly on white people. While negroes in North Carolina are 29.8 per cent of our population, they own only 5 per cent of the wealth listed for taxation and pay about 5 per cent of all property taxes. The aggregate of property listed for taxation in the state is $2,654,012,120, of which $136,295,400 is listed by no groes and negro-operated corporations. Property listed by whites, including the physical valuation of white-operated corporations totals $2,190,158,363, and the valuation of public utilities and corporations excess totals around 327 million dollars' practically all of which is owned by white people.

In the eastern counties where the negroes are largely concentrated the tax burden falls most heavily on the whites. In Scotland county for instance, negroes are 55.2 per cent of the total population, yet they pay less than four per cent of all property taxes. The negroes are tenant farmers mainly, and create wealth for landlords. Indirectly they pay taxes, but directly the taxes are paid by the whites who own nearly all the property. In the thirteen counties with negro majorities and in the other counties wtih large negro ratios, the burden of taxation falls heavily on white property owners, and it is in such eastern counties that one hears a large part of the talk about high taxes. And their taxes are high, as they must always be wherever from a half to two-thirds of the people are practically propertyless and the burden must be borne directly by the few who own the wealth. Indirectly of course, a large share of the tax burden which falls on land is paid by the white and negro tenants who cultivate the land. In Scotland and Edgecombe counties only a fifth of all farmers own land. The tax is paid directly by this small class of white landlords, and the total seems large, but indirectly the burden rests in some measure on the shoulders of the tenant masses. There is no remedy for the high tax burden on landlords in such counties, except to make owners out of the tenants, and instead of a movement in that direction the tenant rate is steadily increasing.

The study of taxation in North

Carolina is an endless one. Our main idea here has been to point out some factors affecting tax rates and tax burdens in various counties. In conclusion let us again state that the per cent of true values listed for taxation varies enormously in the 100 counties. The situation is nothing short of ridiculous. Tax rates vary greatly but due to unequal assessments the rates do not always indicate the actual burden. Special local assessments often add much to the tax burden on property. Ninety-five per cent of all property taxes are paid by whites, and the direct burden falls most heavily on white landlords in counties with large negro populations and excessive ratios of farm tenants. The actual burden is heavy in some counties while in others it is light, depending upon true wealth and how liberally the counties are supporting schools and county government. The burden of taxation within counties is far from equal, just as it is unequal for the different counties. While all of the above is true it is well to remember that every cent of taxes paid on property is levied locally and spent locally. It is all spent within the county, and within the special tax districts where levied. No property tax leaves the county in which it is collected.

There is just one thing that we can say in favor of taxes in North Carolina. The total assessment on property averages less in this state than in any other state in the Union. But the burden does not rest equally, and most likely we are farther from equality than we have ever been. We know of no reasonable being who will not agree that all property should be listed uniformly in every county. Then why isn't it so listed? The tax burden can never be equalized until this uniform listing is accomplished, and when the burden is equalized we will hear much less talk about taxes than we hear today.—S. H. H., Jr.

CHRISTIANITY ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE.

(News and Observer.)

Do Christian people believe in "peace on earth."

The preachers so declare in the pulpit and grow eloquent of the song of Bethlehem:

"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth peace; good will toward men."

At Christmas time and at religious festivals, the Prince of Peace is held up as the only savior and hope of mankind.

When four and a half million young Americans responded to the call to arms, they were called to fight in the belief that victory in that world struggle would result in a world peace that would endure. "It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war," said President Wilson. "But," he added, "the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts." What were those things? "For a universal

dominion of right by such concert of free peoples as shall make the world at last free." When he reached Paris, responding to Poincare's welcome, President Wilson said: "From the first, the thought of the people of the United States turned to something more than winning the war. It turned to the establishment of eternal principles of right and justice." They were embodied, not perfectly but more nearly so than had ever been done, in the Covenant of Peace called "The League of Nations." It made ready for a new order, for new foundations of justice and fair dealing. Unfortunately, it was so misrepresented and so misunderstood and so made in a sense the football of politics that a shell-shocked world voted against the only measure ever offered to bring "peace on earth." Hundreds of thousands of Christians walked to the polls and voted against it in 1920, and we are only lately coming to see that a world organization, based on the teachings of Christ, can end war.

The most significant utterance of the year 1924 looking toward America's taking its part in securing "peace on earth" was the declaration of the Methodist Conference last month at Springfield, Mass. Representing the largest Protestant church in America its pronouncement and commitment must have important bearing in bringing the United States to a realization of its duty to secure an end of war. The resolution adopted with enthusiasm and religious fervor should be read and re-read. They have the ring of apostolic devotion to peace: "Millions of our fellowmen have died heroically in war to end war. What they undertook we must finish by methods of peace. War is not inevitable. It is the supreme enemy of mankind. Its futility is beyond question. Its continuance is the suicide of civilization. We are determined to outlaw the whole war system. The patriotism of the Methodist Episcopal Church has never been challenged. Neither our motives nor our loyalty must be impugned when we insist on the fulfilment of the pledges made to the dead and assert our Christian ideals for the living. Governments which ignore the Christian conscience of men in time of peace can not justly claim the lives of men in time of war. Secret diplomacy and political partisanship must not draw men into the dilemma of deciding between support of country and loyalty to Christ. . . . We set ourselves to create the conditions for peace. Selfish nationalism, economic imperialism and militarism must cease. The establishment of the principle that conscription of wealth and labor must be the counterpart of any future conscription of human life will be a powerful deterrent against war. A great odium must be put upon the war profiteer as was ever put upon the slacker. The protection of special privileges secured by investors in foreign lands has too often imperilled the peace of nations. This source of danger must be prevented. The rights of the smallest nations must be held as sacred as those of the strongest. We hold the cause of peace dearer than party allegiance, and we shall tolerate no dilatory or evasive attitude on the part of those who represent us. We urge our President to summon another conference of the nations for the more drastic reduction of armaments. We demand the

immediate entrance of the United States into the permanent Court of International Justice. The participation of the United States in a League of Nations will receive our active support. We shall elect men to public office pledged to secure these ends. The ballot and other direct processes of democracy must now be employed in securing a warless world..... World Christianity is enlisting in the campaign for peace. We seek alliance with all the forces which make for the principles here advocated.

Reader: If you belong to any Christian church, pause and re-read these words worthy to live with the writings of the early fathers. The only opposition to their adoption when it is came from a minority of extreme pacifists, impractical, who urged that Christians could take part in no war even such a war that waged for American independence.

These resolutions pledged American Methodists to support the League of Nations and to the maintenance of peace and justice. All other problems connected with the world and its high politics are secondary to this. Let everybody and everybody's organization and institution in the land lighten our burden and share the responsibility and travail to save the day and lighten our burden.

Today when we begin working where we will let our building material for a rapidly developing country, and forests being depleted, along comes concrete to make even better houses than wood.

It is now possible, says Purdue Mechanical Engineering, to build without erecting elaborate forms or moulds. The finished result is said to equal that of the pouring method. The concrete boards, which are made in various sizes, are left in the factory for about a month so that they are ready for use when purchased. They are grooved and in construction they fit snugly together, a solid right-angle being formed by putting soft cement between the connections. Only ordinary lumber is needed for walls and flooring. The concrete boards are said to be handled in the same manner and just as easily as types phoenix special boards for walls and flooring. The concrete boards are said to be handled in the same manner and just as easily as ordinary lumber.—Monroe Enquirer.

COOLIDGE'S LATEST VETO

(News and Observer.)

capable, who are more diligent, and upon whose fidelity public convenience depends so much as postal

al Justice''—not a Lodge or a Pepper court, so-called, offered to prevent rather than to expedite a real court.

2. The participation of the United States in a League of Nations will receive our actve support.'' A plain rebuke to Coolidge's assumption in his message to Congress, that this country would not enter a League. Mr. Coolidge said:

Your country has definitely refused to adopt and ratify the Covenant of the League of Nations. The incident so far as we are concerned is closed. The significance of this declaration and the resolve to no longer dritt or dodge or mislead by partisan sophistry is all the more significant when it is recalled that for half a century a large majority of the membership of the Methodists residing in the North have affiliated with the Republican party.

They are also pledged to support the Republican Party. The election of the latter has been a great ways. Their time to behold their forces and rulers become servants and leaders. Let everybody and everybody's organization and institution in the land lighten our burden and share the responsibility and travail to save the day and lighten our burden.

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houses of Congress voted to give an increase in salary to these men. There

was hardly any discussion of opinion in House or Senate as to the wisdom of the increase. Public opinion overwhelmingly approved congressional action.

And yet President Coolidge vetoes the measure! Perhaps Mellon told him there was no money in the Treasury. The only thing Coolidge does not veto is to give to privilege what it asks. The Fordney bill imposes a tax of five billion dollars a year and the consumers have been urging some relief from this burden which goes to enrich the trusts. But Coolidg has vetoed their just demand for relief from crushing taxation. The farmers in parts of the country because there is no foreign market for thteir products have begged and plead either for help to save them from bankruptcy by securng markets or removal of the high tariff tax that makes them pay extortionate prices for agricultural implement and many other articles. The White House has not waited for Congress to act but through Mondell has vetoed all real relief.

When Mellon urges higher salaries for Treasury officials, Mr. Coolidge puts his O. K. on it. When Congress with the country's approval, votes a reasonable salary to postal employees, Coolidge kills it by a veto in the closing hours of the session.

ALWAYS A SUBSTITUTE.

Fifty years ago housewives were distressed because tallow was scarce for the making of candles and the greasing of boots. Then came oil and later the electric lamp.

A quarter of a century ago farmers worked half their time to feed their horses and mules. A great problem confornted them how they could feed the world and at the same time let everybody ride. Along came the automobile and tractor to save the day and lighten our burdens.

Today when we begin wondering where we will get our building material for a rapidly developing country, and forests being depleted, along comes concrete to make even better houses than wood.

It is now possible, says Popular Mechanics, to build a concrete building without erecting elaborate forms or moulds. The finished result is said to equal that of the pouring method. The concrete boards, which are made in various sizes, are left in the factory for about a month so that they are ready for use when purchased. They are grooved and tongued and in construction they fit snugly together, absolute tightness being insured by putting soft cement between the connections. Other types provide special boards for walls and flooring. The concrete boards are said to be handled in the saame manner and just as easily as ordinary lumber.—Monroe Enquirer.

RIDICULE AND REFORM.

Reformers are often pictured as sour visaged, long faced men. And yet, the reformers have killed more evils by ridicule than by any other weapon. The reductio ad absurdam is the supreme argument. It killed dueling.

Gilderoy says that the last duel fought in Mississippi was between two young men whom he calls Smith and Jones. Smith was a very pompous, handsome fellow. Jones was small, bowlegged, red-haired and freckled-faced, but known over the whole State as a humorist. Smith became greatly offended because of some practical joke by Jones and challenged him to a duel. Jones accepted, deciding that the duel should be fought with broad swords on horseback. The thing got noised abroad and on the morning of the duel a great crowd was present. Smith showed up an a magnificent, spirited white horse with a long sword in his hand. Just at the moment when the word was given for the combat Jones came galloping up, sword in hand, on a pony from which hung half of the dish pans and pots to be found in the county. Smith's spirited horse immediately turned tail and ran as hard as he coul despite all Smith's endeavors, while Jones kept clattering after calling: "Don't run, Jim, I'm not going to hurt you!" That ended dueling in Mississippi.

It had a similar end in Kentucky according to the tale which goes as follows:

A traveling preacher named Bowman, a strong muscular fellow, was conducting some services in Kentucky. At one of his meetings a well-known desperate character rebuked by Bowman, sent him a challange to fight. Bowman, as the challanged party, had the choice of weapons. e selected a half-bushel of Irish potatoes, as big as the fist for each man, and stipulated that his opponent must stand fifteen paces distant, and that only one potato at a time should be taken from the measure. The desperado was furious at being thus freshly insulted, and made an indignant protest; but Bowman insisted on his rights as the challenged man, and threatened to denounce the desperado as a coward if he failed to come to time. As there was no way out of the fix but to fight, the desperado consented.

The encounter took place on the outskirts of the town. Almost everybody in the place was present to see the fun. The seconds arranged two men in position, placing by the side of each a half-bushel measure filled with large, hard Irish potatoes. Bowman threw the first tuber, which struck his opponent, and flew into pieces. A yell of delight went up from the crowd, which flurried the desperado and his potato flew wide of the mark. Bowman watched his chance, and every time his opponent stooped for a potato, another hit him in the side. The desperado was hit about five times, and then the sixth potato took him in the short ribs, knocking the wind completely out of him, and doubling him up on the grass. The people were almost crazy with laughter, but Bowman looked as

sober as if he had just been preaching a funeral.

The desperado was taken home and put to bed, and there he stayed for more than a week before he recovered from the effects of the Irish potato. Not only put the desperado "hors de combat," but was also the knock-out blow of the fight itself. Long years have killed more than by any other weapon. The reducto ad absurdum is the supreme argument. It killed dueling.

Mississippi. That ended dueling in

It had a similar end in Kentucky, according to the tale which goes as follows:

A traveling preacher named Bowman, a strong muscular fellow, was

THE REAL ARCHITECT.

The soul is architect of the face. What goes on within manifests itself in some measure without. Light and darkness on the face are but reflections or shadows cast from the inner self. Good faces are not accidents. Neither are bad ones. Nature has much to do with the shaping of our faces and we can not help that. We take the face we are born with whether it be homely or heavenly, but we have a vast deal to do with the character we put into it. It is possible for an ugly face to be beautiful. We can improve upon and defeat nature, if we will. Every baby face has possibilities. One can not shorten a too long nose or reshape high cheek bones, but he can use the witchery of a beautiful soul upon the face and make people forget the unfinished sketches of that artist named Nature. Possibly Nature has been unkind or whimsical with the majority of us, but we can get even with Nature by using the transfiguring power of a noble mind. Make your thoughts do for you what Nature failed to do for you. I saw a criminal's face in the paper this morning and I knew he was a criminal before I read the news about him. I saw a saint on the street the other day and I knew he was a saint before I was introduced to him. You can not buy halos—you make them in the workshop of your minds. You can not buy beauty—you impart it out of a radiant soul that has commerce with heaven. When you looked in the mirror the other day you said you were positively homely, but you went to see Old Grannie Jones, the invalid, and you sang her a little song and you left part of your heart with her and she told her neighbors what a lovely face you have. Some time ago you looked upon a friend's face in repose and you thought it unattractive, but suddenly her soul walked close up to the edge of that face and you were sure you saw a bit of heaven there.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OUR PRESIDENTS.

By A. M. Barnes in Young Folks.

From Washington to Coolidge the United States has had twenty-nine Presidents. The youngest to become President was Roosevelt, who was only forty-two when he succeeded to the office on the death of McKinley. The oldest was William Henry Harrison, who was sixty-eight. Only seven of the Presidents served two full successive terms, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Grant and Wilson. The shortest term was that of William Henry Harrison, only one month; and the next shortest that of Garfield, six and a half months. Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley and Harding died in office. Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley were assassinated.

Six of the Presidents, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison and Taft, were renominated by their respective parties for a second successive term, but failed of re-election. Cleveland, however, served a second term, in 1893-1897. After having been once defeated for the office, Jefferson and Jackson were each twice thereafter elected to the Presidency. Washington was the only President to receive every vote of the Electoral College. Madison came next, having received all but one vote. Two of the Presidents, Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams, were chosen by the National House of Representatives. In 1798 occurred the odd incident of having a President, John Adams, elected by one party, and a Vice President, Thomas Jefferson, elected by another; Adams was a Federalist and Jefferson a Republican. The Republican party of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, is now known as the Democratic party.

Washington was the only President who did not live in the city of Washington; while Jefferson was the first President to be inaugurated there. Washington and Adams were inaugurated in Philadelphia, which was at the time the National Capital. Washington first inaugural was in New York.

Eight of the Presidents, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor and Wilson were born in Virginia; seven, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, Taft and Harding in Ohio; three, Jackson, Polk and Johnson in North Carolina; three, Van Buren, Fillmore and Roosevelt in New York; and the two Adams, John and John Quincy, in Massachusetts; President Pierce was a native of New Hampshire; Buchanan of Pennsylvania; Lincoln, of Kentucky; Arthur and Coolidge, of Vermont; and Cleveland, of New Jersey.

Of the professions represented that of the law far outnumbers all others. Twenty of our Presidents were lawyers; four planters, or farmers; three, soldiers; one, a tailor; one, an editor and one, an educator.

One President, John Quincy Adams,

was the son of a President while another, Benjamin Harrison, was the grandson of a President. Two of the Presidents, Washington and Madison, were signers of the Constitution of the United States; and two, Jefferson and John Adams, signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Seventeen of our Presidents served in the wars of the country; Washington, Monroe and Jackson in the Revolutionary War, Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor and Buchanan in that of 1812-1815; Lincoln in the Black Hawk War; Taylor, Pierce and Grant in the Mexican War; Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Benjamin Harrison and McKinley in the War Between the States; and Roosevelt in the Spanish-American. Jackson was only in his fourteenth year when he enlisted in a Colonial regiment, "to help finish the Revolutionary War," as he said.

Three of the Presidents, Arthur, Cleveland and Wilson were the sons of ministers. Buchanan was our only bachelor President; Cleveland was married in the White House after becoming President. Two of our Presidents, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, died on the same day, July 4, 1826.

A President of the United States is not elected by the direct vote of the people but by what is known as the Electoral Vote. Each state is entitled to as many Presidential Electors as it has Senators and Representatives in the National Congress.

Every four years, usually in the early summer, representatives of the different political parties assemble in national convention and nominate men for the offices of President and Vice President. About the same time the people of each state by direct vote name the electors for each party. When Presidential Election Day arrives—the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November—the voters do not vote direct for the nominees of their respective parties for the Presidency and the Vice Presidency, but instead for the Presidential Electors. If in a state the Republican electors receive the most votes, then the state has gone Republican; but if the Democratic Electors come out ahead, then the state is declared Democratic. Even so early as the morning after the election it can be told who is to be the next President and Vice President by the way the states have gone.

On the second Monday in January following the date of the Presidential Election Day, the electors who have been chosen in the various states meet in the capitals of their states to vote by ballot for President and Vice President. The ballots are then counted, and a separate list is made of each person voted for as President and Vice President, with the number of votes received by each. These lists are then signed, certified, sealed, and transmitted by messenger, direct to the President of the Senate, in Washington. In the presence of the Houses of Congress, on the second Wednesday in February, the President of the Senate opens the sealed lists, and the votes are counted. If no candidate for President has received a majority of the electoral votes, the House of Representatives proceeds at once to choose a President from among the three who have received the highest number of electoral votes. In this election each

state, as represented in Congress, is entitled to only one vote. The Senate, in turn, then chooses a Vice President.

It is interesting to know the burial places of our Presidents. Washington is buried at Mount Vernon, Virginia; John Adams and John Quincy Adams, at Quincy, Massachusetts; Jefferson, at Monticello, Virginia; Monroe and Tyler, Richmond, Virginia, Jackson, the Hermitage, near Nasheville, Tennessee; Van Buren, Kinderhook, New York; William Henry Harrison, North Bend, Ohio; Polk, Nashville, Tennessee; Taylor, Springfield, Kentucky; Fillmore, Buffalo, New York; Pierce, Concord, New Hampshire; Buchanan, Lancaster, Pennsylvania; Lincoln, Springfield, Illinois; Johnson, Greenville, Tennessee; Grant, New York City; Hayes, Freemont, Ohio; Garfield, Cleveland, Ohio; Arthur, Albany, New York; Cleveland, Princeton, New Jersey; Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis, Indiana; McKinley, Canton, Ohio; Roosevelt, Oyster Bay, New York; Harding, Marion, Ohio; and Wilson, Washington, D. C.

Note; Mr. Coolidge is known as our thirtieth President, although we have had really only twenty-nine. This seeming discrepancy in numbers occurs through Mr. Cleveland having served two alternate terms. He is ranked both as our twenty-second and twenty-fourth President.

"WHAT DO WE PLANT?"

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plan the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, the beam, the knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, th lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see?
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plan the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—Henry Abbey (1842-1911.)

THE FOUNDATIONS FOR A GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC.

Greensboro News.

Alexander Woolcott, in that book of negligent and bewitching essays called "Shouts and Murmurs," says that to the sweet girls of Rosewell, Ohio, Boston, New York, Hartford, Marion, Ohio, and Wilson, Pa., who ambition to go on the stage because she was successful in the commencement play, he would give for answer this: "At sixteen Duse played Juliet in Verona." It is a slightly different statement of the old saying that you cannot make a great artist out of a boy or girl—you must begin with four grandparents. Give two men and two women a thorough education in the arts and their children will be amateurs, perhaps connoisseurs, while their grandchildren perhaps may be an artist.

Unquestionably that is the main reason why, in such and art as music, for example, the bulk of the fame and fortune won in America is won by foreigners. It is possible now to secure a fine musical education without leaving American soil, but it has not yet been possible for three generations to be so educated; therefore our production of first-rate artists is still small. Indeed, in so far as most of us are concerned, the ideal of a musical education still comprises rudimentary instruction in childhood, a little more detailed instruction during four years in college, and two or three years of finishing at Adams and John Quincy, or Jefferson, at Monticello, Virginia, or Harrison, North Bend, Ohio, or Washington and Lee, Lexington, Virginia, or Lafayette, Easton, Pa., or Princeton, New Jersey, or Yale, New Haven, Conn., or Harvard, Cambridge, Mass., or Columbia, New York, or Williams, Williamstown, Mass., or Vassar, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., or Smith, Northampton, Mass., or Wellesley, Wellesley, Mass., or Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr, Pa., or Radcliffe, Cambridge, Mass., or Mount Holyoke, South Hadley, Mass., or Wellesley, Wellesley, Mass., or Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr, Pa., or Radcliffe, Cambridge, Mass., or Mount Holyoke, South Hadley, Mass., or Vassar, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., or Smith, Northampton, Mass., or Williams, Williamstown, Mass., or Harvard, Cambridge, Mass., or Princeton, New Jersey, or Yale, New Haven, Conn., or Columbia, New York, or Lafayette, Easton, Pa., or Washington and Lee, Lexington, Virginia, or Harrison, North Bend, Ohio, or Jefferson, at Monticello, Virginia, or Adams and John Quincy, Mass., or Harvard, Cambridge, Mass., or Columbia, New York, or Williams, Williamstown, Mass., or Vassar, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., or Smith, Northampton, Mass., or Wellesley, Wellesley, Mass., or Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr, Pa., or Radcliffe, Cambridge, Mass., or Mount Holyoke, South Hadley

ASPIRATION PLUS PREPARATION.

The old saying that "The World turns aside to let the man who knows where he is going" is literaly true. This then is the first great problem of youth when just starting out on their pilgrimage to success; first of all to find out just where they are going or in other words to make a choice of their life work. In making this choice several elements should influence their decision. Most of all they should choose vocation in hereditary capacities and a natural liking for the work. Although I believe that the proper amount of diligence will bring a generous amount of success to any individual in any line of work in which he may wish to engage yet I also believe that success comes more quickly and more easily to the person who is doing the work for which nature has best fitted them. Again in making the choice of a career they should measure the success they hope to attain in service rendered to mankind more particularly than in dollars and cents. Perhaps after all the most important feature is that they decide on their life work while young and then stick firmly to their decision.

After the decision has been made then must come into prominence the first element of success: Aspiration. It is not sufficient that you be a lawyer or a doctor but you must be the best lawyer or doctor that you can.

Emerson expressed very aptly what I mean when he said: "He who can write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he live in the depth of the forest, the world will beat a path to his door." Again we have the Parable in the Bible Concerning the Talents which expresses the fact our Divine Father expects return in service to mankind from us in proportion to the amount of talent with which we have been endowed. Not only because it will bring us greater financial reward but also because we owe the best that is in us to our fellow men, should we strive to excell in the task that we have chosen for our life work.

After having decided definitely as to what is to be your future life work and firmly resolve to become as proficient in your calling as it is possible for your natural endowments to allow you to become, the next step in your march to success is preparation. In these days of highly specialized activities general preparation is usually not sufficient. It is true that the world has need of some men who have general knowledge of a great many things but, for the most part the crying need is for men who know a great deal about just one thing. A fitting testimonial to this fact is the replacing of the family doctor of yesterday who did everything from extracting teeth and amputating limbs to prescribing medicines for all ailments of the body. His place is taken by a legion of highly specialized young men who have made a thorough study of just one organ of the body and are thereby experts in treating the ailments pertaining to that organ.

Be your plans what they may, whether affiliated with agriculture, medicine, the law or what not, a

general education to start with is very essential. One should not begin to specialize before the junior year in college. Were they to do so it would have a narrowing effect on their lives, shutting them out of much enjoyment in life of the fine things in literature, art paramont of all, human nature. Prepare yourself for your life work by learning all there is to be known about it and then work.

Without this last essential, work and prespiration, no amount of aspiration or preparation can ever yield any large measure of success. It is a truism that a man must do more than he is paid for before he will ever be paid for what he is doing. P. T. Barnum has said that "Success was ninety eight per cent perspiration and two per cent genius." Be that as it may, I am sure that the best balm for tired mind and muscle is the knowledge of work well done.

Success is around the corner but you will never overtake it by standing still. You will have to go after it by first attaining its three elements, aspiration, preparation and perspiration and then behold; Sucess is yours.

SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

Elisha Jones, the pastor of the Congregational Church at Hickville, Maine, was a very popular man. Perhaps the greatest reason for his popularity was the fact that both he and his parish liked the same thing—they liked him and he liked himself. Again much of his popularity was due to the fact that unlike many of our pastors of to-day he seldom consigned more than one half of his congregation at any time to regions where Winter Carnivals are unknown. He freely confessed that he believed that there was "A little good in the worst of us; a little evil in the best of us, so why in the world should any of us say any harm of the rest of us." This doctrine together with the Golden Rule furnished the theme for many of the parson's sermons and if they never secured a place in Heaven for any of his listeners, they at least raised those who tried to live according to his teachings, far higher in the scale of human appreciation of their fellow men than many people whom I have met who were positively sure that they were on the road to the City of Zion.

Being of a very social nature the Rev. Mr. Jones often attended the weekly meetings of the sewing circle where he was treated to all the latest scandal, weak tea and Uneeda Biscuits. Also he was often invited out to supper by the members of his parish. On one occasion while taking supper with the village post master he was treated to some milk punch. After quaffing his goblet he exclaimed: "Mr. Goodwin, you should daily thank God for such a wonderful cow."

Now that we have wasted as much time in getting started as the average young man does the first week after he is married, we will go on with our story, which is a very accurate record of the case that Pastor Jones settled out of court. It seems that two chicken fanciers of the town were

about to go to law. Mr. Snowball had accused Mr. Chocolatedrop of stealing his chickens and was about to obtain a warrant for his arrest. Just at that time Parson Jones happened along and having heard of all the trouble asked Mr. Snowball if he would be willing to settle the argument out of court. Mr. Snowball assured the parson that he would, and the parson straight-way sent for Mr. Chocolatedrop. Upon Mr. Chocolatedrop's arrival the parson said: "Now Mr. Snowball, how do you know that it was Mr. Chocolatedrop who took your chickens."

"Shur Sar," said Snowball, "They are the only black chickens with white wings in town and now Mr. Chocolatedrop has some in his pen." How do you account for that if he didn't steal them from me."

"Why that proves nothing Mr. Snowball," answered the parson, "I have some at home myself exactly like the ones you described."

"I don't doubt it a bit" returned Snowball. "Those aren't the first chickens that I have lost."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

About 5 bushels of peaches were picked and sent to the cottages last week.

§ § §

The new milk house is nearly completed now, and the machinery will soon be installed.

§ § §

The big tank and the flag poles were painted last week, new ropes were also put on the flag poles.

§ § §

Rev. W. C. Lyerly conducted the services last Sunday afternoon, and preached a fine sermon, which was enjoyed by everyone.

§ § §

The Cone Literary Society held its regular meeting last Monday night and after a short debate, they had the election of officers.

§ § §

The boys were all out on the lawn last Sunday afternoon, and with much interest watched the passing of the Pan-American good road committee.

§ § §

Ernest Cobb, who is a member of the ninth cottage, was given permission by Supt. Boger last Tuesday, to spend a few days at his home.

§ § § §

Jack Pressly, who was formerly a boy here and a member of the Printing Department, paid us a visit last week. Pressly is now working in Charlotte and making good.

§ § §

The ice plant is now running, as it is so hot and ice is being sent to the cottages every day. About 1,500 lbs. are being put out each day, and the new cooling tower is working fine.

§ § §

The barn boys have been busy plowing during the past week, while

the rest of the boys have been doing any kind of work that needed to be done. The tractors have also been kept busy.

§ § §

Mr. T. L. Grier, who is our Parole Officer, has returned to the institution after visiting all of our old boys east of Winston-Salem. Mr. Grier reports that the majority of the boys are getting along fine and making good.

§ § §

The boys who received visits from their friends and relatives last Wednesday were Craven Pate, James Peeler, Edwin Baker, Floyd Lovelace, Lee McBride, Parks Newton, William Sherill, Eugene Laughlin, Obed McClain and Ralph Hunley.

§ § §

The fourth game of the season was played last Saturday afternoon, when the Training School played the Kannapolis team. The boys started the game off with 2 runs in the first inning, knocking Sherrill out of the box. Fowler then went in to pitch for the visitors and pitched a fine game. Bost pitched a fine game for the local team, but was not backed up. The score was 2 to 3 in the visitors' favor in the first of the ninth and the boys went to pieces allowing the visitors to score 4 runs. The game ended with a score of 7 to 2 in the visitors' favor.

WISHING.

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do.
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true.
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be clean and high,
You can make a little Eden
Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way,
For the pleasures of the many
May be oftimes traced to one.
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

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Cp 364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C. No. 31

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I WOULD.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;

I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

—Howard Arnold Walter.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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INSPIRING MOTHERLY DEVOTION.

There is no use in piling flowers upon the life of the late Locke Craig—he does not need them, to make clear his title to a great and faithful servant of the state. THE UPLIFT is carrying, in another column, a rather lengthy story about his career. The prompting reason for its reproduction, aside from the love of the subject, whose memory we personally cherish, is the reference to his mother.

Were it possible we would like to hold up to the young mothers and those, who, some day, expect to function in that high calling, the example set by Locke Craig's widowed mother. She saw her duty, she assumed its obligations and her part in that affair makes of her truly a heroine. And this in part explains why her son, the lamented Governor, manifested in life such devotion to high ideals of justice and duty, and why he lived and acted the gentle gentleman, never false to a friend and considerate of all men.

The mother of Locke Craig is an ideal for all women, who desire to leave the world better by having lived in it.

* * * * * * *

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE GEORGE W. CONNOR.

For generations the name of Connor has stood high in North Carolina. There is a reason. North Carolina can boast of no finer character than Judge Henry Groves Connor, of the U. S. Federal Court. He and his devoted wife, now numbered among the saints, set an example of upright and godly living. They held up and practiced the high ideals among all the virtues that grace humanity.

There is no wonder that their brilliant children find it easy in playing the

fine part of "being chips off the old block." The scholarly and just judge, who presides over the interests of the Federal court in eastern North Carolina, may with pardonable pride point to George Westfield Connor, recently promoted to Associated Justice of the State Supreme Court from the Superior Court; Prof. R. D. W. Connor, professor at the University; and the brilliant young lawyer, H. G. Connor, Jr., of Wilson, and say these are jewels I contribute to the state, and the public, agreeing, responds "they are the product of high ideals and parental examples."

* * * * * * *

"MAY BE TRUE, BUT IT IS UNJUST."

The Hon. Thos. R. Marshall, for two terms vice-president of the United States, who contributes weekly articles to a score or more of papers, oftentimes discusses matters that touch the home-plate.

In a recent article he discussed very learnedly the conditions that lead to unhappy and miserable marriages. Following this up, he speaks words of everlasting truth in discussing the manners and behavior of the young. He eloquently declares, "If there is anything wrong in the manners, morals and outlook of the young people of today, responsibility rests not on them, but on their elders." This to us, who have had opportunity of getting into the inside of so many examples of so-called badness or deficiency, sounds like gospel.

The editor of this little journal, in his frequent presentation of the child welfare subject, has taken the occasion to declare that "there are no bad boys—there are, however, badly misguided fathers or mothers, bad conditions, bad environments, bad influences and bad examples." The fault, we make bold to declare that a very intimate and first-hand knowledge lies where Mr. Marshall says, "on their elders."

This is what Mr. Marshall says along this line:

> Still a third class of persons seeking a remedy for the unhappiness of family life and hoping to end forever the war in the homes of America turns on the young of this generation, condemning them as idle, frivolous, devoid of purpose, inconsiderate, selfish, pleasure seeking and vain. Such talk annoys me, not that it may not be true, but because it nevertheless is unjust. If there is anything wrong in the manners, morals and outlook of the young people of today, responsibility rests not on them, but on their elders. The fathers and mothers of the land are the real offenders. We have not halted the trend of the times. We have not uprooted the evils which are imperiling our children. When we rear and train our children properly, instill in their hearts and minds reverence

for home and parenthood, school them thoroughly in the right conception of government, religion and society, we shall need no longer any court of domestic relations and will not have to bother ourselves further about uniform laws of marriage and divorce and public boards to examine applicants for marriage licenses.

* * * * * * *

THE STAGE SOON SET.

There is one satisfaction in the situation that all can utter a telling guess, when the two great parties name their men, whereas prior to the conventions it was largely a piece of guess work. When the stage is set—and another week will have accomplished it—anybody in two guesses may name the next president and vice-president of the United States.

* * * * * * *

BECAME A MASTER.

From the time he graduated at Davidson College and immediately thereafter took school work at Selma, N. C., the brilliancy and ability of Dr. C. Alphonso Smith began to be recognized and gave promise of great usefulness. Though in a small town, and, at the time, not particularly on fire educationally, this young man Smith made his light shine; and soon the state had her eyes on him.

Starting at Selma, N. C., and ending at the United States Naval Academy, in a few short years, spells a rapid and successful journey without a particle of the element of accident, chance or favoritism—it was the man's genius, ability and devotion to his chosen work, alone, that accounts for his eminence. We saw him for the first time at Morehead City, modestly but earnestly taking in the proceedings of the annual teachers' meeting; and he had with him, not by the power of law or rules or regulations, but by the force of his leadership and his enthusiasm, all of the teachers connected with his school, that they might catch a greater enthusiasm for their work. But he lost, to disgress a bit, one of the ablest teachers, who was first won as a teacher, then as wife, by one of the finest school men the state ever produced, who now lives in South Carolina.

His chosen specialty was that of English, which has been in the main greatly neglected for those things not quite so vital in a finished education; and in the face of this lack of appreciation on the part of the public, Dr. Smith made it attractive, and, possibly, did more than any other man in the past several generations excepting the late Dr. Hume and Prof. Sledd, and

caused it to come back into its own among educators.

This trusting believer, when dying, sent this message to his students: "Tell them that I am not afraid to die. I greet the unseen with a cheer." He lived clean and noble and useful or else his message could not have taken form. Dr. Smith's achievements reflected luster on North Carolina, even beyond our borders.

* * * * * * *

DEATH.

It may be a condition of observation, but nevertheless it appears unmistakable that during the psat six months there have been an unusual number of deaths in the state, taking toll from every walk of life. It is observable at least that the number of aged persons who have gone to their reward is unusually large.

* * * * * * *

ABSURDITY.

Nearly every meeting is saved from monotony by having an oddity in the gathering. At the conference for school superintendents, held at Greensboro this week one speaker gave utterance to this: "unless the teacher can justify in the mind of the pupil each subject the latter is taking that either the pupil or the teacher should quit."

This is just another scheme in spoiling the children. Were the theory of this educational oddity to become a teaching law, the learning of the multiplication tables would become extinct; and in the teaching of the great subject of hygiene the country would be inflicted with hosts of dirty and unkept youngsters, for it is not justification in the mind of the child that causes him to submit to the laws of cleanliness but rather to the influence of parental determination.

Different people adopt different methods of making themselves conspicuous —even running in the face of common sense.

* * * * * * *

A LAYMAN'S VIEW.

To say the least, it were better for the state, for christianity, for good morals, for the joy in this world and a hope for the next that that "Reynolda Conference" had never been held. If what was intimated be half-way true, then we are in for an endless trouble in sustaining the principles that heretofore have caused men to strive to so live as to merit peace and glory hereafter.

A sample of the horse-back opinions that were uttered at the conference

was this by Dr. Collier Cobb: "Evolution is no longer a theory but a law, just as the law of gravitation is no longer Newton's hypothesis." This brought, so the published reports indicate, candid criticism from the more conservative members of the conference.

* * * * * * *

ENRICHING THE STATE.

The preservation of the story of the historical beginnings of many events, and places inNorth Carolina, is attributable to the thoughtfulness and effort of the D. A. R's and the Colonial Dames. These splendid organizations have done invaluable work in North Carolina by placing markers in commemoration of important historical events and occurrences.

It is a pleasing act that the history of the establishment of the first real town in North Carolina is to be preserved in a tablet. Of course, Bath has not flourished and become a great city; but the fact that our forefathers had many difficulties in learning how to establish towns in the New World and many obstacles to overcome, crowns Bath, even if yet small, with an historical glory. Miss Rodman's story of Bath in this number, makes most entertaining reading.

* * * * * * *

MAKE YOUR OWN CALCULATION.

Elsewhere in this number will be found the rule governing the calculation of what amount each World War Veteran is entitled to under the Bonus measure, which Congress passed over the veto of President Coolidge.

The putting into effect of this bonus measure will reach a monumental task, having to deal with thousands and thousands of individual items.

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph.

At one of our recent school commencements, one of the girls looked so attractively cute and fetching in her white speaking dress, with a red rose as a corsage bouquet, and she spoke her piece so well. She made me think of a girl whose mother was talking to a Mrs. Brown one day, and Mrs. Brown said, "I hear the minister thinks your daughter has real genius for reciting," and her mother replied, "Oh yes, all she wants, he says to me, is a course of electrocution, just to finish her off like." I would hate to see her finished off that way.

* * * * *

Capt. J. R. Renn is the conscientious, faitful, obliging and accommodating superintendent of the Union Station at Durham. He frequently calls the trains to the waiting passengers. The other day, as is his wont, he announced, "East bound train!" There was a tap on his shoulder. He called his train three times without paying any attention to the tap, and each time he made the announcement there was a tap. Turning around to see where the tap came from he faced a very much excited passenger, apparently, who said, "Is that the east-bound train going west?" His sense of humor was so keen, he had to smile blandly, and remarked, very sweetly, "yes, that's the east-bound train going west, when it comes back."

* * * * *

I knew it. It was predestined to come. In this column, a short while back there was a lapsus typewriteria, which said "Murphy county," in speaking of this grand old state. Now Harry C. Martin, of Blowing Rock, from the pinnacles of observation, wants to know" that after studying N. C. geography, where in the world is Murphy county?" Anybody as high as Harry Martin, altitudinally, ought to know that "Murphy county" is in Cherokee town.

* * * * *

I find that reading the daily newspapers, with any degree of regularity, it spoils my style. That is, it is spoiling the last style I had. There are so many various styles of writers that it confuses one's ideas when he begins to put his own ideas on paper. There is hardly an ornate expression you can think of that some one hasn't thought of it before you. In reading books, to the thinker and writer, it is near to impossible not to ape to some degree the tricks of whichever writer one has been last reading. In the field of literature, unintentionally, of course, one is prone to hook bits of the mannerisms of different authors. You simply can't help it; that is all. So I have to sit me down and think out my thinklets in my own most thinkable way. And that's the way most every writer has to do.

* * * * *

I do not think a man and his wife should split hairs on bobbed hair. A woman's hair is her own, and it does seem that she has right to do what she pleases with it. Men who dictate to their wives are walking on danger-

ous ground. If a wife doesn't like the way her husband parts his hair, she ups and tells him so, just like that. A husband might suggest to his wife what style of wearing the hair is becoming to her style of beauty; but never dictate—suggest. A wise wife will give heed to her husband's good judgment. And vice versa. A bald-headed man escapes many of the unpleasantnesses of life.

* * * *

Yellow is a raging color this season, and it does look like dame fashion is deliberately bent upon the problem of choosing the most glaring, nerve-wracking, blantant color imaginable. It does make some of the dear women look like a flock of canaries. There are some colors that are an assault upon the sense of sight. Violent colors to some people are just as repulsive as violent fiscords. I was in a town sometime ago and the street cars were of the most flaming yellow color. Some quiet, cool color, such as olive or subdued green, would be ideal. Furthermore, it would probably have a good psychological effect upon the passengers. If a person has waited for a car some 15 or 20 minutes and finds a flaming yellow monstrosity bearing down upon him he is very likely to complain of the service. But green, or olive, is soothing, and though it might not wear quite as well as yellow it would certainly reconcile many patrons who would be inflamed at the sight of a yellow car.

* * * *

A man is just like his car. His ability to get there depends on what's under his hat crown. There's often a lot of stuff under the hood that oughtn't to get there. After all's said and done you're worth what's under your hood. Become mentally inert and you stagnate. Allow the "isms" and the "ifs," and the vileness of the times to flood your mental carburetor, you'll choke the engine on the most crowded corner. The man who succeeds must keep everlasting fit. He must constantly care for what's under the hood. Many a time he'll have to do what he doesn't want to do. But doing that well only makes a man of him. Small fry never do anything except what pleases. Men of big mold do many things distasteful to them to help others. In the end they are happier for it. So be a man of progress. Pay attention to what's under the hood and keep the mental machinery well tuned to its task.

ADVOCATING A HOME-COMING.

Scattered here and there, from California to Maine and from Florida to Washington live folks who call historic Cleveland county "home." Some are wealthy, some famous and others just "ordinary people," but home has the same meaning to every man; the old fishin' hole and the memories of school days the same lure, and there comes regularly the desire to go back for a visit.—Cleveland Star.

TROUBLESOME TWO-THIRDS RULE.

The effect of the "two-thirds rule" which prevails in the National Democratic Convention is very clearly discussed by Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of Navy in President Wilson's cabinet. In an entertaining manner he tells what it did for Champ Clark at Baltimre; and he reveals a conference between a Clark delegate and a Wilson delegate that throws some light on the strenuousness of events in a great convention. How the troublesome rule may be rescinded.

Will the two-thirds rule be repealed when the Democrats meet in National Convention in New York next week?

So far as I know there is no political body in the world except the Democratic National Convention that denies the right of a majority of its constituent members to control its actions.

What is the two-thirds rule which has prevaileed in Democratic National Convention for something like a century?

Briefly it is a self-denying ordinance imposed to give a minority an opportunity to defeat the will of a majority. That is a blunt but correct way of stating what it is. There is no such rule in the Republican National Convention or in any other political convention. In all these the presumption is that a majority has the wisdom and the right to act. The Democrats when they get together in a national convention seem afraid to trust the final judgment of a majority to name their candidates.

The Senate's Parallel.

The nearest approach to that practice is seen in the United States Senate where cloture can be invoked only by a two-thirds vote. That is in the interest of full discussion and the protection of the right to minorities to debate questions. In view of the fact the House is no longer a body where big questions are open to debate and where a Rule Committee and a bare majority can deny even a protest by way of debate, there are many who believe some such guarantee of discussion in the Senate is wise if not necessary. If the privilege is sometimes abused, there is much to be said in favor of the two-thirds rule in the Senate which would not apply to a Democratic National Convention. There is no cloture in a convention unless it is applied by the galleries, which exercise a self-enacted rule of power to refuse to hear speakers who are long-winded or lacking in voice. But when it comes to a vote in the Senate, a majority governs, except in cases of treaties where a two-thirds vote is required by the Constitution. Even there a movement to deny the right of one-third to defeat a treaty is being seriously considered. Both John Hay and Woodrow Wilson saw the danger to proper international policy in that dangerous veto to the prerogative of an executive. I venture to suggest that the day is not far distant when abuse by the Senate of the right of a minority of Senators to dictate international policies or compel stalemate, will be replaced by requiring a majority only for ratification. The change cannot come

too soon.

History Of The Rule.

The two-thirds rule, requiring a candidate to receive that number of votes to be nominated, was first adopted at the first convention held by the Democrats, this being in 1832. The candidacy of Jackson for President had been predetermined and the only matter to be considered was the choice of a candidate for Vice-President. Old Hickory had picked Van Buren, his Secretary of State, and although the committee on rules appears not to have been under Jackson's control and proposed the two-thirds rule, Van Buren took the hurdle successfully, receiving on the first ballot many more than the requisite two-thirds.

Various reasons are given why the two-thirds rule became party creed. At the convention of 1835 it was attacked as unrepublican. Mr. Saunders, of North Carolina, defended it, saying it was designed "to create a more imposing effect." Nine years later Mr. Saunders employed it to defeat Van Buren and this convention was notable in that it produced the first dark horse candidate, James K. Polk, to whom the convention stamped after the eighth ballot had failed to give Van Buren a two-thirds majority.

The rule has probably been adhered to in the belief that a candidate who could command two-thirds of the convention vote would insure the support of the people more surely than one who merely obtained a majority in a hotly-fought contest. It was believed the bitterness engendered might defeat a majority nominee, whereas, if he secured two-thirds it was evidence there would be no latent rancor. Then there were no primaries and few instructions. The unit rule of State Convention was general. It was a real convention of free men, bound by no instructions. Inasmuch as minorities in a State were repressed by the unit rule, it was held this was a further argument for the two-thirds rule.

Whatever the origin, it seems to have been firmly fixed, for it has remained all these years in force, defeating every attempt to amend or repeal. How has it worked? Generally the candidate desired by the party has been nominated under it as he would have been by the majority rule. Generally. Not always. In some instances it has compassed the defeat of the strongest candidate. "Very well," say its champions. "It is better that he should be defeated in an open convention that at the polls." Franklin Pierce won out over men with more commanding support. The competitors fought each other so earnestly that party leaders believed the acceptable Franklin Pierce, soldier and statesman, would be a stronger vote getter. They were right. He was the last New Englander to occupy the White House until Coolidge succeeded from the Vice-Presidency.

Split Party In 1860.

If the Democrats had been wise in 1860 they would have united on Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency. But he could not secure a two-thirds vote. Separation of the convention and the division upon two candidates into two camps with two sets of candidates invited defeat and disaster. The superior genius of

Lincoln has tendered to dwarf Douglas in popular esteem, but people of all creeds are beginning to give to Douglas a greater place as the story of those days is better understood and his leadership better recognized.

Champ Clark's Grievance.

In every Democratic Convention since 1860 the Democratic candidate who received a majority has ultimately been nominated except Champ Clark in 1912. Though minorities previous to every convention have threatened this or that candidate expected to obtain a majority, should never be given the necessary two-thirds. that threat has not been carried out in all these years. It was this fact that caused Champ Clark's regret and resentment. That able and patriotic statesman felt that, having secured a majority, he was entitled by precedent to be given the additional votes necessary for the nomination. He believed it was due to an unwillingness on the part of the minority to surrender to the will of the majority, and was prompted by hostility to him.

Sidelight From Baltimore Convention.

In this belief he was mistaken. On the morning after Speaker Clark had received a majority vote—556—a supporter of Clark called to see a supporter of Wilson. This conversation ensued:

Clark man: "Now that Speaker Clark has secured a majority why do you not advise the Wilson forces without further struggle to concede him the nomination and give him the necessary votes today?"

Wilson man: "We do not concede that a majority of this convention wishes Mr. Clark nominated. Yes, I know he received a majority on the last ballot. But he cannot hold it. We have information that a number of Clark delegates do not wish him nominated."

Clark man: "That is idle gossip. The way to tell what a delegate wants, and the only way, is to see how he votes. If these people did not want Clark nominated they would have broken away long ago. They have stood by him loyally and will do so, and it is dog-in-the-manger for you folks to deny him the two-thirds and open the way for some dark horse with little strength. It isn't fair and isn't playing the game."

Wilson man: "If Clark can hold his majority through Monday (it was then Saturday morning) he will be nominated. You have no right to expect us to give up when we have assurances from delegates now supporting Clark and Underwood that they are coming to Wilson."

Clark man: "Will you agree to withdraw Wilson if Clark holds his majority through Monday?"

Wilson man: "I have not the authority, but if Clark can maintain his majority so long, you will need no guarantees. The convention will name him. Wilson's friends are not against Clark. They are for Wilson. We believe Clark has shot his bow and cannot hold his majority. If he can hold it, he will be the next President. If he cannot hold it. Wilson will win. The issue lies in the hands of delegates who are now voting for Clark but who tell us they will, when they think it wise, come to Wilson. You may rely upon it that neither Wilson nor his supporters are playing for any dark

horse. The nominee will be Wilson or Clark.''

Couldn't Hold Majority.

On that day sixteen ballots were taken. Before the sun rose Sunday morning Clark's vote had fallen from 556 to 463½ and Wilson's vote had risen from 350½ to 407½. When the balloting ended Monday Wilson's vote was 499½ and Clark's was 424. The next day (Tuesday) on the forty-sixth ballot, Wilson was nominated, receiving 990 votes. I am giving this piece of history from the Baltimore convention, not to point a moral or adorn a tale or to make a prediction as to what will happen at New York. Simply as history, and every man may make such deductions from it as to the New York convention as he chooses.

How To Repeal Rule.

The popular conception that the two-thirds rule must prevail has no foundation. It has merely been readopted at every quardrennium for a century. Will it be readopted at New York? If there is a desire to let the majority rule, all that will be necessary is for the Committee on Rules to make such recommendation and for a majority of the convention to so declare, and the two-thirds rule would be as dead as Julius Ceasar. Or, if the Rules Committee should report favoring the two-thirds rule, any delegate can rise on the floor and say:

''I move to strike out two-thirds and insert a majority.''

If he can secure a majority for his motion, the candidates receiving a majority vote will be declared the nominees.

Will the attempt be made?

If I knew, and should give the secret away, it would remove a wide field for speculation.

HOW ANTS WORK TOGETHER.

A missionary in China sends to an English paper the following instance of the well-known co-operative work of ants:

While eating our midday meal we noticed an ant struggling with a piece of bread about eight times it's own size. Finding itself unable to carry the bread, the ant went away, and we followed it across the floor, out at the door, and across the veranda, till it reached a hole, which it entered.

Almost immediately it came out, followed by a whole regiment of ants. These were led by the ant straight to the piece of bread. After much manoeuvering three of them managed to move it on, and they went over hill and dale—otherwise, knots or indentations in the floor boards—till they arrived with it at the door of their home.

The rest of the ants followed, several carrying smaller pieces of bread. The whole performance lasted about three-quarters of an hour, and the perseverance shown was amazing.—Exchange.

THOUGHT DEATH NEAR, CURED BY ADVENTURE.

(Philadelphia Bulletin)

"Never say die. Back in 1861, when I wanted to enlist in the Confederate army, they told me I'd die in a few months. I gritted my teeth, pulled myself out of my rut and here I am, hale and hearty at 89 years."

George L. Johnson, of Philadelphia, was talking about himself the other day.

"I was a rabid rebel in those days," he grinned. "From camp to camp I wandered, begging them to let me enlist. I was a cussed looking specimen of humanity, 26 years old, weighing less than 110 pounds.

"Every doctor who examined me threw up his hands and predicted that I'd die within a month. They always handed me my hat and told me to get out of camp before I fell to pieces.

"I was the most down-hearted chap in the world. I didn't care for anything. Life was all shadows. Said I to myself one day: "Look-a-here young fellow you are a fool. Don't let those fellows tell you you're going to die. Fool 'em. And I did.

"How did I do it? Well, I was in an awful rut. I lived in Fairville, N. C., and life was very dull. I decided I wasn't so sick as I was lacking in intiative.

"So I set out to seek adventure. I sailed for the British West Indies. It was during the War Between the States, and we had to run the blockade. It was great fun. It gave me a taste of adventure, so I did it over again.

"It was then I decided it was adventure I craved. I wasn't so sick physically as I was starved in spirit. So I settled down in the West Indies, looking for more excitement.

"It was strange how I picked up. In a sort time I was weighing 180 pounds. I had been a light eater, but my meals began to agree with me.

"Then I was struck down with yellow fever. Here was another blow. I guess I would have passed out, if I hadn't cultivated a sense of humor and a willingness to fight.

"As soon as I got over my illess I pulled up for England, runing the blockade again. Later, when I came back to America, I struck out for the Indian territory and played around with the Choctaw Indians when the West was really wild and woolly."

The person with whom you are most likely to quarrel is the one with whom you are most closely associated. Remember it, as you go home. —Kiwanis Magazine.

THE STORY OF BATH.

Though it is the oldest town in North Carolina, Bath boasts of just 283 inhabitants, according to the census of 1920. On June 19th a tablet will be unveiled, the same having been given by the State Historical Society, and the exercises will be in charge of the State Colonial Dames, headed by Mrs. Col. A. M. Waddell. This tablet is a historical marker, in commemoration of Bath being the first town started in North Carolina.

Hon. Lindsay Warren, recently nominated to Congress from the First district, will be the chief orator of the occasion, being introduced by the versatile Col. Fred Olds. In this connection, it will prove of no little interest to reproduce a story of Bath, written by Miss Lida T. Rodman, of Washington, N. C. It is:

"Two hundred and nineteen years ago this great State of North Carolina for good roads had only bridle paths and Indian trails, there was no town within its borders. White settlers had arrived some years previous and were making homes along the water ways of rivers, bays and creeks. They had a form of government and church parishes, but the courts and general assemblies were held at private houses for the enactment of public and private laws and the trials of cases. And there were no church buildings at that time, the Church of England folk had parishes and glebes laid off, yet, their services were held in the homes of the people, or perhaps in the open.

"Therefore, on March 8, 1705, at a meeting of the assembly held at the house of John Heckenfield, on Little River, the town of Bath was formally incorporated, the first in North Carolina to receive this honor. Bath and its immediate vicinity was the cradle of much of the early history of the colony, many of the stirring events of those early times took place there. And many of the well known names of the State are connected by ancestors represented in its promise of early development who resided in or near Bath for long or short periods of time.

In 1705, there were only twelve houses in the ambitious little hamlet. There are sixty all told today, yet now as then, Bath Town is surrounded by a particularly rich and fertile farming country and many people live in comfort and happiness on the well kept farms of this historic section.

Same Now as Then.

"Every lot, street and boundary in Bath Town is practically the same as it was when surveyed and platted by John Lawson, general surveyor general to the Crown, historian, traveller, many sided adventurer, who lived in Bath Town, owned land and his will was recorded there, though the impress of his work as a surveyor has been left in various sections of the Colony. He left his home in Bath to accompany Baron de Graffenreid on a tour of surveying in September, 1711, those fatal days of the Indian massacre, when Lawson and many others of the colonists were killed in barbarous fashion by their

erstwhile friends, the Indians. The settlement at Bath was the principal point of attack and more than two hundred people were killed. A recital of the cruelties inflicted upon the people makes the blood run cold; for thirty years therafter September 22 was observed as a Day of Fast and Prayer.

"The narrow strip of land on which Bath Town is situated was the site of the prehistoric Indian town of Pampticough, and in 1681 its colonial history began, for in that year the princely grant of twelve thousand acres of land was obtained by Seth Sothel, one of the Lords proprietors, sent out to be a governor in Carolina. In the heart of this grant was the present town of Bath there described as "Pampticough, Ye Olde Towne." Sothel, or Southwell was the most villainous governor North Carolina ever had and on account of his misrule the indignant people met in assembly in 1689 and banished him from the colony for all time. Not long thereafter the Indians abandoned Pampticoe, whereupon the white settlers realizing its splendid location, promptly took possession of "Ye Olde Towne," which being located about midway of the boundaries of the State the inhabitants entertained the hope that Bath might eventually become the permanent capital. Two sessions of the assembly were held there, 1744 and 1752, and numerous courts and other executive sessions of which the records were never kept.

"The Home of Governors."

"In 1704, Robert Daniel, a landgrave of Carolina, was appointed Deputy Governor of North Carolina; he owned three plantations in Bath county and for a short time resided at one of them, the old Beasley place, known for generations as the 'Home of the Governors, a plantation a few miles below Bath nearer Pamlico River, where was built a large house for those days, with secret cellars, stone pier, and a small cannon commanding the entrance to Bath Creek. At this place Governor Eden lived, for a year or so; his secretary, Tobias Kngiht, lived there, or in close proximity, as his residence seems to have covered a longer period than Eden's. Unfortunately, the old house wth its fascinating history has been entirely destroyed by fire and other ravages of time.

"Another historical event was Cary's rebellion which took place in part in Bath as Colonel Cary, deputy governor, and for a time living in Bath, disputed Edward Hyde's right to the executive office, notwithstanding his close relationship to Queen Anne, who was instrumental in sending him out, hoping thereby to quiet the turbulent (?) settlers who would, even at that date, stand out for their rights and liberties.

"St. Thomas parish was created by the Ventry Act of 1700, and the old church, still standing, the oldest in the State, was erected in 1734. Two other ancient buildings in Bath that are worthy of note are the 'Marsh House' built in 1774; and down on the point, the picturesque spot that commands a view of five miles across to Core Point, on the opposite side of the Pamlico River, stands the home of the late Joseph Bonner built some years prior to the Revolution, so it is said.

These are probably some of the oldest structures extant in the State.

Linked With Black Beard.

"Among other interesting things the history of Bath is inextricably linked with that of Edward Teach, or Thache, Black Beard, the notorious pirate, who lived there for a time and inspired the inhabitants with such terror as he held high orgies after his depredations on the high seas. Finally upon appeal from the Governor of North Carolina a ship of the Royal Navy was despatched by Governor Spottswood from Virginia and this great robber of the sea was captured and killed near Ocracoke, where he was decapited, his body thrown overboard in fifty fathoms of deep water, his head nailed to the foremost of the vessel which then sailed up to Bath Town with the visible proof of victory to reassure the settlers that they need have no more fear of attack from this vicious enemy of law and society.

"The modern town of Bath is peaceful and law abiding; it does not boast a policeman, nor recorder's court, but it is quite up to date in the selection of an intelligent public spirited mayor, Mr. T. B. Brooks, and the board of aldermen composed of Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Crawley and Mrs. Jather Marsh; it is thought that this board of aldermen is unique in the history of North Carolina and it deserves mention from the fact these women have made a fine record and have instituted many reforms and improvements for the civic betterment of this community.

MAKES HOME "A FILLING STATION."

The "grace of hospitality" is waning in some parts of the world, and a luncheon at a club is a poor substitute for the old-time courtesy which admitted a visitor to the hearth and home. The modern courtesy—"let me give you a card to my club," or "come with me to my club to lunch" is a real courtesy but cannot take the place of hospitality in which the visitor is welcomed by wife and daughters and tastes the flavor of family life. In some parts of the world it has about gone out of fashion, and the difficulty of trained servants and the fact that the automobile makes some homes only "a filling station" are more responsible than any lack of the spirit of welcome to visitors.—Josephus Daniels.

A COURSE IN ETHICS ADVOCATED FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

(Selected.)

"Spiritual illiteracy" is the charge brought against about sixty per cent of the youth of the country now in attendance in the public schools. According to an investigation conducted in Indiana by the "Institute on Social and Religious Surveys," there was an alarming poverty of ethical consciousness among the majority of the children. "Stupidity is more sinful than cheating" expresses the ethical standard of the pupils.

"Not only did a majority of the children think it was less sinful to cheat a railroad than to cheat a person and that 'if a storekeeper gives you too much money it is all right to keep it because he would probably keep it if you paid him too much,' but in actual practice sixty-four per cent of the children did actually keep the dime overpaid in a test that was 'framed.'"

In commenting upon the survey, well might the Public Education and Child Welfare Association say:

"Nothing can be more essential in any scheme of education than development of character. Without character, the more complete one's education the greater the menace to soiclety. We do not doubt the alarming poverty of moral standards among children, which is merely a reflection of the moral indifference pervading society itself. No one appreciates all of these problems and their bearings more keenly than do the school people themselves, and surely no one is looking more anxiously for the solution."

As religion in any definite and distinct way cannot be taught in the public schools, a course in ethics is advocated as the next best thing. The superintendent of the Philadelphia schools announces that such a course is already being given and with good results. In the absence of some kind of religious training, this surely is better than no ethical teaching at all. But it is far from reaching the real seat of the trouble. It is simply another effort to treat symptoms rather than the disease. What the children of our day need for the building up of character is the Christian religion. They need to be taught the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom, and the love of God in Christ, which is its completion. But where faith in God is lacking, and where the Christian motive is not asserting itself, your ethical teaching is as powerless to cure selfishness and sin as a porous plaster is to cure a disease that lurks in the heart or the blood.

What we fear most of all is that such ethical courses given in the schools will be considered by the public as the only thing that can be done to change this alarming situation. As things are, the one thing to be lamented is the absence of Christian training in the home. About half the Protestant (so-called) parents have shifted that responsibility upon the Sunday school, and very many of

them are not particular about urging their children to be regular in their attendance even there. Perhaps after an epidemic of moral crookednes and perversity such as we are beginning to witness among the youth of the land, the public will awake to the realization that the teaching of religion is the outstanding need of the times.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we know them only when they are gone.—George Eliot.

"Life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy."—Emerson.

"LITTLE GIANT OF THE WEST."

(Asheville Citizen.)

Locke Craig died at his home on the Swannanoa River at 2:38 o'clock on the afternoon of June 9th, his life fading as softly as the mists wreathed above the rushing river. And a little later over the hills came faintly the cadenced strokes of the fire bell, tolling its mournful message that the loved son of the mountains would see them no more.

Though his body be dead, Locke Craig yet liveth in the heart of North Carolina, its Governod in 1913-1917, its greatest public speaker perhaps, and a personality cherished as one of its most loved sons. Born in North Carolina, he was of North Carolina in every fibre of his being, from the sentinel light of Hatteras Shoals to the cloud-wreathed summits of the Tennessee line. Gone in the harvest time of the State's material, and social well being, he is remembered as the chief of those who planted the seed and diligently labored in this field of high endeavor, and so he goes with prayers and tears and a many-voiced benediction into the realm of light.

North Carolina was born and bred into Governor Craig from an ancestry well antedating the Revolutionary War. William Craig came from Scotland to America in 1749 and settled in Orange County, where three sons were born to him, John, David and James, soldiers in the Continental Army. The grandson of John Craig was Andrew Murdock Craig, who, though of a Presbyterian family, became a Baptist preacher, and one of great influence, power and eloquence beyond the bounds of Bertie County where he lived. He was a scholar of fine tastes and worthy attainments, an honor graduate of the University.

Rev. Dr. Craig married Clarissa Rebecca Gilliam, and their son, who was born on the farmstead in Bertie County, August 16, 1860, was named Locke because of his father's admiration for John Locke, the philosopher. Brief was the boy's knowledge of his father, for the latter passed away soon after the close of the War Between the States, leaving his widow and two sons with only a small estate to support them in the tumultu-

ous days of Reconstruction. The mother rose to the occasion.

Of this mother, Dr. George T. Winston's sketch states: "She was the daughter of Wiley J. Gilliam, a strong, handsome and commanding man, conspicuous and influential in Bertie County. Her mother was a Bond, one of tse largest and most honored familes of North Carolina and Tennessee. By blood and marriage Mrs. Craig was connected with the strongest, most cultured and influential families of Bertie County. They were a generous people, without shams or veneering solid through and through. You always knew where to find them. They were large landowners and slaveholders, fond of hospitality, active in charity, good friends and good haters, zealous in church matters and politics. Mrs. Craig was a fine type of her people, strong and well-balanced in mind, handsome and healthful in body, loving and generous in spirit. Her chief purpose in life was to make happiness for husband and children."

It was under this mother that the youthful Locke spent his boyhood on the farm, attending the common schools until he was 14 years old when he went for a year to Horner School at Henderson and prepared for college. Doctor Winston tells that rather than that he should go alone and unguided to the State University, the mother risked in a great adventure and sold her little property that she might go with him and his brother. Dr. Winston recalls the story of how the father of Horace, the Latin poet, acted as servant to his son who could afford none, and then makes this comment:

"For nearly two thousand years this little picture has commanded the admiration of the world. It is not, however, so beautiful as the picture of this widowed woman selling her little property, cutting loose from her people, taking in her arms her two sons and carrying them to the great university of her State where they might have opportunities for education." She made sacrifice and risked much, and for that her son became the chief of a great State. And that mother the son cherished with all the love a son could give.

Locke Craig entered the class of 1880 at the age of 15 years, the associate of the Winston boys, Francis D. and Robert W., Chas. D. McIver, the latter to become the great educator; Edward A. Alderman, now President of the University of Virginia, and Charles B. Aycock, with whom later on he was to be associated in great events in State history. He was a diligent student and fond of speaking and writing essays and was chosen as commencement orator when his class was graduated while he was less than 20 years old, the youngest graduate of the University.

The young graduate had studied law but, lacking funds, took the place as assistant instructor in chemistry at the University for a year, teaching next year in a private school at Chapel Hill. It was in 1883 that he migrated to Asheville with the intention of practicing law, but here again for pecuniary reasons he taught school for part of the time, being engaged at other times in the lumbering business, but at all times making friends of all with whom he came in contact.

It was in 1891 that Governor Craig

was well embarked in the practice of law in Asheville, and likewise in the politics which, until late in 1900 boiled with a fury never known here. In 1892 he was the Democratic nominee for elector from this district, and in 1896 as elector at large, he introduced William Jennings Bryan when the latter spoke to a tremendous multitude near the passenger station.

Those were days of frenzied politics then in transition. The fusion of Republicans and Populists had elected the Legislature in 1894 and chosen J. C. Pritchard and Marion Butler as United States Senators, and a fierce fight was waged for the State in 1896. The young lawyer Craig was swept by a tide which would take him he knew not where. He fought locally in the political field against Senator Pritchard, a man of striking power, Richmond Pearson, virile and flushed with the success of winning the Congregational seat in 1894, H. A. Gudger, later Consul-General at Panama and Judge of the Criminal Court of the Canal Zone, E. D. Carter, a notable political fighter, J. M. Moody and others. He had sought the Congressional nomination in 1896 but it went to J. S. Adams, later Judge Adams.

It was a fierce campaign, that of '96, and a dangerous one, Mr. Craig's life being perilously in danger following a joint debate with Judge Gudger at Marshall. And it was a losing one as well for the Democrats, although Mr. Craig and many other Bryan electors were chosen, the Populists supporting Mr. Bryan. Then came dark days in the East when irresponsibles usurped places of political power.

Many feared that the social existence in the Eastern part of the State was endangered and Wilmington purged itself by force of arms. There was a call for white supremacy and none was quicker to answer in the State-wide movement of 1898 than Locke Craig. Charles B. Aycock and F. M. Simmons, who took the place of State Chairman. Governor Craig, speaking elsewhere in the State, accepted the nomination for the House of Representatives from Buncombe County, contesting its place with Col. V. S. Lusk as a notable opponent. It was a bitter fight from coast to mountains.

The Democrats swept the State and in the 1899 Legislature Mr. Craig was active with George Rountree, Francis D. Winston, Judge H. G. Connor and F. M. Simmons, in formulating the famous "Grandfather Clause" of the constitutional amendment which proposed an educational requirement for voters; not applying to persons whose ancestors had been qualified to vote. This was passed in 1899 and next year was presented in a campaign to the voters. It also was a bitter fight for there was general fear among many illiterates that the courts would nullify the "grandfather clause," and thus leave them disfranchised. Aycock strode into the picture, a commanding figure, and with him was Locke Craig. At Laurinburg, where they spoke, came the first appearance of the "Red Shirts," as formidable as the Italian Fascisti of today.

The amendment was swept into place. Aycock became Governor, Simmons was United States Senator —and Locke Craig was back in the

lower house of the Legislature. In 1902, preliminary to becoming a candidate for the United States Senate from the Western part of the State. Mr. Craig made a joint campaign with and against Senator Pritchard who was seeking re-election. The Democrats won the Legislature but in the triangular contest for the Senatorship between Mr. Craig, C. B. Watson and Lee S. Overman, the latter was chosen.

There followed and interval of several years during which Mr. Craig devoted himself to the law. His wide education, knowledge of human nature, analytic mind and persuasive eloquence soon made his practice an extensive one. But again came politics to interrupt. He became in 1908 a candidate for Governor and so likewise did Representative W. W. Kitchin and Ashely Horne, the latter a Confederate soldier.

Mr. Craig spoke in every part of State, as did Mr. Kitchin, but when the Charlotte convention met it was seen that neither candidate commanded a majority of the votes. After several hundred ballots and Mr. Horne's withdrawal. Mr. Kitchin was nominated. In a sense it was a defeat for the Buncombe man, yet it rolled a magic carpet on which he walked without effort to the Governorship in 1912. The unvoiced sentiment of the State and all factions seemed to be unanimous that Craig must be Governor, and so he was inaugurated January 15, 1913.

The following four years were important to North Carolina. Governor Craig was in a sense visionary, perhaps an inheritance from Scottish ancestors, and he visioned a greater North Carolina than any that was then in sight—he fore-told and worked for the condition whose advance is now on the State. Yet he was eminently practical—not one who would win a battle at the expense of losing a war. He led rather than forced.

An outstanding practical achievement of the Craig administration was effecting railway rates which should be fair to North Carolina. On the one hand the railway companies were unyielding and on the other was a popular sentiment which would bankrupt them. With great skill Governor Craig secured rates which meant untold millions of dollars in savings and greater commerce for North Carolina and at the same time made a sentiment which meant industrial peace and just treatment for the railroads.

It would be a too-long enumeration of the practical legislation promoted by Governor Craig to recite them here. To many however, the chief credit seems to be the forward impulse he gave North Carolina—the sentiment he instilled by his idealism for better civic and social conditions. He vigorously pressed the educational campaign begun by Aycock and was the champion of better State institutions. He urged good roads always; he preached development—and all the time was the underlying suggestion to drive on, move upward. He told not merely what North Carolina had done but what it then was and what it could be. He was the apostle of advance. He was active in promoting great parks, being President of the Appalachian Park Association which pro-

moted Pisgah National Forest, and he brought about the purchase by the State of land for a park around the summit of Mount Mitchell, highest land in Eastern America.

Governor Craig left the Governorship with widespread approval and came back to his Asheville people. They found him somewhat changed, not in essentials, but more in temperament. If he had seemed to broaden, to be less "partisan," it was because conditions, political and otherwise, had become more temperate. Always he had been a gentleman, gentle in manner, kindly in disposition, considerate of others however they might differ in opinion from him and numbering, at all times many of opposing political faith as his personal friends. It was not inconsistent with these traits that he should be a forceful man, forceful in strength of character and impelling conviction, and none inferred a fault in him if he was aggressive on the forum or at the bar.

And these people knowing him for what he was, and realizing that for all that his political life had been a conflict, he was still their gentle and considerate friend, pure in heart and spotless in life, with no smirch upon his garments, loyal to his friends and his home people, took him to their hearts. And with their love went sympathy for they saw that life's battle had told on their friend and that physically he was weak. He could still flame into eloquence but it was clear that the strain of effort told on him. He went about his law business with unfaltering enrgy and carried cheer to all who greeted him for all that he was often a martyr to pain. And so he slipped down and down, brave and uncomplaining to the last.

For the past four years Governor Craig was a hopeless cripple, being confined to his home on the beautiful Swannanoa River which he loved so well. During these long four years he was an intense sufferer from the effects of arthritis, but he never murmured or complained, and bore his sufferings with a sweetness and Christian charity rarely known. The dread disease finally sapped his strength and vitality, and his sweet spirit has passed to the great beyond.

Governor Craig's life is yet to be appraised for he yet is a figure too near to be rightly judged in all his public service. But it seems clear that among those who have moved North Carolina by the spoken word he must be ranked with the chiefs of the leaders. Pleasing in person and voice, an intellectual type in physical form, he was magnetic and with this went a dramatic eloquence, a fervor deeply moving, an intangible something which stirred men's hearts as few have stirred them.

The home life of Governor Craig has been ond of singular beauty. Married November 18, 1891, to Miss Annie Burgin, the fair daughter of the lat Captain Joseph B. Burgin of McDowell County, Governor Craig had a worthy life companion, and four sons have come to grace the household, Lieut. Carlyle Craig, U. S. Navy; George W. Craig, attorney, of Asheville; Liet. Arthur Craig, U. S. Navy; and Locke Craig Jr., born in the Governor's Mansion, in November, 1914.

"A TRUE AMERICAN"

By A. M. Barnes

On a September day, in the year 1780, three young men were resting by the roadside near Tarrytown, New York. Their names were John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart and David Williams. They were little more than boys, two of them having barely passed their twenty-first birthday, and the third was not yet midway of the twenties. They were soldiers of the patriot army, attached to a division then in camp not far away, and had been sent on a scouting expedition.

It was "the black year" of the American cause. One disaster after another had marked the struggle for independence. The winter of 1779-80 had been the severest known for years. Suffering was widespread.

The patriot army was at the end of its resources. The conditions were such Washington was powerless to strike any decisive blow. There was no money with which to pay the troops except the continental currency, and that had depreciated to such an extent that by 1780 it was almost worthless. It required a soldier's entire monthly pay to purchase a half bushel of corn, or the same amount of wheat. A pair of boots cost $600, and clothing accordingly. The soldiers, ill-fed, without proper clothing, many of them shoeless, had deserted by hundreds. You don't blame them, you say. You would have done the same. Well, we have to admit that it was more than some flesh and blood could stand. But if there hadn't been some heroic ones great enough to forget self and think only of their country, this wouldn't be a free land today. That's a truth that should sink deep.

Added to all this suffering and disaster a harder blow still was struck the struggling cause. Men in high position were turning traitors to their country. Even Washington had lost heart. In one of his reports he wrote, "I have almost ceased to hope. Friends and foes seem to be combined to pull down the fabric raised at so much expense of time, blood and treasure."

Now, toward the close of the year 1780, matters had brightened a little. That noble patriot, Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, had come to the rescue with funds out of his own purse. There was now food for the army and clothing to some extent, but the outlook for the cause of American liberty was still gloomy. New York, the greatest strategic point, was held by the enemy; the south was overrun by the British, and Savannah, Charleston and Wilmington, the chief cities, were in their hands.

Of this gloomy condition of affairs the three young men were talking as they rested there by the roadside. While on their scouting expedition they had visited their homes, not far from New York City, and had witnessed there the devastation left by the British raiders. "Cow bands," they were called, because they were organized for the purpose of raiding the farms and driving off all the cattle they could find for the use of the British army, thus bringing great suffering for food upon the patriot families.

The young men had found sad conditions prevailing at their homes because of these raids, and they were now talking over the matter gloomily and with some bitterness, too, for the heartless men who thus wantonly deprived women and children of their food. Because of this suffering to their families men were deserting the Continental Army and going home to do what they could toward the relief of their loved ones. Some were even joining the British ranks tempted by the better pay offered. For these last the three young partriots had only scathing condemnation.

"There is no price that could tempt me to desert my country, as needy as I am!" declared John Paulding, with a proud uplift of the head, which sentiment was heartily echoed by the other two. That this was no boast ligtly made, you will very soon discover.

John Paulding, the boyish leader of the little band, and the youngest of the three, had perhaps the strongest cause for yielding to the temptation of better pay and more comfortable conditions for himself and help for those he loved. He had not stated the case with sufficient forcefulness when he had simply asserted he was "needy." The truth was that John Paulding at that time had only the clothes he wore, his rifle and the promise of his pay as a private in the Continental Army. In addition, he had just left his family in desperate straits for food. He had been three times captured by the British, each time managing to escape. The last time he had had to content himself with a British soldier's coat in place of his own they had taken from him. He wore the coat now from necessity, and it was the means of one of the biggest strokes of good fortune for the Continental Army that could have happened. Indeed, it is doubtful if there would have been a Cornwallis surrender at Yorktown but for that red coat worn on that momentous day, September 23, 1780, by the young patriot, John Paulding.

While the young partiots were in the midst of their conversation their attention was attracted by the hoof beats of a horse. Looking up they saw coming toward them a man on horseback. His mount was a large bay horse that was swinging along at an easy pace. The rider appeared innocent enough, dressed in civilian clothes, and there never would have occurred that momentous event in American history but for that red coat worn by John Paulding. For this innocent-looking rider was Major John Andre, aide-de-camp to the British commander, Sir Henry Clinton, and he was returning from West Point, the American fortification on the Hudson, whither he had gone secretly to complete the plans for the transfer of the fortress to the British by the traitor, Benedict Arnold. On his person were the papers ratifying the negotiations and also plans of the fortifications. Had these papers reached the British and Arnold's treason proved effective, it would have been a staggering blow to the patriot cause. No doubt it would have proved the end of the struggle for liberty, for West Point at that time was not only "the key of the American position," but in its magazine was stored almost the entire stock of powder of the Continental Army. But a British soldier's red

coat, worn of necessity by an ardent young American patriot, intervened. But even the read coat would not have turned the tide in favor of the Americans had it not been for the patriotic fire so ardently aflame in the breasts of the three young continentals who held up Major Andre on the road to New York that memorable September day, in the year 1780.

As the rider approached them, the three young men stepped from the bushes, and Paulding, seizing the bridle reins, ordered him to halt, which command was quickly obeyed by the man on horseback and with a cheerful word of greeting.

Now Major Andre had in his pocket a pass given him by Benedict Arnold, commander of the West Point garrison. Had Andre kept a clear head he would have been safe in either case; for if these were Americans, he had only to show the pass given him by Arnold, and he would have zeen free to pass on; if British soldiers or sympathizers, then he would have found them friends. But the red coat worn by the young patriot, John Paulding, was the Major's undoing. He thought, of course, here were British friends. So, when John Paulding caught the horse's bridle, Andre smiled and said with assurance:

"Good day, gentlemen, I see you belong to our party."

"Which party is that?" queried John Paulding quickly, and darting a searching look at the man on horseback.

"The lower party, of course," replied Andre, meaning the British.

"So, you belong to that party, do you?" queried Paulding again, and with a significant glance now in the direction if his two companions.

"Yes, that is my party," Andre said again with pride. Then completely deceived, he continued: "I am a British officer out on a particular mission, and am returning after accomplishing it. As it is very urgent, I hope, gentlemen, you will not detain me further." This he said quite suavely, and sought to start his horse on again, but Paulding's grip on the reins deterred him.

Then his clear young eyes looking full into the face of the British officer, Paulding announced with spirit:

"We are Americans. We are soldiers of the Continental Army, and you are our prisoner."

Too late now Andre saw his mistake, the trap into which his lack of alertness had placed him. It surely was a predicament, but he sought boldly to extricate himself.

He essayed to smile, but a poor sort of effort, it was, as he said:

"Why, bless me! This is too bad I blundered so. But I took you to be British, and I thought the safest plan was to claim to be British, too. But the fact is, I am an officer of the Continental Army; and I am on my way to Dobb's Ferry to get what information of the British I can for my General."

He then showed them the pass written by Arnold, but each young patriot in turn shook his head with decision as the paper was held out to him.

"Too late for that stuff now," David Williams told him. "You are our prisoner. We much search you."

"That we must," Isaac Van Wart agreed.

"Surely it is the thing to be

done," John Paulding said with emphasis.

He still had hold of the bridle reins, and he now ordered Major Andre to dismount.

"But, gentlemen," the now thoroughly dismayed Andre protested, "you certainly do not realize what you are doing. If you persist in this indignity, it will surely get you into trouble."

"We care not for that," said John Paulding firmly. "We will do our duty at any cost. You have told us two widely different stories, and it is our duty to find what is the true one."

In this decision he had the hearty support of his two companions. They were as loyal as their leader.

"We will take him over in the bushes there away from the road," Paulding said, "for we must strip and search him."

"Gentlemen," Andre said, as they were leading him away, "if you will not do this thing you propose; if you will let me go on without further detention, I will give you my watch and a hundred guineas to be divided between you."

"We are not to be bought," John Paulding told him crisply. "We are Americans and true to our country."

To these patriotic words the other two young Americans gave emphatic assent.

As the search of Major Andre proceeded, and one by one the incriminating evidences came to light, the young patriots were aghast at the nature of their capture. The discovery of the plot to surrender the West Point fortifications simply staggered them. For some moments they were so overwhelmed as not to know just what course to pursue. But soon clear judgment came; a full understanding as to what it was their duty to do. The man was a spy. He had been within the American lines, bargaining for the surrender of the West Point fortress. He had the plans of the fortifications which he was carying to the British commander. He must be arrested as a spy and carried to the nearest American military post, that at North Castle, twelve miles away.

Realizing their intention, Andre began to plead with them for his release with all the eloquence at his command.

"Gentlemen," he entreated, "if you will leave me free to depart, I will give you one thousand guineas."

"Not ten times that amount would tempt us to betray our country," John Paulding told him with a proud uplift of the head; "we are true Americans. Our country first of all."

Yet no doubt at that very moment the thoughts of the loyal young patriots went out to the loved ones in such desperate need. How much of comfort and cheer, of life itself even, a small portion of those one thousand guineas could provide! But it was not to be thought of with his country's safety at stake. Let us each ask ourselves what we would have done under those conditions, and then we can the better appreciate the noble course of John Pauld ing, a true American.

"I will make it ten thousand guineas," Andre said at length, "and I will add to them as large a store of goods, food and clothing as you name, and I will see that they are safely delivered at any place you

specify."

Turning to face the British officer, his eyes blazing with indignation, Paulding flashed at him:

"Cease! Your words are useless. I have told you we are true Americans. Hear this: Not for all the guineas and all the goods in England will we betray our country."

For the capture of Major Andre and his delivery to the commandant of the military post at North Castle, Congress voted each of the three young patriots a silver medal and an annuity. Further rewards were given John Paulding and many honors bestowed him. Two of the States named counties for him. A special medal, given by New York State, was presented by Washington in the presence of the entire army.

John Paulding died in his sixtieth year, on February 18, 1818. To Dr. Fountain, the physician who attended him in his last illness he made the request, "Doctor, please tell all those who ask after me that I die as I have lived, a true American."

Paulding is buried at Peekskill, New York. Over his grave, in 1[illegible], the City of New York erected a handsome monument. In addition to other tributes, it bears this eloquent testimony:

"Poor himself,
He disdained to acquire wealth by the sacrifice of his country.
Rejecting the temptations of great rewards,
He conveyed his prisoner to the American camp,
and
By this act of self-denial,
The treason of Arnold was detected,
The designs of the enemy baffled,
West Point and America saved,
And these United States,
Now, by the Grace of God, free and independent,
Resucued from the most imminent peril."

A monument was also erected on the spot where Andre was captured. It has the figures of Paulding and his two comrades searching Andre for the hidden documents.

"A great many seemingly good bargains are secured at a perilously high price."

HOW TO FIGURE YOUR BONUS.

By Robert Fuller.

It is easy for World War Veterans to find out how much insurance they are entitled to from the Government if they will follow the simple computing method used by the Veterans' Bureau. Director Gen. Hines has issued instruction with an explanation of how to include the 25 per cent increase.

The increase of 25 per cent should not be added to the number of days served in the army before the service credit is multiplied by the factor. The factor was compiled by Gen. Hines and is the official method devised by the Bureau.

Gen. Hines gives the following directions for the use of the factors.

Allow $1 per day for each day of home service.

Allow $1.25 per day for each day of foreign service.

Deduct $60 from this sum.

Multiply the balance by the factor opposite the age (nearest birthday) as shown in the table below.

The result will be the amount of the adjusted service certificate.

As an example:

Age at date of issue, 27.

Home service, 175 days.

Overseas service, 110 days.

One hundred and seventy-five minus 60, times $1, euals $115. One hundred and ten times $1.25 equals $137.50.

2.532—factor at age of 27. $252.50 service credit multiplied by 2.532 equals $639.33.

$639.33 is the adjusted Service Certificate.

To compute your bonus use the table of factors as to age as compiled by the Veteran's Bureau.

Age-factor	Age-factor
20—2.545	43—2.439
21—2.544	44—2.426
22—2.542	45—2.413
23—2.540	46—2.398
24—2.539	47—2.381
25—2.537	48—2.364
26—2.535	49—2.345
27—2.532	50—2.324
28—2.530	51—2.302
29—2.527	52—2.279
30—2.524	53—2.254
31—2.521	54—2.228
32—2.517	55—2.201
33—2.513	56—2.172
34—2.509	57—2.143
35—2.504	58—2.113
36—2.498	59—2.082
37—2.492	60—2.050
38—2.485	61—2.018
39—2.478	62—1.986
40—2.470	63—1.954
41—2.460	64—1.921
42—2.450	65—1.889

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

Mr. Cloer and the shop boys have been busy during the past few days making potato crates.

§ § § §

Several boys have been taken to the Concord Hospital during the past week, to have their tonsils removed.

§ § § §

A good many boys have enjoyed the privilege of going home on a visit during the past month. Valton Lee left for a short visit to his home in Mooresville last Monday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. R. S. Huntington, of Greenville, S. C. paid us a visit last week, and the boys greatly enjoyed a very interesting short talk in the Chapel at Sunday School last Sunday.

§ § § §

The following boys were visited by their friends and relatives last Wednesday: Pat Templeton, Floyd Lovelace, Dock Cranfield, Plaz Johnson, Walter McCullers, J. J. Jones and Avery Roberts.

§ § § §

The laundry boys have been behind in their work during the past week as the tank was being painted

and there was no water. They are now on the job and working hard to catch up with their work.

§ § § §

Mr. H. C. Leitner, in renewing his subscription to THE UPLIFT, sent an extra dollar for some little boy who never gets any money. The money was divided among two or three little fellows in the first cottage, and they appreciated it very much.

§ § § §

Bill Cook, Paul Leitner, and Vass Fields paid visits to the institution last week. These boys were paroled last year and are now making fine records. Cook has been working in New York during the past few months and Fields and Leitner have been going to school.

§ § §

The boys were greatly disappointed last Saturday afternoon, both teams had their uniforms on and were ready to start playing, when it rained. It did not rain long, but the diamond was so wet that it couldn't be played on. We were going to play the Franklin Mill team and the boys were sure of a victory.

§ § § §

Among the latest arrivals was a baby alligator, measuring about four and one-half feet in length. Mr. Zebulon Teeter, a former officer here, now living in Florida, caught it a few days ago and presented it to the school. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Cloer constructed a tank for him near the Cannon Building and he seems to feel very much at home in his new quarters.

§ § § §

Upon assembling at the Chapel last Sunday afternoon we learned that a real treat was in store for us. After the opening prayer and a brief address by the Rev. L. A. Falls, of Concord, the United Laymen and Epworth League Orchestra, of Charlotte, rendered a very pleasing program. One of the features of the program was a violin solo by little Miss Ruth Martin who played an old-time favorite, in a creditable manner. A vocal number by Mrs. Alva Lowrance was thoroughly enjoyed by all, as was a number by Miss Vernie Goodman and Charles Maynard. To say that both the boys and officials of the institution enjoyed the entire program, would be expressing it very mildly. We feel that we are greatly indebted to our friends from Charlotte for a most enjoyable afternoon and are eagerly awaiting a return visit. The party consisted of Mr. W. F. Frazier, director of the orchestra, Messrs. Prentis McCall, Gibbons Todd, Sullivan, W. A. Smith, Ralph Long and brother, George Weber; Mrs. W. A. Neal, Misses Isabel McCall, Alva Lowrance and Ruth Martin.

The glory of our life below comes not from what we do or what we know, but dwells forevermore in what we are.—Henry van Dyke.

WESTERN

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 28, 1924 No. 32

TONGUES THAT STING.

Did you ever see a Portuguese man-of-war fish—one of those beautiful creatures of the sea that looks like a great soap bubble, and shows all the colors of the rainbow? Yet the Portuguese man-of-war fish is "touchy," and if you come in contact with its long tenacles, you will soon find that it can sting.

That is the way it is with many people. They look pleasant; they are bright and gay; and as long as everything goes their way, there is no trouble. But if you oppose them or do anything that they do not like, they, too, are "touchy," and their tongues sting. Are you that kind?—Selected.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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GREAT INSTITUTION.

This week the regular annual meeting of the authorities of the Thomasville Baptist Orphanage was held. The report given out as the annual statement of Dr. Kesler, the General Manager, reveals not only a prosperous year but an unusually healthful condition of the institution.

THE UPLIFT is interested in the recommendation of Dr. Kesler that the cottage system in fact as well theory be adopted. This will do away with the central kitchen and dining-room feature, transferring these utilities to each and every cottage. That idea was adopted by the Jackson Training School among the very first plans adopted. It has worked most admirably, besides it keeps in a large measure the idea and spirit of a home, which is impossible where a central dining-room is in use.

The Thomasville Orphanage never has any trouble with its bank account, unless an outsider throws a monkey-wrench through the bank window, for the great denomination that husbands this great institution sees to it that no want goes unsatisfied. A regular stream flows into its treasury, week after week, from the hosts of Sunday Schools and interested friends.

That's a team: Martin Luther Kesler and Archibald Johnson.

* * * * * * *

SAMUEL MALLET GATTIS.

Mr. John Johnston contributed to the Greensboro News an appreciation of Hon. Samuel Mallet Gattis, of Hillsboro. Those of us who know the splendid gentleman and love him, as does this writer, can well appreciate the likeness and cleverness of Mr. Johnston, as he entertainingly writes about

this distinguished gentleman. It is so good that THE UPLIFT is proud to give it place in these columns.

A friend of THE UPLIFT, who happens to have a personal acquaintance with ex-President William H Taft, now Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, glancing at the pictorial representation that the Greensboro News offered as Hon. Samuel M. Gattis, simply remarked, "I'm surprised that as great a newspaper as The News is should palm off Bill Taft's picture for a North Carolinian." Mr. Gattis, himself, cannot recall the number of times that he has been taken for the ex-President—he rarely ever goes to Washington or New York that some fellow does not step up and slap him on the back, and say, "well, my old friend, how goes it with the Chief Justice these days?" The truth of the matter is the two gentlemen look very much alike, and they have that genial and pleasant address that draws folks to them--the world naturally loves to slap a fat man on the back.

There is another side of this story. Mr. Johnston very cleverly told his story in a humorous vein, which was proper and which Mr. Gattis' friends—and there are whole regiments of them in the state—will enjoy; but by reading it one will catch an inspiration in that this distinguished citizen was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, that as a youth he faced hardships and obstacles and that he conquered all of them and his life and accomplishments spell a brilliant success. He faced his duties with a determination, and he has won. That's an inspiring example for all.

* * * * * * *

BEARING FRUIT.

A Waxhaw correspondent of a Monroe paper, among other things, noted the visit to that village of a former citizen—a preacher. There is found in this correspondent's story a hint of something that has become almost a lost art. Read this story and locate for yourself the outstanding feature of it that shows the wisdom exercised years ago by this gospel hero:

> A few days ago Waxhaw was honored with the visit of an aged gentleman, who was the father of a large family of sons and daughters. For a long stretch of years this father moved from place to place in Western North Carolina as an itinerant minister and faithful pastor. He was always regarded by his parishioners as being an able preacher, sane and sound in doctrine, and a safe exemplar. Now in the evening of life he has the pleasure and honor of having sons who take their places among men of honor and usefulnes, two leading lawyers of the State, one of whom is on the Supreme Court bench, another son, who was, though young in age, within a step of the President of the University of North Carolina

when claimed by the death messenger, and the youngest high in scientific business. His daughters are among the elect ladies of the land in which they live. In 1902-'03-'04 this family lived in Waxhaw, the father having the relation of pastor of one of the churches of the town. The writer and others know, that it was his custom to rent a few acres of land and have his sons to cultivate it during the vacation when not in school. The object with this devoted, thinking father, was not to make a little corn or cotton simply, but give his sons useful employment, when not otherwise profitably engaged. He knew it was the plastic period in the life of those dear sons, and what they were thinking and doing then would determine character a few years hence.

The correspondent was talking about Rev. Stacy, an honored member of the Western N. C. Conference, who, in the evening of his life, goes about renewing his acquaintances and lending encouragment to his fellow-man. Brother Stacy had his idea of what constituted genuine athletics and he offered his boys all they needed to develop bone and muscle. The modern idea of athletics cuts out chopping stove-wood and storing it in the dry—that pleasant past-time is left for the mother to do, in many instances; while the dear boy is taking training in games, the swimming pool and in the joys of a Summer Camp.

* * * * * * *

GRANITE QUARRY.

Granite Quarry is a small village of 363 inhabitants in the southern part of Rowan county. Gathering under her benign wing the surrounding territory, this little village has erected a special district and, by authority of the county commissioners, has issued bonds to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars for the erection of a modern school building. They feel that their children are entitled to as good facilities and comforts as are other sections. They had, of course, the encouragment of the county school officials.

Just a few miles south of this progressive little village with its eyes set towards the rising sun, is another village which we all know by the name of Mt. Pleasant. This little village nestled among the beautiful hills of eastern Cabarrus has a population, at the last census, of 753. She is forced to content herself with a public school building not in keeping with the educational history of that section. Why this difference?

The records in Rowan show that none of her county school officials is engaged in the conduct of a private school which could in any way be affected by the development of public school facilities, and they hail and encourage local interest and enthusiasm for the improvement of the cause of public education.

That is the chief business of a normal board of school officials—lead, not block by blindness and selfishness.

* * * * * * *

NORTH CAROLINA IN NEW YORK.

North Carolina's delegation to the National Democratic convention has made itself felt in the little old foreign town. There are many folks in the old town who, officially, do not belong to the convention; and some of them have had their presence commented upon.

The correspondents to the home papers have had something to say about nearly all of the several official delegates, telling about their movements and sometimes quoting them. There is one outstanding exception to this and this is not pleasing to his great admirers at home. Concord is honored by one of its distinguished citizens being an official delegate to that great convention, and that the correspondents have gone all around him is not exactly a square deal. If the state delegation wants a real second to the nomination of some candidate, it couldn't do better than select Maj. Foil for this responsibility.

Dr. Spencer, the active secretary of the Cabarrus County Fair Association, out of his enthusiasm for the local institution with no shadow of bounds to same, actually called up Major Foil before leaving for New York and urged him to extend an official invitation to the hosts of democrats assembled in New York to attend our fair in October.

* * * * * * *

THE SECOND PRIMARY.

While several of the condidates of the recent state primary had the right to call for a second primary seeking the preference of a majority of the democrats for certain offices, there is to be just one contest. The condidates for Lieutenant Governor had an agreement to leave the choice with the highest man; this effected the nomination of Hon. Elmer Long, of Durham. Hon. Fred P. Latham, who had a right to contest with Mr. W. A. Graham, the highest man for Commissioner of Agriculture, side-stepped his privilege, giving Mr. Graham the nomination on a minority vote. Hon. Chas. Ross, the second man in the race for Attorney-General, did not accept his privilege, so Hon. D. G. Brummitt, of Oxford, secured the nomination on a minority vote. Hon. Frank D. Grist, who with two others contested for the nomination for the position of Commissioner of Labor and Printing, against Hon. M. L. Shipman, the incumbent, is exercising his rights under the law in giving the democrats

of the state the privilege and opportunity of saying, by a majority vote, whom they would have for Commissioner of Labor.

The second primary, therefore, will have just two names before it for the consideration of the voters in that primary. Mr. Grist is a veteran of the World War, is brave as a lion and, when wounded, was facing the enemy. His competitor is the Hon. M. L. Shipman, who has filled the office of Commissioner of Labor and Printing for a number of years.

* * * * * * *

SOME SUPERSTITIONS OF A CENTURY AGO.

Christmas Eve the maiden hides an apple. The next morning she eats it before the house. Into that station of life she will marry to which belongs the first man she sees.

In the Spring when you see the first swallow, wash your eyes out with cold water and you will not suffer from eye trouble that year.

If you loan wood or water to another from your house, you are driving away luck.

If the first person you meet in the morning is a Jew, you will be lucky.

If you sew anything on your person, you sew up your memory.

If a maiden too frequently spills water over herself, she will have a drunkard for a husband.

He who has cold hands is unlucky in love.

If on a wedding day it rains, luck showers the newly weds.

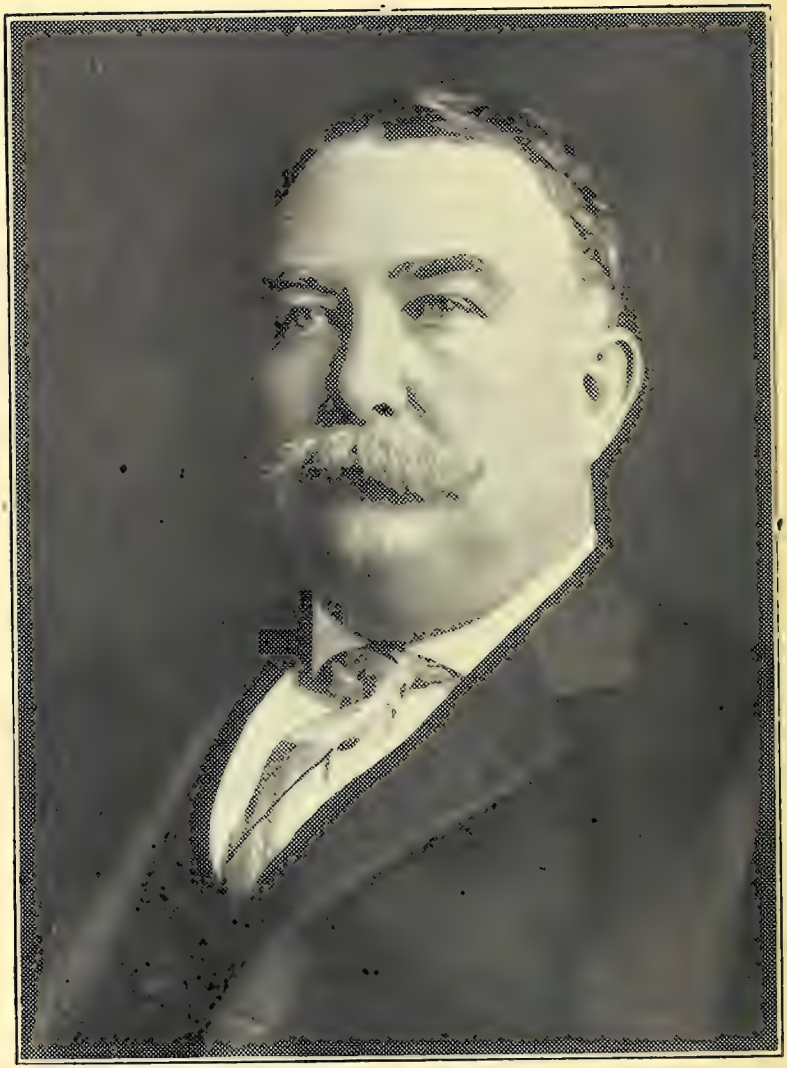
Your foot will pain if you put somebody's stocking upon the table.

Don't kill a spider because he brings money into the house.

When water in a new pot begins to boil, shout loudly, for after that the water will always boil sooner

The boy who has a habit of putting on a girls hat will be afraid of his wife.

If one dreams of putting on a shirt, he will die soon.



SAMUEL M. GATTIS.
Hillsboro, N. C.

SAM GATTIS.

By John Johnston

There was a story told a few years ago, about the time that President Wilson was stricken, of a negro who was standing on the edge of a conversation being carried on by a group of white men, the subject under discussion being the probable effect of the President's illness upon the league of nations. At a break in the conversation, the negro asked this question: "Speakin' about de guvment bein' sick, what's de matter wid him?" I was reminded of this at the recent Democratic state convention in Raleigh. I was in company of a man from Orange county who is himself by way of being something of a figure in a local sort of way. We had paused in the back of the auditorium and were looking the hall over in an effort to locate the placard which would lead him to his delegation.

It seemed that some one must have been standing in front of it. At any rate there was no placard to be seen. Finally the countenance of my friend lit up as with an upward gesture of his hand he said: "There sits Orange county." I looked in that direction and beheld Sam Gattis. The tribute I thought was a nice one, coming as it did, off hand, unconsciously, and from a neighbor.

The other public men of the county will not resent this. Gattis just now is easily the foremost statesman and lawyer of Orange which in her day furnished governors, chief justices and cabinet members and at one time was the residence of both United States senators.

No city has grown up in Orange. She is no longer a huge factor in state politics. However, there is still a certain prestige which attaches to leadership of the Hillsboro bar. It has a high tradition bequeathed to it which was high even when the mantle fell upon Graham the elder and Chief Justice Thomas Ruffin, the latter author of the famous decision laid down in Hoke vs. Henderson in 1833.

Shortly subsequent to that it was that W. A. Graham, of Hillsboro, and Wylie P. Mangum, of the aforementioned town and county were wearing the full quota of senatorial togas alloted by the constitution to the state of North Carolina.

A little later than this, in the early 1850's, Daniel Webster, then secretary of state under Millard Fillmore, is credited with having said that there was more brains in Hillsboro, North Carolina, than in any other town in the United States, regardless of size.

The shadow of this ancient glory and the responsibility of bearing a torch once held so high, now rests, not solely but principally, upon the broad shoulders of Samuel Mallet Gattis, who like the men just mentioned, is as much statesman as lawyer.

Gatis came along in the days when the schools, such as they were, existed for those who wanted them, in the old pre-coddling era before things were made too easy, back there when a boy might miss a day or a whole session without involving himself with any attendance officer.

When he had consumed what the public schools had to offer, he could still hear the old university bell ringing for those who were reaching out for higher things. It has been related of him that he walked the four miles each way while he was attending the university. This is not quite correct. It was only three and a half miles from his modest home near Orange church to the old south building.

A long walk, especially alone, furnishes a wonderful opportunity for meditation. Doing this seven miles a day, he seemed to have reached some very definite conclusions as to what it was all for. His diploma and his license meant something to him. They represented sweat and energy poured out, and they stood for obstacles overcome.

Armed with these "evidences of his proficiency" he took the oath in the late 80's and began the practice of law and politics at Hillsboro.

The term is used intentionally. He practiced both, steadilly, intelligently and with success.

Gattis was endowed by nature with many qualities of leadership. His big, ponderous brain should be mentioned first. His commanding voice, strong, clear and authoritative, but without harshness has contributed much. That indefinable something which might be vaguely referred to as "presence," he also has in fullest measure. And, since to tell the truth is to shame the devil, I might add (still speaking of qualities of leadership) a slight disinclination to being led.

Over a period of some 35 years, these qualities have never been allowed to go into disuse. For this he has his native county, his church and his lodge to thank, in the affairs of which he has been accorded a conspicuous part. At home, a convention or a convocation or a gathering of almost any sort is a little something less than complete without Sam Gattis. We usually get under way by making him temporary chairman and then moving 'that this temporary organization do be made permanent." Roberts' Rule of Order, hold as little terror for him as do his Blackstone or his consolidated statutes or his lodge ritual. You can't lose him. In the popular phrase, "He knows his stuff."

It is a rather unique situation. These little honors are accorded him by common consent. No one is jealous. There is none to ask "Upon what meat doth this our Ceasar feed?"

Just as no meeting is quite a success without him, so none can quite fail with him presiding. At the very least, there is still that joy of having beheld an artist at his work.

Unpertubed and imperturbable, always complete master of himself and of the situation, ruling instantly upon any point, confident, clear and commanding,—regardless of the matter under discussion, the meeting is worth attending. His middle name, be it remembered, is Mallet.

Of artistic presiding officers, there is no dearth in North Carolina. Pete Murphy can run a meeting all over Captitol Square, or Madison Garden for the matter of that.

And then there's Frank Winston. He is good, especially in hot weather. He can sweat so eloquently. And

then, too, he's got such a fine slick pate on him. When he mops it and gives that downward drag as a final stroke, five pink streaks appear and glow, almost after the manner of a halo, under which he barks and booms and beams and gleams and rules on points of order.

But Gattis—his middle name is Mallet—we sent him to the legislature some years ago. I've forgotten exactly what it was for. But anyway, we sent him.

Speakers of the house like everybody else, have to have a little relief once in a while. Probably because Gattis looked the part, he was called to the chair on one or two such occasions. That was all that was needed—just an oportunity to show them what he could do. We sent him back the next time and they made him speaker.

The same happened in the lodge. We sent him down as a delegate. They looked him over, tried him out and sent him back grand master.

The fifth district Democrats did well when they named Sam Gattis a delegate to the national convention. He was presiding over this meeting at the time and the honor came as a surprise to him.

One little incident in connection with it is worth recalling. At one point Gattis began feeling through his pockets as if in search of something. "Where," he said half to himself and half to the convention, "did I put that paper containing the outline of what we are to do?" It brought just the laugh that it deserved.

That's Gattis. That's the man we are sending to New York. If there's a paper containing an outline of what's to be done there, he'll have hold of it. And it wouldn't require any great stretch of the imagination to visualize him the night before, in conclave with a few of the leaders. helping draw that paper.

The under-priviledged child is receiving quite a bit of attention from Kiwanis clubs all over the country at present, which is well and for which these good-meaning Kiwanians are to be commended. But did you ever stop to think of the over-priviledged child? These days and times, one is often made to feel that something should be done for the under-privileged parents that will help deliver them from the over-privileged child. Perhaps the only thing these parents need is a shot of plaster paris up their back-bones, but heaven knows they need something Not necessary to go into details, a-tellin' all about what the younger generation does, whether dad and mam agree to it or not—it would take too long—and then we'd have to get some of these youngsters to tell the story, anyhow, because nobody else knows what they do. Don't blame them—they are no worse than you and I were—they just have more privileges—over-privileged as it were.—Marshville Home.

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A fortune awaits the man who will invent a spoon with which you can eat oranges and grape fruit and will not let the juice spurt out and pop you in the eye, or spread over the front of your shirt bosom, and around on the table. It makes no difference how you gouge out the pulp, whether towards you or away from you, the juice will flare back at you. It doesn't seem to want to go any other way. And it doesn't. Oh, for a spoon that will stop juice spurting.

* * * *

A certain cafeteria has at the head of the serving counter this sign, "The Man Behind is in a Hurry." This is a caution to those persons who linger over what they want to eat, and keep the line waiting several minutes until they make up their minds what they will select. Make up your mind before you take your waiter and enter the serving line, and you will not have so many grumbling "waiters" behind you. But this is so in life. So many people, without definite, determined ideas, block the head of the procession, because they do not know what they want to do. And this keeps others, who are more progressive, waiting on their pleasure. "Keep moving."

* * * * *

In the far off region of departed years, where the ghosts of our joys and griefs flit to and fro in quickened glimpse of shadow and shine, the bitterest memories are of that period when I had to wait until the second table at meal times. But the sweetest of all the glorious recollections that crowd around the hallowed By-Gone, and still make it a flowery-girth isle in the twilight ocean of dreaming, its that memory which takes my mind back to the first time, a bare-foot boy, I drove the cows home from the pasture with tail in hand.

* * * *

As long as the public patronizes, and allows it children to patronize moving picture shows that tend to degrade those who look on them, the producers are encouraged to put them out. The producers slogan is, "Give 'em what they want." When the public puts its foot down and demands clean pictures, the producers will "come across with the goods," and will be only too glad to do so. When motion picture theatres turn their attention to such pictures as the "Princess," by Janish, they will be elevating the screen. Who has not been improved by the beautiful lesson therein taught? Where is the man whose reverence for female excellence was not increased and intensified by viewing that grand and matchless exhibition of woman's worth, and the glorious immortality her deathless devotion? Where is the husband, in whose bosom the flowers of devotion did not bloom more luxuriantly, and send forth a sweeter fragrance of tenderness and affection, as he witnessed that Heaven owned, but God-lent Angel of home, shaking from her hallowed wings of devotion and affection the precious spray of a heavenly benediction. No

one can witness scenes in a picture like that without having his own aspirations to stretch up to that pure, high sphere or worship, and to bask in those sweet and delicious scenes of wifely endearments which make men nobler, better and happier!

* * * * *

The fellows who go about saying that the world "owes them a living," have got the wrong slant on life. The world doesn't do anything of the kind. The world owes nothing to the fellow who has not contributed something to the world; its well being and progress. The world, and no one else, does not pay for something not done. Earn first. A man must perform something before he is to be paid something. The attitude a man has toward life determines his success or failure.

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The music of the present day is certainly a mixture of an unknown certainty. When you pass along the streets, and hear musical sounds, it is hard to determine whether the residents are playing the phonograph, fighting, crying or washing dishes.

* * * * *

A subscriber wants to know if it "possible for a grown person to strain their mouth by smiling broadly?" My advice is that when the smile reaches the danger stage let go and laugh. That will relieve the strain.

* * * * *

Have you ever had a person to open a letter in your presence and then remark, "It's only a bill!" It was true. It was a bill. It was not only a bill but a test of a person's regard for his own financial obligations. Most bills are treated too lightly, you were permitted to make that financial obligation because some one believed you would be honest enough to meet your bills without a reminder. "Only a bill," yet it is a test whether you will measure up to the confidence placed in you by the man to whom you are indebted.

* * * * *

If merchants lay down, the community just jogs along—a lot of mossbacks are perfectly willing to let it jog along—but let a dozen or twenty shop keepers show action and make some real bids for trade, advertise some real values, and go out of their way to get it, then everybody wakes up—they have to go out of business, if they do not do something. That's the way live competition works out, and live competition is the biggest booster any community has or ever will have.

A NEW ATTACHMENT.

It is said that the latest feature added to the new model limousine is a collapsible spittoon, automatically operated by a push-button whenever its services are in demand by the tobacco chewer. This will avoid, it is claimed, soiling the plate-glass windows or bespattering the finery that may be assembled in the limousine. Only the rich can afford it; but when the Fords are so equipped, the state will be full of these novelties.

VOCATIONAL EDUCATION IN HIGH SCHOOLS.

(The Robesonian)

"I want to say with all possible emphasis that vocational education in the high schools is a tragic and criminal mistake," Dr. Hubert M. Poteat, professer of Latin at Wake Forest College, is quoted in the News and Observer as saying in an address in Raleigh the other day.

Beginning with the declaration that we are rapidly becoming a nation of sixth-graders, Dr. Poteat gave the following as his reasons for disapproval of vocational education for high school students: It doesn't do what it pretends to do; it furnishes a short cut by offering easy courses; it diverts attention; it begins specialization too early; it produces selfishness; it is not worth what it costs.

The young professor heaped burning sarcasm upon the questionnaire of Thomas A. Edison which was given wide publicity some time ago. He is quoted further by the News and Observer:

We are sadly in need of higher ideals; we must get away from the idea that education means the possession of a few facts. Of the 700,000 teachers in America, 200,000 have less than high school education, 100,000 are less than 20 years old, 30,000 have no professional training, and many other thousands are utterly unfit to teach children.

We seem to have surrendered the very souls of our children to pedagogical system. Psychology has advanced with lightning-like rapidity, but it has been far outstripped by pedagogy. Grammar school and high school teachers have become dehumanized by pedagogy and treat children not like future citizens but as so many laboratory cases. Even the qualified teachers must submit to miles of red tape which leave no room for initiative at the teacher's desk. Permitting 12-year-old boys to select their own courses is pernicious stupidity.

The results of wasted opportunity and shameless pandering to unenlightened public opinion have been general, astounding and disgraceful ignorance of high-school graduates.

The power to think and the power to aspire distinguish men from the beasts of the field, but we are rapidly turning out products that can do neither.

Dr. Poteat has pointed out a dangerous tendency and has sounded a timely note of warning. Education is not a means to an end but is an end in itself, and is a life-time job. To encourage students of high school age to take short cuts toward training for life work is little short of tragic, if it means slighting the broad foundation for further education.

Any system that loses sight of the high ideal of learning how to live and substitutes the mere acquisition of facts is based on a false conception.

All generous minds have an abhorrence of facts, some wise man said a century ago. It is possible to make the mind a perfect encyclopedia of

information and leave it as helpless to meet the problems of life as a rudderless ship in a stormy sea.

Vocational education in farm work is not open to so much objection, we are persuaded, as in other lines, for it can be pursued without detriment to health after school hours and it serves to bring into orderly arrangement and sequence the daily tasks of most of the pupils who pursue such studies; and in other cases it is advantageous when pupils are under the necessity of fitting themselves for some particular job in order to meet a present stern necessity; but even in such cases it is doubtful if the same amount of study and effort applied to the general school course would not much better prepare the student for whatever work it is proposed to do.

But in any event it should be made plain to the student that vocational education is only a make-shift and is not intended to take the place of the general course.

A knowledge of shorthand and ability to write on a typewriter, for instance, cannot make an efficient stenographer unless it is backed by broader training and study than is required for acquiring those accomplishments. Given the same ability and ambition, the girl or boy who has laid broad foundations by study of literature and history, but has no training for special work, will in six months time far outstrip at the same task the girl or boy who is mechanically perfect in knowldge of the particular job but who has not laid the broader foundation.

Imagine an Abe Lincoln or a Woodrow Wilson abandoning the pursuit of wisdom and the getting of understanding at an early age simply to fit himself for some job that might for a while mean a few more dollars in earning capacity!

There is too much of a tendency contemptuously to throw upon the scrap-heap studies that the young student may not be able to see the value of as training for the particular work he or she may expect to do in after years.

Wise in their day and generation were the "old fogies" who used to insist that their children should lay broad and solid foundations regardless of whether or not they were trained for any particular job when they had to abandon their school or college course.

"A THEOLOGICAL TRAMP."

In such matters, according to the speaker, the Lord does not work independently of the church. "The keys of the kingdom are in our hands," he said. "And, therefore, whenever you find a free lance roaming over the country preaching nobody's doctrine and under nobody's sanction or authority, and for whom no accredited church is willing to vouch, you may just rest assured that he is a theological tramp, self-called and self-sent. As Bishop Simpson once said, 'Better dig coal in the mines or break stones on the road than to stand in the pulpit uncalled of God and unapproved by the church.' ".—Dr. J. H. Barnhardt in sermon.

WHERE DID "THE VILLAGE SMITHY" STAND?

A cable dispatch from London, last week told us that "the village smithy" of Lonfellow's poem was about to be destroyed, in furtherance of a street-widening plan of the village of St. Mary Cary, in the county of Kent. It was further stated that the "spreading chestunt tree" was cut down years ago, because it darkened the neighboring houses. It was explained in the cablegram that Longfellow became acquainted with the blacksmith, his shop, and the over shadowing tree when he visited the English poetess, Eliza Cook.

The surprising thing is not that someone in England should have gotten such an idea of the inspiration of this poem, but that various American papers had commented on it editorially without questioning its correctness. The smithy and the tree stood in Cambridge, on Brattle street. In the late seventies, the city authorities decided that the tree must be removed, to facilitate the widening of the street. Longfellow expostulated, but in vain. But by someone's happy inspiration; the children of the Cambridge public schools raised a sufficient sum of money to have a large arm-chair made out of the wood of the beloved tree, as a gift to their still more beloved poet. This was presented to him on his 72nd birthday, February 27, 1879, and on the same day he wrote for the children the poem entitled "From My Arm-Chair," which will be found on page 343 of the Cambridge Edition of his complete poetical works.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in his biography of Longfellow, tells how he insisted, in the kindness of his heart, that no child who might wish to see this chair should not be denied admittance, and how "the tramp of dirty little feet through the hall was for, many months the despair of housemaids." Nearly two years later. when the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Cambridge was being celebrated, a thousand grammar school children of Cambridge gave a reception to their gray-haired poet friend, he thanked them again for the gift, and then added: "Perhaps some of you have forgotten it, but I have not; and I am afraid—yes, I am afraid that fifty years hence, when you celebrate the 300th anniversary of this occasion, this day and all that belongs to it will have passed from your memory."

There are six years more until the fifty years of which he spoke shall have expired; but of the thousand Cambridge school children who listened to his words, there are doubtless not a few still living who could readily point to the spot where the smithy and the spreading chestnut tree stood, even if it were not true that the spot has long been marked by a stone slab with an inscription attesting the former location of the tree and the smithy, and their connection with the poem. Longfellow wrote various poems that sprang from foreign inspiration; but nothing can rob Cambridge of the honor of having furnished the inspiration for the poem loved by so many thousands of American children—"The

Village Blacksmith."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from mourn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

WHERE IT STARTS.

The unhealthy mind loves a grievance. Some people actually take more pleasure in a grievance than in a good turn. They love to dwell on their hard usage. They are the pets of martyrdom. They bask in thought of revenge some day. Somebody said once that revenge made a little right a great wrong. It was well said. Revenge and the thought of revenge are the feeding places of mean, second-rate minds. If you insist on being selfish, be intelligently selfish. Check off your grievances and see how much better you feel. Some very little man invented revenge. The world is pretty full of his descendants.

GREAT CONVENTION ON PACIFIC COAST.

The biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs has been in session at Los Angeles, California, and The Times of that city has its eyes on the doings of that interesting gathering. A friend sends THE UPLIFT a copy of said paper, from it we are making copious extracts, which indicate the activity of these earnest women.

Among the extracts is a copy of a communication contributed by North Carolina's Mrs. Al. Fairbrother, who pays her just respects to Rupert Hughes. This fearless act of Mrs. Fairbrother—and entirely justified—our friend writes us has brought to Mrs. Fairbrother a great number of letters commending her position, one of them set in verse, which we make use of. The quotations from the Los Angeles Times follow:

THE COMPOSITE WOMAN OF AMERICA.

She is in our midst this remarkable composite woman of America. The thousands that go to make up her compelling character are meeting daily in harmonious and studious clonclave at Philharmonic Auditorium.

She is dignified, thoughtful, generous. She has brains and she is using them. She has and holds to principles which the nation may be justly proud. Her influence is for righteousness, for kindness and for culture in the best sense of that much-abused word.

To see those thousands of component parts of her filling that great audtorium to the ceiling, intent upon making this great convention more than a mere gathering of women, more than a mere recital of organization, more than a mere litany of hope and fair promise—a thing of deep and abiding influence and service to her country and to the world—is to experience an enthralling emotion of sublime faith and optimism in her purpose.

This composite woman of America is "great," she is a being of character, good judgment and high purpose.

No one can attend this mighty convention and not believe in her.

The time has long since passed when this composite woman can be belittled. She is one of the noblest forces in the country—nay, in the world. She is becoming daily more international minded and her sympathies and understanding are stretching out over all the earth.

She is self-disciplined, self-controlled. No longer are her emotions allowed to dominate her logic, her intelligence. The precise exactitude of and respect for parliamentary procedure at this convention alone compel the most profound respect. Even where her sentiment, which remains unimpaired by her sagacity and logic, is aroused to emotional expression, parliamentary procedure is never violated.

Yet the heart of her is warm and true. Respect for and appreciation of her leaders, past and present, are freely and graciously expressed In-

gratitude has no part in her make-up.

She is patriotic and State proud. Delegations from every State in the Union and from distant foreign parts are gathered here. Gay and friendly competition there is, State pride and ambition there is, and national patriotism there is in ardent portion, but this composite American woman is proving that State rivalries, national rivalries and racial rivalries can be molded into one harmonious and righteous whole on a basis of justice and fair dealing for all. It is a noble demonstration, well proving her fitness for her task; molding world thought and world ideals toward international peace.

For this week she is making Los Angeles the capital of the world. In this week she is expressing and perpetuating the best that is in us, in our country's heart, our country's soul. No pettiness is allowed to mar this great gathering. She is striving for a great ideal—and slowly, surely, magnificently she is winning, winning, winning.

And America loves a winner. All the world loves a fair and sportsmanlike winner.

Mrs. Fairbrother Hite Rupert Hughes.

(To the editor of the Times:)

As an individual delegate to the seventhteenth biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, now being held in your city, but expressing, I know, the sentiment of the larger half of that body, I wish to say through your columns that the talk of Rupert Huges at the federation press luncheon yesterday was, as many saw it, an offense to the womanhood of America, and did the cause for which he appeared irreparable harm.

I say this because up to the time I heard him I was not in favor of State censorship of moving pictures, being willing to trust the national board with that big and unpleasant task. Since hearing Mr. Huges,e I am convenced that the good and intelligent women of America must stand together and head off this putrid stream of improperly called "realism," which is corrupting the morals and lowering the standards, not only of this nation, but of the world.

Mr. Hughes's indiscriminate ridicule of all kinds of religion was, to a majority of those present, I am sure, disgusting—certainly to those sufficiently worldly wise to understand and appreciate the significance of his remarks. When he boldly asserted that there is nothing improper, or rather that it should not be considered improper, for a woman to show her flesh and that the woman uplifters could better raise the moral standard by going "stark naked" and other things more offensive yet, which I will not ask you to print, he sounded the death kneil to any influence which he might have hoped to bring to himself or his cause, from the better class of club women.

Aside from the sex consciceness, which first showed itself when Eve fashioned her gown of fig leaves, and which almost every savage tribe has observed in some measure, what would become of the commerce of the world if there

was no such thing as covering and adornment for the human body? What would there be to keep the wheels of the factories turning and the merchants busy? who would there be to advertise in the newspapers and who would there be to patronize Mr. Hughes's realistic productions?

And the shame of it all was that Mr. Hughes got some applause. I cannot believe by delegates, but probably by some of the visitors, perhaps there for that purpose. I do not state this as a fact, knowing the weakness of many otherwise intellegent human beings, to applaud any and every speaker, good or bad, as a compliment to the program commitee. And just here I want to say that I do not believe the program committee had any idea of the kind of talk Mr. Hughes would make or he would not have been allowed to inject improprieties into an otherwise dignified and elevating convention. This belief is borne out by the fact that while his name was on the program for last night, he did not appear at the auditorium.

In voicing this protest against one who sought to capture the convention by the cave-man method, I wish to express pride in and appreciation of your gifted and courageous California woman, Gene Stratton Porter, who had the nerve to stand on the platform directly after Mr. Hughes yesterday afternoon, and go on record as opposed to his "ideals" in the world of the movies, in her eloquent appeal for higher standards of living and for clean pictures. If Mr. Hughes had been present at the close of her address and witnessed the ovation accorded this fearless and progressive woman, author and producer, he would have realized how completely he had killed himself and his cause with the convention, and all who will hear of it through their delegates.

All intelligent men and women recognize the power of the moving picture for good or evil, and its great value recreationally as well as educationally. They also recognize certain fundamental truths that need not be publicly discussed.

The coarseness and sordidness of Mr. Hughes's ideas have brought home to the advocates of the so-called modern "liberalism" the presence of a new serpent in the Garden of our Eden, which it is the duty and responsibility of every good woman to take note of and to crush under her heel.

MRS. AL FAIRBROTHER,
Delegate from North Carolina.

U. C.'S New "Chair In Divorce."
By Charles Dilley.

Is the fabric of our civilization ripping apart under our very eyes while optimists sing merry madrigals about the well-being, prosperity and high living standard attained by the twentieth century?

Long ago Americans accepted the aphorism that the home is the basis of civilization. The corollary of that maxim is that when the home shows signs of disintegration something serious is likely to happen to society left without its binding force.

For a good while our stage comedians have been cracking jokes about the instability of marriage. Now the subject is to have scien-

tific attention. American propensity for joking has even dubbed a a step taken by the University of California a "chair in divorce." The latest addition to the curriculum is a course in critical analysis of the modern home.

The university has instituted an investigation that will be the first dispassionate inquiry into the causes and possible remedies for a condition not socially encouraging.

Ten years ago there was one divorce for every twelve marriages in the United States. The ratio has changed in the decade to one in seven. San Francisco shows for the year ending June 30, 1923, one divorce to every two marriages, and Nevada actually marked up more divorces in 1922 than marriages—a situation to which eastern immigration, more or less temporary, manifestly contributed.

Nor are these examples extreme. For the State of Oregon, without the presenc of an adventitious Reno, made a record of one divorce to every 2.6 marrigaes. Closely pressing the Coast leader are Wyoming, with 1 to 3.9, and Montana, with 1 to 4.3.

California matches Ohio, with a divorce ratio of 1 in every 5.1 marriages.

The extension division of the University of California, of whch Prof. L. J. Richardson is director, proposes to make a scientific study of the meaning of the drift clearly shown in the census figures. It has engaged Mary Burt Messer, a sociologic investigator with teaching experience in the University of Wisconsin, to study and make a report.

In an informal expression of opinion Miss Messer has declared that social changes that have obviously had profound effect are the enfranchisement of women and their economic liberation.

Particularly this last factor has been powerfully operative because, as Miss Messer says, men have to deal with a new type of woman who doesn't have to "stand for" much that the women of previous generations meekly accepted in the way of what Miss Messer calls the "dishonesty between the sexes."

The home as it now exists is, in the opinion of this lady, a feudal institution "in most cases" (sic) that has persisted through centuries. Feminine revulsion from this irk is, in her opinion, chiefly responsible for the dvorce chaos.

"It is not," says Miss Messer, "a task for one person, or even one institution to put the modern family on a new foundation. But a beginning must be made somewhere, and the first step in the cure of a disease is in the scientific diagnosis of it."

That is the object of the University of California's addition to its curriculum. The inquiry is not to be academic. It will be kept free from that by digging for its facts in first-hand contact with people and learning what they look for in the ideal home and miss from the home of our timesi

The following anonymous verse, sent Mrs. Fairbrother after her clever and just "taking down" of Rupert Hughes, indicates how the California people

regard the North Carolina delegation to the convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

NORTH CA'LINA.

All honor to the ladies, Suh,
Who hail from North Ca'lina.
When they speaks out in meetin', Suh,
Why nothin' can be finer
Than the way they show a booby up
Who thinks he's a head-liner.

The gracious scorn with which they squelch
Ungallant innuendoes
And make a foul-mouthed cad to welch,
Is something quite tremendous.
From spurious, low society,
And show it what it claims as fame
Is just cheap notoriety.

They know how to skim off the scum
On lewdness and idolatry.
Colonels, hats off! and you, Suhs,
To the North Ca'lina "quality,"
Who always stomps down hard, Suh,

DON'T.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches, in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretentious. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses an humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dullness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub any one. Not alone because some day he may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.

MAD ANTHONY.

By Lena C. Ashlers.

It is queer how some persons become better known by their nicknames than by their own names, and how well they grow to fit a character. "Mad Anthony" was one of these names which appropriately describes the handsome, fearless, energetic man that Anthony Wayne was when he became a national hero. Quite as interesting as the old nickname was the manner in which it was given the daring young soldier. The nickname was first given him by a witless circut rider who used to stop in Wayne's camp, and when he came near the young soldier would shake his head, muttering "Mad Anthony! Mad Anthony!" So well did it suit the character of Wayne, and so appropriately describe the fierceness with which he fought that the troops adopted the name and after the storming of Stony Point he was better known as "Mad Anthony" than by his own name.

It is hardy conceivable that such an energetic man was ever a baby, and perhaps that was the reason he was born on New Year's Day in 1745. He was born in Easton Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania, in the days when each person born in this country was either a staunch patriot or a cowardly traitor. His uncle was Wayne's first school teacher, to whom he continued going till he was sent to the Philadephia Academy, which he left when he was seventeen years old.

Wayne was very fond of arithmetic and devoted most of his time to mathematical studies, finding every problem full if interest, and the harder the problem was to solve the better he liked it. When he completed his education, Wayne returned to Easton and opened a surveyor's office. He soon had many patrons who relied upon his good judgment and when he was only twenty years old he was sent by the government to Nova Scotia to locate a grant of land for the king. So well did the youthful surveyor do the work that he was chosen superintendent of the settlements, which position he filled till 1767. At that time he married the daughter of Benjamin Primrose and returned to Easton again as a land surveyor.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary hostilities, Wayne raised a volunteer corps and in six weeks was commanding a regiment. Congress gave him the appointment of colonel and he was dispatched with his volunteer troops to the northern army then invading Canada. No more spirited leader could have been found than this handsome, goodly proportioned man with dark hair and dark fiery hazel eyes. His courageous, frank, generous manners and cordial ways made him a general favorite.

"Mad Anthony" as he was even then generally called, was selected to take part in the terrible attack on Trois Rivieres, and a short time later received an appointment as brigadier general. The next spring at the eager request of the government he was persuaded to join the main army and was placed in command of a brigade. Wayne was as prudent

as he was ardent, and no better leader could have been found. He commanded a division at the Battle of Brandywine, which was fought the eleventh of September, 1777, near Delworth, New Jersey. This was one of the most important battles of the war, and Wayne held his position dauntlessly, hurling the enemy back again and again. But the 11,000 American troops could not keep the 18,000 British soldiers from crossing Chadd's Ford, and they were forced to retreat, letting the enemy enter Philadelphia.

On the evening of the third of October, 1777, Wayne led the right wing of a division that marched on Germantown. When morning came Washington ordered: "To arms! To arms!" It was a dark, foggy morning, and "Mad Anthony" drove all before him, and for a time the Americans were successful The fog grew thicker and became so dense the soldiers could not see each other and everything was thrown into wild confusion, which was followed by a general retreat.

The next winter Wayne gathered food and other provisions for the army. It was the brilliant attack of Stony Point on the midnight of the fifteenth of July, 1779, which best illustrates Wayne's invincible and indomitable character, and made him a national hero. Stony Point was thought to be impregnable by the defender as well as the enemies, being built on a high hill on two sides of which the Hudson River flows, and on the other side lay an almost impenetrable marsh, which every tide overflowed. The hill was surrounded by a row of abatis, and on top stood many cannons ready to be fired. The fort was guarded by six undred trained British soldiers, having been captured by the English in May of the same year, and much desired again by the Americans.

"General, if you will only plan it, I will storm—" said Wayne to his commander-in-chief, who readily agreed to do what was asked of him. After careful reconnoitering of the position and the surrounding ground the attack was planned. At the head of a command of light cavalry. Wayne started at twilight from Sandy Beach, fourteen miles from the Point.

Leading his men noiselessly in two long columns across the morasses, they came near to the sentries who at once gave the alarm, when a slight noise disturbed them. In a moment the British were firing amid the stirring roll of drums. With Wayne's cheerful words urging his soldiers on the Americans charged on, making a hole in the abatis they marched with ready bayonets up the steep hill to the cannons. Wayne was at their head, the most fearless of them all, when a cannon ball struck him in the head. He raised himself on his knee and cried: "March on! Carry me into the fort, for I will direct the head of my column." Some soldiers are as heroic and courageous as their leaders, and some of Wayne's men carried him on, and in thirty minutes the Point surrendered and five hundred and forty prisoners were taken. A lighthouse and fog bell tower now stand on Stony Point.

After the battle "Mad Anthony" was applauded as a great hero, and Congress presented him with a gold medal. His wound was not severe and he was soon sent to break up a

settlement of British banditti on the Hudson and Hackensack Rivers, later going into army quarters for the winter at Morristown. Here many of the troops mutinied and over a thousand started to Congress with their grievance, but Wayne rode after them and tried to persuade them to rejoin the army. They refused to do this and when the British heard about it they tried to get the men to join them. Every man was a true patriot and refused to join the enemy, promising Wayne that they would return to the army if they were needed.

In 1781, Wayne joined Lafayette in Virginia, and later he joined the army of General Greene. "Mad Anthony" led an attack against the whole British army at Green Springs, and later fought them and the Indians in Georgia. With his troops he was occupying Charleston when it surrendered, and in 1783, he was made a brevet major general for his brave services, retiring a year later.

Because of the hardships and terrible endurances that Wayne often suffered in army life his health became very bad, and after leaving the army he went to Philadelphia to live. In gratitude for his services to the state, Georgia gave him a grant of land, which he was forced to sell on account of debts. He was also made a representative of Georgia to Congress. Then for a short time he lived on a farm, but in 1792, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the American army, and the same year he fought the Indians on the Ohio River. When the Indians were subdued he was appointed governor commissioner to treat with the northwestern Indians. After finishing conducting the treaty of Greenville, which gave the United States a great tract of land he was attacked with gout. He died a few days later in a little hut on Presque Isle in Lake Erie, and was buried in his native town. His grave is visited by hundreds every year.

"MY COMMUNITY."

"My Community." Did you ever say that and then stop to think seriously of what it really meant? Your community is the locality wherein you expect to make your home, where most of your property, if not all of it, is located. It is the place where your neighbors and best friends live, and where their children will grow up to become the friends and associates of your children. It's welfare is your own and that of your family. It's health should be a matter of profound interest to you. It's prosperity must of necessity, to a great extent, affect your prosperity. It's beauty should be your pride. It's roads, its schools, its churches are yours. Your community comes next to your home, and, therefore, should be of concern to you, if for no other than a selfish reason.—Albemarle News-Herald.

WHAT YOU NEVER CAN KNOW.

(Salisbury Evening Post.)

It's amazing, the vast number of things that have been learned by the world's people through the centuries. The sum total of human knowledge is so gigantic that the brightest brains would have to live thousands upon thousands of years to master it all.

For instance, the carpenter has knowledge that is entirley unknown to the chemist. Every different line of work requires a great amount of knowledge that is unknown to outsiders.

It takes a man an entire lifetime to begin to learn about farming, chemistry, medicine, salesmanship or any of all the other long line of human activities.

We have barely scratched the surface of knowledge. And yet a man could live thousands of life-times, in each one following a different line of work, and at the end he'd only have acquired a fraction of the knowledge that has been found out by the human race at large.

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You know what is meant by "the lost arts." Much knowledge perishes as oncoming generations turn their attention to different pursuits.

It's like the practice of medicine. When a veteran physician dies, a large part of what he has learned by experiment dies with him. He hasn't time to make a complete record.

The old idea of education was to pour facts into the brain, the same as filling a jug with a funnel. But we have progresed and specialized so much that education is, by compulsion, being put on a different basis.

To succeed, a man must specialize on some one thing. In that field he needs all the facts he can soak up.

But when it comes to general knowledge, it is futile to attempt to learn everything. It simply cannot be done. The important thing is to be taught how to find knowledge when occasion arises for using it. A dictionary is just as useful to the average person as several years' study of foreign languages—unless the languages will be used in his life's work.

Some studies are primarily to train the thinking processes of the brain, rather than the actual knowledge acquired. Mathematics especially.

What a wonderfully pleasant world it would be if we published our joys and concealed our griefs! But it is too often the other way around. We are fond of every ear that will list to our woes. We chuckle to ourselves over our joys. We spread grief by talking grief. We assume that the world is interested in our sorrows. The world is bored by them—and made an unhappier place.

WORK A PRIVILEGE.

(Salisbury Evening Post.)

There is one basic trouble with many so-called political economists of the present day. They do not accept the principle that work is law. They may observe it all around them, in nature and in industry, but these theorists, most of whom live on the sweat of others, close their eyes to the main facts of life, and preach a doctrine that has no chance of advancing the human race in happiness or morals.

Because it is as certain today that an idle brain is the devil's workshop as it was when the observation was first made, probably many centuries ago. Work is law. We observe it on every hand. In the back lot the old hen works diligently all day to provide her chicks with food and is happy in her task. The little ant emerges from his hill and carries his load, thus obeying a law of nature. Every animal or insect, with a few exceptions that do not need to be named, finds its existence marked by work of some kind.

And so in the human family, the man or woman who works is the happiest. They may not think so, but when grandmother, for example, is asked to live with one of her children so that she can give up the worries of looking after a home, she refuses, or if she gives up, she loses interest and pines for something to do. She wants to obey that law which was ordained by the Creator.

The human race, with nothing to do, would develop many thousands of Leopolds and Loebs and Broadway butterflies and various sorts of evil parasites. Work is the greatest privilege in the world

---

LEARNING AND BOOZE.

(Reidsville Review.)

Your college men are condemned when they drink intoxicating liquor, but Dr. Nichalos Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, was allowed to go scot free of criticism for several days when he made the extraordinary statement—extraordinary for a university president—that the liquor business should be licensed and permitted again legally to take up its trade of producing human direlicts.

It is little wonder that the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead act are flaunted by supposedly self-respecting people when men of the standing of Dr. Butler publicly proclaim that they are in favor of the open saloon.

Dr. Charles W. Elliot, of Harvard, took up the gauntlet against Dr. Butler, but it remained for the virile, rugged educational leaders of the middlewest to leap into the controversy and take a militant stand in favor of prohibition.

"The prohibition law can be enforced," said one. "The more rigidly

it is inforced the fewer infractions there will be.''

To say that it can not be inforced is equivalent to admitting that the American people are mentally incapable of enacting laws for their own government and lack the moral stamina necessary for enforcement of the laws which they have enacted.

It would have been a great disappointment to millions of drys throughout the United States if college and university presidents had permitted Dr. Butler's aspersion cast at the eighteenth amendment, to have gone unchallenged.

They deserve challenging and Dr. Butler deserved a rebuke. No man who believes that a law, enacted in accordance with the restrictions laid down by the constitution of the United States, should not be obeyed and enforced, should be in a position which gives weight to his opinions and which may influence college men and women.

HOLD YOUR TONGUE.

In the Winston-Salem Journal of June 9, there was a very interesting article by E. A. Burgess. Mr. Burgess in this article related a story which was told and retold in the days of the World War, and which, so far as he knows and so far as I know, has never been disputed. The story told of a crowded street car in one of the big cities. A woman entered the car and found no vacant seat. As she stood in the aisle she noticed a young man sitting near her who made no attempt to rise and offer her his seat. These were days of tenseness, and maybe the woman was not to blame for the feeling that impelled her at the moment when, thoughtlessly and ignorantly, so far as facts were concerned, she looked upon the young man who sat calmly in his seat, and with fire in her eye and in her voice, said:

''You slacker, instead of riding on this street car you should be in the trenches with my two sons. They are fighting for their country while you are staying at home and enjoying big wages.''

The young man did not flinch and did not reply but sat still, and there seemd to be a suggestion of sympathy in his face as he looked up at the woman. In a few minutes the car stopped and this young man raised himself with considerable difficulty from his seat and as he managed to get on his feet he turned to the woman and said, ''Madam, write to your sons in France and ask them to look on Flanders field for my two arms, and as they look maybe they will also find a part of my left leg.'' A faint smile came to his face as he limped from the car. The passengers cheered him. The woman collapsed and with heart-rending cry begged for forgiveness.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

Forester Ervin was paroled from the institution last week. Ervin was a member of the eight cottage.

§ § § §

Howard Riggs left the institution last Friday, to spend a few days with his parents in Charlotte. Riggs returned Sunday.

§ § § §

Mr. and Mrs. H. D Spaugh have returned to the institution, after about a two weeks vacation. The boys were all glad to see them back.

§ § § §

Rev. W. B. Hood, of Charlotte, paid a visit to the institution last Wednesday Rev. Hood has taken a great interest in the Training School.

§ § § §

Edward Finch, who was paroled last year, paid us a visit last week. The boys were all glad to see Finch and to hear that he was getting along fine.

§ § §

The boys of the second cottage wish to express their many thaks to Mr. R. C. Shaw, who was formerly an officer at the Training School, for his donation for the radio.

§ § § §

The boys who were visited by their friends and relatives last Wednesday were, Herbert Apple, Edwin Baker, Floyd Lovelace, Everett and Lambert Cavenaugh Millard Simpson, Lester Staley, Joe Wilkes and Paul Funderburk.

The Cone Literary Society held its regular meeting last Monday night. and had a good program. Since summer is here and the boys are going out on the lawn every night, they are going to discontinue the society until the first of September.

§ § § §

Rev. Mr. Allison, of Concord, conducted the religious services in the Chapel last Sunday. Mr. Allison preached a fine sermon, which was enjoyed by everyone. It had been a good while since Mr. Allison had been at the institution, and we were all glad to see him.

§ § § §

The fifth game of the season was played last Saturday, when the Roberta Mill team played the Training School. It was a shut out in favor of the visitors. Bost pitched a good game for the local team, allowing the visitors only two hits, but errors lost the game. The visitors scored three runs in the third and fourth innings, and the game ended 3 to 0 in their favor. The boys haven't been getting as much practice as they should have, so they are going to try to practice every day this week.

§ § § §

The word had been going around among the boys for two or three days, that some man was coming out to make us a talk last Thursday. Well when we came out after dinner and assembled at the big tree, Supt. Boger said every one to the Chapel.

When everything got set and ready for something to start, Supt. Boger announced that Rev. McCoy Franklin, of Crossnoer Institute, was going to make us a short talk. Rev. Franklin made a very interesting talk and it was enjoyed by everyone. Rev. Franklin has a cousin who is now a big boy at the Training School and is making a good record.

TO BE MISERABLE, BE MEAN.

Sometimes when we see a fellow who has no other ambition than to be mean, we wonder what a really mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. For it always seemed to us that when a man goes to bed, turns out the lights, and darkness closes in about him, that he is in closer touch with the indefinite Being than at any other time. It is during the solitude of this brief period between your retiring and the lapsing into unconsciousness that some unseen force compels you to be honest with yourself. And if he has been mean, not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a manly act, not a word of blessing, not a graceful look, comes to escort him into that temporary haven of rest for a tired mind and body.

He has never dropped a penny into the outstretched hand of poverty, nor a balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart, no sun-beam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life, no strong right hand for fellowship reaches out to help some fallen man to his feet—when none of these things come to him at the end of a day how he must hate himself.

Is it any wonder that his smile is more of a sneer? How pure, and fair, and good the rest of the world must seem to the really mean man and how cheerless, and dusty and dreary must his own path appear. Just one lone, isolated act of meaness is enough to scatter crumbs in the bed of the average, ordinary man, and what must be the feeling of a man whose whole life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering and heartache and misery in the world anyhow, why should anyone add one pound of wickedness or sadness to the already great burden?

Better suffer injustice a thousand times than commit it once.

"You never succeed until you master yourself."

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 5, 1924 No. 33

NOW IN OUR 149TH YEAR of AMERICA'S FREEDOM

OUR COUNTRY.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
  The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights,
  She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
  Self-gathered in her prophet mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
  Came rolling on the wind.

Then stepped she down through town and field
  To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men revealed
  The fullness of her face.

—Alfred Tennyson.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke, and found that life was duty.
Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, brave heart, unceasingly,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

—Lucy H. Hooper.

LEST WE FORGET.

THE UPLIFT cannot keep back the thought that the South as a whole misses an opportunity annually to engage in a worthwhile celebration of one of the biggest and most pregnant days in American history. It is that of a fitting celebration of the 4th of July.

Yesterday, all over the North old and young joined in making loud and impressive the memory of a day that was perhaps the most eventful in our history. It was passively and only in local spots recalled in the South. In the South we shoot fire-crackers and set off bonfires at Christmas times—on the 4th of July we follow the even tenor of our ways. What we do for a celebration of the Christmas events the North invokes for a 4th of July.

If the achievements of the Revolutionary heroes belonged solely to the heroic patriotism of the North, there would be an excuse for this peculiar observation of a great day. But no little of the fires that started the campaign for American liberty—the coming out from under the yoke of English rule—originated in the South among our ancestors. Don't forget the bold

and patriotic stand of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence; we must not overlook the great speech of Patrick Henry; we can point with pride to the distinguished services of Southern men in waging a successful warfare in establishing our contest for freedom. The pages of history are full of Southern visions of freedom; Southern propaganda for liberty; brave and courageous deliverances and the tender of precious lives in sustaining the great movement for American Independence—but we act like we do not know it, and show no special pride in the achievements of our ancestors who wrought nobly and bravely in the struggles that made successful American arms.

It is to keep alive this glorious memory that THE UPLIFT takes on such a 4th of July coloring in this issue. Let us all—our splendid Uplift family—read again the Declaration of Independence, the indictment that convicted the English government and made just and holy the contest of American arms, and, if need be to arouse our sympathetic understanding of the spirit of those days, go behind our castles and repeat as eloquently as we may Henry's great speech—an eloquent call then to arms; today a call to service.

* * * * * * *

BRILLIANT RECORD.

The achievement of Dr. Clarence Poe, who has just completed twenty-five years as the guiding genius of the Progressive Farmer, about which he wrote most entertainingly in a recent number of that marvelous journal, would indicate that college and university education are not at all necessary to assure success.

Here is a man that slipped away from a poor farm—poor, so far as the future held out any special hope—in Chatham county, and connected himself with the forces that were making the Progressive Farmer. We understand that Mr. Poe had but little, if any, educational advantages. He certainly did not have the privilege and opportunity of college instruction.

See what he has reached: A polished gentleman; a successful business man, having directed the fortunes of his great paper until it has a circulation of over 400,000 subscribers; withstood the temptations that seek alliance with promising subjects; became a fine scholar and a versatile writer; wields a mighty influence in his state; and is one of the most outstanding citizens of North Carolina and enjoying the appreciation and admiration of hosts throughout the South.

Never been to college! But Dr. Clarence Poe has been constantly atten-

ing that university that recognizes the power and influence of the christian religion, the necessity of arduous and constant application to duty, the refining and educative results of observing travel and broad reading, and all the while a faithful devotee of the goddess of service.

Clarence Poe's accomplishments and achievements are an inspiration—they have not been for himself alone, but they included mankind generally.

* * * * * * * *

WHAT IS POLITICS?

This thing of being a delegate to a national convention under conditions and environment such as prevailed at the Democratic National Convention in New York, is some job. We note that the full delgation was not always on hand. There were certainly good excuses for the absentees.

But every reference to the North Carolina delegation in the news accounts revealed the fact that the lady delegates were always present. They put in full time, faithful until the end. But there developed in a caucus that which clearly defines "what is politics." And we owe it to the brilliant Mrs. Palmer Jerman, president of the North Carolina Federated Woman's Club, for a sensible, clear definition.

When the question of how long the delegation were to vote as a unit was under discussion, Mrs. Jerman made this illuminating statement about an otherwise knotty problem: "Although the women don't kow a great deal about politics they know enough not to be quitters when their man was leading." And concluding her statement, she bravely remarked: "If that isn't politics I don't know anything about politics, and I don't want to know anything about it."

None of the North Carolina delegation was reported distressed over what a South Carolina lady delegate observed and complained of. The South Carolina woman went on record in registering a protest against what New York charges for hog jowl ad turnip greens.

* * * * * * * *

SOME CHANGES IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Dr. Clarence Poe, in a page review of the changes that had occurred in the sentiments and policies during the past twenty-five years, makes this declaration:

> The South's public schools were not only shamefully poor and shamefully short, but there was no very emphatic general realization that we even needed better or longer schools...'The common laborer needs no

education; educate him and spoil him,'' was a common saying. I remember one of my own schoolmates saying to me one day, ''Well, I am not going to school any more; I have decided to be a farmer and it's no use going any more.'' The feeling that a farmer didn't need education was rather general. To any plea for local taxation for schools came the answer, ''We are too poor to pay any more taxes for education,'' from men who failed to realize that ignorance is the surest breeder of poverty. As for compulsory education, the idea was regarded as a dangerous invasion of the prerogatives of parents. Politicians and demagogues declaimed against the state's interfering with the ''sacred rights of fathers and mothers to control their own children.'' The ''sacred right'' of the child to have a decent chance to develop its own God-given faculties—that seemed to be of no importance.

Today it is almost safe to say that the poorest country schools are better than were the best in 1899. Today for a grown young man to ''make his mark'' is becoming a rare occurrence instead of the common thing it was in 1899. **Today the one-teacher school is everywhere regarded as a passing evil rather than the natural and logical thing it was then supposed to be.**

* * * * * * * *

ENOUGH VACATION.

From the public prints we learn that Mr. R. R. Clark has concluded his term as postmaster at Statesville after a most efficient service, against which nothing was or could have been alleged except that of politics. The readers of THE UPLIFT are hoping that now since the fine, honest-thinking Clark is relieved of some of his arduous work, he will again favor them with some of his wise contributions about men, measures and things. In this hope THE UPLIFT heads the list. We think a six-months vacation for Judge Clark from contributing gratuitously to these columns, aiding other gratuitous service, is just long enough. If he knew how the hundreds of readers of THE UPLIFT enjoyed his sober estimate and philosphical treatment of live subjects, it would not require a great amount of coaxing to get him started again, for Clark has developed in him to a most appreciable degree the spirit of service.

We are awaiting your response to this call, brother Clark.

* * * * * * * *

SOMETHING ''NEW UNDER THE SUN.''

The man that invented the statement that there ''is nothing new under the sun'' never lived in the country, close to nature and nature's heart. Most

people are adherents of the theory that "necessity is the mother of invention." Dr. D. H. Hill denies the truth of this statement; he insists that "laziness" is the mother of invention.

But we saw the other day a woman that had just carried to her husband, working hard to get out of the grass, a quantity of cool water in a glass jug. Returning, she spied a lot of ripe blackberries. Undaunted, she picked that jug full of the poor man's glory. The invention part of this proceeding may have been in how to get the blackberries out of that jug—surely there is no room for the display of laziness.

* * * * * * * *

NEW POSTMASTER.

Taking note of a change in the postmastership, locally, the outcome alone of the business of politics and not of service to the public, Concord has a new postmaster in the person of Mr. W. B. Ward, for years interested in the wholesaling of groceries. It is not saying too much to repeat here what is of common knowledge that under the administration of the retiring postmaster, Mr. John L. Miller, the public has enjoyed a superb and most accommodating service. The public could wish the new postmaster no better luck than a continuation of the fine service this community has been receiving—and there is no reason for anticipating anything short of it, under the direction of Mr. Ward.

AMERICA FOR ME.

Doctor van Dyke, a noted clergyman, writer and educator, was United States minister to Holland during the World War. His many visits to Europe have had the effect to increase his devotion to his native land, where this earthly kingdom (Republic) was conceived, fought for and established by the men and women who wrought during the stormy period of the Revolution. Read it until it has sung itself into your memory.

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I like the German fir woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where nature has her way!

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plow the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag full of stars.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

It is fitting in the observation of the 148th anniversary of the declaration of independence by the representatives of the Thirteen Colonies, in Congress assembled, July 4th, 1776, after reading the thrilling address of Patrick Henry, to read most carefully the utterances of our representatives in those perilous times, and note the terrible indictment issued against England as a just reason for the course the patriots of America were about to follow.

If a survey of all high school graduates, college graduates and adults were made, it would be interesting to know how many of all these had ever read the declaration and the Constitution of the United States.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connectd them with another, and to assume, among the Powers of the earth, the seperate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to

throw off such goverment, and to provide new guards for their future security.—Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britian is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harrass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independnt of and superior to the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us ,in many cases, of the benefits of trials by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses:

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For takinng away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wantinng in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpataions, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must , therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of

Great Britian is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

John Hancock.

New Hampshire—Josiah Bartlett, Wm. Whipple, Matthew Thornton.

Massachusetts Bay—Saml. Adams, John Adams, Robt. Treat Paine, Elbridge Gerry.

Rhode Island—Step. Hopkins, William Ellery.

Connecticut—Roger Sherman, Sam'l Huntington, Wm. Williams, Oliver Wolcott.

New York—Wm. Floyd, Phil. Livingston, Frans. Lewis, Lewis Morris.

New Jersey—Richd. Stockton, Jno. Witherspoon, Fras. Hopkinson, John Hart, Abra. Clark.

Pennsylvania—Robt. Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benja Franklin, John Morton, Geo. Clymer, Jas. Smith, Geo. Taylor, James Wilson, Geo. Ross.

Delaware—Cæsar Rodney, Geo. Read, Tho. M'Kean.

Maryland—Samuel Chase, Wm. Paca, Thos. Stone, Charles Carrol of Carrollton.

Virginia—George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Th. Jefferson, Benja. Harrison, Thos. Nelson, Jr., Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton.

North Carolina—Wm. Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn.

South Carolina—Edward Rutledge, Thos. Heyward, Junr., Thomas Lynch, Junr., Arthur Middleton.

Georgia—Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, Geo. Walton.

"The most impressive hour one spends in the great Vatican museum," writes the editor of the Advance, "is that which he devotes to 'The Hall of Inscriptions.' Set into the plaster of its opposite walls are three thousand epitaph inscriptions. One-half of these are taken from old pagan tombs and one-half from early Christian graves. The pagan are upon one side of the hall, the Christian on the other, and thus the tourist walking slowly down the passage between has brought before him in startling contrast the difference between the Christless and the Christ-illuminated world. On the one side every inscription without exception speaks of grief, on the other each is eloquent of joy. On the one side he reads of broken hearts; upon the other of sweet anticipations. On the one side is the extinguished torch; on the other the rising sun, eloquent with hope of immortality."—Rev. J. Eugene Reed.

HATS OFF FOR THE FLAG.

OUR FLAG.

By Mary Howlister.

There are many flags in many lands,
  There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag in any land
  Like our own Red, White and Blue.

I know where the prettiest colors are,
  I'm sure if I only knew
How to get them here, I could make a flag
  Of glorious Red, White and Blue.

I would cut a piece from the evening sky,
  Where the stars were shining through,
And use it just as it was on high,
  For my stars and field of Blue.

Then I want a piece of a fleecy cloud,
  And some red from a rainbow bright,
And I'd put them together, side by side,
  For my stripes of Red and White.

Then Hurrah for the Flag, our country's flag,
  Its stripes and white stars, too;
There is no flag in any land
  Like our own Red, White and Blue.

BY THE WAY.

By Old Hurrygraph.

This country is so absolutely free that those congressmen who are complaining that they cannot live on their present salary of $7,500 a year, have the privilege of retiring to private life. "Talk is cheap," as the saying goes, and it looks like a waste of money to spend even that much on the present type of congressman. The people want something done. Why pay a congressman $7,500 a year, anyway?

* * * * *

A fellow these days is very much like a town. Just as soon as he gets on easy street, along comes a gang and tears up the pavement.

* * * * *

A pharmaceutical house has recommended dimethylaminopheyidimethylpyrazoine for strawberry itch. You take one syllable after each meal, and if there is any left over at the end of the season wrap it in red flannel and keep it until next summer.

* * * * *

Eighty per cent of the weather forecasts since the first of the year have been correct, announces the weather bureau at Washington. Nothing could be easier. All you have to do is predict rain, or clear—cool spell followed by hot wave, and vice versa, and you'll be right five-fifths of the time.

* * * *

There are some people who take life too seriously. And there are others who are too frivolous. But there's a happy medium where you can learn to see the comedy in the cares where you now see only the dark side. There's always something funny to be found in the majority of happenings, if you look hard enough for it. There is always much to heal in a hearty laugh. Teach the corners of your mouth to turn up instead of down. Cure the trouble with a laugh.

* * * *

Truth is one of the most beautiful things on earth. When I grow tired of fiction, novels, politics and circulars inviting me to invest dollars in oil wells in Texas and California, and draw out thousands in Oregon, or somewhere's else, I turn for comfort to something I know to be true, something perfectly and indubitably exact, like the multiplication table, or Mrs. "Hurrygraph's" enumeration of my various shortcomings. There's no excitement in it; nothing to make the blood boil, or give palpitation of the heart. But it is crowded with rigid, naked, sober facts, uncolored by the personal bias of the writer. In this sad world truth is a rare and precious commodity.

* * * *

The supreme court, ruling on beer, says it is not medicine. But some of the stuff that is being sold as beer, calls for medicine in the end.

* * * *

People who are hunting for thermometers at a bargain these days missed their opportunity in not getting them in December or January. Thermometers are higher now than they have been this year. Of course

everybody knew it was hot. Like one of Durham's sweetest little tots, who told her mother, "Mama I des am so hot I'se leakin' all over."

* * * * *

A noted scientist once remarked that there should never be a universal food shortage, as the Creator had provided edible plants in such wide distribution as really to place everywhere foods easily within man's reach. Since this observation was made more than a hundred "new" plants and vegetables have been used for food, among them the tomato, once feared but now generally eaten. Undoubtedly there are thousands more of "new" plants and vegetables yet to be used, many of them natural products, some to be created by "crossing." Man is searching for them. Nearly a century ago the tomato was a "rare dish;" a half century ago it was grown by city gardeners, seldom by farmers. Today it is grown by everybody who has a garden, and is made a "specialty" by truck farmers and hot house gardeners. It is grown in 87 varieties and is "served" in more than a hundred ways, besides being used in nearly as many more for seasoning. Today the tomato is one of the most commonly used vegetables, even by makers of home-made wine.

* * * * *

Calvin S. Page, of Chicago, has been chosen Nobel prize winner in physics this year for his book, "Rex, the Light Atom." Mr. Page goes more than one step beyond Einstein in propounding theories which the average mind is incapable of comprehending. Newton held and apparently demonstrated that gravity was an attraction. Mr. Page holds that it is the reverse; that is, an antipathy. The inhabitants of the earth are pinned to its surface, figuratively, by the force of repulsion from other planets and from the stars. Mr. Page holds that the orbits of the planets are not eliptical but circular. He says that sound is also light and that there is no ether. Radio vibrations he calls a "superlight," that is, a color beyond the visible spectrum. Eistein revised and amended the theory of gravitation, but Mr. Page abolishes it entirely and in other directions he puzzles the lay mind beyond all hope.

* * * * *

The social columns of a newspaper teem with social events, and it cools one off to meditate upon the accounts of the ice cream, and other ices served in hot weather. One would almost think that in a printery and newspaper office, the atmosphere would be so literary and highbrow that they wouln't ever think about eating and common things like that; but you can't always tell. I have heard of editors who were not averse to accepting invitations to spreads and functions, although they do try to culturize the atmosphere some times a little by making speeches appropriate to the occasion. The gentleman editor is especially good at that, and sometimes he is quite outspoken in his remarks, too. Like the lady who came rushing home delighted with her success at a meeting she had attended, and told her husband all about it. "Yes, I was absolutely outspoken at the meeting this afternoon,'" she proudly said. "I can hardly believe it, my dear," he declared. "Who in

the world was it that outspoke you?"

* * * * *

I hear the call of the mountains; the whisperings of the breezes along the forest leaves; the silvery notes of th woodland thrush; the "howdy-do" noddings of the daisies and the azaleas; the smiles of the rhododendron. I'm off.

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN.

De Crevecoeur, who died near New York in 1813, *was a French writer, who came to America at the age of twenty-three. He settled on a farm in New York state. He became acquainted with the leadinng men of that period. France appointed him as her consul at New York.*

As far back as 1782, *Crevecoeur published his "Letters of an American Farmer," in which he proved almost an unerring prophet, as is attested by the followng extract from his book*:

What then is the American, this new man? He is either a European, or the descendant of a European, hence that strange mixture of blood which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations.

An American is he who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great Alma Mater. Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carring along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor and industry which began long since in the least; they will finish the great circle.

The Americans were once scattered all over Europe; in America they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American ought therefore to love his country much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born. Here the rewards of his industry follow with equal steps the progress of his labor; his labor is founded on the basis of nature, self-interest. Can it want a stronger a rement?

Women and children, who before in vain demanded a morsel of bread, now gladly help their men folk to clear those fields whence exuberant crops are to arise to feed and to clothe them all, without any part being claimed either by a despotic prince, a rich abbot, or a mighty lord.

Religion demands but little of the American: a small voluntary salary to the minister, and gratitude to God. Can he refuse these?

The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile depence, penury, and useless labor, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence. This is an American.

COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

Courage to be right is contagious. People respect others who have the courage of their convictions. Here is a boy's story of his father's courage and its results:

"My father was a rancher on a small scale in Australia."

"The nearest neighbor or station was ten miles away, but the ranchmen used to think nothing of riding twenty or forty miles to a centrally located farm on Saturdays to spend the night in carousal, and ride back on Sunday."

"At last it was my father's turn to entertain. He must invite the herders of the kraals and ranches within radius of nearly fifty miles."

"Boys, he said to his two sons, my brother and myself, it's the parting of the ways. We either live as we have lived, simply, in the fear of God, minding our business, paying our debts if we can, saving our money if possible, and being cut by every man round here, or we fall into the ways of our neighbors, and drink and gamble ourselves into perdition. I am not goin' to break your mother's heart, and I say 'No,' even if they burn us down."

"So it came about that my brother and I devided the circuit between us, and I rode to the north and he to the south. To every ranchman this message went: "Father invites you for Saturday as usual. There will be no cards or liquor—only a quiet talk about old England and the welfare of the colony."

"We waited that Saturday afternoon with trembling, not expecting a single guest. But suddenly one rode up, then another, and another until the whole section was represented."

"With mother opposite him, father said grace at the table, and we boys saw tears flow down rugged cheeks. That night the men talked long about bushmen and rabbits and fences and drought, and how to stand by one another."

"The next morning, as he did every Sunday morning, father conducted prayers, this time before fifty of the roughest men I ever seen assembled; there was singing of hyms, broken here and there by sobs and by tears. When they parted my father was heartily thanked for the way he had entertained them, and, although a recent comer, was the acknowledged leader of the community."

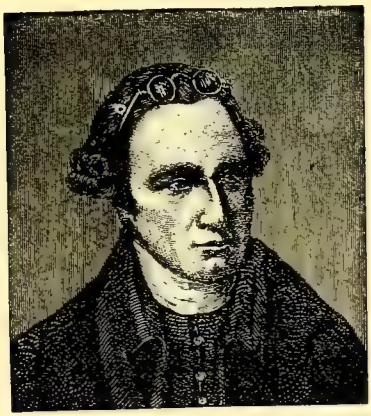
"That section became the most prosperous section in all the country round. And I thought if Christian courage could accomplish that, it was good enough for me to live and die by."

Today is a good day to stop grumbling.

AN APPEAL TO ARMS.

In March, 1775, a month before Lexington, Patrick Henry electrified the Virginia convention with the speech that here follows. Since we are making a return to the spirit that moved the people in that period, why not us falling in line and become thrilled with Henry's patriotism. You don't have to go out behind the house and orate this piece, but a serious and understanding reading of it will give us an intimate knowledge of the pep and determination that moved the patriots of the times in which the Revolutionary heroes performed.

A resolution was before the convention "that the colony be immediately put in a state of defense." Speaking to that resolution Henry thrilled the delegates with his review of British mistreatment and his climax of "give me liberty or give me death."



It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty?

Are we disposed to be of the number those who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not, the thing which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house?

Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preprations which cover our waters, and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir, there

are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other.

They are sent over to bind and rivet upon those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violences and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer room for hope.

If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate these inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight. I repeat it, sir, we must fight. An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, —unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?

Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the the strong alone:

it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it is now too late to retire from the contest.

There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come!—I repeat it, sir, let it come. It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun.

The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

"BLOW"

By Emma Mauritz Larson.

A trim boat sails out of Gray's Harbor, that fresh-water inlet opening into the Pacific just about the middle of the coast line of the State of Washington. One glance shows that it isn't built for a freighter. It is too big for either a salmon boat or a crab catcher. It certainly isn't meant for passengers, with that odd gun in the bow, and great coils of heavy hawser beside the gun.

They sail out to sea, ten or twenty miles. In the spars one of the crew is perched in the basket lookout, and suddenly he calls: "Blow!"

It is the old call, heard on many seas before the American Revolution, now at last heard again called by American seaman, for the trim boat is a whaler. This is one of three whaling boats, capturing their big prey by modern methods, and working out from a shore whaling station, the Gray's Harbor Station.

There was little of whaling industry left anywhere in the world because the few sperm and right whales left had grown too wary to be captured. It didn't pay to fit out a boat to travel to Greenland or Behring Sea on the chance of bringing in one or two. But the sea was still full of another sort of whale, the finner, that earns its name because unlike the others it has a fin upon its back.

When the whaling fleet used to sail out from New England they never attacked finner whales. There were several reasons for this. The finner didn't carry in its head 200 barrels of fine, clear oil like the sperm whale, nor did it have its giant mouth filled with monster teeth like the right or baleen whale. The baleen whale's teeth brought a tidy fortune of thousands of dollars in the days when whalebone was much in demand, for its largest teeth were ten feet long and the whole set of them weighed a ton. But beside the fact that the finner whale was short on whale bone

in its mouth, having only a very little, its blubber, that thick blanket of fat that every whale wears between its skin and its solid red flesh, was thiner than that of the other whales.

So the old whalers passed by the finner, and wisely enough, too. There was an additional reason that they sometimes admitted. The finners were too big, even more huge than the other whales, and hunted with a small harpoon attached to a rope and hurled from a little boat their mad plunge was likely indeed to carry the tiny boat and its crew of five men like lightning over the sea and give them small chance for life. This was always the story of whale hunting, but with the finner whale the danger was even greater that they would rear in the air and crash down upon the little boat or with the flukes of their great tails alone, twenty feet across, sweep the whalers to destruction.

So the finner whale all around the world went free, until a Norwegian captain, Svend Foyn, invented a deck cannon to shoot a big harpoon into the monster fish. This harpoon carried, too, a bomb on its stem that eploded within the whale after the weapon had pierced its skin and shortened the struggle between crew and plunging whale. In a little time shore whaling stations with boats like this one at Gray's Harbor that could go out fifty or a hundred miles if need be, were started in such widely separated places as Russia and South America, Canada and Japan, Australia and here in our own northwestern United States.

The finner has other characteristics unlike its sperm and right whale cousins. It sinks when dead. So modern whaling boats have had to find a way to keep their catch floating until they can tow it in to the shore station, where it is speedily cut up for its many commercial uses. To make it float the crew pierce its skin and with a pipe inject steam and air into the body inflating it until it stays on top of the water. If there seem good prospects of another catch they mount a flag on the floating carcass and go off for another whale, returning to add it to their tow before they go back into the harbor.

It is the sailor in the little lookout basket on the spars, with his strong glasses, who scans the sea on every side and when he sights a spout of water rsing in the air, near or far, that means a whale refreshing himself, he gives the clear, musical call: "Blow!" and adds the direction. And all hands turn the boat to pursue the whale.

The old monarch of the sea has his own habits, and usually blows two or three times, and then submerges for twenty minutes until he is obliged to come up for air again. If the boat cannot reach him before he submerges he may seem like a lost fish indeed for he may come up far away. But there is great skill shown by the whalemen in pursuing and harpooning their big prey. The whaling boats are built for quick turning, a thing very necessary when the deck cannon has shot the whale and wounded, and savage, it rushes this way and that dragging the boat by the hawser line attached to the harpoon. And in this modern way, of using just the steamer, instead of lowering the men in row boats to harpoon and

follow the fish, there is far less peril to the crew.

So Captain Foyn's invention has added a new industry to the work of the world that has real value. Every part of the whales brought into this one whaling station of America is used. The blubber is peeled off in great strips by electrical machinery. In the days of the old whaling fleets a hundrd and more years ago this was done by sailors standing on the slippery whale that was tied up in the water at the boat's side. Now it is done quickly by machine on the dock at the whaling station.

The oil that is produced from the blubber here at our American station ranks very high as lubricating oil and a specialty is made of a fine grade of gun oil. The small amount of whalebone in the jaw, small only compared with that of the whalebone whale, goes for special uses. Some of it even goes to France to be used in stiffening silks. And other uses are constantly being found for the various products.

Whale meat forms a good part of the weight. It is altogether unlike fish, but tastes instead like very tender beef steak. In some lands. like Japan, every pound of whale meat finds a ready market, so to the credit of a single whale there is often placed the immense amount of 80,000 pounds of good meat food. In our own country the Government is still engaged in the task of teaching the people the worth and desirability of whale's steak.

The bones of the Gray's Harbor whales find use too, and in the matter of an animal or fish that weighs up to seventy tons the bones amount to a good deal. They are crushed for fertilizer or guano, as it is called, a real boon to worn-out fields.

So between their trips out to sea to search for and capture whales and their days ashore cutting up and rendering the big fish the whaling crew have busy days during their season of hunting, which at this one Amercan station runs from spring to autumn. And most seasons their harvest of finners from the sea is a real contribution to the resources of our country.

THE SADDEST STORY.

Have you ever heard of the solitary horseman who was winding his way along an unknown trail just as the sun was going down? You have. Then you need no introduction but I might say, "Meet him again."

He would probably have been glad to have met you about that time, or anyone else for that matter. For he was lost. Those were the days when few men lived in Arizona and Dan Martin knew that he could find no house for shelter that night and sleeping under the stars does not appeal to one newly from the east.

At last he saw a fire about which he discovered several men. They might be Mexicans, cattle rustlers or anything else detrimental to the peace of mind, body or pocket book of a chance traveler. But he and his horse were both thirsty so he went

on.

"Howdy mister," he was greeted.

"How do you do, gentlemen" he replied. "Can I have your spare bedroom for the night?"

"Sure, that's it over there by that boulder."

"Any water?"

"Over there."

No names were asked. It was not good form in that man's country. Martin watered his horse and then cooked and ate his supper. He didn't like knapsack meals but he could do no better now. While he was eating he noticed his companions. One was a Mexican, small and active. His black beady eyes shifting here and there gave one the impression of the cat's claw beneath the soft pad of the foot. The second was a prospector. Martin thought that he might be sixty years old, but he had the vitality of thirty. His eyes had the hope of early youth which ever stands back of the prospector, urging him on. Yet those same eyes reflected the age-old wisdom of the mountains through which he had prospected. His face was roughed and wrinkled from exposure, but underneath the mask there was an infinite capacity for either love or hate. The other two were evidently cowboy companions. The older was hearty and good natured, the younger taciturn and morose, somewhat withdrawn from the rest. He seemed to have his attention centered within himself.

These men said little for a time, sitting and smoking in silence. Conversation might start after a while, but it needed to be started. The prospector had a burro which seemed inclined to stay nearer to the camp than the other animals of the party. At last he strayed into the firelight. To him the prospector addressed himself.

"Git out o' here, Cicero. You're the awfullest and ridiculoust critter I ever seed."

"No senor," said the Mexican, "You forget the black bull in the Bull Fight at El Paso."

"What was that?" asked the older cowman.

"You tell it, senor," said the Mexican.

"There was a fellow in El Paso whose name was Bender. He was bad gone on a pretty senorita. The muchacha would not have nothing to do with him for a long time. One day she told him he might have a chance if he would git in a Bull Fight and win. Bender was a purty big man and it takes a little feller to fight a bull anyways right. But he was game, so he got another feller, an American too, and they went after it."

"Over in Jaurez it came off. The bull had his back to the crowd, who was expectin' somethin' fine on account of them fellers not bein' fighters. Them big American hombres stood purty close together havin' a big piece of canvas rolled up between 'em. Usually a bull has to be riled up a bit afore he starts somethin'. They use a short spear, but these fellers didn't have none. When they got near the bull, they spread out the canvas and it had a picture of a big red bull on it, as good a picture as ever I seen. It sure fooled the bull too. He begun to claw the dirt, and pretty soon he charged. When he got to the picture they jerked it away

and the bull ran on through. They turned it around toward him and he tried again. He missed again, an' looked about as happy as a dog who gets taffy in his mouth and wants to howl and can do nothing else but. The crowd expected to see the bull killed, but this was more fun. They tired him out, dog throwed him and that was all, but that bull sure did look happy when he couldn't get at that red thing."

May be that story was true, perhaps it was only the prospector trying to "string" whatever tenderfoot there might be who would believe him. At any rate it started the party to telling experiences and such things as they thought were the funniest they had ever seen. The older cowboy told of the saddest thing he ever saw. Then Dan Martin told the saddest thing he ever saw.

"About two years ago I was in Jackson, Ky., standing on the bridge," he began and the younger cowboy drew further back from the fire, "As I stood there I saw a man and a woman coming toward me. She was crying. Sometimes she would take hold of his arm as though begging him to do something, but each time he rudely shook her off. As they came nearer I saw that she was old. Her hair was almost grey, but there was a little of the gold left. Her deep blue eyes were brimming with tears. Her face was wrinkled, not the wrinkles of a graceful old age, but of toil, pain, hardship and suffering. The shaking hand which he so rudely brushed from him was worn and rough as tho she had worked long hard. She was ill clothed, but there was still a refinement about her face which perhaps told one that she had sacrificed the best in her for some wished-for end. She was frail, but in contrast to her, the man was strong and vigorous and well dressed. That is all I remember about him. As they passed I heard her say:

"Please don't leave me. I ain't done nothin' to ye."

"Aw shut up yer whimperin' and let me alone. I done told ye I was going!"

"O, son don't leave me thet away, I love ye, and I've done everything I could for ye. When you're gone there ain't nothin' left. So don't—"

"They had passed out of hearing. I turned and followed them to the depot, the woman still pleading, the man still acting the brute. At last a train pulled in and he started to get on. She threw her arms around him to keep him from going. He cursed and shoved her from hm. As he jumped on the moving train she fell in a heap at my feet in a dead faint. She lives yet in her cabin in the mountains, poor, half-starved. She knits and weaves and might provide for herself better if she would sell what she makes, she will not do that for she is keeping them until the boy comes home. She says, "When son comes home, he'll have all the things he needs."

For a time after he had finished, there was silence. Each was thinking. At last the prospector said:

"That feller ought to get lost on the desert and have nothin' to drink, except now and then enough to keep him alive and suffer'n."

"That ain't enough," said the older cowboy, "He ought to get cactus thorns stuck all through him and then

fall on an ant hill and not be able to get up."

"And a buzzard come 'long, pick out hees eyes" added the Mexican.

The other cowboy said nothing. He lay down with the rest to sleep. but later he arose quietly and taking his horse, rode of into the night. In the darkness he lost his way and morning found him on a desert. He had a little water in his canteen and soon it was gone, for the day was hot. To add to this calamity, his horse stepped in a hole and broke his leg. The man was forced to walk. He was without water, without knowledge of his whereabouts and he was on foot.

In the distance he saw a lake. Oh, there he would get water and perhaps find a trail out of this place. For a few miles the journey was easy, but soon he was walking deep in the sand and became tired. He wanted water badly. There it was, it just two miles or less away. He would soon be there and it would be soothing to his parched throat.

It vanished. He had been following the mirage. His case was hopeless now, he thought. He was dizzy. He sat down, but the hot sands burned him. Far away he could see the mountains, perhaps sixty miles away, perhaps more. There he knew there was coolness in the everlasting snow, shades trees to ward off the rays of that withering, scorching sun, cool mountain streams trickling down from the melted snow. But he could not walk that far.

He arose. Several miles from him he saw some rock formations and made his way toward that. After the disappearance of the lake, he was not sure that it was there, but he might as well walk in this direction as any. At last he reached the place. There were cavities in some of the rocks in one of which he found water. He drank it. It was warm, hot almost boiling from the fierce heat of the sun, but it was wet. He sat down and closed his eyes.

He remembered when he was a boy, how he went each day to the old swimming hole. How cool and refreshing it was! He opened his eyes. The sandy desert lay scorching before him, heat waves simmering and dancing before his eyes. He closed them again to shut out the sight. He saw his boyhood home. It was winter and the snow was on the ground. As he came out of the house a large dog bounded to meet him, bumped against him and rolled him over in the snow. The feel of that snow was delicious. Ah, man! but it was hot on that desert.

Night came, and the heat of the day was succeeded by the cold of the night. Of these extremes it is hard to say which is the hardest to bear. His hands became numb and his body cold all over. But his eyes at least were relieved from the terrific glare of the light.

When morning came he set out again. He had used up all the water in that pool and must look for more. It grew hotter and hotter and the desire for water became more pressing. His lips were parched and swollen. His tongue also was swollen until it almost filled his mouth. He could not think clearly. Which would come first, death, insanity or relief?

In the distance he saw a dark object and stumbled toward it. What was it

an animal of some sort? or could it be a barrel? Hope flamed up. Perhaps there he could find water. It was certainly round,, but it was lying down and its precious contents might have been spilled out. But it was a queer looking barrel, it had legs. Ah, he had it now, this was the horse he had ridden the day before and shot as he was forced to leave it.

"Good old boy," he said, "you did your best to get me out of this. I hate to leave you but—my God I've been walking in a circle!"

In his despair he threw himself down on the horse. Why should this come to him, he wondered. As he tried to think and plan some way out, a shadow passed over his face. Looking up he saw a buzzard. In his horror he jumped up. They would not eat him yet, for he was far from dead. He moved on and the bird swooped down on the horse.

"Old boy I reckon he'll get me too, before he's thru," said the man.

He passed away from the scene. For hours he wandered on, he did not konw how many, but at last he discovered some cactus. In the heart of this he would find some water. In his haste to reach it, he plunged those barbarous thorns into his hand. The pain caused him to spill the precious supply. He tried another. In it there was perhaps enough to wet his lips. The next was dry. In the fourth one which he found, there was water, but again he was too eager and stuck the spines into his face.

He gave it up and wandered on. The sun was still hot, the sand still hard to walk in, his tongue swollen and in addition to this the thorns hurt him. O for some water! There was a lake —but it was probably the mirage. O. what was the use of trying to live? But the horror of that black shadow spurred him on to find that lake.

Every minute as he advanced he expected to see it vanish as had the other. But this one did not prove elusive. He plunged toward it to drink, not thinking of the meaning of a white substance surrounding the lake. All he thought was. "Now I shall find relief." He lay down and plunged his head into the water and swallowed. Phew! It was alkali. Now he noted the white border of the lake. His condition was now more painful than it had been before.

His head felt like it was bursting. In fact he wondered whether or not it was a head he was carrying on his shoulders. It was awful heavy and it didn't seem to think any more. What ever it was he did not have any use for it for it was heavy and hurt. How could he get rid of the thing. He tried to lift it but he could not. It was another one of those horrible things he had to put up with in the desert.

There was that black shadow again. He shook his fist at it and tried to to laugh. It was a horrible cracked laugh, suitable for the witches who met Macbeth. He cursed the shadow and as he did so he fell. The even blacker cause of that black shadow was upon him instantly. O God! would he be eaten alive? He rose up and fought off his avenger. Avenger? Why had he used that word? Who or what were being avenged and why on him? That was funny—but he did not laugh at it

After about two weeks(it seemed to him) in which the sun was always shining, he was exhausted and could

go no farther.

He sank down in the burning sand, and the shadow hovering over him, circled, dropped lower and sank. The buzzard alighted on the man's chest and the man wondered if could talk to him. He asked:

"What is the matter?"

And the bird opened his mouth and shouted.

"Wake up, you fool!"

And he did. One of the men of the camp had first shook him roughly on the chest and then shouted at him. Ah! It was only a dream!

He lay there in the cool of the morning, so refreshing after the awful terror of his dream. He had but to close his eyes to see it again, so he did not close them. As the men were gathered around the camp fire, he rose and walked over to them.

"Boys," he said, "I'm the fellow who left his mother back in Kentucky. I,m going back."

Now the flowers are blooming and the birds are singing around the cabin in Kentucky, and there is happiness within, for son has come home.

STORIES OF THE GARDEN.

By Emily H. Butterfield.

Not the least of the interesting things of a garden are legends and superstitions that cling to many of the flowers and vegetablbes as well as the manner in which many of them were named.

Though Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have carried the potato to England in 1585, yet an old "Chronicle" of 1553 relates that the people of Quito used as food a tuber which they called papas. The turnip is an old favorite, having been cultivated in ancient Gaul, and was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. Over rocks and cliffs in England grows a plant which is the ancestor of our cabbage. The word caput or head in Latin is the source of the name.

Cauliflower is literally "the stem flower." Peach is from the Greek way of saying Persian apple while dates are so called because they resemble a finger and daktylos in the Greek word for finger. Apple is an Anglo-Saxon name, and the fruit has figured in many a story. The apple of discord; Avalon, the isle of apples; and many an other tale and location has been seasoned with the fruit.

Tomatoes were once called love apples and were said to be poisonous. the Italians called them pommi d'oro and later pommi d'amore. The supersition was that if two lovers divided one of these fruit and each ate half that they would be faithful as lovers. Inasmuch as the tomato was deemed poisonous, it took no small amount of devotion to eat the fruit. The name tomato comes from a Spanish word through the Mexican to us.

Almost every child has told time by the dandelion and investigated his chum's love of butter and has, perchance, inquired as to whether or no the mother was calling. The German story of the pansy as typifying the step-mother and her children, and the faith that the daisies will tell

whether one's wish comes true are common traditions in every childhood. Unfortunate is the child who has never hunted for a four-leaf clover. The clover, so close a kin to the shamrock which carries the message of the Trinity, is so called because its shape suggests a cleavage.

In certain West Indies the people plant a white lilac in the yard to insure good luck. One does wonder how any thing ill could venture near such loveliness. There is an old superstition that to find a flower out of season means ill fortune. Violets in autumn are one of the most common of these out-of-season flowers. Most any warm autumn if you wander through the woods and come to a sunny bank you will find a bed of violets with their buds softly curled ready to burst into bloom with the first warm days of spring. If autumn brings the day sufficiently warm and balmy, the ambitious little flower opens up its petals just a few months earlier. It is lucky for the person who finds it for it is always fortunate to be about when beauty comes to the world.

To pick the first wild flower on Monday was once said to bring good luck, if on Tuesday it was safe to try big things, Wednesday a wedding or a big opportunity followed, if on Thursday there would be much work and little accomplishment, Friday brought surprising wealth and Saturday no good luck, while Sunday much good fortune. One wonders how the folks in other years supposed that the flowers kept track of the days of the week.

If a girl picked three wild flowers she found she would have the initials of her lover, said another legend. But suppose her lover had only two initials, or suppose the flowers had many names as common flowers frequently do, what was she to do then?

No flower has more stories about its name than the forget-me-not. The little kindergarten song that tells of the Father giving names to all the flowers and the little blue-eyed one returning with the plea that the name given had been forgotten, is perhaps the most beautiful. Every one loves the closing line, "The Father kindly looked on it, and said forget-me-not." Another legend of this flower tells of the lovers who picked the blossom near the banks of a torrent and the young man, growing bold, reached too far over and losing his balance fell into the flood. With his last breath he threw the flowers for which he had given is life, into his sweetheart's arms and called "Forget-me-not."

The carnation has its name from a Latin word meaning fleshiness because it was of a flesh color. The entarea is said to have healed Chiron, the Centaur, and so was given his name. The cyclamen is so called because of its circling habit and the Canterbury bells so resembled the staffs with bells which the pilgrims to Canterbury carried that they have that name. The hollyhock or hoke was first introduced into Europe from the Holy Land and was at one time called the holy hoke. The fluer-de-lis is one of the best known flowers in song, history and story. It was sometimes said, like the shamrock, to typify the Trinity. The French story was that it was given by heaven to a pious monk in trust for Clovis. An other legend declared that this flower, in its conventional form which is so familiar, represented the lilies which

the soldiers of Clovis gathered along the banks of the rivers. No small amount of argument has been waged over this blossom and whether or not it was an emblem of a religious sort or of warfare.

There are certain students who declare that our conventional fluer-de-lis is the outgrowth of the lotus of Egypt. Certain it si that the lotus was an older blossom as far as civilization's memory goes. The much loved and reverenced lotus or water lily of Egypt inspired much of the architectural beauty of that land and possibly spread its influence into other countries. No well cared for garden is supposed to have a thistle, but, alas, many do have that emblem of Scotland. There is an old tale which says that a Scottish stronghold was saved from attack by the protecting barrier of a field of Scotch thistles.

In other years when the various crafts took to themselves emblems, the goldsmiths used the marigold and the sunflower, as they were both blossoms of the sun and the sun's emblem was gold. We have become well acquainted these last years with the chrysanthemum as the oriental emblem of the sun.

The rose is the best loved flower in many a garden and its stories and romance are without number. Kings and queens have worn the rose as their badge, and Martin Luther had a coat-of-arms in which design a rose was included. It has been the seal of peace and the name of wars and bloodshed. No flower can claim a greater heritage of history and legend.

Every flower that blooms has a message or a meaning and their symbolism often changes even as we stand and watch. The poppy has always meant rest and repose and slumber, but now, to most of us, they somehow carry to us memories of Flanders fields.

To learn the stories and legends of flowers is a little extra joy to be had from any garden. The Bible has given its contribution with the lily of the field and the rose of Sharon. Shakespeare and many another poet has filled our little gardens as well as the great, with poetry, mystery and beauty in added measure.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

George McCombs, a member of the eighth cottage, was paroled by Supt. Boger last week.

§ § § §

A new chicken lot has been built, just on the other side of the one that was recently completed.

§ § §

The end of the month was here again last week, and the boys were all glad to send a letter home.

§ § § §

Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Cloer left the institution last Tuesday, for a short vacation. Mr. Horton has charge of the shop now.

§ § § §

The boys were all glad to get a

big sack of peanuts at each cottage last Friday. Peaches have also been sent around to the cottages during the past week.

§ § § §

Eunice Byers, Sylvester and Harry Simms, visited the institution last week. Byers is in the Navy and making a good record and the Simms boys are working in Charlotte.

§ § § §

Mr. J. J. Barnhardt paid a visit to the institution last Sunday. The boys were all glad to see Mr. Barnhardt, but didn't have the privilege, of hearing him talk as they did once or twice before.

§ § § §

Last Wednesday was a fine day for visiting and the following boys were visited: Millard Simpson, Ralph Hunley, Clifton Rogers, Ray Hatley, Judge Brooks and Eugene Laughlin.

§ § § §

Mr. J. A. Sharp, Secretary of the Kannapolis Y. M. C. A. made a very interesting talk to the boys last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Sharpe is working with boys all the time and takes a great interest in the boys here, and the boys were all glad to see him.

§ § § §

The boys of the first cottage have been talking about making up money and buying some ice cream, for a good while. Mr. Kennett gave them permission to do so last week, five gallons being purchased and Mr. J. F. Laughlin, of Concord, brought it out for them.

§ § § §

So many new boys are coming in now that it is hardly possible to get them all in the Chapel, and we hope to have the new Auditorium open some time soon . The boys are anxious for it to be opened soon, as it is so hot over in the Chapel when they are practicing their songs and still worse on Sunday as they have to be more crowded then ,but it will be a long time before they will be crowded in the new Auditorum.

§ § § §

About the hardest fought game of the season was played last Saturday, when the Training School was again defeated by the Myers Scout team, by a score of 3 to 2. It looked good to see our old battery, Cook and Russell, back in the game. Russell pitched a fine game, allowing only 2 hits, and striking out 11 men in 7 innings. The boys hit Fowler for 8 safe hits and only striking out 2 men. McCall local third baseman was too sure of a little fly, and let it slip through his glove, allowing Honeycutt to score. Bost went in to pitch for Russell in the eighth and struck out 5 men in 2 innings. The whole game was an interesting one, and everybody enjoyed it.

"Master," said a herd-boy to the farmer, "the cows are in the corn field, and I can't make out how they got in. The gate is shut and there is no gap in the hedge." "Never mind how they got in," was the reply; "you get them out as fast as you can, and then you may consider at your leisure as to how they got in."—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 12, 1924 No. 34

MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN DIAMONDS.

It is said that Princess Eugenie of Sweden, whose heart had been greatly touched by a Christian appeal in behalf of the orphan children of her city, in her youthful enthusiasm sold her diamonds that she might provide a home for them. A year or more afterwards, when one of the royal family reminded her of what she called her "foolish enthusiasm," the Princess is said to have exclaimed "Foolish! Foolish! Ah—it was the wisest thing I have ever done. Every time I go to that home and see the glitter of my diamonds in the tears of its grateful immates, I feel repaid a thousand times."

No one can doubt the truth of this statement. There is a law of compensation running all through God's spiritual universe, that decrees that nothing done in his name shall be permitted to go forgotten or unrewarded. Let anyone who doubts but put it to the test, and the proof will be forthcoming.—Selected..

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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The man who wants a garden fair,
  Or small, or very big,
With flowers growing here and there,
  Must bend his back and dig.
The things are mighty few on earth
  That wishes can attain;
Whate'er we want of any worth
  We've got to work to gain.
It matters not what goal you seek,
  Its secret here reposes:
You've got to dig from week to week
  To get Results or Roses.

—Edgar A. Guest.

EXTREMES.

At a recent meeting of the Concord Kiwanis Club, young Luther Hartsell, the accredited delegate to the International meeting of the Kiwanis at Denver, Colorado, made his report. In his initeresting account he made mention of the well-developed boosting spirit that he discovered as prevailing amongst some of the Clubs—he called it pep, and expressed the abiding hope that the local club might put on what all would consider a genuine case of Pep (he called the name in a capitalized manner.)

Taking this as a text a Concord lawyer made some observations that amount to an indictment. Citing the fact that everybody knows that the old town needs a hotel in keeping with the town and the demands of those who visit

the place, he said that one hesitated taking a friend to the hotel, preferring going to a restaurant for a meal. The thing that disturbed him most, and a thing that probably most people on the ground have observed is the abscence of a united pull-together in the neighborhood. This prominent lawyer explained that all the funds for a modern seven-story hotel, in every respect a modern hostelry, had been subscribed except twenty thousand dollars; and right there it stopped dead. He deplored the appearance of always a one-third in the community throwing a monkey wrench into every public movement started by the other two-thirds. Is this so? With a vivid recollection covering a period of thirty-seven years it does seem almost a just indictment.

But there is one thing that you may credit the old town with—a habit of long standing and almost unanimous. The old town will take up most any stranger, put him into positions of importance and nurse him in the very bosom of society without any specially authentic credentials of character, capacity or adaptability warranting such recognition. The old town oftentimes gets stung by this generosity of a welcome, sung to a stand-still by an imp or bitten by imcompetency in places of moment and importance.

The old town needs a baptism of united pep and a caution in taking to its bosom strangers whose credentials are not complete.

But Concord, my bretheren, is no worse than the average town or city of its size. There is a brigade—sometimes small, sometimes large—in every community that go about with their little hammers and their bottles of protest, pecking away and turning loose their poisonous gas to defeat some forward movement that means for the community blessings and beauty.

There are men today who will excuse the miserable, antiquated school houses in this county—they served their day and time most admirably—and some of them enjoy the privilege of drawing the people's tax money, by saying, "they are better than we had when children." A civilization that does not set its eyes toward the rising sun, toward improvement and progress, dedicated to the purpose of leaving the world better and more beautiful, and making mankind more efficient and happier, is a civilization that is riding to a fall.

Because a man never saw a bath tub and was reared in a little shed-room with one small window, is no excuse for objecting to a community having modern educational facilities or even a hotel that matches those that attract in other towns patronage far and wide.

Some hammer brigades are necessary and accomplish no little good, and the lawyer, who pointed out our sins, was requested by his club to bring out his hammer at a full meeting and clinch the nail that he started to drive. Some-

times a big hammer demolishes the little tack hammers the kickers carry around in their sleeves.

* * * * * * * *

ENLARGED DEMANDS AND TASTES.

Recurring to the movements to secure for Concord a new and modernly equipped hotel, commensurate with the demands of the community and the great travel, it is not so many years ago that the present hotel was among the very best in the state.

At the time the St. Cloud threw open its door to the traveling public, it was regarded a gem. Capt. and Mrs. Clark, the former gone from us to another sphere and the latter facing a beautiful sunset, abiding her time, made of it a delightful home. Why, the St. Cloud started in with one bathroom—that was just as many bathrooms as any hotel in the state at that period could boast. It had beautiful stoves and furnishings in each room—barring just two or three in the state this equipment was equal to the very best.

Even today the St. Cloud is far better than the homes the kickers were born and reared in; but tastes and demands for those conveniences which we have come to recognize as contributing to our comfort make all dissatisfied with what the hotel is today. The demand is justified. There is nothing that advertises a town more favorably and more widely than a modern and well kept hotel. Concord deserves a better one, and when the alleged one-third put up their hammers and go about the other two-thirds with smiles and encouragements, the trick will be turned.

* * * * * * * *

A CONFESSION.

We met a man the other day. He was somewhat agitated. He made a confession, and in this manner he relieved his soul:

"I met a man a little while ago. We had never seen each other before. His face was kindly, and I ventured to fall into conversation with him. When I left him I felt as though I had been at school for a month. Perhaps you think that was not so strange. Well, let me tell you. He was not a professor, at least, he did not bear that title. He was dressed rather shabbily. His general appearance was not attractive. He was a laborer, and not ready to sit down to dinner. I did not expect to find him learned, or cultured, or rich in any experience that would interest me. But what I did not expect to find, that I found. At the first I did most of the talking, but I soon yielded to him. He had a good education, he used beautiful English, he had traveled extensively, and he knew men and affairs. You do not wonder I listened while he talked, and you do not won-

der I felt on leaving him that I had been at school. I learned so much, and from a source that promised little. And thus do we often find it. Appearances are deceiving. Some times the most superficial and shallow-brained are those who outwardly have most. One would be surprised to learn how many there are in the humbler walks of life possessed of talent, ability and grace. They may lack adornment and station, but as to inherent worth and culture they are not a whit behind the rest.''

* * * * * * * *

A GLORIOUS FOURTH.

It was a great disappointment to the boys and the officers when necessity made imperative the declination of a cordial invitation to become the guests of Mr. Chas. A. Cannon at the big celebration, at Kannapolis, of the glorious fourth. This anniversary has become a chief celebration at Kannapolis, and the youngsters would have had great joy to mingle withe the other patriots had it been at all practical so to do.

But in the absence of partakiing of Mr. Cannon's hospitality, the folks at the institution did some celebratng—races, athletic stunts, drinking lemonade and consuming 100 home raised fowls in the form of fried chicken.

* * * * * * *

IT WAS JOHN W. DAVIS.

On the 103rd ballot, after a struggle covering two weeks, the National Democratic Convention on Wednesday nominated Hon. John W. Davis, of West Virginia, for the presidency.

By the courtesy of the Concord Tribune we carry his picture. Place a sheet across the lower middle of his face, and one at once sees the likeness of the bravst, most courageous and ablest president this country ever had. Most any one can name that distinguished patriot.

* * * * * * * *

ON THE MAP AGAIN.

The delegation North Carolina sent to the New York Convention contributed no little in fixing permanently on the map the stick-to-it-ive-ness of the average citizen of the state. It seemed to be the center of interest, always being surrounded, if the press reports be true, by admiring and curiosity folks from other states.

There was some tragedy, to be sure, but all of them will return to the state just as friendly as in the past. No one doubts this. Mr. Gardner, the delegation Chairman, in heading this bunch of live wires lost none of

his popularity which the state holds for him—sincere and genuine. He's a great gentleman.

* * * * * * *

The whole nation entertains a genuine sympathy for President and Mrs. Coolidge, into whose lives has come one of the saddest visitations—the loss of a promising son, and who was taken away as in the twinkling of an eye.

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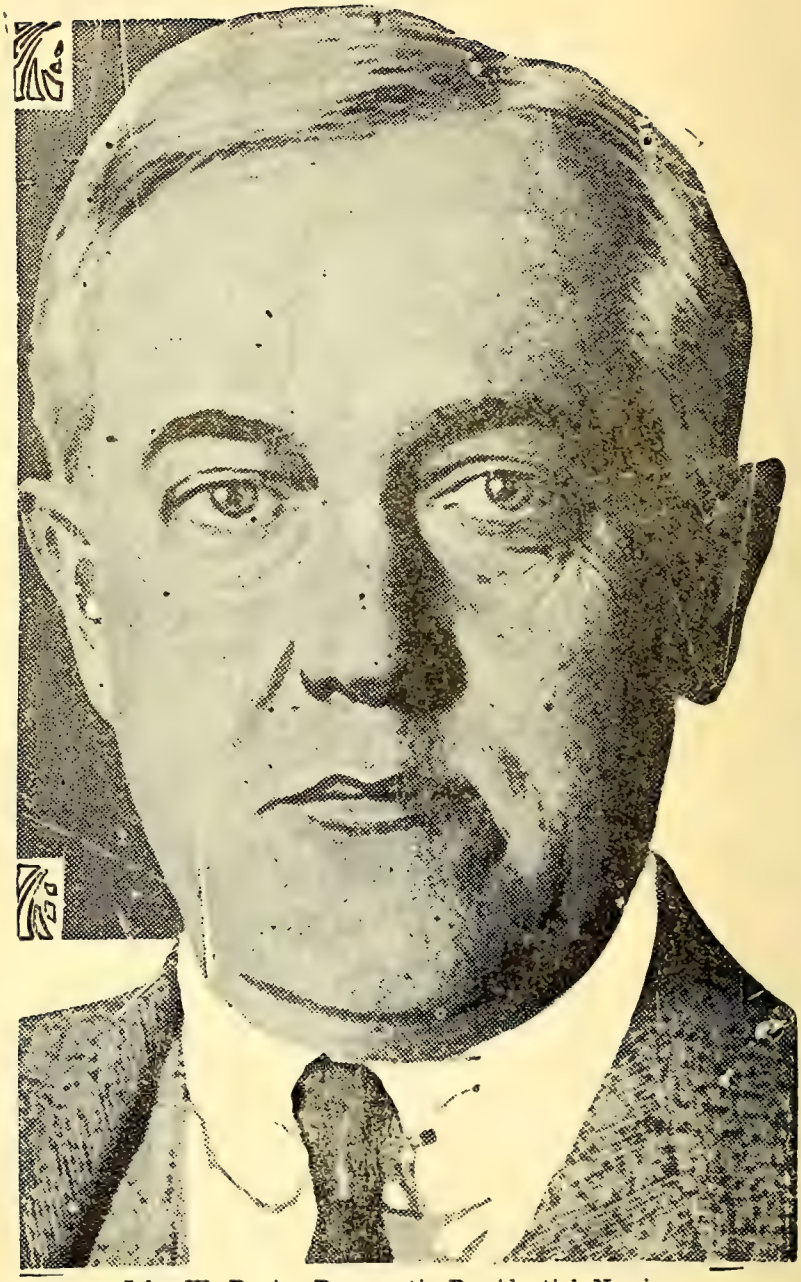
A LITTLE SHOP TALK.

THE UPLIFT is so often asked "how is my subscription?" We are engaged now in sending out from week to week statements, answering this questiion and anticipated ones from other subscribers.

To save the labor that would be required in making these statements in the future and the expense attached thereto, the dates to which subscriptions are paiid is being printed on the label.

During the past week a number of statements were sent out, and the prompt response to them by a large number of subscribers is most gratifying. Those who have thus far responded will please consider the date on the label of their paper as an acknowledgement of the receipt.

Thanks!



John W. Davis—Democratic Presidential Nominee

"DIGGING FEWER GRAVES."

By way of the Manufacturer's Record, THE UPLIFT runs across a fine illustration of North Carolina vision and action. It is a contribution by Hon. W. N. Everett, Secretary of State, who always breathes a hopeful spirit when his state is involved. This article by Mr. Everett ought to make us all feel proud of the Old North State, and the few kickers ashamed.

The people of North Carolina are bent upon building a great state on the basis of public education, public highways and public health There is no other safe basis for a high-grade civilization in any state or nation. The will of the people of North Carolina is definitely fixed upon these agencies of commonwealth building. They are willing to pay the bill and they cannot be stampeded by timid talk about taxes.

The people want better public schools. The proof lies in the fact that they have been willing to vote county and city school bonds amounting to $20,000,000 during the last five years and to borrow from the state treasury another $10,000,000 with which to hurry the erection of fit school buildings for their chidren. The public school bonds for building at present in process of erection in North Carolina reaches the enormous total of $25,000,000. Within another year the total of our public school property will be right around $65,000,000. It is 65 times the amount invested in public school property in North Carolina 24 years ago. It is ample evidence that the people of the state are willing to be taxed to pay for better school facilities for their children. Public school buildings are not built by the state, but by the local units of government. The state aids with a$10,000,000 loan fund, but the sinking fund and annual interest charges fall as a tax on the general property of these local taxing units. And the people only vote these school taxes of support the county commissioners who order school tax levied for building bonds.

The people of the state want better public highways, they demand nothing less than the very best types of highway, and they are willing to pay the bill. At present, we are building five miles of improved highway every working day of the week at an average cost of $20,000,000 a year, in round numbers. When the building program of 1924 is completed we shall have some 4,000 miles of the best public roads in the world. No state or county will have better public highways than North Carolina. There is nowhere any objection to the issue of state highway bonds. The automobile owners alone are creating the highway sinking funds and paying the annual interest charges in license fees and gasoline taxes. Considerably more than one-half of our total bonded debt is represented by state, county and municipal highway bonds. The people do not object to paying for roads with license fees and gasoline taxes. But they have gone still further: They are paying for better roads, streets and bridges in direct tax levied on their properties. They have voted town and county bonds for streets, roads,

bridges and other public utilities amounting to $92,000,000. The principal and the interest payments on these local highway bonds must come out of direct taxes on their listed properties. They know it, but they order these bond issues, they pay the taxes they intail, and they do it with an enthusiasm not matched in any other state of the union.

The people of the state are definitely determined upon the most liberal policies of health promotion and disease prevention. The state is spending $650,000 a year in public health work, and 28 counties are spending $217,000 more. They want not less, but more, public health work. They want the ratios of physical vigor definitely increased; the days of weakness, illness, and loss of income definitely decreased. At last, our people have come to realize that health is wealth as well as happiness. The death rate of North Carolina has been lowered from 18.2 to 11.5 per thousand of population during the last 12 years. Our death rate from tuberculosis alone has been cut more than half in two since 1911.

We are digging fewer graves year by year—fewer by 17,420 than we dug in 1911.

We spend more and more on cradles and baby carriages and we spend less on funerals and coffins.

Our high birth rate and low death rate have given North Carolina a fame that reaches around the world.

Our state health department is reaching 57,000 school children a year with teeth, tonsils, adenoids and eye examinations and giving some 25,000 correctional treatments free of all charge to rich and poor alike The public prints of Czechoslovakia are at this very minute telling the people of that far away country the story of North Carolina's public health work in behalf of her children.

The vitality and virility of our unmixed native stock is the wonder of the world. There is no sign of degeneracy in North Carolina. Her people are the sort that build enduring civilizations. They have only just begun to erect such a commonwealth but all the future is theirs.

Aside from the $4,000,000 a year that the state is spending to support common schools, public high schools, technical training, liberal learning and agricultural promotion, it is spending $3,000,000 more to care for her old Confederate soldiers, the insane, the deaf, the blind, the crippled the feeble-minded, the orphans, the wayward boys and girls of both races, and the public welfare agencies of direction and supervision. It is money spent for purposes that are tenderly humane and finely Christian, and North Carolina would not spend less money on her afflicted and distressed, but more—more to the last limit of possibility

No man an no political party in North Carolina would dare to go before the people of the state with any policy that put in jeopardy the fundamental public necessities of education, highways, health and social well-being.

The pathway of history is sown thick with the wrecks of politicians and political parties, but it is not yet recorded that any man or any party in any country ever went down in the struggle for better health.

Is North Carolina able as well as willing?

These visions and policies of com-

monwealth building have received the hearty approval of the people during the last eight years. The taxpayers of North Carolina stoutly maintain that the best business a government can engage in is that of serving humanity.

The tax-paying masses are willing, but are they able to pay the bill for enlightened progressive state policies?

The state has undertaken great things, but is it rich enough to go to the full limit of possibility in realizing its dreams of common prosperity and common well-being? It is a new policy.

The old idea of government was that the state was merely a big policeman whose job was almost entirely that of preserving law and order and protecting the life, limbs and property of the people.

The new view of government is that the state is not only a sovereignty preserving the law and order, but also a service agency, busy with the problems of public enlightenment, transportation, health and social welfare. This marked advance inevitably calls for larger service and larger services call for greater revenues.

North Carolina has set the pace and is far in the lead in the south. It ranks alongside the most progressive of the richer states of the union. Can it maintain its supremacy in the south in civic services to its constituencies; or, has it reached the limit of its ability; or, has it overstepped the limit? As a matter of fact, does it stand face to face with a bankruptcy. These questions are fundamentally important. North Carolina's willingness is beyond question. But what about its ability to pay for what the tax-payers demand?

Measured by its taxpaying power, North Carolina is the richest state in the south| In 1922-23, it paid $140,000,000 of tax money into the federal treasury. This was nearly exactly twice as much as the total sum paid by Virginia and Texas, its two nearest competitors. It was nearly $10,000,000 more than the rest of the 12 southern states paid, all put together. The enormous total of federal taxes paid by North Carolina is a heavy burden laid upon the incomes of its well-to-do and wealthy citizens and business corporations. Nevertheless, its domestic corporations and the foreign corporations doing business in North Carolina paid another $5,000,000 into the state treasury, while at the same time paying property taxes to the counties and municipaliies.

LOOK WHAT DELEGATE ERWIN MISSED!

"It is reported that Andrew C. Erwin, the Georgian who revolted from his delegation and flayed that Ku Klux Klan, was kissed by a woman. If I had been in the Garden and could have reached him, I am happy to announce, he would have been kissed by two. I can't answer for the other, but one kiss, at least, would have been resounding and fervent."—Nell Battle Lewis in Raleigh News & Observer.

THE WHITE MAN'S WAY.

(M. R. S. in Women's Work.)

"Teacher," said Samuel, the head-boy of the mission industrial school on the West African coast, "a boy is come with a paper from the telegraph office. It is perhaps to tell that the engines have come!"

Samuel was close behind the missionary when the telegram was opened. Many interesting things were coming in that expected cargo from America; but above all he was eager to see the steam engines which were to be installed in the school, and make such a wonderful difference in the ways of doing work. Mr. Brewster, the missionary, caught at a glance the startling message on the telegraph blank. His face paled, and he turned sharply to the expectant Samuel.

"Call Mr. Collins, quickly!" he commanded. "Then get out the motor car, and see that it is ready for a long run!" Seeing the bewilderment on Samuel's face, he added, "It's bad news for us, Samuel! The barge that was bringing our cargo down the coast is stuck on a sandbar at Kribi, and will probably go to pices there."

"All the engines!" cried Samuel in despair. "They will be drowned! We can never save them!"

"Yes, but we can try!" said Mr. Brewster. "Hurry now, Samuel, every minute is precious. Mr. Collins shall go to Kribi and see what can be done, and you may go with him."

Cheered by this prospect, in spite of the dreadful news, Samuel hastened to do as he was told. In a short time he and Mr. Collins were on their way to the coast, in the little Ford that staggered bravely along the uneven roads.

"Your boat is off the bar," they were told on arriving at Kribi. "When high tide came, she floated off; now she has gone ashore on the rocks, and is breaking up fast. All your cargo is ruined."

"It is too bad!" said the native bystanders. "But it must be the will of Zambe (God,) or it would not have happened. No doubt it was not intended that the white man should set up his engines in our country. Who can fight against Zambe's will?"

"We will have to go back," mourned Samuel, "and tell the boys there are no engines to come! And all the other things—cloth for the the tailor shop, and organs for the Sunday schools, sewing-machines, everything—all lost!"

"Why, no, Samuel!" said Mr. Collins. "Maybe there is something we can save. Come, we'll go and look things over; we can easily get out to the barge. Perhaps there is something that isn't spoiled, if we can only get at it."

After a tour of inspection, the missionary said:

"Now, Samuel, you will have to help me hire boys to help us. We are a hundred and twenty miles from the school, and it would not pay us to bring our boys all that distance, or we could very quickly do the work with their help. We must get men

here, and you can talk to them for me."

"What!" said the native men and boys, when Samuel told them of the missionary's need. "What! is the white man going to fight against the fate that has come upon his cargo? Zambe will drown him also, and us, too, if we help him!"

"No, no!" said Samuel. "Do you not know the white man's ways are different from the black man's? He can do things we would not even try to do. His God, he says, is one that sends trouble on men only so He can teach them to help themselves and go on in spite of the trouble! Besides, the white man will pay you good wages and treat you kindly while you work for him."

Out of the breaking barge many black hands lifted the precious engines.

"They are very wet, of course," said Mr. Collins in reply to Samuel's lamentations, "but they have not been lying in the water long enough to get badly rusted. I will help you take them apart, and we will dry every piece thoroughly and put them together again. They will be as good as ever when we are through with them!"

The much-cheered Samuel set bravely to work with his teacher, and soon all the parts of the engines were cleaned and dried. Meantime the other articles of the cargo were being salvaged by the native laborers.

"The cloth, and all the other things that they can get out," said Mr. Collins, "we will spread to dry in this hot sunshine. It will not be long till they are dry. The cloth will be well shruken before the tailors cut it, and we can be sure nobody's suit will get too small for him after it is made, unless he outgrows it!"

Samuel was trying with one finger the keys of one of the rescued baby organs.

"It will likely be off key, on account of the salt bath its reeds have had," said Mr. Collins, smiling as he heard the melancholy noises that rose from the organ. "After it is quite dry it may not be so bad."

"I think it sounds all right now!" said Samuel, who was evidentally getting great pleasure from the doeful sounds. Mr. Collins said no more, rembering that the African ear for music is not quite like our own.

Suddenly there was a noise of breakage, and the music abruptly stopped. Samuel, in much concern, turned the little instrument over, examining its interior with a grieved countenance.

"Her blower is busted!" he excitedly informed Mr. Collins. The missionary investigated, and found that the bellows had come off.

"The wood is water-soaked now," he said, "and we can't do anything with it. Dry it out thoroughly; I am sure our carpenters at the school can mend it."

Samuel's face brightened.

"We have nearly all the things out now," he said. "Not much is lost, I think."

"Only some chemicals that the water dissolved," Mr. Collins, "and the sterotype metal, which has managed to get spilled out of its broken boxes through a hole in the side of the barge, and is now decorating the bottom of the harbor. I am sorry for

that; there were several hundred pounds of it, and I do not see how we can recover such small pieces."

Samuel looked up, amazed that so simple a matter should baffle the wonderful white man

"Why!" he said, "that is easiest yet! The water is not too deep there for the boys to wade, maybe up to their waists, but quiet, and they can walk about in it. They will feel the hard pieces of metal with their bare feet, and reach down and pull them out!"

"Good!" said Mr. Collins. "What should I have done wthout you to help me, Samuel? You have 'white man's sense,' as the coast people say!"

It was a proud and important Samuel who directed the boys in finding the metal pieces.

"You see," he said to them grandly, "how much better the white man's way is than the black man's way! Black man says, 'Let it go!'—white man says, 'Pick it up!' The white man's God gives sense to the white man; He is a much better God than the black man's Zambe! All you boys come up to the mission and learn the white man's way!"

And when the recued cargo went on its way to the mission station, there were many left behind who said,

"Wonderful is the white man, and the white man's God!"

AROUND THE WORLD IN AIRPLANES.

A half century ago Jules Verne astonished his readers with his fantastic romance of traveling around the world in eighty days, and for more than two decades one of the absorbing topics was whether the trip could actually be made in that time. Several travelers tried and failed, and it remained for a woman newspaper reporter, Nellie Bly, finally to show that the feat could be accomplished. Science, human ingenuity, and the improvement of means of transportation finally overtook nearly all the mundane dreams of Verne, and to the reader today he seems much tamer than he was fifty years ago. He was a sensation then; now most of his dreams are actualities. Now there are submarines, dirigibles, and other every-day machine, which seemed fantasies to Verne.

His vivid mind did not conceive the modern flying airplane with its maximum speed of four and one-half miles a minute nor did it picture the possibility that within the measured time of a single day a machine might fly across the Atlantic. But Alcock and Brown did it; and the American NC-4 also spanned the Atlantic in an epic flight. Now we have both the American and British army flying services putting those two achievements together in an attempt to fly around the globe in perfected examples of the machines which, two decades ago, were barely able to soar a few feet above the sand dunes of Kitty Hawk. Will they go further toward taming the imagination of Verne by making the trip around the world in eighty days? It is not likely that they will. Four months is the period set for the ahievement.—World's Work.

A NEW RESIDENT OF STANLY COUNTY.

By Oscar Phillips in Albemarle Press

Mr. Boll Weevil has made his appearance in Stanly county. Some of "the boys" were sent to Raleigh last week for inspection and they were pronounced genuine boll weevils. The farmers sending the boll weevils seem to think they are breeding in their cotton seed, since some of them were large and some small. He was mistaken, however, in the fact that boll weevils do not breed in anything but cotton squares. Weevils do not grow after they leave the cotton square. These little fellows are little because they had a poor chance. Some hatched out of small squares where their food supply was limited, while others were hatched in a square and the food supply was cut off by the cold weather.

Yes, Mr. Boll Weevil is coming out of his winter quarters and a good many of them have already set up headquarters in the buds of the cotton stalks. He is very particular about exposig himself to the hot sun and has declared his office hours to be early in the morning and late in the afternoon. He finds it convenient to hide his delicate little body beneath the cotton leaves, in the heat of the day. Some of them appear to be very proud and would like to sing if they were not afraid that some farmer might hear them and that they might be placed in a death cell.

The boll weevil is very correct in feeling that there is a death cell waiting for him, for every farmer in the county has his eyes and ears wide open and will use every tried means to destroy him. Practically all of the cotton is up and chopped to a stand, and is getting ready to put on squares. Some fields may be heavily infested with weevils already. They will, as suggested above be sucking the buds of the stalks. The only thing that can be done now is to destroy the old weevils before the squares come out in large numbers. This can be done by picking them off by hand and killing him or by poisoning with calcium arsenate, put on with a duster or applied by shaking the poison through a thin sack. The molasses mixture is made by mixing one pound of calcium arsenate with one gallon of molasses and one gallon of water. If the infestation is very heavy use two pounds of calcium arsenate, one gallon of table syrup, and one gallon of water. These mixtures should be applied within twenty-four hours after mixing at the rate of about one gallon per acre with a mop, placing a few drops in the tip of each plant. It is well to remember that the most effective time to apply the poison molasses mixture is before the squares come out. The boll weevil does not like it well enough to leave a nice cotton square to hunt this sweetened poison. Work stock should not be allowed to eat the poisoned cotton leaves.

The next important feature after destroying as many of the old weevils as possible is the picking up and de-

stroying the early infested squares. These squares should be picked up once or twice a week, being careful that every fallen square is picked up and burned. Gather them ahead of the cultivator. If they are turned under the moisture in the dirt will only assist them in maturing more rapidly. The gathering of these squares should be continued until about the first of August, at this time the squares begin to fall too rapidly to pick up successfully.

The method of cultivation has lots to do with the fighting of boll weevils, therefore, the cotton should be cultivated at least once a week if possible. This cultivation should be made with a cultivator with shovels that do ot disturb the roots of the cotton. If the cotton roots are out the squares will fall; care should be taken to see that the front shovel of the cultivator does not disturb the roots, and that a turn plow or a big shovel is not used in a way that the roots will be disturbed.

A PICTURE OF WAR.

"I said to you when I started out that no subject on earth was of so much importance as this to me. Why is it? I am a middle-aged man and I shall never live to be called upon for any profitable services in any other war, even though it were to come tomorrow. I am past the military age. But I have memories. On fields in Europe I closed the eyes of soldiers in American uniforms who were dying and who whispered to me messages to bring to their mothers. (Applause.) I talked to them about death in battle and oh, they were so superb and splendid; never a complaint, never a regret; willing to go if only two things might be. One, that mother might know that they died bravely, and the other, that somebody would pick up their sacrifice and build on this earth a permanent temple of peace in which the triumphant intellect and spirit of man would forever dwell in harmony taking away from the children of other generations the curse and menace of that bloody fate. (Applause.)

If I could have kept those boys in this country I would have done it. The acceptance of a strange and perverse fate called upon me who loved the life of the youth, called upon me to come to your houses and ask you to give me your sons that I might send them into those deadly places. And I watched them and shivered and shrank with fearful fear and I welcomed the living back, oh, with such unutterable relief of joy, and I swore an obligation to the dead that in season and out, by day and by night, in church, in political meeting, in the marketplace, I intended to lift up my voice always and ever until their sacrifice were really perfected." (Applause.)—Newton D. Baker in a speech before the late National Democratic Convention in defense of his plank declaring for the League of Nations.

OLD TIMEY TEACHER COMMENDS THE EXPERTS.

Prof. O. J. Peterson, a prominent educator of the old school and more recently editor of the Sampson County Dmocrat, after a little exciting fun in his race for Commissioner of Labor and Printing in the first primary held recently, took himself to the Summer School at Chapel Hill. Below we reproduce his estimate of certain educational tendencies and what he thinks about the trustworthiness of the experts. It is an informing article, which will give pleasure and profit in its reading.

I was writing about postbellum schools when the campaign broke into my series of articles reminiscent of postbellum days. That makes it a logical step to begin anew with some observations upon present-day education in the light of long experience and observation, supplemented by that of ten days in the University Summer school for Teachers.

Educational theory and practice have been passing through a transition period, and are not through it yet. Two statements of the past ten days indicate the state of mind of two groups, the ultra conservative and the sanely progressive. The first was that of Prof. Horace Williams, noted teacher of philosophy at the university, who most candidly expressed his fears of present-day tendencies, in an address at the formal opening of the summer school, and yet showed that he was loosed from the old moorings by an equally candid profession that he today does not know what good teaching is. "Twenty years ago," said Prof. Williams, "I made an address upon the subject of "The Good Teacher;" I could not make that address today. I do not know what good teaching is. The second statement was one made at the Greensboro conference last week by one of the nationally celebrated educational authorities, who said that we know only a few things now, but that we have hopes of acquiring that full knowledge that will make educational theory and practice complete, or words of similar import. The latter is the type of men who are pressing toward the mark, not as having apprehended but with a full resolve to attain.

But here comes to mind another statement, a rather rash one, from our good young friend, Doctor Hubert Poteat to the effect that teaching vocational subjects in high scho ls is a crime, and that gives me a starter.

It has been only a short while since Doctor Poteat blazed out upon W. J. Bryan and others of his attitude toward scientific methods and conclusions, and he was justified in his impatience at those bigots, who so evidently speak without a sufficient knowledge of those methods, discoveries, and conclusions which they condemn. Yet our young friend has suffered himself to make as sweeping a statement as any Bryan ever made and with possibly less justification.

Scientific Study of Child.

Young Doctor Poteat, unfortunate-

ly, has never had the opportunity to test out the mass of humanity in the crucible. He is as ignorant of mass capacities, tendencies, limitations, and needs, as a man who had never seen anything but cream would be of the milk of a piney-woods cow. He would as well recognize the fact that the child is being studied as scientifically today as his father ever studied protozoans, and with more justification, and, I believe, with more definite and satisfying results. Others like Hubert Poteat who have conceived their notions of educational needs from experience with results of formal methods in educating the cream of the youth or, at least, the few who are most capable of abstract thought, are not prepared to speak ex-cathedra upon the educational problems of this period when the effort is to educate, and educate to some purpose, all the youth of the land.

Ten days at the University have sufficed for me to say emphatically that the educational experts here are characterized by surprising sanity and scientific method. Theories are no longer guess work. They are based upon data most painstakingly and scientifically gathered, and the men here, like Trabue, Howard, Knight, and Brogden, are as open-minded as any scientist you ever knew. Preconceived opinions drop from them instantly when scientific data definitely point to contrary conclusions. Question one of them as to any theory and you do not get back an opinion but a statement of facts from which you can draw your own conclusion. For instance, I remarked yesterday to Mr. Howard that Latin afforded the best possible means of acquiring a vocabulary, when he stated immediately that scientific tests had demonstrated that the maximum transfer from one subject to another is only 33 per cent, and that it is very probable that, despite the many derivatives from one Latien root, the average sudent would acquire vocabulary faster from a direct study of the English vocabulary, and I could only answer that I had attained the greater part of my own vocabulary through the Latin. Yet, I could see clearly that in my own case my analytical turn of mind, combined wih a weak memory for isolated, or unrelated, facts, makes me an exceptional, rather than an average case.

Experts Do Not Guess

Trabue, this very day, almost casually made the statemet that 15 per cent of the children of the country are of too low a mental type ever to learn the second reader, and he was no more guessing than is the chemist when he assures you that common salt is composed of sodium and chlorine. He could have gone right along and told what proportion of children are able to complete satisfactorily each grade, and how very few out of the hundred can really acquire a formal high school education.

But it is the less than half included in the group just mentioned that has formed the material upon which have been based the conclusions of the educators who bewail any modification in the educational practices while, even in that case, they can cite no scientific data to prove that there has been no waste

of time, effort, or educational results in stickling for the formal methods of the past.

The Unfortunate Fifteen Per Cent

Trabue as casually as you please, says that it is useless or undesirable to attempt more in reading with the children included in the unfortunate 15 per cent than to teach them to recognize such words as "danger," but he does recommend an education for them, a development of what little intellect they have in ways that will be helpful to them in maintaining their health, correlating their muscles, and otherwise fitting them as thoroughly for living as their limitation will allow. The Hubert Poteats are not taking into account children of this type, or of types of approximately as low mentality up to ability to do sixth or seventh grade work and no more, which group is surprisingly large. Nor are they taking into account that large group of fairly normal youth which has, and can have, no appreciation of literary beauty or are naturally inhibited from abstract thinking—the "thing thinkers" as opposed to "idea thinkers." When all these groups are eliminated , the proportion of the youth that is left who are capable of taking with profit or pleasure, a formal classical, historical, mathematical, or philosophical course is very small.

But so far I have dealt only with the limitations of children of characteristics as distinctive as those of a bird dog and of a hound. You couldn't teach a hound to set birds in forty years, and no more can you teach thick-minded boys the mastery of Latin or philosophy. It is an absolute waste of time to try. Yet because one cannot teach his hound to set birds is no reason why "the hound should not be trained!"

Patience Recommended

I said in the outset that this is a transition period. This is the first time the world has ever undertaken to solve the problem of an education for all the children. No great success was ever attained in developing even the favored few to the limit of their powers. If so, the world would not have waited those thousands of years for such apparently obvious discoveries as that the blood circulates. Accordingly, with such manifest failures as was made by the old education with the super-material with which it worked so apparent, all men should be patient while the new education is trying to adapt itself to its manifold larger problems. And I am confident that a knowledge of the fact that many strong men in the most candid manner are approaching the various phases of the task in the most scientific spirit will do much to ally that impatience to which we are all so prone.

But let me say that the new pedagogy is not mindful only of the weak and the thin-minded, but is giving due consideration to the problems and the interest of the ten-talented youth, who has had so little consideration that it was once a proverb that the first-honor man of his college class was apt to prove a failure, and largely because he as a book worm failed to make the vital social contacts or as a genius mastered the comparatively simple tasks of the class without the necessity of developing those habits of persistence in

the face of difficulties that are essential to a successful career.

The average ten-talented boy has been as inadequately prepared for the battles of life as Jack Dempsey would have been for a pugilistic affray if his training had consisted of playing "cat." But the new pedagogy promises a chance to the bright boy—a chance to cultivate his powers to the utmost. It is he that has time and talent and taste for the classics and for any other, and every other, subject that appeals to him.

Pessimism Put To Rout

Yes, the summer school is worth while. I have never seen fifteen hundred more earnest men and women that are here, and when one thinks of the most of them as some of the boys and girl problems of only a few years ago, his pessimism tends to take wings and fly away. They are students in the real sense of the word, and demonstrate more successfully than any other thing I know the adequacy of interest in securing that intelectual effort that is the essence of any successful educational process. They approach the subject matter with a realization of its importance in their scheme of things, and that illustrates the attitude that every modern teacher is earnestly seeking to secure in his pupils, though not neesssarily by choosing subjects that the child spontaneously feels is important for him, but possibly more often by leading the child to recognize a need that he has hitherto not felt—that is by creating new interests as well as utilizing existing ones.

The ten days so far have introduced very few, if any, absolutely new ideas to the writer, but they have served greatly in the emphasizing and the correlation of them. This is the first formal normal training I have ever taken. My pedagogy has come from practice and more or less casual reading. I have made many mistakes in reaching certain conclusions and in finally working out certain principles, but it is gratifying to see how largely my own personality derived theories and practices of teaching conform to the accepted pedagogy as it is taught, but not as it is too often practiced by half-baked youngsters from the schools. If I could have secured in a year when I first begun to teach 32 years ago a clear conception of the principles covered in the past ten days I could have easily been an educational leader before the close of the last century. But the pedagogy of today has grown up since 1892, for it was as late as 1896, I believe, that the Pestaloggian doctrine of real foothold in America, since which time great libraries of educational works have been written while today hundreds of students of education are gathering the scientific data that will provide the substance of other libraries. In 1892 Page's Theory and Practice was the required reading for North Carolina teachers, and that was as weak as water, rather disgusting the young teacher who really expected to find professional help in it.

A Springboard For Leaders

But not only was there little pedagogical literature of merit in those early nineties, but many teachers had imbibed the same prejudice against book-learned teaching that

their fathers had against book-farming. And even if there had been the public school requirements as now as to attending summer school, only one college-bred teacher in ten, I should think, was teaching in the public schools. Moreover, practically all of them had come out of college in debt and would have felt it preposterous to spend money needed to pay those debts in attending a summer school. Consequently, it is no accident that the Goldsboro school, one of the best public schools in the State at that time and with a tradition of the application of the most modern principles of pedagogy, became the springboard for the educational leaders of the past quarter of a century. There started Alderman, Joyner, McIver, I believe, and others who assumed leadership in past years, and yet their knowledge of educational principles when they were holding institutes about over the State and introducing the "word method" would cerainly compare very unfavorably with the professional knowlege of hundreds of men and women in the State today who will never shine as stars in the educational firmament as did those worthies who had the privilege of getting an early start in advanced theory and practice when the most of the teachers of their generation were buried in isolated subscription schools, and who, even if they excelled as teachers had no chance of being discovered and promoted to positions of more than local prominence.

"Ever since June, 1912, when I made my last public appearance, we have been living in our summer home down here by the sea. 'Eventide,' Mrs. Burdette namd it, because it faces the sunset. It is very pleasant, this 'afternoon land' in spite of sickness. I watch the sunset as I look out over the rim of the blue Pacific, and there is no mystery beyond the horizon line, because I know what there is over there. I have been there. I have journeyed in those lands. Over there where the sun is just sinking is Japan. That star is rising over China. In that direction lie the Philippines. I know all that. Well, there is another land that I look toward as I watch the sunset. I have never seen it. I have never seen anyone who has been there; but it has a more abiding reality than any of these lands which I do know. This land beyond the sunset—this land of immortality, this fair and blessed country of the soul,—why this Heaven of ours is the one thing in the world which I know with absolute, unshaken, unchageable certainty. This I know with a knowledge that is never shadowed by a passing cloud of doubt. I may not always be certain about this world; my geographical locations may sometimes become confused. But that other world,—that I know. And as the afternoon sun sinks lower, faith shines more clearly, and hope lifting her voice in a higher key, sings the song of fruition."—Written by Robret J. Burdette in his last illness.

A NATIONAL PROBLEM.

(Monroe Journal.)

"Next!"

This welcome sound used to be the sign for the first one in line at the tonsorial parlors to rise and make a hook-slide for the barber chair. For a tired business man on Saturday night it meant a sweet relaxation in a high chair and a busy attendant pouring cooling ointments and savory-smelling hair tonics over his locks while he rested from the cares of the day. Now, however, the superior of the inferior sex, better known to the men as their better halves, have invaded the holy of holies that mere men thought free from female invasion and have forced the stronger sex back to the boards, says the Gastonia Gazette.

No longer can men claim the barber shop as their own—it has gone the way of the saloon and the livery stable. No more can men sit back in the sheltered retreat behind the striped poles and discuss politics and the women while their wives curl their hair with hot irons and feminine swear words Girls from 6 to 60 flock in the barber shops, hop in the chairs, and give orders to the tonsorial artists with a grace and ease that a man can acquire only in a life time of practice. Not only do they rush in but they want the barbers to rush for them. If they obey the unwritten law of waiting in line, it is an accident, for the first chair they see empty, they hop in and keep their eyes glued on the mirror while the shears and clippers do their work.

"French Bobs, Pineapple Bobs, Shiek and Marcelle Bobs"—these comprise the menu that one finds on entering any one of Gastonia's up-to date barber shops. If a woman cannot decide on any one of these, she can order a "special" which will suit the most fastidious, for it will exactly suit her style. The busy barber guarantees to please, but whether they do or not, is a problem that only the victim herself can solve in the quietude of her own boudoir, when she can stare in the glass for hours and finally come to the conclusion that it is good and well or worse and worse.

The writer, who does not pretend to claim to know the least bit about the shearing of women's locks, strolled around to several of the barber shops and asked the boys for a little inside "dope" on the hair bobbing question that is all the go among the gentler sex. K. E. Wright, around at Walter Wilson's shop on Main Street, turned aside from his arduous duties of keeping himself cool long enough to impart a little information on the subject.

"We have about twelve or fifteen a day to come in and ask for a hair cut. Some of them know just what they want and as for the other, it is all we can both do to decide just what she wants." He said that the "Shingle Bob" seemed to him the most popular at the present time, as the women claim that it keeps their necks cool during these hot days.

Mr. Rockett, better known as "Henry," has earned the exalted dis-

tinction and title of being the hair-bobbing king of Gaston county. He is a specialist in this line, and his years of experience stand him in good stead when it comes to dealing with those who are desirous of parting with their crowning glory. The boys around there, at the cool and neat looking shop under the Third National Bank, say that "Henry" has become so good that 3 women made a special trip from Atlanta to get their hair bobbed by him. A pretty young lady was in the chair when the writer saw him, and he performs his pleasant operations with a touch and technique that rivals Paderewski's. Pete Quinn and Dave Benson, who are some of the mainstays at this place, say that they cater to twelve or fifteen women any old day and sometimes more. Some of the pretty misses know just exactly what they want, and others have no earthly idea of how they want it done. They expect the nice barber man to fix it up for them some way, and they hope that it will look just as well as the next's. One grayhaired lady came in the shop the other day and faced the shears with as much assurance as a heavybearded man faces a dull razor.

L.C. Watts tells of the unusual fact that a whole family was attended to at one time in his place. The father, mother, and two good-looking young daughters were seated in four neighboring chairs and the barbers set to the family operation. Mr. Watts also states that a lot of the women are ashamed to be seen in what they regard as a man's place, but they go through with it because they must have their hair cut. At any rate, they believe that whatever the men can do they can do also.

Around at Moss Barber shop, they say that all women who leave their place are satisfied. That speaks well for the place. Just this morning, a very pretty young lady climbed up into the high chair and gave explicit directions as to the exact manner in which her locks were to be trimmed. Of course she had her hair bobbed already, but she was in a quandary as to whether should have it slingled or not. When the writer left she was still undecided. She said though, that she didn't like the process, but that she enjoyed the result.

To bob or not to bob, that is the question. It is causing more talk today than the Democratic Convention and hard times combined. It interests all classes and both sexes for no one is immune from the discussion. The women have to have their men folks' advice, some of the men object for convention's sake, not that it will do any good, but it gives them a little chance to put in a few words. Some authorities say that short hair is hygenic and healthful, sanitary and systematic, while others say that it is barbaric and bombastic, unsanitary and unscientific. One barber in New York keeps a trained nurse on hand to attend to women patients who go into hysterics when they see their shorn heads in the mirror. Gastonia women cry their troubles out in their homes.

Hair nets are on the decrease, and barber stock has risen way above par. Men have to resort to a safety razor if they want to shave, for the shops have been taken by the women. No longer can men rest their foot against

the brass rail and order a stein of frothing bubbles; the livery stables has been turned into a garage; the barber shop has been turned into a female convention parlor; certainly life is hard for the poor men.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gadgett, proudly, "we can trace our ancestors back to—to—well I don't konw exactly who, but we've been descending for centuries."—Boston Transcript.

NEWBERRY COLLLGE MAN KING OF ISLAND.

Newberry (S. C.) Herald and News.

Col. John F. Hobbs, of New York, a graduate of Newberry college in the class of 1879, who is now in Newberry attending commencement, years ago started a journey to the far corners of the earth, his physician having advised him that the too close attention which he had given to the study of his profession, the law, had so broken down his health that if he remained in this country it was only a question of time with him, and that it was necessary for him to get his mind completely off affairs here. During the course of his travels, Col. Hobbs went around the world seven times, touching every land and sailing upon every sea.

How he became king of one of the tribes in the New Hebrides island is only one of his many eperiences—experiences which have come to very fw who have lived to recount them. Col. Hobbs is still king of that island, and there will never be another.

Speaking of how he became king Col. Hobbs said:

"As a vessel on which I had shipped was going into the New Hebrides, one of those fearful typhons came. In a few minutes after its silver crest was seen, the boat was in its grip, and we were parked on deck with our cork belts on. In half an hour the boat was knocked to pieces. I have never heard of another one being saved. It is popular to say that you were the only one, I hope others will yet in life turn up. I floated for two days and a night with my cork belt about me, and was ultimately picked up by the native boat of one of the tribes and taken to what afterwards became the kingdom over which I am forced to rule, because you can't resign. They think I am up in heaven with the great White Spirit Father—and I am glad somebody thinks I am good enough to be up there.

"They took me to the island, and for weeks I was in fear that they were fattening me for some royal feast. You learn quickly—necessity teaches you very fast—and I soon learned that I was a guest of honor that I wouldn't be eaten.

"I found that the natives were getting ready for a fight with an adjoining island, for which preparations had been in the making for five years. Before the fight occurred, a supposedly friendly vessel came in—one of those tramp things that knock about

among the islands doing what damage they can, and doing nobody any good, and invited the natives to come aboard as they usually do with gay ribbons and things to trade with them. They really came for a cargo of women to take down in Samoa and the Fiji and the Willis island to sell or trade to the chiefs or German plantation managers for wives. Many years, afterwards I happened to be in those quarters again and I found one of them. They had all died of broken hearts. They got these women below decks in the cabins, showing them various articles, forced the men up and off the boat, killing two or three because they resisted. I protested and demanded to be taken to the nearest consular station,and they threatened me. I old them if they killed me it would mea the wiping of friendly traders off the South Pacific. They had had enough of that kind of trouble before and they put me off with the natives.

"I was taken back to the head village, and in due course another trader came. This time it was an English vessel. They invitied the natives aboard to trade. The natives wouldn't go, but invited them ashore by hanging up their articles of barter on the limbs of the trees. Some of the boat crew came ashore—a boat load of thm. As they sat around making their bargains in the best way they could without the knowledge of each other's language, the native warriors lifted their clubs and with one signal killed three or four of them. The others got back in their boat and to the vessel and went away.

"In due time a cruiser appeared off the village, with the purpose of shelling it, which would have resulted in what we often read about—the cutting down of the cocoanut groves and the burning of the village. Fearing that this procedure would be followed in this case, I sent a request out to the captain of this litlle cruiser asking him for a conference with me and the head warrior chief of the Illikan tribes—which is more of a language than a race. So Roahouma, the head war chief, and I went out, and I explained the whole situation to the captain, and showed him how unjust things were. I said, 'Are you going to cut down these people's cocoanut groves, and burn their villages, because they are defending their wives and children?' He said 'No, sir,' and he sailed away.

"That circumstance won me promotion, and I became a war chief of the second grade. Eventually the fight came between our 1,000 warriors and the 1,500 of the enemy. Like the old Greeks, and in the time of David and Goliath, the chiefs went out and fought chiefs, and the men fought the men. I asked the king, Oumalia beinng the name under which every king ruled, to let me command a portion of the army; and while Roahouma took the others out in the open plain and waited for them to come through, I took my forces, created enough sub-chiefs in my division of 400 to meet the chiefs of an army of three or four thousand. I invited the enemy through a ravine and we fell on the head of the column and in 20 or 30 minutes we had them beaten—killing numbers of them. They surrendered, and not only gave us their war equivalent, but took food with us, and that meant we were their superior friends thereafter and they our inferior friends, and they would

never fight us again.

"The king then made me a war prince, second in rank only to Roahouma. The king died suddenly. He had no heirs, and the problem then was to find a successor. The hodokai met—an assemblage or parliament of the civil and military chiefs of the village of the four islands of this government. The historian recited the history of the tribes, going back about 200 years. He found no precedent; it was necessary to start a new line. To have elevated a war chief or the head civil chief to the throne would have meant internal strife for all time. So this tall powerful athlete, the head war chief turned to me. I was sitting on a mat looking on, as a newspaper man, instead of sitting in the council. He tured to me and said: 'The Great White Spirit Chief, didn't the great White Spirit Father leave him on the water hill (the wave) for us? Didn't he by his single hand send away the dreadful kalangawali (which means the fearful winged thunder house—the cruiser?) Didn't he, with less than half our inferior army, defeat our superior enemy? Make him king."

"They then began, 'Oleali, oleali, oleali,' (we agree, we agree), and he brought the wand over to me. As the News and Courier once said of me, being a good Democrate, I accepted the nomination. So that is how I became king of Illika. My wife, if she were in Illika, would be M'lalie.. My oldest daughter Ethel would be Ouelia, 'the sweetest bud in the land. My daughter Claire would be Ilyuda. My wife's name would mean the 'sweet softening spirit over all the land.'"

During his rule Colonel Hobbs broke up cannibalism. He spent about 18 months in Illika. He doesn't know that he will ever go back though he is still king.

FACTS ABOUT LIGHTNING.

(Selected.)

The season of thunder storms is here. There is more or less damage done by lightning every year. This appliies to all sections of the country. Perhaps there is less in the coast country than there is in the Piedmont and mountain sections.

It is well to understand about lightning and to know the best thing to do as protection against it. There is not only the loss to property but the loss of lives every year to be considered.

About the best advice we have seen any time follows:

Get under cover if possible when a thunder storm threatens. If this is not practicable, lie down. That is the advice which Alexander G. McAdie, director of the Blue Hill observatory in Milton, Mass., and professor of meterology at Harvard University, gives in an explanation of the action of lightning prepared for the Associated Press. He gives what he describes as "Ten Good Rules to Help People Take Care of Themselves."

"In a battle," says Professor McAdie, "a hundred bullets are fired

for each soldier killed. It is something like this with lightnning flashes. There are hundred discharges for every bolt of lightning that hits a person. Fortunately, too, every hundred streaks of lightning about 90 are from cloud to cloud or spill over discharges of moderate electrical energy and the mostly horizontal, doing no damage whatever.

About ten flashes in a hundred come vertically, that is, down to earth in a straight line. Some flashes come sideways and seem to be crooked, although there are really no flashes zigzagging like the teeth of a saw as artists generally depict lightning.

"The intense straight flashes are the ones to be feared and it is a silly person who stands out in the open when such flashes are seen. He invites trouble, but the invitation is not always accepted.

"At this ime of the year thunderstorms are frequent and there are a comparatively large number of fatal accidents. One reads in the press dispatches that four men are walking along a New Jersey beach during a thunderstorm. There is a flash of lightning, one man is killed outright, one severly burned and the others stunned.

"Now there is no protection for a case like this unless one could carry around with him a metallic cover well grounded. The first rule is then: Do not stay out on a beach or in a field when dark, heavy clouds are overhead or coming slowly from the west or south. Get under cover if possible. If this is not practicable, lie down. Don't remain standing.

"Second: Do not stand under a tree with thick foliage. You are forming a part of the line of discharge, since the body, more particularly the skin, if moist is a better conductor than the trunk of the tree. More people are killed by lightning in this way than probably any other.

"Third: Don't stand in the doorway of a barn or at a window in proximity to a chimney. There are currents of air or winds, and the lightning follows to some extent any draft or column of rising air, especially warm air.

"Fourth: Don't laugh at any one's nervousness during a severe thunderstorm. There is a good reason to be nervous. Even if one is in a building that is struck, the damage is, in 98 cases out of 100, confined to ripping out plaster or knocking off slats and tearing any projecting timbers. But there are times when the storm clouds descend to earth amid darkness and the flashes are heavy and numerous. At such times there is danger. It is dangerous to be near a chimney or a tree or a flagpole or a metal clothes line.

"Fifth: Stock should not be tied near a wire fence.

"Sixth: There is no particular sense in going to bed. Standing on glass or rubber or any good insulator, a woolen blanket for example, will give one a little more security and a great deal more confidence. The probability of a person in an ordinary residence building being struck is very slight.

"Seventh: If you are near a person who has been struck make every effort to resuscitate him. Only rarely does lightning kill outright. Mostly people are stunned and all that is needed is a little artificial respira-

tion to restore them to consciousness. Of course get a doctor quick.

"Eighth: "If you are in a trolley car and a flash comes in and burns the fuses with a roar and a blinding flash sit still. The danger is over, and while you may be frightened you are not likely to be hurt.

"Ninth: "If yu have a radio, better cut it out during a thunderstorm. The antennae should be grounded direct and all wires, so far as possible, kept outside.

"Tenth: "If your house is provided with good lightning rods you need not have much fear. Moreover, dwelling houses in city blocks are practically safe."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

The new electric clippers were put into use last week, and the boys were all glad to get a hair cut.

§ § § §

Rev. C. C. Myers, of Concord, preached a fine sermon last Sunday, in the Chapel. The sermon was enjoyed by everyone.

§ § § §

Mr. Alexander and some of the boys have been busy making kraut during the past week. About 10 barrels have already been made.

§ § § §

The boys are all glad to see Mr. Simpson back to teach again this summer. Miss Oglesby, who is also a teacher, is back to teach for the summer.

§ § § §

Floyd Cagle was paroled by Supt. Boger, last week. Cagle was a member of the seventh cottage, and has been at the Training School but a short while.

§ § § §

Archie Caudle paid a visit to the institution last Sunday. Caudle was paroled in 1918 and has since then lived in Raleigh, where he has been making good.

§ § §

Earl Little and Herbert Orr had the privilege of visiting their parents in Charlotte last week. Orr is a member of the fourth cottage, and Little a member of the third.

§ § § §

The following boys were visited last Wednesday, Raymond Keenan, Obed McClain, John Kennan, Herbert Orr, Haskell Ayers, Lee McBride, Orr, Haskell Ayers, Lee McBride and Milard Simpson.

§ § § §

The boys are getting rather crowded in the cottages now, as a result of so many new boys coming in. There are now about 33 boys in each cottage, and they are loking forward to opening the new cottage soon.

§ § § §

Two games were played at the Training School last week, one on the fourth and one on the fifth, and the boys broke even by winning one and losing the other. The game Saturday was just as tight as any game ever played here. The local team played

the Hartsell Mill team, and was defeated by a score of 3 to 1. Both of our pitchers had pitched the day before, and neither one of them felt like pitching, but Bost started the game off and held the visitors to 1 run in the first six innings. Russell pitched the rest of the game and an error by Carrow, caused the visitors to score. Charlie Roper made a star catch in left field, when he got a hot one right down at his toes before it hit the ground.

§ § § §

The fourth of July was celebrated in a great spirit at the Training School. The boys assembled at the big tree and Supt. Boger made a very interesting talk to them, about the fourth. They then went to the ball ground, where an interesting program was rendered by the boys. Several nice speeches were made and prizes were awarded for the best, after this was finished, they then had several different kind of foot races, which were enjoyed by everyone. They also had a base ball throw, which was won by George McCall, the local third baseman. After all this, a big chicken dinner was waiting for them at the cottages. After a big dinner, the boys played around on the lawn a little while, and while all this was going on 3 large barrels of ice cold lemonade were being made. The rest of the afternoon was enjoyed by a big ball game. The Training School played the Newell team and defeated them by a score of 10 to 1. The boys were all playing fine and got some good batting practice off the visitors.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

"A"

Ervin Moore, Theodore Wallace, Herbert Apple, Chas. Roper, Thos. Sessoms, Roby Mullies, Chas. Hutchins, Carl Henry, Raymond Keenan, Walter Morris. Patrick Templeton, Milton Hunt, Paul Funderburk, Wm. Gregory, Jno. Wright, Lloyd Winner, Chas. Mayo, George Howard, Albert Hill, Earl Crow, Vestal Yarborough, Chas. Maynard.

"B"

Stanley Armstrong, Chas. Blackman, Archie Waddell, Elvin Green, Claude Evans, Doy Hagwood, Washington Pickett, James Davis, Eugene Myers, Norman Iddings, Keith Hunt, Wm. Miller, Robt. Lea, Aubrey Weaver.

Room No. 2.

"A"

Valton Lee, Brochie Flowers, Chas. Beach, David Brown, Spencer Combs, Arthur Duke, Vernon Lauder.

"B"

Whitlock Pridgen, Clyde Pearce, Donald Pate, Raymond Scott, Frank Stone, Dan Taylor, N. B. Watkins, Percy Briley, Sam Deal, Hiram Greer, Claiborne Jolly, Jno. Keenan, Watson O'Quinn, Billy Odom, Irvin Turner, James Suther.

Room No. 3.

"A"

Breaman Britton, Judge Brooks, Edwin Baker, Hermon Cook, William Creaseman, Mack Duncan, Ray Franklin, Sylvester Honeycutt, Garnie

Halks, Dallas Hensley, Albert Johnson, Baswell Johnson, Roy Johnson, Norman Lee, Connie Loman, Floyd Lovelace, Hallie Matthews, Jesse Martin, Ralph Martin, Preston McNeill, Robert McDaniels, Obed McClain, Joseph Pope, James Lambert, Huge Moore, George McCalls, Bonie McRary, Herbert Orr, James Poplin, Banes Porterfield, Dwight Queen, Garland Rice, Sam Stephens, Willie Terry, Carl Teague, Walter Williams, Edwin Ellis, John Perry, Brantley Pridgen, Lee Rodgers, Clarence Seachrest, Worth Stout, Lester Staley, Joe Stevens, William Sherrill, Joe Wilkes. Charles Almond, Turner Anderson, Henry Brewer, William Beard, Edwin Crenshaw, Elvis Carlton, Paul Camp, Ernest Cobb, James Ford, Byron Ford. Aubon Goodman, Carlyle Hardy, Carlton Heger, Earl Houser, William Johnson, Roy Johnson, (Little) Rhodes Lewis.
Edwin Ellis.

"B"

Hoke Ensley, Jesse Foster, George McCones, Harry Stevens, James Connie, Clyde Hollingsworth, Charlie Haynes.

Room No. 4.

"A"

Ralph Hunley, Conley Kirby, Roy Lingerfelt, Raymond Kennedy, Calvin Forbush, Ed Moses, Reggie Brown, David Queen, Clarence Maynard, Bill Rising, James Ivey, Bloyce Johnson, Elmo Oldham, Vernon Hall, Herman Hemric, Harvey Cook, John Faggart, John Creech, Simon Wade, Pete Ransom, Travis Browning, Joe Mason, Alphonzo Kirby, George White, Wm. Harvel, Lester Bowen, Clayton Stephens, Silvon Earle Gragg, Teachy Rich, J. B. Walker, Nat Johnson, James Long, Earle Wade, Leary F. Carlton, Solomon Thompson, Alton Piner, Alton Etheridge, Waylon Barbee, Arthur Hyler.

"B"

Brodie Riley, Hazen Ward, Floyd Cagle, James Philips, Sam Poplin, Earnest Allen, Paul Hegar, Eugene Long, Clifton Hedrick, Junis Matthews, Adam Beck, Clyde Trollinger, John Kivitt, John Wesley Forester, Winton Matthews, Jeff Blizzard, Ralph Leatherwood, Sylvon Smith, William Hurley, Norman Watkins, Leonard Atkins, Willard Simpson, Hill Ellington.

A man's wife is apt to get him into a bad scrape when she uses his razor to sharpen a lead pencil.

WESTERN

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 19, 1924 No. 35

BUILDERS ALL!

Isn't it strange that princes and kings
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings,
And common folks like you and me,
Are builders for Eternity?
To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book of rules,
And each must fashion, ere life is flown,
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.''

—Exchange.

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The Uplift

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TEN WORTHY PRINCIPLES.

Marshall Field, greatest merchant in point of accumulation of property in the United States, if not in the world, said there were ten things which he kept constantly in mind: The value of time; the success of perseverence; the pleasure of working; the worth of character; the dignity of simplicity; the joy of originating; the improvement of talent; the virture of patience; the wisdom of economy; and the power of kindness.

* * * * * * * *

HUMAN DEVOTION.

We have often wondered where Mrs. Stowe got her characters for "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Certainly none of the respected ex-slaves now living in the southland approximate her characters, nor remotely got the measure of treatment alleged to have been given them by the white folks.

Elsewhere in this number is a story that shows the love and esteem that existed between slave and master. It is touching to visualize the great love manifested by the colored man for his master, in life and in death. The best he could do for his young master out from Richmond, when death overtook his young master during the events of the War Between the States, was to dig his grave and bury him in a goods-box. Then, with as much haste as possible, foot it back to Laurens county, to break the sad news to his big master.

And to see the attention and kindness accorded the aged negro today is just a continuation of that human affection that very largely prevailed be-

tween master and slave in the slave days. Of course, there were some exceptions—there are exceptions today to every rule known to man. But this story is typical of the relations that prevailed, and many of us know it from personal knowledge and observation.

* * * * * * *

SAMUEL H. FARABE.

He's broken the tie that has been binding, and thus the craft is to lose the presence of a most delightful little gentleman and a popular member of the newspaper profession in the state. This is Sam Farabe, we are talking about. He sold his Hickory Record and then connected himself with the Salisbury Evening Post. We all hoped it was a fixture of Sam to the state. But he and another Hickory man have gone to Florida, following William J's course.

Before leaving the state Mr. Farabe wrote something like a valedictory—at any rate he threw a big bouquet at the boys of the press, made a confession that he hated to leave, and spoke fine words about Editor Jim Hurley and his son, young Jim, all of which are richly deserved. Some of these days Sam will grow tired of seeing alligators and wearing rubber boots to avoid the water that often covers Forida and he will be coming back where the water runs, and where extremes in climatic temperature seldom occur. In the meantime, here's wishing the pleasing industrious young man good fortune in his new home.

* * * * * * * *

BEGUN TO TELL TALES.

Lots of fine things will come into the open about him now that John W. Davis heads a presidential ticket. He went to school at the Washington and Lee University, at Lexngton, Va.; in fact, he is an alumnus of that fine institution. Like all southern-born gentlemen, he appreciated the trustworthy members of the colored race, and had his pet, as we all have in times. This is the story about Davis' picture being tacked on a stable door in the old Virginia College town:

> "A photograph of John W. Davis is tacked on a Lexington stable door. It has been there 30 years and will remain if the wishes of the Democratic presidential nominee are followed.
>
> When Mr. Davis was a student at Washington and Lee, he formed a friendship with "Uncle Matt" Wilson, a negro servant. The young West Virginian boarded with the family of Professor James J. White, and the negro often waited on him.

One day Mr. Davis went to Baltimore to attend a meeting of his fraternity and while there had his photograph made. He gave one of them to "Uncle Matt" and upon the stable door it was tacked."

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THEY HAVE ARRIVED.

The press in noting the election of a woman to the presidency of a cotton mill in Greensboro put it down as the first event of the kind in the country. A few days ago Mrs. Bertha Sternburger was elected president of the Revolution Cotton mill, one of the Cone chain. She succeeds her lamented husband, who recently passed away.

Now comes Gaston county claiming that for the past eighteen months one of her one hundred cotton mills has had a woman for president, and adds to her glory by saying that, "at this time the mill is running on full time, and has been all the while." Come to think about it, there are other ladies holding exalted positions in the management of large industrial concerns. Concord has a lady, who is the president of one of the largest and most modern mills in all the South. Mrs. J. W. Cannon, the donor of our handsome administration building, the James William Cannon Memorial, is the president of the large Wiscassett Mills at Albemarle.

They have arrived, and, excepting a few die-hards, politically and otherwise, we are all glad of it. It is inspiring.

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JUST A SAMPLE.

The tallest man in the United States Army is Ramson E. Cowan and he is a North Carolinian. He stands erect and to go through a door without stooping that door must be over six feet and ten inches high.

This man is a product of the mountain section; and for a long time Cabarrus county thought it had the state beat on tall men. We have a newspaper man that is over six feet; he has a father still taller and one of the best citizens the county ever enjoyed, and he is the daddy of another son just two inches behind the soldier that reaches towards heaven 6 feet and 10 inches worth. This tall Cabarrus man has been temporarily loaned to Salisbury.

Come to think about it, there may be some doubting ones, so we produce the goods. Mr. John A. Cline, of Concord, has four sons and with him they make in total height 31 feet and nine inches. Here is the record: the father measures 6 feet 7 inches; Frank, 6 feet 8 inches; A. Campbell, 6 feet 3 inches;

Karl, 6 feet 3 inches; Ralph, who lives now at Blacksburg, S. C. is even six feet. His father and brothers twit him as "the runt" of the Cline clan.

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WHERE DID SHE COME FROM?

Half of the front page of the photogravure section of Sunday's Asheville Citizen was taken up by a magnificent mountain scene about Pisgah forest. A neatly dressed girl sat under the shade of a tree. She was dressed like girls dressed twenty years ago, and down her back hung gracefully a suite of beautiful hair.

The Citizen claims that the scene "typifies the usual camp life in Western North Carolina." Who is the girl that the Asheville Citizen put into its picture? Charlie Webb might make a survey of every camp in the mountains and he couldn't find a girl with a head of hair like unto the one he pictured—for most of them left their hair back at home, or elsewhere.

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AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS.

There is seldom a day passes that a serious auto accident is not due to be recorded. The majority of these accidents are due to carelessness, fast driving and disregarding the rights of others on the highway. There are a few, of course, that result from unavoidable or unforseeable causes.

Last Saturday a distressing accident occurred just beyond Albemarle when a car overturned, seriously injuring Judge Sinclair and his niece, of Fayetteville. They are in the hospital at Albemarle. The negro driver, who claims that the steering gear went awry, was caught under the car but escaped unhurt. Stanly county rightfully boasts of fine top-soil roads, but the curves in that road leading to the great bridge across the Yadkin are full of death, unless the greatest caution is observed.

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UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE.

The fact that business and the markets have shown no nervousness over the results of the conventions in which President Coolidge was renominated, Hon. John W. Davis nominated in New York and the nomination by the independents of Senator LaFollette, is being very largely commented upon by the observers in business affairs.

Perhaps the dire results that wiill follow later in the event of the success of certain of the candidates will appear as the campaign gets a little older.

It would be a wonderful campaign, if it could be carried to conclusion if some startling prophecy does not rise up to excite the people.

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DISTRESSING NEWS.

The wet weaather that has prevailed for the past three or four weeks in certain sections of the state has caused no little alarm. In the eastern part of the state much complaint is being heard about the damage to crops by the excessive rains. The working of the crops has been impossible and the grass has in many sections taken possession of acres and acres.

A correspondent in Richmond county, where last year the cotton crop amounted to over 20,000 bales, estimates that at this date not over 10,000 bales can possibly be made; and he asserts that unless the weather becomes more favorable at an early day, the crop wll fall far short even at 10,000 bales.

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BILLY IS SATISFIED.

Billy, one of our linotype boys, in addition to being a base-ball crank, is somewhat of a politician. He was a strong McAdoo rooter; and though disappointed over the outcome of the New York convention and inclined for a day or so to be a little disgruntled, Billy, like some other great and leading politicians, is now entirely satisfied and intends to support John William Davis and Gov. Bryan.

But Billy thinks the photographers should not take the pictures of the two men together, because of the relative sizes of the two candidates.

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SPECIAL SESSION.

Gov. Morrison, according to a statement coming out from Raleigh, will issue on the 16th a formal and official call for a special session of the General Assembly to begin on August 7th.

The chief purpose of said extra session is to take under consideration the report of the Commission on ship transportation and terminals. It is further asserted that Gov. Morrison will insist on a submission of the proposition to the votes of the state at coming election.

RESULTS OF MOTHERS' AID.

The following will be of interest to our readers as giving some insight into a new innovation in welfare activities in North Carolina, as authorized by the General Assembly of 1923. *Mr. Lawrence, who figures in this account, got a valuable training for this work by a long period of service as an officer at the Jackson Training School.*

According to a summary of the first 100 cases of Mother's Aid in North Carolina made public by the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, the average recipient of Mother's Aid in this state is a widow and a church member, 35 years old, who has lived all her life in the country or in a small town in North Carolina, and who has three of four young children. She receives $19.39 per month from the state and county to help her rear her children in her own home.

Complete information in regards to each recipient has been secured by Miss Emeth Tuttle, Director of Charities and Public Welfare. Data regarding the first 100 cases granted this aid was recently summarized for the board by George H. Lawrence, who has charge of Mothers' Aid work in Orange and Chatham counties. Mr. Lawrence will summarize the data on the second 100 cases as soon as they are completed.

Other factors brought out in the first 100 cases are as follows:

Fifty-four per cent of the mothers live in the country; 36 per cent live in towns under 20,000 population; and 10 per cent live in cities. Eighty-two per cent have lived in North Carolina all their lives; 11 per cent have lived in this state from ten to 36 years; and 7 per cent have lived in this state from 7 to 10 years.

Fifty-one per cent of the members who received aid are members of the Baptist Church; 20 per cent are Methodists; 7 per cent are Free Will Baptist; 6 per cent are Presbyterians; 15 per cent are members of nine other Protestant denominations; and one per cent do not belong to any church.

Eighty-five of the husbands of these 100 women are dead. Of the 15 living six have deserted their wives; four are disabled; three are imprisoned; and two are insane. Forty-eight per cent of the husbands were farmers while the other 52 per cent were divided among 28 different occupations. The average length of time that a husband had been dead before the woman received Mothers' Aid was two and one half years.

The total number of children, under 14 years old, in these families was given as 391. The number in each family range between one and 8. In 43 of these families there are 75 children who are 14 years old or over.

Eighteen children were recorded as being born after the death or disablement of their father. None of these were listed as illegitimate. Only 68 cases were recorded for this information, of which 58 were dead and ten disabled.

Only 19 women in the entire 100 own their homes. The average number of rooms per house is 3.9 and the average number of beds per house 3.6.

Among the occupations of the mothers were: farmers, sewing, cot-

ton mill workers, boarding house keepers, clerks, care-takers and book-keepers, and a berry crate maker.

All of the Mothers' Aid families except 9, had received help from other sources before becoming beneficiaries of this state aid. The agencies that had assisted them were churches, relatives, charitable and civic organizations.

No juvenile courts records were listed for any of these 100 families. In 35 cases physical examinations had been made. In 13 of the 100 cases the mother could not sign her name. The majority of mother gone no higher than the sixth grade for an education, but they were deschibed as being interested in the education of their children.

These mothers receive a total of $1,939 per month from the State and County to help rear their children in their own homes. The average for each woman is $19.39. Nineteen women receive from $10 to $14; 23 from $15 to $19; 35 receive $20; 8 receive $25; 10 receive $30; 3 receive $35; and 2 receive $40.

ENJOYING LIFE.

I enjoy living and get a lot of fun out of life most every day. I am not alone in this enjoyment as I found out by asking questions last week. And old man, seventy-four years of age came in my office; his back was broke, he was drawn with rheumatism; his face twitched and he presented a picture of a human wreck. He was out of a job, broke and was hungry. I gave him the price of a meal and talked to him some few minutes and he told me that he wanted to live on and that he enjoyed life. How could he enjoy life in that condition; it was beyond me. A flapper of nineteen who was bubbling over with life told me what a wonderful time she had living and hoped that she would never die. A man who has been on his bed for years, paralyzed so badly he could hardly move, told me that he wanted to live for he got enjoyment out of life even in that condition. I thought, why shouldn't we, who are healthyy and able to work be more than happy.

We should be happy, but never satisfied with life. If I were to be satisfied with my condition in life, I would stop existing soon. It is not dis-satisfaction with life, its only ambition. You want to be something bigger, to make more money, to accomplsh greater tasks. We set goals only to gain them and set greater goals. I remember when I was a boy I thought when I received $100.00 a month I would be at the top of the ladder. I reached it and immediately set it higher and so on. Another thing I have found and it is this. A man is worth only as much as he values himself, never over it, often below it. A man has to believe in himself before he can be a success. If a man really belives that he is a $5,000.00 a year man, it wont be long before he will get it, but never try to kid yourself. You can kid the boss awhile, but not yourself.—C. M. S. in Thomasville Chairtown News.

BURIED MASTER IN DRY-GOODS BOX.

Under a Spartanburg, S. C., date line, Mr. W. L. Hicklin issues a human-interest story, in which the devotion of a negro bodyguard of a young Confederate warrior is clearly revealed. There have been thousands and thousands of examples of just such abiding devotion among the old-timey slaves of the South. And in all of these cases this affection was reciprocal.

Loyal to his "old marster" in death as in life: honest, gentlemanly and respectful—a tottering monument to the ante-bellum negro—is George Foster, 77-year-old former slave of Laurens County, who in recent years has become a familiar figure about the Salvation Army citadel in Spartanburg. "Uncle George," as he was best known, was a blacksmith in Hendersonville, N. C. for many years, and more recently lived in Greenville.

The old darkey is one of the chief mourners in the departure of Captain J. M. Satterfield, commanding the Salvation Army post, who was recently transferred with rank of Adjutant to Charlotte, N. C. Uncle George loved the officer with the same loyalty as that with which he clings to the memory of his "old marster." Captain Satterfield was greatly attached to the aged negro, and gave him such work to do as he was able in order that he might feel he was paying for his meals, and then added $2 a week so he would not want for necessities. Uncle George was one of those who stood aside and wept as friends bid the officer Godspeed.

Now, out of work, too old and feeble to seek regular employment, the aged negro has drifted out upon his own resources. On his seventy-seventh birthday he appeared at a Church Street home and asked for work. There was no work. He turned to go, but almost collasped before he reached the bottom step. "Missis, I'm hungry," he said. He was taken to the kitchen and a hearty meal spread before him. Every day he returns for breakfast and dinner. Before he begins his meals, he always insists: "Missis, you'll have to find some work for me to do. I can't eat your vittles unless I pay for them." He is always urged to return with the promise each time that some work will be found for him.

The old darkey is as staunch a defender of the Confederacy as was any who carried a musket in the sixties. He lives in the past—happier days for him when he worked for "old marster." His tears are not for himself but for "his white folks gone on before."

He was born in Laurens County July 3, 1847, on the plantation of George Armstrong, his master. His mother was married in 1835, the year of the outbreak of the Indian war. He was less than 14 years old when the first gun was fired at Fort Sumpter, but he clearly recalls that day. In the days which followed the war, he refused to accept freedom and remained with his master through the reconstruction period, faithful until the death of the latter more than fifty years ago.

On the night of July 3, when hundreds of white-robed Ku Klux Klans-

men marched through the streets of the city, Uncle George was perhaps the only negro who wildly cheered from the curb. It stirred memories buried beneath the weight of half a century.

It was in 1864 that Uncle George performed his service to the Confederacy. The story, as nearly as possible in his own words, was something like this:

"Marster Billy Armstrong and me went to Richmond to fight the Yankees up 'round Petersburg. The very night us got there, Marse Billy took sick. I done everything I knowed, but twant no use. In four days he was dead. With these same han's I digged his grave out under a big white oak. Den I put him in a dry goods box and buried him. He was just a boy, not quite eighteen.

"A Confed'rate officer give me a piece of paper telling folks to feed me, and I left Richmond walkin'. Times was hard, but the white folks always give me plenty to eat when I axed for it. When I come to Catawba River just this side of Charlotte, it was swole up mos' outen its banks. I shucked off my cotton overhauls what my mammy had made for me and swum across wid 'em tied on my bead by the suspenders."

"I got home and Marse George was waitin' on the porch like he was 'spectin' me. "George, whar's Billy?" he says. I didn't know how to tell him and I hated awful bad to, so I just busted out cryin'. He knowed what'd happened then. He waited a long time afore he went back in the big house and told the Miss. He came back out lookin' like a ghos'. "George can you find his grave?" he says, and I says, "Yassir."

"Us brought him home and buried him again. It almos' killed the Mistis. Marse George was kinda killed out too. Nuther one of 'em lasted very long after that. Mistis went first and twan't long 'til Marse George followed her.

"I sho did love Marse Billy and Marse George. They was always good to me. I uster go back to Laurens County when I was able to see if their graves was kep' right. I'd pull out the grass and put some flowers there. It seem like a long time since the last of those graves was made."

The old darkey wept unreservedly during his narration. The tragedy had lost none of poignancy for him in the three score years which have elapsed.

Uncle George may often be seen seated at the foot of the Confederate monument. It is symbolic to him of friends who have gone and of days long passed." I always goes there when I gets lonesome for the old marster It makes me sad and sometimes I cry. But when I'm there, it don't seem like they're so far away.

A few years ago, Confederate veterans here presented Uncle George with a ticket to Nashville, Tenn., where he attended the Confederate Reunion. His eyes grow bright as he recounts the reception tendered him by the aged men in gray. They are comrades, to his mind.

In 1898 Uncle George enlisted in a North Carolina negro regiment to fight in the Spanish-American war, but he was not called for active service. "Rosevelt's niggers didn't leave enough of 'em for us to fight,"

he explains.

Uncle George lives with a paralytic brother. His afflicted brother receives a pittance from children in the North. But Uncle George is left to shift for himself. His wife is dead and he has no children. He received no pension from the State owing to the fact that he was never actively in service.

He has pinned his hopes upon the promise of Captain Satterfield and as soon as he becomes settled he will send for him. "There may be other men in the world just as good as Cap'n Satterfield, but I ain't never found one since the Lord taken my marster," he declares.

WHO WILL TEACH US?

(Monroe Journal.)

What this country needs is a rededication to honesty and character. How this shall be achieved no one knows. Perhaps in no single way. The other day three or four young white men were arrested in this State on a charge of stealing and selling automobiles. Faced with the proof of their crimes, they admitted all and apparently without shame. These young men did not come from degenerate families. They came from parents who in their youth never heard of such a thing as a white man of their community committing larceny. Back in the old days even a suggestion of thievery stuck to a man till his dying day. Out on bond these young men will not be ostracised by their friends. They will probably be imprisoned and of course should be, but what good will it do. Others will take no warning and they will come out much worse than they went in.

Somehow we must try to fight back to that old time condition when the atmosphere was so charged with reprobation for dishonesty that young men absorbed that attitude and thus saw no temptation to depart from it. We need not be surprised that there is dishonesty in government when the public mind is such that leading men can get up and make speeches condoning malfeasance in cabinet officers by saying that only three out of ten were bad.

Evidently if we would obtain honesty in government we must start further back than the primaries. We must implant a more complete understanding of what actual honesty consists. In our schools if a child fails to grasp the principle of an arithmetrical problem we drill until the principe is firmly embeded in the mind.

In morals we announce the principle but once and expert the standard to be reached instanter, and maintained.

Until we implant a better standard of honesty in the walks of everyday life it is difficult to see how from the ranks of such loose morality we can recruit governmental officials likely to reach that standard of integrity for which the country seems to cry in vain.

THREE-PARTY BATTLE MAY REACH CONGRESS.

By Mark Sullivan in News and Observer.

We have now entered upon a three-party contest. It is a three-party contest of a kind different from any that has ever occurred in recent American history. It must not be confused with the three-party contest of 1912, when the Progressive Party was in the race, for between the situation of 1912 and the situation of 1924 there is little similarity. The difference lies in the fact that the strength of Roosevelt and the Progressives in 1912 was distributed all over the country, whereas La Follette's strength is concentrated in a few States. That makes a great deal of difference, as will presently be seen. Unhappily, it must be said that the situation of 1924 is more protentous of a disturbing outcome, for it contains more than the possibility, almost the probability that the election may be thrown into Congress, and that as a result there may be in Congress next winter a deadlock more formidable and much more disturbing than the one at New York last week.

Election Into House

It will be La Follette's purpose to manage his campaign in such a way as to throw the election of the President into the House. La Follette has no expectation or hope of getting a larger popular vote than Davis or Coolidge. He does not expect to win in terms of the popular vote. What he expects and what he can do is to carry enough States to bring about a situation in which the election will have to be thrown into Congress.

The provision of the constitution is that the wining candidate for President must have a majority of the electoral votes. By electoral votes is meant the votes of the States in that little known but very important mechanism known as the electoral college. Of electoral votes each State has a number as large as the number of its congressmen plus two as the number of its Senators. For example, Utah, with two Senators and two congressmen, has four electoral votes, while New York has 45. The total number of electoral votes is 531, and the constitution requires that a candidate for President to be successful must have not merely more electoral votes than any other one, but must have an actual majority of the whole or over 266.

This is exactly what Mr. La Follette hopes to prevent. He hopes to carry and is justified in hoping to carry Wisconsin, Minnesota, Montana, and the two Dakotas. If he carries these and no more he will have 39 electoral votes. This might be just enough to bring it about that Coolige and Davis, if they should run comparatively evenly, would each have less than a majority.

Another Deadlock

If no one of the candidatese for President has a majority, then the election is thrown into the lower

house of Congress, and in that situation we should probably have a disturbing deadlock. It is the present House that will have the choice, not the one presently to be elected. It is to be remembered that in the House the vote is not by individual Congressman, but by States. The entire delegation from each State votes as a unit, and each State has one vote. New York has one vote and New Mexico has one vote.

It happens that the present lower House of Congress is so distributed between parties as to make a deadlock probable. Of the 48 State delegations in Congress, 23 have a majority of Republicans, 20 are Democratic and 5 are evenly divided between the two parties. Add to this the fact that three of he 23 so-called Republican delegations are Republican in name only. The Republican Congressional delegations from Wisconsin, Minnesota and North Dakota are Repubican in name, but they follow the leadership of La Follette.

No more need be said to show how fully the materials for a trying deadlock are ahead of us if the lower house of Congress should start to balloting among Coolidge, Davis and La Follette. In fact, however, this is not all, for if the lower house is not successful in making a choice by March 4, the whole situation is passed on to the Senate.

In The Senate

The Senate, by a curious provision, drops all the candidates for President and preceeds to make a choice from among the candiates for Vice President. And here rises a most interesting possibility, a possibility out of which we might get a laugh if it were not serious. The Senate, if it comes to this last phase, will make the selection from among Dawes, Charles Bryan and La Follette's running mate, whoever that is to be. All this is disquieting enough at best. But suppose the La Follette party should endorse Bryan as the running mate to La Follette. That would bring it about that Bryan would have more electoral votes for Vice President than Davis would have for President. It would bring it about that Bryan would have a more promising title to the Presidency than Dawes, even in a Republican Senate socalled. In short, if these complications including the last one, should occur, the brother of William J. Bryan is Johnny-on-the-spot, sitting right on the door-step of the White House. The stone that the builder hath rejected these many years, ever since 1896, is William J. Bryan. William J. is still as distant from the White House as ever he was, but brother Charlie, by se curious combination of accidents, is close to the builder's hand. Very much depends, of course, on whether the La Follette party should now take Charles Bryan for the yet unfilled vacancy on the Vice Presidential end of the La Follette ticket.

"No matter what our vocation in life may be—we are failures unless we are real men and women first."

PREPARING FOR ANOTHER QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

Recently Dr. Poe modestly celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the Progressive Farmer. Some of his subscribers have called on him to reproduce what he regards some of his best contributions to that journal. In a recent number there are a number of selections from former issues of that paper, in answer to the request. The one that strikes us as splendid gospel—A Creed for Progressive Farmers—we copy as follows:

I believe in myself—believe that whatever mistakes I may or may not have made heretofore, I am endowed with limitless possibilities for growth, struggle, triumph and development—making each today better than its yesterday and each tomorrow better than today.

I believe in my work—believe it offers opportunities as an industry, requiring faithful labor; as a profession, requiring scientific knowledge; as a business requiring commercial ability—each with its challenge and its reward.

I believe in my farm—believe I can make it rich with stored fertility; believe I can make it beautiful with well-kept fields, luxuriant crops and grazing herds; and I believe that the homestead, whether cottage or mansion, can be made glorious with a wealth of tree and vine and shrub and blossom.

I believe in my family—believe that love in the home is God's best gift on earth, and that to rear noble sons and daughters—with strong bodies, trained minds, clean hearts, and cheerful spirits—is the highest achievement in life.

I believe in my neighborhood—believe that by keeping everlastingly at it I can get such cooperation from young and old as will make it a better and better place to live in; and that whether neighbors help or hinder, it is my duty to give some thought every day and do some work every week for the improvement of schools, roads, churches, social life, business cooperation, and all the agencies of rural comradeship and brotherhood, knowing that sooner or later the sowing will bring its harvest.

And finally, I believe in my Creator and Father—believe it is His will that His kingdom should come on earth, and come here in my own particular nook of the earth—and that in my every aspiration toward this end, I am a co-worker with Him whose power knows no defeat.

A little negro boy, clothes removed, was splashing around to his hearts content in a public reservoir.

"Hey! Come out of that, you young rascal!" shouted the keeper. "Don't you know that the people in town have to drink that water?"

The youngster dived under, came up, and innocently replied: "O, dat's all right mister; I ain't usin' no soap."

FORT FISHER.

H. V. Rose in Smithfield Herald.

One has to possess a right lively imagination when visiting the site of old Fort Fisher of Confederate fame to realize that there on that spot, surrounded by such solitudes as reign there, sixty years ago was fought one of the greatest naval battles in the history of the world. One can hardly believe it all.

Fort Fisher is within a stone's throw of the Atlantic ocean and is located twenty-four miles south of Wilmington. It is not a military garrison now. Some three or four pyramids of sand and seashell covered with a stunted growth of shrubbery and se-grasses are all that now remain of this once invincible fortress of the Confederacy. These huge sand cones left standing there are slowly yielding to storm and tempest and to the thousands of trampling feet, and unless a helping hand is soon to come to the rescue they will go down and be no more than the other little sand dunes that are forever shifting there on that quiet shore.

But for a high flag-pole on top of the highest mound, which displays the Stars and Stripes on occasional days through the year, and for a small marble tablet surrounded by a dozen shells and cannon balls and enclosed within a very small picket fence, there would be not so much of a reminder of those terrible days when the eyes of the militant nations were focussed upon this desolate shore. The stone tablet is modest to the extreme, but what a page of history is graven on its face. It reads.

"Here stood the headquarters of Ft. Fisher. The construction of the fort began in the summer of 1862 under the direction of Col. William Lamb, Commandant, who with Gen. W. H. C. Whiting and Maj. James Reilly, served until the fort was captured on Jan. 15, 1865. Each of the bombardments by the Federal fleet of December 24-25, 1864, and January 13-14-15, 1865, was heavier than any other naval demonstration in the history of the world. In the January attack were engaged fifty-eight warships, which landed with attendant transports, an army of about 10,000 men.

"Fort Fisher protected against Federal opposition a large and important foreign trade in war supplies necessary to the existance of the Confederacy

"Near this point stood the flagstaff of Fort Fisher which was shattered by a Federal shell on December 24, 1864. A new staff was erected, and Private Christopher C. Bland of the 36th N. C. Regiment volunteered during the heavy bombardment to replace the flag. It was again shot down and Bland once more climbed the staff and attached the colors.

After all this plot of land may not be so dead as one would believe. An asphalt road connects Carolina beach four miles up the coast from Ft. Fisher with Wilmington, and nowhere can there be found a finer coast for surf-bathing that this immediate locality offers. Within the past year The Breaker Hotel, a

odern fireproof structure containg forty-eight rooms, has been constructed on the mid-way ground between Carolina beach and the old ort. Tourists from all points of the compass are being attracted here, and a movement is already under way to get this entire section under Federal control as a National park.

The teacher was giving the class a lecture on gravity.

"Now children," she said, "it is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth."

"But please, teacher," inquired one small child, "how did we stick on before the law was passed?"—The Tattler.

JUST A PROBATIONER.

By Jessie Frank Stallings.

"And here's old 67. Remember all the chaffffing dish parties and glorious nights of talking and castle-building we used to have when Mary Kenyon lived in it? Dear old Mary, she's superintendent of nurses in a big hospital in the Phillipines now. Who occpies it, Margaret, any one I know?"

"I think not; I don't even know her myself. A Miss Wills from upstate somewhere. She's just a probationer." Lucy Willis looked up quickly—she wasn't listening purposely but the speakers were so close to her door that she couldn't help but hear what they were saying. The first was a strange one—most likely a graduate nurse back on a visit to her Alma Mater. But the other Lucy recognized; it was that unbending, cold, superior Miss Marther, head nure on Station A, where she served every evening. "Just a probationer!" Lucy told herself bitterly. "That't exactly the attitude they all take.

They seem to think a beginner isn't worthy of their notice. Every one in the hospital, from the chief surgeon on down to the fireman in the boiler room, does everything possible to make the probationer's life miserable."

Slowly she closed her book, and biting her lips hard to keep back tears that were perilously near the surface, she sat looking down into the hospital grounds.

She did not see it, for her eyes were trained inward, but in that little plot, the only really cheerful thing about the hospital, the miracle of spring was transpiring. The young grass was turning green on the sunny slopes; yellow and red tulips in their orderly beds formed splotches of gay color. Dandelions, buttercups, violets and trilliums were putting forth venturesome heads, trees were bursting into leaf. Everywhere life was beginning to stir, life after the long sleep of the winter.

Pigeons tumbled about the nearby church spires, basking in the warm May sunshine, and hosts of mad little swallows twittered joyously in last year's ivy vines that still clung to the gray hospital walls.

One little fellow who seemed even graver then the rest, hopped over onto the window sill, inspecting Lucy critally for a moment and seeming to have found that she was all a friend should be, he burst into song.

Lucy listened for a time and then gave a low answering whistle. The bird stopped abruptly, turned his head to one side and studied her, then resumed his singing.

"You're the only friendly person I've met since I came to this place," she told him, and two tears that wouldn't stay back any longer zig-zagged down her cheeks.

The whole month before, Lucy's first in the hospital training school, and this morning she was thoroughly discouraged and homesick, as only a probationer can be. All her glorious dreams of herself as a whiteclad, capable nurse had faded into insignificance; she was ready to give it all up, pack her trunk and take the first train to Hillsboro.

How hard she had worked! Her chapped, reddened hands were ample testimonials of the number of floors mopped and beds scoured; besides she had carried thousands of glasses of water to fretful, exacting patients, filled hot-water bottles and ice-bags, directed visitors, arranged flowers, served innumerable meals, run all sorts of errands for the nurses. And windows—Lucy was like the man in Kipling who so detested the sound of boots—she hated the very thought of windows. It was open and close them all day long, patients never were satisfied.

It wasn't the hard work she minded; she knew well enough before she ever came to the training school that hard work was one thing that wasn't dealth out in small homeopathic doses. She had a strong, healthy body, a clear, alert mind and plenty of enthusiasm for her tasks, and she could have endured any hardship and been happy if only some one had encouraged her a little instead of perpetually finding fault, if the nurses whom she served had been the tiniest bit friendly instead of being so intent on their own affairs, everything would have been so much easier.

A gong rang sharply throughout the building, and Lucy was on her feet in a instant. In five minutes she must go on duty! Hurriedly she threw open the closet door and searched out a clean dress—a bright buff gingham, the unfailing sign of the probationer.

She thrust out her tongue at the garment as she slipped it over her head. "I hate you!" she said sotly. "If I didn't want a white cap and a pin more than anything else in the world, and if father didn't believe in me as he does and wasn't counting the months until I finish so I can be his assistant, you'd be tossed right out the window and—well, you know what else I'd do!"

She dashed cold water too her eyes and dabbed a little powder on her nose to remove all traces of the tears, then buttoning on her apron as she went, she ran down the stairs to Station A, where she would serve through the long night.

Miss Mather looked up from her charts when Lucy appeared beside her desk.

"Good evening, Miss—er—"

"Willis," Lucy supplied.

"We're short a nurse tonight, Miss Willis," she said briskly, "and you'll take care of the indicator. You

understand it, I suppose?"

Lucy replied that she did.

The nurse seemed not to believe her, for she explained in detail just what her duties would be. "If there is anything you're in doubt about you can ask one of us, of course, giving medicine, etc., will not concern you. Now about the clock—when a patient flashes her light it is recorded here and you know where the call comes from." Just then the indicator buzzed and the hand raced around to number three. "There, you see how it works," the nurse went on. "Number three is the four-bed ward at the end of this corridor. You may answer it."

Lucy sped down the hall to see what number three wanted—or what was more probable, what she didn't want—and another hard, dragging night had begun.

While supper was being served Lucy had a little time to herself, and drawing a chair up to the window she sat down to rest. The hospital stood on a high hill overlooking the city, and Lucy, looking down at the countless roofs, smokestacks and spires, thought it looked like a giant monster asleep in the sun. Then suddenly from all directions at once came the ringing of bells, the sound of many whistles, and the monster became immediately alive. From innumerable shops, office buildings, factories and stores swarms of workers poured into the streets; over the bridges and through thoroughfares wide and narrow clanged the never-ending line of trucks, wagons and the machines of home-going commuters. On the boulevards and through the parks purred the luxuriant motors owned by people of infinite leisure. But it seemed to make no particular difference in what fashion they traveled—by sreet car, bus and subway, in limousines or on foot—every person was bent on the same destination—home.

Home! At the mere thought of it a great wave of homesickness surged over her. What wouldn't she give just for the sight of dear old Hillsboro this evening! She closed her eyes and pictured it as she knew it would be; the broad street with its stately elms just bursting into leaf, the two long rows of comfortable homes and at the top of the hill where the street ended, the little church with its white finger pointing heavenward. It was five-thirty and closing-up time there, too, but the contrast brought a smile to Lucy's lips. No blowing of factory whistles, roar of traffic or rush for the subway would proclaim that Hillsboro's work for the day was over. Instead, Joe Wheeler, the hardware dealer, Uncle Amos Harnish, postmaster and keeper of the general store, and Bert Abbott, owner of the combined garage and blacksmith shop, the town's only business men, would lock up their respective places of business, calling good-naturedly to each other as they did so, and then walk leisurely down the street toward their homes.

Thinking of home made a bad matter worse; instead of relieving her homesickness, Lucy only succeeded in getting herself into a more unpleasant state of mind. She put her head down on her arm and cried bitterly—her little world, always so beautiful and filled with such glorious dreams, had gone suddenly out of plumb.

Ever since she'd been old enough to spell out a few words in her father's ponderous medical books, Lucy

had planned to be a nurse. Through the grades and high school she had followed her dream, never swerving once from the path she'd marked out for herself. When she left home to enter the training school, it had seemed that the fulfillment of all her hopes was just around the corner, and now she was beginning to wonder if she hadn't been mistaken. She'd led a useful life in Hillsboro, doing all the tasks that come to the hands of a country doctor's daughter; if she had stayed at home and performed all these duties faithfully and well, woudn't she be doing her share of the world's work? Everything seemed to be in a tangle; what was the matter, she wondered.

Some one was coming rapidly down the corridor, and Lucy hastily dried her eyes, but she was not quick enough for the tell-tale marks were still in evidence when Miss Mather came up to the desk.

"Not feeling well?" she asked shortly, studying Lucy's flushed face and instinctively reaching for her wrist.

"Oh, perfectly," Lucy managed to answer.

Twelve years Margaret Mather had been a head nurse in Mercy Hospital, but the trials of her probationer day were still very vivid memories. Very clearly she recalled the back-breaking work, the unspeakable homesickness, the discouragement, also a resolution she had made—that if she ever rose to a high position she would most certainly help the beginners over rough places.

But during the year a multitude of probationers, good, bad and indifferent, had poured in and out of the hospital doors, and she had learned that here was a situation where the rule of the survival of the fittest always applied.

So skilled had she become in the art of sizing up beginners that she could almost invariably tell by a girl's looks whether or not she belonged to the class that would survive. And from the first she had had a feeling that Lucy belonged to this group. She had on several occasions followed her into a room and marveled at her adaptability and skill; she seemed to know intuitively when to shake up pillows or cool the head of a fever patient.

God intends certain people for this mighty calling, Miss Mather believed, all others could go through training and still lack that innate knowledge, the divine touch of the born nurse. Plainly here was a girl whom nature had endowed with the necessary qualifications for this, one of the greatest services that woman can render.

Something was wrong and she needed no one to tell her what—the girl was homesick. She stood thinking for a moment, under pretence of examination charts, then suddenly she turned to Lucy.

"Comed with me, Miss Willis," she ordered crisply.

Great fear clutched at Lucy's heart—what was the nurse going to do? Was she going to be sent home? The thought terrified her. If she were dismissed from the hospital she never would have the courage to face her father again.

Without waiting a moment Miss Mather caught up her cape and a package that lay on her desk, and proceeded down the corridor at a very rapid pace, with Lucy doing her best

to keep up. Across the lawn they went, into a building that was strange to her, and up to the second floor.

"Our drug store," Miss Mather explained, and inwardly Lucy breathed an enormous sigh of relief—she wouldn't be taking her to the hospital drug store if she were intending to send her home. But what was the nurse going to do, she wondered.

Miss Mather opened the door and motioned Lucy to follow her.

"Good evening, Doctor Harry," she called cheerfully.

"Good evening," responded a pleasant voice. "Why, it's Miss Mather! You haven't been over for such a long time, but I suppose you're busy, as usual."

No one was in sight and Lucy began looking about for the person to whom the nurse was speaking.

"Busy isn't the proper word," Miss Mather replied. I have several very particular prescriptions to be filled and I've brought some one to see you—Miss Lucy Willis, a new probationer."

She led Lucy around behind a high desk and in a wheel-chair by the window was the most unusual invalid she had ever seen. A man of powerful frame with gray hair and a face of wax-like whiteness. That he was very old was Lucy's first impresion, but a second look told her that he was prematurely aged. He had the kindest brown eyes, she couldn't keep from looking at them, but his face was most pathetic—its lines told plainer than words that he had suffered much pain and disappointment and loneliness.

Lucy marveled at Miss Mather—she was cheerfulness and gayety personified. When she entered the room she had dropped all her stiffness and reserve much as one would a mask that was uncomfortable, and she fluttered about the invalid like a mother bird with a precocious offspring.

She placed the package in the man's lap. "Just a little home-made candy to finish off your supper," she explained.

"Many, many thanks," he said, his face lighting with gratitude. And then to Lucy: "Miss Mather has spoiled me. I always expect some of her famous candy whenever she comes over.

"You say your name is Willis?" he questioned. "Willis—that's a familiar name. No, I don't think it could be—Come closer, won't you? My eyes are so poor. There's something about your face that makes me think—"

Lucy came up beside his chair, and he took her hand in his own. He gazed steadily into her eyes for a moment, then turned abruptly and looked out the window—he seemed to be trying to call up something from the past.

"During my intrne days there was a young man who served with me, and his name was Willis, too." He paused thoughtfully a moment. "And when I look at your face I'm reminded of him."

"Why, that was my father, I know!" Lucy cried excitedly. "For he served two years in this hospital, that's why I came to this training school!"

"And how is your father?" the man asked eagerly. "For some years we corresponded and then we stopped —rather, I stopped writing."

"Oh, now I know!" Lucy exclaimed. "You are Doctor Harry Bonner—father speaks so often of you!"

The doctor did not speak for a time and Lucy noticed that his lips were trembling and he was clutching nervously at the arm chair.

"We came here th same fall, your father and I," Dr. Bonner said slowly. "And I stayed on here after we were finished—your father went away into private practice. First I was house physician, then later superintendent. Fourteen years ago, there was a laboratory explosion—then this," he touched the wheel-chair. He paused as if gathering strength for what he wished to say next. "I was very bitter at first, gave up all my friends, your father among them. After a time, I came to see how mistaken I was, but I had lost trace of him; letters came back unopened."

"God has been very good to me—I suffer no pain and people are so kind. But it's inactivity that hurts more than anything else. I must sit in this chair all the rest of my life, and shall never be able to do the things I planned. Sometimes I feel about as useful as an old broomstick in the world's backyard. Especially do I feel that way at this season of the year when everywhere there is life and activity and—"

"Now, Dr. Bonner," Miss Mather chided. "I suppose you are absolutely worthless when every surgeon, nurse and orderly in the hospital come to you with his or her problems. You will learn, Miss Willis, that on days a great experiment is to be performed or a delicate operation, this chair is wheeled into that room, so valuable is his knowledge. And an antiseptic solution which is used in all hospitals and noted for its effectiveness is his discovery. And he has practically perfected a new form of gas which will revolutionize the whole—well, but that's telling a secret, isn't it? But the point is, all these discoveries have been made from this chair."

All the time the nurse was speaking the doctor's eyes rested on her face. "I'm greedy for praise," he smiled. "Not for myself, but when some one really thinks I am useful, I am made very happy."

He turned quickly to Lucy and looked steadily into her face. She grew very uncomfortable under his gaze, for she had a feeling that he was penetrating to the unwilling surface beneath. "You're homesick and blue and discouraged and ready to give up, aren't you?" he asked suddenly.

Lucy was caught unawares. "Why—why, how did you know that?" she asked amazed.

"Miss Mather doesn't bring probationers, or any one else for that matter, unless she has some particular object in view. And besides, there isn't one beginner in a thousand who isn't down-hearted at the end of the first month of training."

"Homesick and lonesome," Lucy faltered. "You see, I've never been away from home and—" She could say no more, her voice was choked with tears.

Dr. Bonner comforted her as only he knew how. A swift diagnosis of the girl's case had told him that all she needed was a wider perspective and some one to manifest a little

friendly interest. He talked a long time about the wonders of the profession she was entering.

"As long as the world stands and people live in it," he said, "bodies will be sick and there will be need for the nurse with her gentleness and skill to relieve the suffering Christ gave His life that souls might live on—and we in turn devote our lives to saving men's bodies."

"A nurse's work is heavy and exhausting. The compensation in dollars is only moderate. But her services lies in the realm of life's greatest values, which Ibsen tells us are neither bought nor sold, they are given and received. We are told that our lives do not consist of the abundance—or the cost—of the things we possess, but the experiences which we pass through and the services we render in the passing. Service—I hope that will be the word forever uppermost in your mind. She who gives gladly and unselfishly always has more left than before she gave anything away."

Miss Mather indicated that it was time for them to leave and Lucy shook the doctor's hand warmly. "I can't ever thank you for this wonderful talk," she said. There were tears in her eyes, not of home-sickness and discouragement now, but tears of joy—joy that she had seen the "vision splendid," and that she was to be one of the great profession whose opportunites for real usefulness are unlimited. "I needed this lesson badly—you have no idea just how badly—and I shan't ever, ever forget it!"

"Good-by," the doctor said in parting. "And come often to see me—the daughter of Robert Willis will always be welcome."

"It's six-thirty," Miss Mather said when they were in the hall once more. "You can have a couple of hour's rest—say till nine o'clock. I wouldn't sit in my room—take a long walk in the fresh air."

"Thank you so much, Miss Mather," Lucy said warmly. "I hardly know—"

"Perfectly all right," the nurse retorted, he voice as cold and grim as ever.

But Lucy did not resent the severity and coolness now for she had had a glimpse of the nurse's great heart, and she knew that the grimness was only on the exterior.

Usually when she went for a walk Lucy changed the gingham dress for her street clothes. But not tonight. She slipped on a warm coat and set off briskly through the hospital grounds. She did not resent the buff uniform now; she even allowed the coat to fly open at the bottom; she wanted the world to know that she was a begginner!

After a long tramp she came back, her cheeks pink and glowing, and settled herself before her tiny desk for her daily letter home. For several days she had been dreading this task for she didn't want any of her discouragement to creep in between the lines. But tonight it was easy, in fact, there was so much to tell that her pen fairly raced over the paper.

"This has been a most wonderful month," she wrote. "Of course, I miss being at home with mother and dad, but what's a little thing like being a few miles from home when compared to learning the nurse's profession? Great waves of love and joy

are radiating from a certain little third floor room in the nurse's home of Mercy Hospital, and they are due to strike you about tomorrow. From Lucy Ann Willis, who is tickled to death that she's just a probationer!''

HOW THE ELECTION IS HELD.

The constitutional provision for procedure when no candidate obtains a majority of the Electoral College is as follows:

From the persons having the highest number, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be takn by States, the representation from each State having one vote, a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two thirds of the States, and a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a president, whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice President shall be the Vice President if such number be a majority of the whole number of Electors appointed, and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers of the list the Senate shall choose the Vice President. A quorum for the purpose shall consist of two thirds of the whole number of Senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice.

ARE OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS EFFICIENT?

By Clarence Poe.

''In a multitude of counselors there is safety,'' wrote Solmon of old. The wisdom of getting many opinions on a subject and then trying to combine the best ideas of all has again been illustrated in The Progressive Farmer's experience this year. Some months ago we announced a series of ten great economic and social problems for discussion by our readers, and the answers received have been exceedingly stimulating and thoughtful.

For this issue of The Progressive Farmer the subject announced was: *"Is Our Present Educatonal System Adapted to the Farmers' Needs and Interests? If Not, in What Ways Should It Be Improved?"*

Rural Schools Need a Rural Curriculum

''We need to begin at the beginning—we need a curriculum for rural schools suited to the needs of farm children, writes Mrs. Christian Guild, Louisa County, Va., and this thought is echoed and emphasized more than perhaps any other one idea in the discussion by our readers. Mr. A. R. Hogue, principal of Petros High

Schools, Morgan County, Tenn., who has been in public school work in Tennessee and Georgia as county superintendent, county supervisor, and high school principal, states the situation with much emphasis in the following letter:—

"Our education system is not adapted to the farmer's needs and interest. Neither is it adapted to the needs and interests of any other class. It furnishes employment to children for a long period of time, for the completion of a task that should not occupy over half the time it now does. The task is nothing more than the accumulation of a few principles that enable the possessor to take his part in the world's activities. Unfortunately, these principles are buried beneath an avalanche of useless debris that must be gathered and sorted by the child. This takes up many years of the child's school life, so much so that the great majority of children never reach the aim for which the school exists.

"Reading, writing, and arithmetic are as important today as they were when 'the three R's' constituted the course of study. They are essentials to the enjoyment and the prosperity of the farmer and his offspring. Without them business canot be transacted, and good citizenship cannot be attained.

"On account of the cumbersome load that children are required to carry, a great proportion fall out of the ranks of the school army before the first three grades are finished. That means that the school has given very few useful lessons. They have learned by note that Baby Ray has a dog, and that Kitty Fisher has lost her pocket, and that when Little Bo Peep's sheep return they will bring their tails behind them. With such knowledge as this over 50 per cent of the children must be content and must grow to manhood and womanhood.

"Children are required in almost every school to spend day after day in learning matter that no one expects them to put to service when their school days are over. They spend over half their time in trying to solve puzzling problems and to master useless matter than can never be used in the community in which they live and has no more practical or cultural value than a wire ring puzzle."

"The rural educational system of America is adapted to the times of the Revolutionary War," writes Mr. B. Yorkstone Hogg, of Saint Lucie County, Florida, who adds: "Today we figure paper in the schools the same way they did during the Revolutionary War, and most of our educational facilities are the same way." Mr. Hogg's remark will no doubt remind many of us of the time we spent at school in learning that—

24 sheets make 1 quire;
20 quires make 1 ream;
2 reams make 1 bundle;
5 bundles make 1 bale

and have probably never had any occasion to remember since. And yet farm boys and girls are still being turned out of school every year without being taught how to compute the value of a fertilizer formula or the

principles of compounding a feeding ration for their livestock!

Mr. P. H. Eason, Jackson, Miss., tells us of a rural high school which is giving fourteen times as much of its teaching effort to foreign languages as to agriculture, and he adds: "A similar situation exists in a vast majority of our schools of the South. Our educational system encourages our boys and girls to leave the farm. The curriculum plays its part in this tendency. Moreover, nearly all school addresses you hear in the colleges and high schools hold up the record of some unusually successful fellow who has gone to the city and made an outstanding success in some profession. Many of our schools and many of our teachers have emphasized the importance of education as a step into the professions—the white collar jobs."

It is no wonder that Mr. R. J. Hubbard, of Yell County, Ark., says:—

> "In the large cities boys find manual training and training for business and the girls are offered domestic science and art, which give them a start in life's work, and the literary and musical training give them training for social activities. In the country school, the boy or girl does not realize that he is going to school for the purpose of training himself to make a good farmer and citizen. He looks upon school as a matter of course and does not get the connection between school and home."

How Can Rural Schools Be Made To Fit Farm Needs?

Rural schools need to be adapted to country life not merely for the practical information which pupils will thus obtain but also because in schools poorly alapted to rural needs, as Mr. Hubbard suggests, the children lose interest. They do not see that the school is getting them anywhere. How then can we get an educational system to remedy the evils just pointed out? Mr. R. D. Miller, Giles County, Tenn. makes this very practical suggestion:—

> "In all of the Southern states wonderful progress has been made since Congress passed the Smith-Hughes Act providing for federal aid in the teaching of vocational agriculture. State boards of vocational education have been formed, but Smith-Hughes funds available are not enough to put agriculture in all rural high schools. What the farmers of the South need is to get behind the state legislatures and demand more money for the already existing boards of vocational education to be used in helping rural schools put practical vocational agriculture in their curricula."

It is decidedly encouraging to get a message from a farm boy who has just graduated from one of the high schools where the influence of the Smith-Hughes vocational educational program has made itself strongly felt. Here is such an inspiring message from Olin Binkley, a sixteen-year-old farm boy of Iredell County, N. C. who writes from the viewpoint of a new high school graduate:—

> "The pupils are taught the great need of cooperation, and how farmers may succeed through cooperation. Many experiments

are carried on, and students are taught how to select seed for the best results, how to feed and what to feed livestock, how to improve land, and many other things essential to successful farming.

"Our great educators realize that a man cannot be a successful farmer unless he is educated, for a farmer must be a naturalist, mechanic, and business man. Therefore, our school system has been, and is being, adjusted to meet the needs of the farmer. The teachers are encouraging boys to study agriculture, and are training them in such a way that they may go out into life and make successful farmers, and altogether I feel that our educational system is adapted to the farmer's needs and interests."

Our First Prize Letter.

We have just quoted an effective criticism from Mr. P. H. Eason, a thoughtful and experienced educational worker in Mississippi. Mr. Eason (to whom we are giving first prize in our contest) not only knows what is wrong with our present educational system, but how to remedy it. Here are five definite ideas of his as follows:—

"1. Our educational system has not established the dignity of labor. We have come a long way in the development of our civilization since the shackled slave bent to his task in the ships of Phoenicia, but the attitude of mind which look on all work with the hands as more or less menial and degrading still exists. The father still tells his son to get an education so that he will 'not have to work.' As it took generations of struggle and bloodshed to establish the freedom of labor, so must we struggle today through our educational system and otherwise to establish in the minds of all mankind the dignity of labor.

"2. Our educational system does not place enough emphasis on thrift. Why spend so much time and effort in teaching students how to figure out gains, profits and losses, etc., from make-up problems and situations, and no time and effort in fixing in the lives of students the habit of saving a part of their earnings? This is just as important to them as knowledge of arithmetic or a knowledge of anything else. Our educational system must become responsible for the farmer's having a system of farm bookkeeping so that he may be able to weed out the unprofitable enterprises. Such accounting would also enable him to so order his cropping system as to provide for proper distribution of labor throughout the year.

"3. Our educational system does not assume large enough responsibility for the economic and social welfare of the people. The farmers of our country are very much discouraged today because of the economic conditions confronting them. These conditions are due in part to poor agricultural methods, inroads of plant diseases and insect pests, the lack of marketing facilities, etc. There is no better agency for overcoming most of these

difficulties than the school. What is a school for if it cannot help solve the economic problems of a community? What is the advantage in teaching the young how to live if you do not teach them how to make a living?

"4. Our educational system must interest itself in rural social life—must utilize the picture show, the radio, the lyceum, and the community meeting for satisfying the social wants of the farmer class.

"5. At the present time the school that more nearly than any other serves adequately the farmer's interest is the Smith-Hughes school. This type of school provides more adequate curricula, tends to hold a larger number of boys on the farm, teaches that honest labor is worthy, even though it be done with the hands, places due emphasis on thrift, assumes a direct responsibility for the economic welfare of the community, and provides training for the fellow who has left school and gone to work, but who feels that further training would improve his lot in life."

Improving Our Elementary Schools

"The rural schools have been cut down to short terms and poor advantages until the children in higher grades cannot get promoted. With such short terms the farmer's children cannot compete with the city students." So writes Mr. Fred Dean of Erath County, Texas, who wants a nine-months school term for the country as well as the city.

Similarly, Mr. W. F. Galloway of Tallapoosa County, Ala., says:

"Our educational system is not adapted to the farmer's needs and interests because the most of us have to send our sons and daughters away from home to get even a high school education with state credit. Most of our rural schools are one and two teacher schools with a curriculum that reaches only through the seventh grade. Then if our children get a higher education, they have to be sent away from home at great expense when they have finished the school at home."

The remedy for this situation is undoubtedly consolidation of small schools. As Mr. Chas. B. Coble writes:

"Our present elementary schools—the one, two, and three teacher type—are our greatest handicap. Consolidation of such extravagant services would greatly improve our schools. The one-teacher type is hardly short of criminal. Consider how sadly we waste money by employing the incompetent teachers who make such blunders that frequently pupils get a dislike for school, thus rendering the greatest injustice imaginable to future citizenship."

Actual experience with consolidation and transportation of children is reported by Mr. W. F. Bailey of Rockingham County, N. C., in the following letter:

"Our school at Madison is a consolidated school. Several years ago this school was only a small high school, having only

two teachers. There was no other high school close by. When the children living in the country finished the one-teacher schools they had to walk a long distance if they wished to get any more education. This long distance, bad weather, and many other disadvantages disheartened the pupils, and the result was that very few of them got any education except from the country school.

"Recently the small country schools have been consolidated into one large school, and now the country children are carried to and from school on trucks. This is a great advantage to the farmers, because our children have the same chance and advantage that the town children have, without having the long walk and the mud to contend with. It is almost a school at our doors with modern laboratories and all other fixtures."

"There are too many little schoolhouses with one teacher to handle everybody from the first to the eighth grades, and these schoolhouses are poorly equipped as to heat, light, and desks. The farmer needs fewer schoolhouses with a better class of teachers and teachers who have the work at heart. We shall have to provide larger local taxes to get better buildings and better teachers," writes Mr. W. D. Willbrooks of Murray County, Ga., and in this paragraph he very nearly summarizes the situation in so far as elementary teaching is concerned. A wise program for making our educational system fit the farmer's needs might be given in this four-plank platform:—

1. Consolidation of districts.
2. Transportation of pupils.
3. Adopting textbooks and curricula to country life.
4. Better support of "Smith-Hughes" or "vocational educational" work with steady development and extension of its program.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

Mr. R. C. Shaw paid a visit to the institution last week, and everyone was glad to see him.

§ § §

The boys were glad to get another big sack of peanuts last week, as the others were about gone.

§ § §

Elwood Johnson paid a visit to the institution last week. Johnson was paroled last year and has been making a fine record since he left here.

Mr. Sam B. Kennett is spending a week at Wrightsville Beach. Mr. Dean D. Dalton has charge of the first cottage during his absence.

§ § §

Cucumbers and tomatoes are being gathered now and the boys are sure glad to get them. They have also been hoeing corn during the past week.

§ § §

J. J. Jones was hurriedly called

to his home in Charlotte last Friday, as a result of a death in the family. Jones returned to the institution Sunday.

§ § §

Miss Hattie Fuller left the institution last Monay, and will be gone about a month, during this time she will be in South Carolina on her vacation.

§ § §

Breman Brittain was paroled last Wednesday, when visited by his parents. Brittain was a member of the third cottage and has made a fine record here.

§ § §

Rev. W. C. Lyerly conducted the services in the Chapel last Sunday. Mr. Lyerly preached a very interesting sermon on "The Punishment of Sin." The sermon was enjoyed by everyone.

§ § §

The boys of Rockingham cottage are indebted to Mrs. R. P. Mitchell, of Reidsville for three books, and to Mrs. S. L. Martin of Leaksville for a package of books and magazines. These friends have the sincere thanks of the boys who are enjoying their books and magazines.

§ § §

The new milk house is now nearly completed, and the new machinery is being placed in. Nearly a 1,000 milk bottles came in the other day and the new equipment is nearly all here, and the boys are all anxious to get it into operation, especially the milk boys.

The boys who received visits from their friends and relatives last Wednesday were Floyd Lovelace, Sylvester Honeycutt, Howard Riggs, Obed McClain, Herbert Poteat, Garland Rice and Breman Brittain. They all enjoyed a big day and were glad to see their home folks.

§ § §

Among recent gifts to the school was a number of books given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Davidson, of Charlotte. These books would have been a handsome addition to any library, and included a set of Dumas as well as other standard authors. There was some fiction, too, of the kind that is clean and wholesome reading. The school rooms were remembered in distributing the books, and the boys of ninth cottage received several.

§ § §

The Training School added another victory to their credit last Saturday, when they played the Cannon Stars, of Concord. We were in a bad fix with Bost sick and Mr. Russel with a sore arm but Mr. Russel got warmed up and pitched a good game. Each team got 7 hits, but our boys walked around the bases and crossed the plate 5 times, while the visitors could only get around but 3 times. Mr. Carriker, one of the officers who hadn't played ball for nearly seven years, was asked to catch and he at first refused, but was persuaded to do so and he caught a good game and also hit the ball. Mr. Russel changed the boys around a little Saturday, bringing Charlie Roper in and putting him in the hot corner where he played a good game.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 26, 1924 No. 36

THE CHOICE IS OURS.

"I read of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said: 'I am tired of my house and grounds; come and take care of them, and I will give them to you.' Then came an honored judge and said: 'I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work.' Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last up shambled old Tommy, and said: 'I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave; I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets?' This is a dream that is not all a dream. For every boy in this land today, who lives to grow up, some position is waiting as truly as if the rich man, judge, doctor, or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once. Which will you choose boys? There are pulpits to be filled by God-fearing ministers, and thousands of other honorable places; but there are also prison cells and drunkard's graves. Which will you choose, a place of honor or dishonor?"

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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THE EAST IN DISTRESS.

The unusual rains have made it hard for the farmers of the east. In certain spots wheat and oats have rotted uncut in the fields; a large acreage of cotton and corn has been abandoned because of inability to work it; and the excessive rains have given to the cotton that did receive a certain amount of cultivation a large weed with but little fruitage.

A prominent gentleman of Marlboro county, S. C., the county said to be the most productive county in the entire cotton section, being asked the condition in his section said ."it looks bad for the farmer; he's up against it this year. The merchant is not involved, but the banks are carrying the risks. As a general thing, on account of the rains and the boll weevil, it will take on an average three or four acres to make a bale of cotton, and I know some farms where it will take twenty acres to produce a bale."

At Rocky River Mineral Springs, last week, were a number of large land owners and farmers. Among them were Mr. Calvin Wooley, a merchant and large farmer. He was there for the benefit of his health, but there was something weighing heavily on his mind—it was the weather conditions back in Scotland and Hoke counties. Every day he received word from home, simply saying whether it rained or not. "It didn't rain in Hoke across the river," fetched a big, broad smile. He has scores of acres in cotton in that county. Mr. Eli Griggs, a wheel-horse of a farmer of Wadesboro, used the telephone several times a day inquiring of the weather stunts down in Anson.

Several ladies, large land owners and fine business women, nervously inquired about conditions back home. In fact one became so nervous over the situation, she went home to have a personal verification of conditions.

There is no other class of people on earth that have to bear the risks that confront the farmer—dirt farmers and agriculturists, alike.

* * * * * * * *

THE BEST THING.

A Cherryville, N. C., school teacher, sometime ago, asked her pupils what they regarded the best thing in the community. The children put on their studying caps. One said the bank; one, the water works; one, the bakery; one, the cherry trees that are to line the streets of their town; one, the churches; one, the coca cola stand; one, the railroad; and so on down the line until nearly everything of a public utility nature was mentioned.

The teacher gave them to understand that they were all wrong. Then the little ears were all expectant to hear what the true answer to the question is, for they had as a body made the supreme effort to answer this question. The teacher, having a correct view of life and the purpose of the short period we spend on this earth, simply said **You yourselves are the best and most valuable.**

Wherever men and women have this view of life—that all effort is intended for the advancement of the people, in making them happier and giving them the opportunity to work out intelligently and successfully the mission of life—there they show the greatest power and worthwhileness. You may spot every community where progress is the key-note as that community where childlife, child training and child caring are the supreme effort of all. Boys and girls are the best things in the community, and what the future of that community is, is the answer to the activities and interest of the grown-ups in their behalf.

* * * * * * *

HATS OFF TO THEM.

The State Firemen's Association held its annual meeting in High Point, last week. These are a bunch of fine fellows that we just pass along as a matter of fact, without giving them any special thought. But the truth of the matter is they are a band of fine spirited patriots. Their work is hazardous at best, and fatal at its worst.

Nobody ever heard of a fireman making out of the business anything but a meager living; and in most places they don't even make the salt that goes into their bread—it is just a labor of love and excitement. A real fireman

is as big a crank about the business as is a base ball crank about his game. He is in it for the excitement incidentally and to do a public service in particular. So, you thoughtless fellow, tip your hat to the fireman when he passes—he's the man that watches over you while asleep and rescues when you are surrounded by fire—and he doesn't stop to ask you "what's in it for me?"

Locally, Concord has reason to feel a peculiar pride in the State Fireman's Association. In it one of Concord's leading citizens, Mr. John L. Miller, has been a prominent officer for a period of sixteen years, that of secretary; and at the recent meeting he was re-elected without opposition—it looks like a life-time service for this enthusiastic fellowman.

* * * * * * * *

PICKING THEM UP.

The Monroe Enquirer locates an old lady in Union county that is a victim of a promoting scheme. Listen what the Monroe paper has to say:

> It is related that an old old lady, 72 years of age living near Wingate, is a victim of the Paul Rubber Company. She is the widow of a Confederate soldier, and receives a small pension from the State. A short time ago the widow paid $200 cash to slick-tongued stock salesmen, and gave her note for $300 additional. This woman had by hard work and self-denial saved a little money. It is now all gone—and $300 note besides to meet. The pretty printed stock certificates are now no more than the paper upon which they are printed, for yesterday the old Paul Company petered.

Union county is not the only county in which suckers may be found. They are everywhere. And the sleek, smooth sucker fishermen are to be found most everywhere—those folks that are perfectly willing to take the bread from the mouths of innocent people, and care nothing about the methods employed.

It is safe to say that not one out of a hundred that are picked up by one of these sharpers would lend his money to a local scheme, invest it with a man they had known favorably and well for a life time, or put it into a hotel where the whole town would profit by such an investment and there exist a possibility of getting from same some direct returns. Stop this thing? Never. As long as men and women are born, there will be get-rich-quick schemes and there will be suckers—in every town, county and state.

* * * * * * * *

CREATING A BUILDING FUND.

The newspapers carry the statement that State Supt. Allen has in mind to

ask the General Assembly for a building fund of five millions of dollars, the same to be used in lending to the counties on an interest rate that it will cost the state to carry the bonds providing for the said five millions.

This is no new method in enlarging and bettering the school facilities of the state. It has been tried out and, in the absence of any criticism that has come to light, it has met with a popular approval of the people. The method employed is to lend it to the several counties applying on long terms and interest at the rate it costs the state. This loan is repaid the state in certain annual amounts. What is thus accomplished might have to be, otherwise, spread over a number of years and at a larger cost—North Carolina, in the light of the past, can borrow money at a lower rate than a school district or a town or a county.

There is a discordant note, however. The Roxboro Courier contends, if we are to judge by its reasoning, that this fund should be donated to the counties out and out, in the way that the large sums are given to the University for enlargement of facilities.

* * * * * * *

THE COTTON CROP.

Speculation as to the size of the 1924 cotton crop is a live question at this time. It might be well for those who enjoy gambling in the matter to remember that in informed circles "'cotton is regarded a fool" besides being a king —a combination that has its counterpart in the high governmental circles of the Old World.

The government report of its estimate of the crop was published on Monday and was placed at 11,934,000 bales. This is a considerable falling off from the June report; and, in consequence, the October market on the cotton exchanges shot up 200 points, the limit for any one day's fluctuation. The percentage yield for North Carolina was put at 56 per cent of a normal crop; Texas, at 69 per cent. There are about as many stories coming out of Texas —the master cotton state—as you hear of the killing of the Georgia peach crop. If North Carolina reaches 56 per cent of a normal crop there will have to be from now on perfectly ideal weather conditions, if we are to believe the distressing reports from the greater half of the cotton belt of the state.

Cotton is both a fool and a king—somtimes.

* * * * * * *

PLAYING SAFE.

The terrible ending of the life of Major McLeary, at the hands of two al-

ledged murderers, is a warning to everybody driving on the roads. It is oftentimes painful to one's sense of courtesy to pass by unheeded a signal from the roadside to pick up a footman. But in the light of a number of recent occurrences, it is profitable to finish your trip with a feeling of selfishness rather than become the victim of thugs.

The bad amongst us have become so wicked that it is wisdom to unheed all signals, unless they come from some one you well know, your brother, your father, or your mother-in-law. To go beyond these connections, you are violating, as it now appears, the law of playing safe.

* * * * * * * *

WE KNEW IT AND SO PROPHECIED.

When Zeb Green sold his Marshville Home we announced it and told him to his face that he would come back. Couldn't stay quit quite six months. He and "Bill Arp" Lowrance, for sometime connected with the Western Newspaper Union, will float the Mecklenburg Times on or about August 21st. Too many people with news ink on their hands and having washed them and then dried them with a newspaper office towel have tried to quit but it wouldn't work.

It is reported that about January 1st Mr. M. L. Shipman, who will close his service as Commissioner of Labor and Printing, turning that job over to Josh Grist, will become editor of a new venture at Raleigh under the name of the Carolina Jeffersonian. Chickens usually come home to roost.

* * * * * * *

"Old Hurrygraph" (James A. Robinson) has been missed in these columns for an issue or two. But in his last he gave notice in these words: "I hear the call of the mountains; the whispering of the breezes among the forest leaves; the silvery notes of the woodland thrush; the "howdy-do" noddings of the daisies and the azeleas; the smiles of the rhododendron. I'm off."

"BE GOOD TO EVERYBODY."

"Be good to everybody as long as you live." These were the last words spoken by one of North Carolina's statesmen—Locke Craig

This is the setting for these remarkable words from a dying man, as seen by T. W. Chambliss:

"Be good to everybody as long as you live." These were the last words spoken by one of North Carolina's statesmen—one of those rare men, whose lives produced only happiness and beauty—Locke Craig.

It was following many months of illness, months of patient waiting for the summons, months when even the evident tenderness of friends could not allay the heart-pain and knowledge of approaching separation from those who loved and needed him. Locke Craig was near the River and the crossing was only three hours away. Those who watched at his side and smiled in answer to his smile were sent away, and his youngest son, Locke Craig, Jr., was called to the father's side. In a low voice, tender and sweet, the father said, "Locke, your old daddy is almost gone. Kneel here at my side." Then into the ear of the kneeling boy the father whispers, "Son, with my hand upon your head, I wish you to promise me just one thing: promise me to be good to everybody as long as you live." That was all—the last message of a great man—a tender man; a man whose big heart had won him friends in all parts—the mountains and the plains.

"Be good to everybody"—a message that goes from one of North Carolina's former governors to the millions of North Carolina folk. It should be treasured and repeated. Every father should gather his boys about him and tell them the story. Every mother should whisper the short sentence to the daughters. It should be the impelling impulse of every life. Locke Craig spoke from the experience of years. He only asked of his boy what he himself had always practiced.

It was during the summer of 1912. Yonder in the west—back from the railroad a big country picnic was the occasion, and men and women and children had come from across the mountains and from the coves. The gathering was that of communities, and there were Democrats, and there were Republicans—more Republicans than Democrats. Locke Craig, Democratic candidate for Governor of North Carolina was to speak. Under the wide-spreading branches of those mountain oaks Locke Craig stood, surrounded on every side by men of the hills. The doctrine of Democracy was the subject of the speech, and Locke Craig preached it fearlessly and forcefully. Tremendous applause greeted him time after time, and that crowd listened through to the end and then gathered about him, and how they smiled at him and to him. One of those tall, finely built men was asked, "What about Craig for Governor?" That mountain man said everybody would vote for Craig, not because he was a

Democrat, but because everybody loved him and trusted him, and then he said, "Craig loves everybody, and is always good to everybody." The secret of success had bee discovered by Locke Craig.

Locke Craig demonstrated, in life and service, the strength of kindness. He was a tremendous force, his oratory moved mightily the folk, his clear presentation of truth convinced —but after all his kindly spirit, his gentleness, his recognition of the rights and privileges of others, his warming smile and that hand-grasp of his—these were suggestions of the power of the man. Locke Craig left behind him a record; to his children he gave a heritage—the peole loved him because he was good and because he was good to everybody.

He who obeys with modesty appears worthy of some day or other being allowed to command.—Cicero.

MARM TILDY AND UNCLE SOL WOULDN'T LEAVE.

By Mrs. M. in Progressive Farmer.

In my family two slaves stand out as exemplifying faithfulness to their white folks. My cousin, a young lawyer in a Virginia town made a good living for his wife, their two babies, and her sister, but when the call to arms came, his income ceased. The little family tried in vain to think of some way of earning a livelihood, for all recognized that the young father must go, his duty to his country being first. He was a man of great faith, and as they gathered at the family altar for the last time before he was to leave them, he called on the Lord to provide for his loved ones. Uncle Sol, his old slave, was included in the family prayer circle, and as they rose from their knees, tears in all eyes, Uncle Sol had seen the way to take care of "Mistis and de chillun." His master's heart caught the spark of hope as the old darkey told him he would raise "de bes' turnups an' cohn an' taters an' materses an' beans in de land an' sell them ter keep Mistis and de chillun a-goin'."

Uncle Sol Provides the Way

Uncle Sol went to his garden with fresh zeal every morning and kept something growing all the year. Each morning found him out on the streets calling out his fresh vegetables and each day he would come home happy, to give young "Mistis" the money. Yankee soldiers often passed through and offered him high inducements to join them and go to the land of freedom and no work, but Uncle Sol never wavered in his fidelity to his trust. For four years his garden never failed, and its fruits were the means of providing food and clothing for his master's family. Do you wonder that the young soldier felt the old slave's devotion was God's answer to his prayer?

The other instance is that of our cook, whose faithful devotion stood out not only during the war but during and trying Reconstruction period.

At daybreak one day in March, 1865, a courier dashed into our yard, saying that Sherman's army would reach our town that day and would perhaps come in shelling. A short time afterwards 150 "bummers" entered and later sounds of cannon were heard and bullets were flying fast into the town. Aunt Tildy, the cook, rushed indignantly in to Mother after a bullet hit her kitchen, exclaiming, "Mistis, make dem devils quit shootin' in dat kitchen at me!" This was one time when "Mistis" was powerless, however, for with only women and a few old men to oppose them, Sherman's 50,000 men marched in with bands playing, cannon firing, horses galloping—a terryfying sight.

The town was full of tents, seven of them being between our house and Aunt Tildy's kitchen. She made loud, angry protests as the soldiers ransacked the storeroom, seizing her turkey off the stove, and making way with all the biscuits and food she had cooked for her folks. They laughed and cursed at her anger and told her that such a cook and fighter should come with them, where she could be free and have no more work to do. During the stay of the army she was offered many inducements to desert her folks—freedom, gifts, plenty to eat, and ease.

The soldiers became so rough that our family asked General Sherman who was in a tent near, to occupy our house. This he declined to do, saying that since stragglers had burned a friend's house in which he stayed in Savannah, he had determined never to stay in another home until he reached Washington. He sent one of his generals, however, who was a most courteous gentleman and a great protection to us.

Aunt Tildy Wouldn't Be Fired

Some of the slaves left with the army, believing great times awaited them, but Aunt Tildy's devotion and loyalty to her folks were only increased. The storeroom laid bare by the Yankees was not soon filled. The necessities of former days became luxuries, and finally the worst came when Mother could no longer pay Marm Tildy her small salary and must let her go. It was hard for Mother to brace herself to tell her she could afford to keep her no longer, and Aunt Tidly refused to believe her words.

"Why, honey, you want one of dem young gals that kin git 'round spryer 'n' me?"

Mother tried to explain, but Aunt Tildy interrupted again, "You mean you ain't gwine have no nigger cook your vittles? Yes, you is, honey, jes as long as dere's bref in dis body. Whut you know 'bout cookin' biscuits? I ain't keerin' 'bout no money, I'se atter bringin' up dese chillun, and' if you bring dem up right, you is got to fill dere stumicks."

So she refused to be dismissed and stayed on just as contentedly as if she were drawing the same wages that other cooks were getting.

It was a joy to try to reward Aunt Tildy's faithfulness when more prosperous times came. One day a picture agent came to her house and was sure he would make a sale when he took out a picture of black angels

flying hither and thither.

"Now, Auntie, I know this picture will please you," he said.

She flashed at him indiagnantly, "You ain't s'posin', is you, dat I'd be one of dem black angels? When I goes to Hebben, I'se gwiner be white!"

I love to think of her there, made white in the blood of the Lamb and receiving the "Well done!" of the faithful.

THE BEAUTY OF A NEGRO MELODY.

When Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, the beloved Southern-born professor of English literature at the United States Naval Academy, lay dying in Annapolis recently, he asked that a certain song be sung at his funeral. And his request was not for any song of classic quality to be rendered by any modern choir. His thoughts turned rather to his old home in Dixie where he would be buried, and he asked that the colored folks sing at his grave that hauntingly beautiful and touching Negro "spiritual," beloved of the aging Negro "uncles" and "mammies" of long ago, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

With all his knowledge of liteature, Dr. Smith could think of no finer expression of humble, trusting faith than is found in this, perhaps the noblest and most beautiful of all the old-time Negro melodies.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

Julia W. Wolfe.

Facing the most fashionable drive in Central Park, surrounded by beautiful lawns, but with its dignified east wing opening into Fifth Avenue at Eighty-second Street, stands the New York Museum of Art, an institution of exceptionally high character. In fact, it is one of the greatest treasure-houses of art in the world.

The treasures it contains are so comprehensive in scope that they enable the visitor to trace the gradual growth of art, pure and applied, from its crude beginning among the primitive peoples of ancient Egypt and Assyria, down to the work of the latest sculptor or painter. All unrolled lies the history of progress in painting, sculpture and ceramics; in textiles and their decorations, and in the work of armorers and goldsmiths.

A notable feautre of the art museum is the priceless value of the separate collections it houses, donated or loaned by their owners, with the express stipulation that they remain intact. We stand in the midst of these magnificent accumulations and we revel in the beauty of their precious treasures. Feasting our eyes on the wealth of color, the purity of line, the genius made visible, we fully realize the delight each fresh acquisition brought to the heart of the collector.

The Marquard collection hold many superb paintings, among them the works of Van Dyke and Rembrant.

The Catherine Lorillard Wolfe collection is rich in beautiful examples of modern art, one of which is the famous sweetfaced Madonna of Ludwig Knaus.

Wonderful Gobelins are to be seen in some of the collections and specimens of gold and silver snuff-boxes, and laces as fine as frosted cobwebs, fans and miniature watches. There are weapons and armor of every conceivable kind varying from the crudest to the most intricate workmanship. There are pieces of fragile Sevres, exquisitely painted, and wonderful Wedgewoods; there are marvelous carvings in ivory and in wood from Japan; porcelains from China inimitable in color and glaze, beautiful beyond description.

The collection of musical instruments is extremely interesting. It is a long reach from the earliest sistrum of bronze to the modern concert grand piano. The many instruments between these extremes represent the rise and progress of music, while their variety and the ingenuity of the construction fully indicate how persistently man has sought to compel strings and wind and sounding brass to bring forth harmonious tones at his command.

The Metropolitan Museum was founded as recently as 1870, but its additions and collections are one of the finest, as we have said, in the world. Thanks to the Rogers bequest it has been able to purchase many acquisitions and also the late J. P. Morgan assisted wonderfully. The latest wing added to the building contains some of the splendid Morgan collections. Notable is the great Spanish collection of works of art.

The Rogers bequest secured the wall paintings that were uncovered near Pompeii in the villa Boccoreale, transported them bodily, and erected them exactly as found, even to the warped and rusted iron framework of a window. The frescoes, vivid as if painted yesterday, picture temples and towns, loggias and formal gardens, affording us a glimpse of the world as it looked when Vesuvius poured forth its rivers of fire upon the fair cities at its feet.

A more priceless possession is the biga or two-horse chariot of state, found a few years ago at Norchia, where the rich Etruscans dwelt. To one of the staff of the meseum we owe this antique. His infinite patience and marvelous skill pieced together the fragments of beaten bronze, fitted them over a duplicate of the original wooden core, and reconstructed the chariot, its double yoke, its carved axleheads, bronze-sheated pole and broad wheels. The chemical action of under-ground burial during twenty-five centuries has eaten away the one-time gorgeous coating of enamel and gilt, and the ivory mountings are only a hopeless mass of splinters. But as we gaze at the biga, there arises before us the figure of its princely owner returned laurel-crowned from the Olympian games, standing erect in his beautiful chariot, and guiding its plunging horses amid the wild cheers of the populance.

Not far away from this heritage of old are the bowl and utensils found in the same tomb with the biga. In other cases are urns and vases from the sepulchres dating a century before the birth of Christ. Many of the clay pieces are practically per-

fect, their red and black decorations still brilliant. The metals are mantled with a rich green, but the lamps and candelabra, for all their undoubted age, are the counterpart of those still in use in rural Italy.

In another room are the wonderful glass antiques from Cyprus and Phoenicia, some originally iridescent, others become so by the chemistry of the ages. Near enough for interesting comparison are specimens of the same art as it was practiced a dozen centuries later by the Venetians.

If we include the casts, the collection of sculptures at the Metropolitan Art Gallery covers a range of fifty centuries. Beginning with the severe conventionality of Assyria and Egypt, it culminates in the famous MacMonnies statue. And all are very interesting, worthy of careful study.

In silent admiration we gaze at casts of old Grecian masterpieces. We marvel at the perfect modeling of the "Venus de Milo," the "Winged Victory" and the magnificent "Nike," and, turning from these to the Tanagra figurines, we mark the same wonderful skill wrought on a scale so tiny it might be the work of fairies.

High above our heads towers the Olympian "Zeus" the conception of Phidias, the greatest sculptor the world has ever seen, based on Homer's description of the mighty thunderer. Blind to the mutilation these works have suffered, due to vandals more than to time, we see only the matchless perfection of form, the power and dignity, the majestic repose that the noblest of all arts alone can fittingly express.

There are replicas here of Ghiberti, of Della Robbia, and of that many-sided genius, Michelangelo. Ranged in beautiful order the examples of modern European and American sculpture, many of them well known, fill the long vistas in the Hall of Statuary.

Lining the spacious galleries and over-flowing into corridors and along the staircase are paintings representing every school of art. Among them the visitor may find the original of the many popular engravings such as "Diana's Hunting party," Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," "Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella," "Washington Crossing the Delaware.," and others.

Innes, Wyant, Church and Tryon are represented by characteristics canvases, so full of the charm of the hills and woods and sky, that we long to lose ourselves in their beauty, and we leave them with regret.

The students of art turns from the pictures to etchings and drawings, that betray the methods of the masters. Students of architecture make their way to the model room where the most famous buildings in the world are reproduced, one twentieth in size, in exact detail. Other visitors flock to the magnificent gold and silver room and eagerly drink in the beauty the artist-artisians have evolved from metals.

Jewels are here, and curious antiques, too, whose delicacy of filigree is not surpassed by modern specimens. Here, too, is a collection of coins of all ages.

Nearly every crowned head of Europe has presented the museum with a valuable gift and America may well be proud of her treasure-house.

FLORIDA'S PROBLEM WITH THE MENTALLY DEFECTIVE.

Prepared and delivered by C. Banks McNairy, M. D., Superintendent, Caswell Training School, Kinston, North Carolina, before the Florida State Social Service Conference at West Palm Beach, April 15, 1924, by request of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, New York.

Your distinguished President, Dr. Bristol, kindly called my attention to the fact that there is a vast difference between a situation and a problem.

The object of this discussion is threefold.

First—To prove by history and facts that you recognize your situation.

Second—To tell you what North Carolina is doing with her problem and her vision.

Third—To suggest methods of awakening your citizenship to the recognition of the problem looking to the correct solution.

By the ancients mental defectives were regarded as object of derision, aversion, or persecution. The very use of the name inspired horror and disgust and meant for the unfortunate the forfeiture of all human rights and privileges. It was believed that the unfortunate were accursed of the gods. No doubt, by a subconscious sense of eugenics, they were allowed to perish. The Spartans purposely exposed them to death perils and they shared the fate of the weakly children who were thrown into the Eurotas. Cicero intimates that this practice existed among the Romans, and some contend that it is still practiced in the South Sea Islands and among a certain tribe of American Indians distinguished for their intelligence, strength, and physical beauty. This conforms to the modern idea of nature's law of the survival of the fittest. The buds unfit to mature fall. The weaklings of the common herd perish. Those surviving these customs were subject to ridicule or scorn or tolerated only for the sake of diversion and amusement. Such were found at times in the houses of Romans of rank. Some escaped both conditions and, by a freak of fortune, have filled exalted positions; others than Nero have worn the royal purple. Similar examples may be found in our time.

The rights of the feebleminded, who in no case is responsible for his mental condition, like many other humanitarian problems, had to wait on the dawn of christianity for recognition. When sorrowing mothers brought to the Great Physician their demoniac sons, this was for the feebleminded the first gleam of beneficent commiseration, justice and divine pity. St. Paul admonished the early christians to "comfort the feebleminded." In accord with this, when Constantine Magnus was Emperor of the West, we find the Bishop of Myra (The St. Nicholas of the children of today) tenderly caring for the idiot and imbecile.

In medieval times, as fools or jesters, the feebleminded were allowed the freedom of the castles of the

great. They wandered unmolested in Europe as in the Orient. Again, viewed with superstitious reverence and even fear as being mysteriously connected with the unkonwn, the house into which an imbecile was born was considered blessed of God. The belief was commonly accepted that they walked on earth but held conversation in heaven. We are told that even today among the Turks and in parts of Ireland and of Britanny this same extravagant idea still holds. In Brazil an inmebcile in a family is considered more a joy than a sorrow; rich and poor alike roam the streets undisturbed, soliciting alms which are never refused. The American Indian, also, allows these "children of the Great Spirit" to go unharmed.

Confucius and Zoroaster in their writings both enjoin a tender care of these unfortuates and the Koran gives this special charge to the faithful: "Give not unto the feebleminded the means which God hath given thee to keep for them; but maintain them for the same, clothe them and speak kindly unto them."

During the reign of Eudawrd II, we find it enacted that : "The King shall have the custody of the lands of natural fools, taking the profits of them without waste or destruction, and shall find them their necessaries, of whose fee soever the lands be holden; and after the death of such idiots he shall render the same to the right heirs, so that such idiots shall not aliene, nor their heirs be disinherited."

Are we doing better for them today? I say not, as a whole, as in most social and religious welfare and humanitarian movements the pendulum swings backward.

Martin Luther and Calvin denounced them as filled with the devil. The problem ws not recognized by any organized efforts until about the middle of the seventeenth century—its birth-place being France.

Much of the substance matter of the above is quoted from the works of Dr. Martin W. Barr and Dr. Henry Goddard.

The feebleminded are classified as follows:

Idiot—A private person, peculiar, devoid of understanding from birth, incapable of holding communication with others. The idiot intelligenty sees nothing, feels nothing, hears nothing, does nothing and knows nothing. He simply lives alone.

Imbecile—Tottering, wanting strength of mind, weak and feeble, expressive of a certain degree of intelligence, but unstable, incapable, irresponsible. The imbecile is able to see, to understand and to discriminate in greater or less degree.

Both the idiot and the imbecile are feebleminded, mentally defective, but not mentally sick. The laity often confuse idiocy and imbecility with insanity which is just a legal term meaning mental sickness. Imbecility is deficiency of brain, whereas insanity or mental sickness is the result of brain disease affecting the integrity of the mind intellectually or emotionally.

Moron—One who is capable of earning his living under favorable circumstances, but is incapable from mental defect existing from birth or from an early age of competing on equal terms with his normal fellows or of managing himself and his affairs with ordinary prudence. Morons are often normal looking

with few or no obvious stigmata of degeneration, frequently able to talk fluently. They are the persons that make our social problems—simply incapable, unmoral, unhonest, fundamentally incapacitated for assuming the responsibilities of citizenship; have no sense of responsibility to the herd.

In North Carolina we tackled our problem ten years ago with the following vision:

"Our aim is to inaugurate and keep up such an educational propaganda as will create public sentiment sufficient to cause the State to make adequate appropriations to segregate, care for, train and educate, as their mentality will permit, the State's mental defectives; to disseminate knowledge concerning the extent and menace of mental deficiency; and to suggest and initiate methods for its control and ultimate eradication from our people. Our hope is that an extension bureau may be created and a psychological clinic established where all defectives may be sent for study and observation, where proper estimates of their mentality may be made, expert advice as to their responsibility given, and the best methods of treatment suggested for their future happiness and development.

We have enlarged our program form time to time as our studies have advanced during these years, having been convinced of the fact that our State can never take care of its mental defectives in an institution or by colonization. Segregation of all the mental defectives in any state is a financial impossibility.

We now have on our home farm of 516 acres an institution for the care of about 400 pupils, and a building program partly in construction; and if it meets with the approval of the coming legislature, we will be able to take care of 1,000 in fire-proof, modern, up-to-date buildings, which include school and industrial buildings and a large hospital for scientific study and research work. On another farm of 500 acres within three miles of the Institution, we hope to colonize our boys. Later on, our program as now laid out includes colonies for the various better types of girls on the home farm, and eventually, to establish in the city nearby—about three miles—a home for the girls, for a tryout of our finished product, to be used by us in helping them work or weave themselves back into the social fabric of their respective communities or a better environment, after having played safety first. Then we shall hand them over to the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare for placement and future supervision.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke says: "To prevent the spread of mental disease in our country is a work of the highest and most patriotic service."

We have long since given up the hope of complete segregation. It can not be done. The hope of the institution and its management now, as we see the situation, is to study the individual pupil committed to us, diagnose his condition, prognosticate his future, and prescribe such treatment, training and education and find such an environment as will enable him to function to the best advantage with the least embarrassment to himself or to society. We believe further that this prgram must concern itself

with physical fitness and prevention.

"Eugenics is concerned with physical fitness no less than with mental and moral adequacy, for a race can not long endure and rise in culture unless its members be strong and dexterous physically.

"Society must at all costs encourage an increased fecundity of the socially fit classes and must cut off the inheritance of individuals sufferinf from hereditary defects, which seriously handicap their fitting into the social fabric. It, therefore, behooves our citizenship to educate along eugenical lines, not only the more sterling classes, to the end that they may make fortunate matings, but also these individuals with educable minds, who suffer from serious hereditary defects, to the end that they will voluntary decline to increase thir kind."

We have a staff which includes a psychiatrist and medical director and a psychologist and educational director. We have for two years held a psychological clinic at the institution once a week.

We have a very efficient board of charities and public welfare, a commissioner with her various departments, functioning much as they should, according to our conception.

We plan to offer free to such teachers of our publics chools as wish it, for a term of six weeks next summer, a special course for special classes, consisting of lectures, clinics, and practical work.

"The oldest method of treatment was in accordance with the idea of vengence, an eye for an eye. The god Justice was satisfied if the offender suffered an equal amount with those whom he had made suffer. Later came the iea of punishing an offender for the sake of deterring others from similar crimes."

This idea, I am sorry to say, prevails to an alarming extent as yet even among out theological and legal brethren who fail to accept what we consider the more human view, that the great function of punishment is to reform the offender and not necessarily to cause him pain or death which in no way compensates for or corrects the wrong done. Another extreme is that anti-social conduct and criminal acts are the result of environment. Change of environment does much, but we soon find ourselves confronted with a barrier which we can not cross. Environment, of itself, will not enable all the people to function normally, nor will it prevent crime. The problem goes far deeper. It is a question of responsibility. Some are born without sufficient intelligence to know right from wrong; others, if they know it, haven't sufficient will-power and judgment to make themselves do right. They go in the way of greatest temptation and least resistance. We are not ready to say that all who do wrong can not help it. Personally, we have serious doubts as to the per cent. We think it must run high. Probably 50 to 66 and two-thirds per cent of criminals are mentally defective or mentally sick to that extent which incapacitates them of the ability to manage their own affairs with ordinary prudence. This may include the drunkard, the prostitue, the pauper, the ne'er-do-well, the defective delinquent, and the emotionally unstable who is unable

to function, as in our conception one should feed and clothe himself and so act as to in no way become an obstruction in the great wheels of progress.

I quote from Dr. Hodges report the following:

"I fear that few realize that great burden of feeblemindedness. The mentally affected individual is usually a total economic loss to the community."

Dr. Hodges further says, based upon surveys in other states, that there were 2,500 feebleminded children in Florida two years ago, and that with but few exceptions they were growing up in idileness and ignorance, furnishing prey for the vicious and criminal.

You have a very active children's home society, a state hospital for the mentally sick or insane; at Orlando you have two schools for special classes with thirty-six pupils in attendance; at Ocala you have an institution for delinquent girls and one of the boys at Mirianna, and the Farm Colony for the epileptic and feebleminded at Gainesville, serving the following purpose.

First—As an asylum for the care and protection of the epileptic and feebleminded.

Second—As a school for the education and training of the epileptic and feebleminded.

Third—As a colony for the segregation and employment of the epileptic and feebleminded.

I have been informed by Dr. Hodges that he knows of no organized plan for the future along these lines, save the further development of these institutions along lines as they now function.

Your legislature commission of 1915 reported in 1919 that they had made a searching and exhaustive survey which showed an alarming state of affairs. (I was unable to get a copy of this report.) They recommended that immediate steps be taken to protect these unfortunates, not only as a matter of humanity to this helpless class, but also as a matter of protection to the community, stating that Florida had at that time 500 needing immediate institutional care.

From these facts, I judge that you are quite coversant with the situation in your state, but there is no evidence that your citizenship realize that they have a problem in the handling of the feebleminded, due to the lack of machinery for investigation and study.

Dr. Hodges says that he is able to meet the demands made upon this institution. No efforts have been to ascertain the number of irresponsible, feebleminded persons in your jails, county homes, penitentiaries and alms houses; and but little effort has as yet been made by your education-a leader to find the number of retarded, physically and mentally abnormal, subnormal, delinquent or defective repeaters in your schools. I find but one instance where any attempt has been made with the special grade pupils, and that at Orlando.

I found upon my recent visit that your teachers resented my inquiry when I asked if there were any feebleminded or defective children in their grades. This I was fully prepared to meet, because, in my opinion, the pendulum is swinging too far, and great harm is often done, I think, by the self-styled, rapid-firing

psychologist who with a few words and broken sentences, coupled with the inability to teach, brands many of her pupils feebleminded. Better that a mill stone were hanged about his neck and that he were cast into the sea than that a normal child should be so stigmatized.

Practically no effort has been made, as I can find, to call the attention of your educational leaders and teachers to the alarming extent which mental defectiveness bears to the backward, retarded, subnormal, irresponsible, defective delinquent who figures most conspicuously in the class of repeaters.

I learn that you have adopted for the maagement of your Farm Colony quite a progressive plan of parole so far as it goes, but there are no constituted legal methods of investigation or any plans for follow-up observation or supervision.

In the act authorizing the establishment of your Farm Colony, I find in section six that the Board of Managers are declared and constituted the legal guardian and custodian of all persons admitted to the Colony. This, to my mind, is a very necessary and progressive act, and meets a long felt need. We have been unable to have such a law passed as yet in our State.

Your problem of the feebleminded can never be properly recognized, nor estimated, much less handled, without a state board of charities and public welfare with legal authority, consisting of a corps of properly trained social workers and welfare officers in cooperation with your schools and institutions, such board functioning in conjunction with the superintendent and management of your Farm Colony, juvenile courts, public and private schools, charitable and corrective institutions, your health authorities and the state board of education. They must, in my conception, accept the fundamental truth that the proper recognition and correct handling of the mentally defective is the rock bottom basis of the whole structure and fabric of religious, social and economic betterment; and to proceed without such is to invite failure.

This board must make a mental hygienic survey of your present public schools. You should establish a mental hygienic clinic of expert psychiatrists neurologists, psychologists and sociologists in conjuction with your health board, under the control and supervision of your welfare commission. To this clinic should be referred all cases where there is any question or doubt as to responsibility and mentality. This clinic should further be used by your board of charities and public welfare as a clearing house. This board or clinic staff, as directed by your welfare department, should hold a clinic at each of your state institutions, penal, corrective and charitabale, and should be used by your city and public schools in solving the problem of repeaters and in establishing special classes, reporting their findings to your commissioner of public welfare.

This program, to my view, would educate your people and reveal to them an alarming state of facts. It would pull back the veil and the real menace of the problem of the feebleminded would be seen.

I trust that no one will be so unkind as to infer that we think that we hve found anything that should be accepted as final. Be it far from this. Like many questions or problems, but little is known of the feeble-minded. As yet the problem is far from being solved. However, the encouraging feature is that many of the best minds of the various professions of our country are now studying this problem and its solution as never before.

"Far better that children remain unborn than that they should be introduced into life mental or moral cripples, and Heaven speed the day when men and women shall realize that parenthood is not a RIGHT but a vocation, to which all are not called, and the grasping of it by the vicious, the diseased or the defective is practically the crime of touching the sacred ark of the Covenant of which the penalty was death."—Barr.

Who can estimate the value of a book that inspires some youth to a career of usefulness?—Exchange.

ALASKA–WORLD'S WONDERLAND.

By Earle William Gage.

Vitus Bering, a Danish navigator in Russian service. was the first white man to explore the world's wonderland on the Northeast Pacific Coast in 1741-47. and which he called Russian America. He figures large in its early history, his name being perpetuated in the waters which seperate the continents. and he named Mount St. Elias for the saint of its discovery. The Tzar, or "Little Father," ruled the ocean fringe of this vast terra incognita for over a century, save for certain native uprisings, from the royal capital, first on Kodiak Island and afterwards at Sitka, and today Russia dominates the natives through the Greek Catholic Church.

When we paid $7,200,000 for Russian America, or about two cents per acre it was generally believed that Uncle Sam had been handed a glacial elephant, whose upkeep would be an ever-increasing outgo, with no favorable balance on the other side of the ledger. It was whispered at the time that this money was a recognition or grateful compensation for Russia's needful friendship during the Civil War and there were those who said we would better have paid $20,000,000 and let Russia keep her "Pacific Iceland." Not so Secretary Seward, who negotiated the treaty, aided by half a score of others—for years pointed at as "softies" and "easy statesmen"—and he ever maintained that history would affirm the Alaskan purchase as the one act of statemanship by which he would be best remembered and honored.

Senator Summer. of the "Old Bay State," was prominent among the so-called "easy statesmen" hypnotized by this "Pacific Iceland" lure, talking it so constantly his New England supporters said he had gone stark mad. It was he who fashioned the title "Alaska," from the Aleutian

Indian word meaning "Great Country," the name by which the Aborigines called their native land. This christening was heartily adopted its champions proclaiming: "Time will demonstrate that no country was ever more appropriately named."

Leaving out seal furs and fisheries, this happy dream came true with the gold uncoverings around Juneau and in the Klondike and along the Yukon River, 1885-89, and later, when the electrifying gold finds were made at Cape Nome on Norton Sound, where the Seward Peninsula beach sands gave men great fortunes in a single week. Following these stampedes came bonanza discoveries in the interior, and today Fairbanks, on the Tananak, is the largest city and the firmly established supply point for Central Alaska towns and settlements, and the interior terminus of the newly constructed govrnment railroad, running from the coast to Seward.

For more than a score of years the wealth outpourings each season have far exceeded the bagatelle paid to Russia and the development has not stated yet. Truly th name was wisely chosen. It is, indeed, a great country. Great in area! Great in scenery! Great in surprises! Great in diversified natural resources, whose number, volume and worth occasion wide astonishment. So it has come to pass that among the first things a sojourner at Seattle is shown is the Seward Monument, and is told what a great man President Johnson had for his Secretary of State in 1867, and how exceedingly fortunate it was for the United States.

The mere statement that Alaska covers 600,000 square miles—about one-sixth of the United States' whole area—gives but a dim notion of the vast area of our northern possession. It is larger than all of the United States east of the Mississippi, or that portion west of the Rocky Mountains. Were its southeast corner placed in Georgia, on the Atlantic Coast, the north end in Minnesota, on the Canadian boundary, Attu, the last of our Aleutian Island would fall into the Pacific Ocean, just north of San Diego, California. Or, to put it in another way, from Seattle to San Francisco, which have the same longitude, the coast of Maine is as many degrees east as the Aleutian Islands reach west. In other words, including Alaska, the central axis of the United States passes through Puget Sound and San Francisco, instead of Kansas.

Alaska, with the islands, has a coast line exceeding 26,000 miles, or more than the circumference of the globe. What is commonly called the Panhandle, reaching from Mount St. Elias to Dixon Entrance, north of Queen Charlotte Islands, where Alaska begins, is the area of special concern to tourists, and for that matter most others, embracing the visible wealth in magnificent trees, Juneau the capital, the world's foremost gold mine, and other mines, fisheries, glaciers and untold feature places with scenery incomparable. What is given as a low estimate places the available timber at 6,000,000,000 feet, a very large portion being at once accessible to shipment, as sawmills and vessels can lie right along the forests and tidewater all the way up the coast.

Not only has Alaska the third highest mountains in the world—Himalay-

as and Andes alone attain greater elevation—but if the greater landscape artist has been consulted its peaks could not have been arranged to show on approach a more continuously impressive appearance. Starting from Puget Sound, with mountains of moderate altitude and mere patches of snow on their sides, as the steamer moves northward along the full length of this matchless Inside Passage, the mountains daily grow higher and whiter, culminating in the St. Elias range, whose crests rise 15,000 to 19,500 feet elevation. Mount McKinley, 20,325 altitude, a little south of the center of Main Alaska, is the highest summit in North America.

The political story of Alaska is far from creditable to people of the United States. Until recently it has had little more than the shadow of a civil government, and there was no law by which a resident could secure title to the soil for his home. Then the friction over coal titles and kindred troubles retarded development of the material resources, other than gold mining. A move toward the betterment of conditions occurred in 1912 when Congress organized a Territorial Government, with a legislature to meet biennially at Juneau and creating a railroad commission to determine the route of the Government railroad to open up the coal fields and penetrate the interior farming sections. For the begining of this great undertaking $35,000,000 was appropriated. This movement means the inauguration of an awakening era for Alaska.

The towns lying along the coast are interesting, to say the least. First, the model Indian town, Metlakatla, then Ketchikan, where salmon and halibut hold sway. Fort Wrangell, a totem pole city, a former Hudson Bay trading post, where furs and big game continue to supply the traffic. Sitka, which recalls the Bay of Naples to all who know Italy, is always a joyous city. The old castle and church, the mission school, the shops and the Indians fully occupy every hour while in port. Even before reaching Sitka, beginning at Petersburg, the domain of glaciers is reached and usually the steamer continues up the eastern passage to Juneau, stopping at Sitka on the homeward trip.

Juneau, the capital city of Alaska, launched in the 1880 mining boom, named for Joseph Juneau, a pioneer, is steadily acquiring metropolitan stability. It occupies a picturesque shelf at the foot of Mount Juneau, fronting the sea. Right at hand on Douglas Island, is the Treadwell, the world's famous gold mine, which always keeps open house for tourists. Here is found one of the largest gold mining mechanical outfits in existence.

Skagway, where the White Pass and Yukon Railway connects with the Yukon, navigable for 2,000 miles, is the extreme north end of the Inside Passage. It is a romantic, wide-awake, bustling city, with an individuality all its own. From Seattle to Skagway and return is made in twelve days in comfortable steel steamships, supplied with all modern convenience built especially for this service.

According to Alaskan Indian belief, in the beginnig, when all was sea and sky, and in the sky a moon,

the first woman was created by aid of Moon, Bird, Fish and Toad. When grown up she was hugged by Bear, who was father of the first man. Thus they descended from Bird, Fish, Toad and Bear, and have special reverence an awe for the Moon. By their mythology or belief, birds, fishes and animals in the beginning were all related so it follows the first Indians were their skin. Naturally each of the first families took for its totems, crest or coat of arms, its original ancestor, as Bear, Halibut or Pelican. Totems define the bonds of relationship and those of the same totem are forbidden to marry, that is, a Halibut cannot marry a Halibut, nor a Fox a Fox, but a Fox may marry a Whale and a Whale may marry an Eagle.

Their wise men tell of a remote happy age when the Indians inhabited a beautiful land, where the mythical creatures, whose symbols they retain, revealed themselves to the heads of the families. They tell the traditional story of an overwhelming flood which submerged the good land and spread death and destruction. Those who escaped in canoes were scattered in every direction far and wide, and when the flood subsided, they settled on the shore where their canoes ground and began life anew. In this way, persons related by blood became widely separated, but they retained and clung to their totems. Totem polestell the family story, literally a genealogic tree, and on the death of the head of the famiy his heir erects a totem pole in front of his house on which is carved or painted the symbolism of his clan. Often they are sixty or more feet tall and finely carved with conventional grotesque animals or birds, presenting a weird, gruesome or fantastic appearance.

As woman was created first, all children take the mother's totem and are incorporated as members of her family, nor do they designate as or regard their father's family as relatives and it follows that an Indian's heir or successor is not his own son, but his sister's son, and when the woman marries into a distant tribe away from her relatives her children on growing up leave their parents and go to their mother's tribe. These ties tend to foster peace and discourage wars, and even the Christianized Indians retain their totem distinctions.

Few readers have ever seen a great glacier. The Inside Passage to Alaska abounds with glaciers incomparable in splendor. Besides these ice streams the world-renowned Swiss glaciers are mignificant rills. For miles inland they have plowed their channels into deep gorges, sinking below sea and creating the fiords, or narrow, steep-walled bays fringing the coast, making islands of the low lands. Each gorge down to the head of its fiord is choked with its glacier, pushing steadily down and breaking off hourly into gigantic icebergs—solid glass-like masses of translucent blue ice—with the loud noise of a cannon. Some spread out into Titanic ice walls with a frontage of miles; the Malaspina at Yakutat Bay, 1,500 feet high, with a moving surface of 1,800 square miles, and Ualdes, reaching fifteen miles along the coast, full of death-dealing crevasses, are typical.

Glaciers most familiar to tourists are those of Glacier Bay and Lynn Canal, leading to the Chilcat country, famous for furs, blankets and salmon

canneries. Taku Glacier, one of the grandest, is visited by all tourists to the northland. The front is 250 to 300 feet in height and a mile wide, which is about all the ice one's mnd can grapple with. Nearby is the great ice fan front of Windom, a dead glacier, and en route to Skagway, Davidson Glacier debouches through Chilcat Mountain from the great Muir ice fields to an immense front on Lynn Canal. There are countless others and camera and field glass will find continual occupation every moment they are within range.

Yuu may take clear photographs up to 10.30 in the evening, for the midnight sun shines clearly the greater part of the night, in midsummer. Indeed, Alaska is a wonderland, well named.

"No matter what our vocation in life may be—we are failures unless we are real men and women first.'

THE SNEAK PLAY.

By Archie Joscelyn.

"Crack!"

The sound of the bat striking the ball fairly, came distinctly to the ears of Lowell, far out in left-field, even though, in the gathering darkness of the twelfth inning he could hardly see the dim white blur as it sped toward him. Hawley, captain of the Marshall High nine, was always a heavy slugger, and usually hit to left-field. Thoughts were racing through Lowell's mind with even greater speed than his legs were racing to get him under the ball. It was coming down, far off on the side, yet not foul. If he missed getting it back in time, it meant that Phillips, on first, and Hawley, would both come in for Marshall, giving them the game by one poi t. But if he got the ball in and put Phillips out then Culver City High had the game by one point.

He sprang for the ball, and missed it in the dusk, saw tat it was going on by, and would roll and bound for another hundred feet in the darkness. If he stopped to search for it, both runs would be in and the game won and lost. Lowell's hand went to his pocket, where a ball of the same make as the ball in play, and used about as much, reposed. To snatch it out, turn and throw home was scarcely more than one motion. No one had seen the deception in the darkness.

Phillips was sliding in, feet first. There was a confused moment, then the umpire's voice floated out in the darkness.

"Out!"

Culver High had won.

Lowell had moved slowly back, and now unseen in the darkness, he picked up the ball that he had failed to catch, and tucked it away in his pocket. For a moment he felt no remorse for what he had done. He had not planned it out in advance, but had acted on the inspiration of the moment. That win for Culver High might well mean big things, both

to the school and to him. If Marshall High had won, they would have been ahead in the race for the championship and league pennant, and it was almost a certainty, as near as anything can be in baseball, that they would win their three remaining games with weak schools, also that Culver High would win its last three—so this game was the deciding one, and his act had probably given Culver High the championship.

For himself, it was likely to mean the captaincy for the next year—his senior year, and the captaincy was the goal that he had played for now for three years. It meant a lot to him. And the play would give him the regular varsity position at left-field on the nine.

He had fought for that position for three years now, against Tom Salem. They had been rivals in the grades. they had continued to be in the high school. Year by year the rivalry had grown more bitter. Both wanted to play left-field and both excelled there. And both were sure hitters—the only two men on the team who could always be depended on to get a hit if it was a human possibility. The coach, a new man at Culver when they entered, had tried to get them to play different positions, so that both could play in every game. But both had refused to change. They would fight it out for left-field. And fight it out they had, each one receiving about half of the games. Well, Lowell had won the championship for Culver now. That should be a deciding factor.

Back in the locker room, there seemed to be no doubht that it was a deciding factor. Every one was wildly enthusiastic about his wonderful catch, and loudly proclaimed him as being the winner of the championship for Culver High. There seemed to be little doubt then as to who would be the choice for next year's captain. Thre was only one other candidate, and that was Salem. The latter had little to say, and Lowell saw more than one black look cast in his direction by his rival.

For a day or so Lowell basked in the praise that was his. Then he picked up a newspaper from Marshall City, giving an account of the game, and found therein a comment by the Marshall High coach, giving him the credit for being a wonderful player, and, like all of Culver High's men, a clean player.

Lowell put the paper down thoughtfully and sat for a long time staring off into space. A clean player. Yes, that was what Coach Crandon, of Culver High, always emphasized, clean play. And Culver did have a reputation for clean play. In fact, Lowell happened to know that it was taken as an example in the league, for what was best and highest in the sporting world.

"Baseball, football, any kind of athletics, is just a sport," Coach Crandon had said once, "and a sport's chief value is in the spirit of sportsmanship that it teaches. When those players on a big league team sold the world's championship they almost killed baseball as the great game of a nation. If a person can't play for the joy of playing, and get as much enjoyment out of an honest battle, even if he loses, as if he wins, he has yet to learn what sportsmanship means, or what joy there is to be found in clean sport."

For several days, Lowell was un-

easy, and continued to be deeply thoughtful. He had always played the game fairly clean heretofore, never deliberately playing dirty, as he had done the last time. He had been a deliberate sneak then. Nothing less, for he had cheated Marshall High out of a game that they had won fairly. He knew the penalty for his act if he were found out. The championship would go to Marshall High, and he would be barred from playing again in the league. Gone would be his hopes of the captaincy in his senior year. Instead, only disgrace would be his.

The next game was won by Culver High. On the same day Marshall High won its game. Three days later both played to weaker schools, and again both won. A week remained, and then would come the closing games in the league. During that week, Lowell continued to fight with his problem. He had never given much thought to clean play before, but now, with the memory of his sneak play in the back of his mind, it insisted on occupying his thoughts constantly. And gradually, because he had been exposed in the environment of Culver High ideals for three years, his thoughts led to one inevitable conclusion. The game had been won by Marshall High, and he had taken it. Having stolen it, it was up to him to return it. He had sneaked it in the darkness, but he must give it back in the light.

Once this decision was made, it was characteristic of Lowell that he should carry it out. But a new thought presently obtruded itself which was unpleasant. It was a complication which he had not considered before. It would not bring him any lower in disgrace, but it would be robbing his school and his teammates of a victory and a championship which they honestly believed to be theirs. And, for having tasted the victory, the loss would be more bitter, and they would despise him, even hate him, a lot more. It really amounted to a double robbery, what he had done and was forced to do. First he had robbed Marshall High, and now, because of that, he had to rob Culver High to make restitution.

Both teams won their last games, and Marshall High finished second in the league. Once he made his confession, the standings of the two schools would be automatically reversed.

It was customary, at Culver High, to hold the election of the next year's captain on the evening after the last game. The usual program was followed on this night—a big banquet to the team, a few speeches, and then the coach retired, leaving the letter men to make their own choice unhampered. Some one jumped to his feet and nominated Lowell. Another man arose and nominated Salem. The nominations were then declared closed. And then Lowell arose to his feet.

"Fellows," he said, "I thank you for the honor you have shown me, in nominating me, and the confidence you have expressed in me—but they are both misplaced. I'm not going to explain tonight, for I'll do that Monday, and I take this occasion for apologizing to you all—you'll know why Monday. As it is, I can't be a candidate for captain. You'll understand why, also, on Monday. So I move you that it be made unanimous for Tom Salem for captain."

A moment's silence followed, for every one was plainly puzzled. Some one started to protest, and closed his mouth again, wordlessly, for he had remembered that when Lowell said a thing it was always final with him. Every one who knew him knew that. He had the last word in any such matter as the present one. So presently, his motion was duly seconded and carried.

On Monday afternoon, the three schools with the highest standings in the league were to meet, after a time-honored custom, and ther would be speeches and finally the presentation of the pennant to the winner. It was a public affair, with a lot of prominent citizens attending—and though Lowell kept a calm exterior, inwardly he shrank from the ordeal before him more than from any other task that he had ever faced. But when the time came, he made his way to the meeting and the platform where the winning nine were all seatd. Then he arose and approached the chairman, Coach Lewis, of Marshall High.

"Coach," he said, "I've something of decided importance to tell the meeting, before the regular speeches begin. Will you give me about five minutes at the start?"

Lewis looked puzzled for a moment, but readily agreed. And when the time came, Lowell made his confession, giving the details carefully, but in as few words as possible, and ended with an apology to both Marshall High and his own school. He was conscious of the many and mingled emotions flitting over the faces of all who hear him, and he wished desperately that he might sink through the floor. But he finished his explanation, and then, with head held high, marched off the p[illegible] ut on to the street and then s[illegible] homeward.

The pennant and championship was duly awarded to Marshall High. On Tuesday, Lowell went back to school. It was an ordeal, but he found many of the fellows friendly to him, whom he had expected would be against him. Many were against him, of course. But Coach Brandon publicly shook hands with him.

"It was a sneak play, as you said, Lowell," he commented, "but you did about as brave and noble a thing yesterday as I've ever seen, and I consider that you've made amends."

So he was not to be ostracized, after all. That helped—a lot.

On Saturday, the representatives of the various schools of the league met in athletic council. Lowell knew their chief business—to vote him out of eligibility. As he had expected, he was barred from further participation in the league. Well, it was only what he had expected, what he deserved.

Another week and the term ended.

During the next school year, there was little in the attitude of most of his classmaes to remind him of what had passed. Most of them felt, with the coach, that he had made amends. If there was one occasionally who felt otherwise, he generally was sportsman enough not to mention it. The tenor of Lowell's senior year drifted on undisturbed. It was tough, at first, not to go out and play on the eleven, as tackle—he enjoyed the game. And then the captain came to him and asked him to come out on the second team and give the varsity some real resistance. Lowell went, for he was glad to go.

He was encouraged by this, to hope that he might be invited to play on the second nine in the spring. He kept himself in good condition, and trained as rigorously as though he was a member of the varsity. But the first week slipped by, and others followed, and no invitation came from Captain Salem. He now played regularly at left-field, and he was now the undisputed heavy slugger on the team, the only man who could be depended on to hit. His attitude towrad his old rival, was civil but nothing more. Lowell soon found that all of the game that was left for him to play was with a few others boys who were not on either team.

As the season went on, Lowell began to make his plans for the years ahead. He wanted to go to college, and he knew just where he wanted to go. Also he would have to make his own way. To go the first year, he must have a good job, with better pay than the average one offered, all during vacation. So, finding much idle time on his hands during the spring, he looked around for such a job. It did not take long to find that such jobs were few, with always several applicants for each one.

But Lowell was persistent, and, two weeks before the school year ended he believed that he had found what he was looking for. It was a job out in the country as secretary for a man, who, on account of his health, was compelled to spend the entire school vacation in the hills. He had a big business back in town, and his regular secretary had to stay there and look after it. Consequently, he needed a new secretary, one who could help him in the country with such details as must constantly come up, one who therefore knew something of business—and Lowell's commercial course and work in a store in town fitted him for this. Plenty of men would have done for it—but a man was wanted who was also a good canoeman, who knew how to drive and repair an auto, camp out, hike it, and take part in athletics of various kinds—who knew them well enough to be a worth-while instructor for an employer who wanted to play. And for this double-barreled job, not many applicants were in sight. So Lowell knew that he stood a good chance here—and the was right.

He was to drive out, in his father's car, on Saturday, and interview the man. On that interview hinged the chances for employment. It was a five-hour drive into the country, over roads that for much of the way were not good at all. About nine o'clock Lowell started. He would have liked to stay and see the last baseball game of the year—for this year it was between Cuver High and Marshall High, and both teams were tied for first place. The winner would win the championship.

He had driven for two hours, when, on a little-traveled road, he spied a car sitting helplessly by the side of the road and a disconsolate figure beside it. And coming closer, he was greatly surprise to find that the driver was Captain Tom Salem. The latter greeted him hopefully, with a disgusted glance at his own car.

"It's broken," he explained. "The timer went all to pieces, and there's no chance to get a new one closer than Culver City. A car comes along this road about once in two moons, and other travel is about the same. I've got an uncle lives out this way,

and I was out to his place last night —he was sick, and phoned to have some medicine brought out. And now I'm here, and walking won't get me back before dark.''

His statement was perfectly true. and the chances for getting a ride back in time were about one in fifty. Lowell could get him there—but if he did, he would miss his appointment, and some one else would get the job. But if he didn't get the left-fielder and heavy hitter back, then Culver City would lose the pennant again. They had lost it once, through him, and it seemed as though it was up to him to make recompense now that the opportunity offered.

''Hop in,'' he invited. ''I'll get you back.''

Salem readily complied, and on the way, demanded Lowell's reason for being out on the road. Lowell explained briefly, and the captain fell to silence. It was a little after noon when they reached town again, and the captain abruptly disappeared. Lowell told himself that he would get to see the game, anyway.

The game was to start at two-thirty. At one-thirty he entered the stands to secure a good seat. And there, some five minutes later, Coach Crandon found him.

''The athletic association had had a new meeting, and you're eligible to play in the game,'' he announced abruptly. ''I want you to get into togs in a hurry. I know you're in condition—and Salem has disappeared again.''

After the game was over, Salem appeared.

''Congratulations,'' he said. ''I hear your batting won the game.'' He hesitated a moment, then plunged on, his face red.

''It was my vote alone that barred you, last year,'' he said hurriedly. ''I've been ashamed of myself for doing it—but I never did anything to make it right until today, when I found out how much you were sacrificing for the school. So I withdrew my vote, and then—I thought it was time I did a sneak play, too. So I sneaked, to let you play. And you've got the job for the summed. My father and your employer are old pals, so I hunted up my father, and he phoned out, and explained—and as I told him that you were the man he wanted, why, you are the man. And next year—we can fight for left-field at college again,'' he ended with a grin.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

Odell Ritchie, a member of the tenth cottage, was paroled last week. Ritchie has made a fine record while here, and has learned the shoe trade.

§ § §

Charles Maynard a member of the second cottage, left the institution last week, for Durham where he will spend a few days with his parents.

§ § §

Mr. Kennett and some of the boys have started the cannery to work, canning tomatoes. They started to work last Monday and have been

working hard since.

§ § §

New cement steps are being placed in front of the first, second and third cottages, to take the place of the old wooden ones that have been completely worn out.

§ § §

Claiborne Hale visited the institution last Sunday, and the boys were all glad to see him. Hale was a member of the seventh cottage while here and made a fine record.

§ § §

Rev. Mr. Armstrong conducted the services in the Chapel last Sunday. Mr. Armstrong brought with him an orchestra from Concord and the music was enjoyed by everyone.

§ § §

Ernest Cobb, Dan Taylor and Solomon Thompson returned to the institution after short visits to their homes. Cobb had several small operations while at his home in Rocky Mount.

§ § §

During the past week, the boys have been picking beans, tomatoes, cucumbers and peaches. The barn boys have been plowing corn, although it was most too wet to do anything.

§ § §

The boys who were visited by their friends or relatives last Wednesday were Bazel Johnson, Millard Simpson, James Robinson, George Holland, Harry Wyiate, George Howard and Byron Ford.

§ § §

Supt. Boger announced in Sunday School last Sunday, that if possible, we would not have to go to the Chapel any more. The seats for the new Auditorium are now in Concord and they will try to get them out and put in next week, so we can go to church in the Auditorium next Sunday. The boys will all be glad of this because they are so crowded in the Chapel.

§ § §

The teachers of the various school rooms have distributed speeches among several of the boys in each room, during the past two weeks. The boys who were given speeches are working hard now to beat the other fellow, as sometime in August there will be a contest among the best speakers and a prize of three dollars for the high grades and two for the lower will be awarded for the best.

§ § §

The boys were very much disappointed last Saturday, because of it raining. A double header was to be played at the Traning School that afternoon. The Roberta Mill team was to play the Flowe's Store team, and as soon as this game was over, we were going to play the Roberta team. Our boys had been practicing nearly every afternoon, and were in good shape for the game and were confident of a victory.

True bravery is shown by performing without witnesses what one might be capable of doing before the whole world.—La Rochefoucauld.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., 2, 1924 No. 37

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A PURPOSE.

God must somehow lodge in our minds the thought that something can be done before we are going to put forth the necessary effort to do it. There are dreamers and dreamers. Some dreamers dream and it all ends there. Other dreamers dream and then go and work out the stuff of their dreams in actual achievement.

It is no disgrace if all the fine things we would like to do never get done. Let us work at them. Let us pull them down out of the air and hitch them to hard tasks.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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MUCH SPECULATION.

As the time for the convening of the extra session of the N. C. General Assembly, called by the governor, approaches, there is much evidence of considerable propaganda being resorted to. The governor was quoted as favoring a referendum of the ship and terminal proposition, about which his commission made a lengthy and elaborate report, by way of an endorsement.

In certain quarters there is much pressure to have the legislature adopt the proposition, carrying an appropriation of millions of dollors, without referring it to the popular vote of the people. There is also much opposition to this manner of dealing with the matter. The Raleigh News & Observer is out-spoken against passing the matter without reference to the people.

The Kiwanis clubs, and probably other civic organizations in the state, have been urged by a Wilmington body to O. K. the immediate passage of the measure by the General Assembly. In one club at least it did not succeed, because of invoking, if for no other reason, the rules in dealing with such propositions. It went to a committee, and then this committee turns it over to the club for final action.

The wise ones among the statesmen of the state are certain that the only hope for the measure seeing daylight is through the General Assembly, and that submitting it to the people for their approval is certain death.

* * * * * * * *

FAITHFUL STEWARDS.

The people of Bryson City, says the Asheville Citizen, raised a fund to pay

the expenses of delegates to the recent state firemen's convention at High Point and in the last issue of the Bryson City Times the five firemen who attended published a detailed report of the $74.32 they spent during their six days' trip.

These delegates differed from some official municipal messengers in that instead of trying to see how much money they could spend they sought to spend as little as possible. They did not call a taxi and put the bill in the expense account when a street car was available; they were quite willing to walk a block or two and save a dollar or two for those who sent them.

No one will suspect that there is anything hidden in their expense accounts. There are no unnamed extras, we imagine, in "dinner for 5 men, $2.20," or "supper for 5 men, $2.30," and economy shows in the exact expenditures reported on account of lodging, gas and oil, and the 50 cents paid for car storage.

These Bryson City firemen set a wholesome example to those who journey on public business—or often personal pleasure trips masked as "official" business. They make an exact report as contrasted with a general statement which does not show the picture of some official riding in a taxi to save walking a block or occupying the best room in a hotel when if he had the bill to pay himself he would have asked for the cheapest room.

Ambassadors from the United States to foreign countries are allowed only a strictly limited expense account and if they wish to put on the trappings of luxury they must pay the cost from individual pocketbooks. But the ambassadors from American municipalities to this convention or that travel without consideration of cost as a general rule; they are not paying the bill and none will scrutinize their accounts.

There should be scrutiny of such accounts not because any speculation is likely to be found but to restrain lavish expenditures and covering up of items under generalities of "Expense.' Let the tip of a dollar bill to Porter George for an obsequious bow show plainly so that the people may know it. Tag the official who spends a dollar of public money in riding a block in a cab; let the poor woman who walks many blocks with her bundles or waits long on a street car picture her tax money being used to ferry some lazy delegate a short distance and pay a tip to itching palms. Register the tips as tips. American cities need to look to this growing liberality of joy trips at public expense—the utter disregard of economy by municipal officials or delegates. And locally the best plan is to prevent any start being made In this way. Bryson City has this clearly in mind.

PAYING A DEBT.

The Cullowhee Normal and Industrial School, that splendid institution that Prof. R. L. Madison brought into life out among the mountainous hills of Jackson county and which has done worlds of good, is now issuing a monthly journal which it is pleased to call "The Cullowhee Yodel." The last number is embellished on its front page by a handsome cut of Hon. Walter E. Moore, for years a leader educationally and politically of that section of the state.

This institution has recently come into possession of a dormitory costing approximately a quarter of a mililon of dollars. The authorities, wishing to do justice while he yet is in the flesh, named this building in honor of Hon. Walter E. Moore, simply because of his devotion and aid in making of this institution what Prof. Madison had dreamed it should be from the very time it took form. It is a commendable and worthy recognition of a faithful and able servant, and Walter Moore's numerous friends in the state share the joy with him over this evidence of appreciation for unselfish service.

The Yodel gives a story, in connection with the naming of this building telling of the struggles of this mountain statesman, and truly his achievement under the handicaps that were his is an inspiration to others.

* * * * * * * *

AN EPIDEMIC.

Gastonia's one of the state's hustling young cities and which receives daily advertising boost because of its goodness and manufacturing enterprises, is in the midst of what might be termed an epidemic—not an epidemic of disease; but an epidemic of initials, which, in a measure, have the folks wrought up considerably.

Some days ago initials, made in red, were found on the bosom of a youngster. Efforts was made to remove it with soap and water but without success. Unable to account for the initials and to decipher their meaning, the public simply contented itself with regarding the initials as an omen

Now another puzzle presents itself. Visitors have gone to investigate, but come away flabbergasted. On the mirror of a wash-stand of a traveling man there have suddenly appeared the letters "F. E." For five years the man and his family have been washing their faces and looking into the mirror, and nothing unusal had been noticed. Among the visitors that form a long line of the curious to the home where "F. E." has appeared was a newspaper man. He avers that it is in the glass, for, like a reporter, he went behind

and made a careful and studied investigation.

Most places content themselves in reporting initials on eggs, but Gastonia puts them on folks and where folks are wont to go to brush their bobbed hair.

* * * * * * * *

TAKES A FALL OUT OF A CRACK REPORTER.

Mr. R. R. Clark, the popular and thoughtful newspaper writer who made the Statesville Landmark the leading weekly paper in North Carolina, has severed himself from Uncle Sam's payroll (for eight years postmaster at Statesville) and returned to his first love—they all do it.

It will be pleasing news to the craft and their many readers that it is Mr. Clark's purpose to do contributary work in the newspaper field, and those who win his service will draw a prize. THE UPLIFT family which has enjoyed for quite a period his contributions and then suffered too long by his prolonged vacation from these columns is favored in this number by an article from the thoughtful and observing Statesville gentleman.

Mr. Clark resents the ignorance of those who pretend to know it all, and in this resentment he comes strong in a defense of Mississippi in particular and the South in general. When he wrote this clever defense, the Mississippi 96-year old Confederate soldier had not yet led his blushing 76-year old flame to the bridal altar, becoming her eighth dearly-beloved—for a time least. The old sister will probably reach her full dozen of husbands before she considers the time ripe for quitting the matrimonial atmosphere.

* * * * * * *

SHOWING A CURIOSITY.

The Asheville Citizen, anxious for the public mind, assumes the whole burden of a curiosity in finding out something. Hear it:

> "Editor Josephus Daniels is still retrospecting the Democratic National Convention. We are looking forward to the time when his looking backward will identify the shrinking violet who gave one North Carolina vote for Governor Smith."

* * * * * * * *

FRANKLIN McNEILL.

Another real gentleman of North Carolina has passed on to the great beyond—Hon. Franklin McNeill, former chairman of the State Corporation Commission. This distinguished North Carolinian died, Monday, in a Fayetteville hospital, after a brief illness, and his remains were buried at Laurin-

berg.

Born a gentleman, lived a gentleman and died one, meriting and enjoying the admiration of all whose privilege it was to know him. Though he ran up against obstacles, held important positions of trust and of public office and confronted with difficult problems and contests, incident to the discharge of the duties of his office, McNeill in all his life never once manifested any signs of a braggart or revealed even a knowledge of an ungovernable and biggetted temper or the arts of a political thug. He was considerate, just and manly—such a public officer is most refreshing at all times.

* * * * * * * *

COMMISSION SUSTAINED MRS. JOHNSON.

The County Commissioners and the Board of Education of Wake County, sitting in joint meeting, elected a Mr. Nichols County Welfare officer.

State Commissioner of Welfare Mrs. Kate Burr Johnson vetoed the selection by the Wake County officials. Considerable criticism of this act of the Commissioner was indulged in locally and in the public print. In consequence the State Board of Charities was called in meeting. This body formally endorsed the ruling of Commissioner Johnson.

REMARKS ON SOME OF OUR CRITICS.

R. R. Clark.

Senator Harrison of Mississippi, he who made the opening address at the recent somewhat noted New York convention, is known to the country as "Senator Pat Harrison;" and as it is pat to call him Pat, he generally gets Pat along with Senator and Harrison. Heywood Broun is a writer of note, probably best known to the general public through his contributions to the New York World. Taking note of the cognomen of the Mississippi solon, Mr. Broun was moved to deliver himself as follows:

> "His name isn't Pat. He was christened Byron. His full name is Byron Patton. The 'Pat' has been adopted because Mr. Harrison's political community has never heard of Byron, and if they had, would not approve him."

Mr. Broun may have been writing in a lighter vein. He may not have intended the intimation that Senator Harrison's Mississippi constituency is "vastly ignorant," to quote the Alexander county man, to be taken literally as applying to all Mississippians. We doubt that he did. But "to adorn" a tale writers of the Broun type, and writers and speakers not a few to be exact, are in the habit of taking liberties with the truth. And some of them from that part of the country from which Mr. Broun hails, believing that nothing good can come out of Nazareth, are actually densely ignorant of the historical facts that are accessible to students, and which should be studied by writers who are as much concerned in writing the truth or avoiding misrepresentation, as they are in playing the cynic and saying sharp, bright things that attract and hold the attention of the reader. But whatever Mr. Broun's purpose, the editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal took notice and made reply that is worthy of Henry Watterson. Quoting the Broun remark given in the foregoing, the Courier-Journal proceeds:

"This is the second offense of its kind by Mr. Broun. When John Scott of Warrenton, North Carolina, pitched the Giants to victory in a world's series baseball game, Mr. Broun ridiculed the town and even the State where Scott was born, apparently unaware that the town of Warrenton has contributed perhaps more to the history of this country than has Mr. Broun's Brooklyn, and that the State of North Carolina has met every crisis in the nation's history with courage and sacrificial sense of duty unexcelled by that of any other American Commonwealth.

"Mr. Broun's references to Mr. Harrison's "political community" as never having heard of Byron is amusing as an indication of how ignorant the average New Yorker, who may be reared in Brooklyn and educated at Harvard, is likely to be of that portion of the country outside Manhattan Island or the quadrangle at Cambridge.

"Long before Brooklyn was dreamed of, the town of Biloxi, where Pat Harrison lives, was well known to Old World capitals like Madrid and Lisbon and Paris. Years before Harvard conceived the idea of founding the university that bears his name, the Mississippi Gulf coast boasted a culture then unexcelled in what is now the United States. Even as a territory, Mississippi was known for its high purpose. In its history as a State, its early tradition has been well sustained by its native and adopted sons alike. Its Sergeant S. Prentiss and Jefferson Davis won fame in their generation unequalled by any New Yorker's. In breadth or depth of culture, no Manhattanite of his day equalled L. Q. C. Lamar as a metaphysical thinker. Lamar's eulogy of Sumner, like his decisions on the Supreme Court of the United States, is admittedly a classic of its kind.

"It is the late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, a Harvard man worthy of the highest traditions of Cambridge culture, who says in his 'Recollections of a Long Life' that the ideal American Senator was General Walthall of Mississippi. Another scholarly son of Mississippi was Senator Fernando De Soto Money. Yet another was Le Roy Percy, whose brief service in the Senate arrested the country's admiration. Of all men in that body for the last fifteen years, the most highly educated, even from the Harvard viewpoint of culture, is not Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, but John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi."

Now let me assure all and sundry that I am not of those who think the South is above criticism for numerous shortcomings. In fact I am disposed to applaud at times the severe but truthful criticism that is calculated to jolt the smug conceit that is too conspicuous more than often, and that forces us to see ourselves as we are, in which lies our hope of better things. But I have asked the reproduction of the Courier-Journal editorial because it is worthy of preservation; because it has in it some information that I trust your younger readers, and some of the older ones as well, will preserve and remember. Heywood Broun is very frequently quoted in North Carolina, and with approval. He is worth quoting and approving at times, but I confess to that "tired feeling" on occasion because of the seeming approval given these writers unaccompanied by an occasional criticism of their injustice to us. Now we know there are Mississippians, and North Carolinians, too, who never heard of Byron. It would be foolish to pretend otherwise. But there are doubtless more people in New York who never heard of him, and who couldn't tell anything about him if he had been born in that city. If Mr. Broun and his kind would occasionally hold up to public view the city provincialism, the ignorance that would shame a backwoods district in Mississippi or North Carolina, one could be more patient with the flings of the city writers, even when they expose their ignorance, as Mr. Broun did in the case of Senator Harrison.

One of the most contemptible of these flings, and one that most exposes the ignorance of the tribe, is the habit of referring contemptuously to "small town" dwellers. And

that habit has imitators among writers here in North Carolina. The idea that one who lives in a small town necessarly has "the small town mind;" that one who lives in the rural districts must of necessity be ignorant and narrow; and that only people who live in cities can acquire culture or breadth of mind, is so absurb when viewed in the light of actual knowledge, that it is amazing that any one who pretends to intelligence would be guilty of it.

It will be remembered that when the late Claude Kitchin, one of the ablest North Carolinians of his time, and one of the ablest men who has served in either branch of Congress in a generation, so recognized by capable critics, was Chairman of the ways and means committee, some of the big city papers made their chief point of attack on his revenue bills the fact that he came from a small town, holding that he was incapable of drawing a revenue bill for the country. In other words he could not be a big man, as the city writers saw it, because he had always lived in a rural community. Only big towns can produce big men. Any schoolboy or girl familiar with history can see the absurdity of that idea when it is recalled that the great majority of the really great men of the country have been products of the rural regions.

Another writer frequently quoted and applauded in North Carolina is H. L. Mencken. It is admitted that Mencken's writings are interesting and thought-provoking, but it is said of him that he is "characteristically extreme, unfair and inaccurate." In view of that it would be well to take Mencken with some allowance on occasion. Those who read him probably do. But I have sometimes felt that the approval of him, wihtout qualification, is calculated to mislead many people as to the type of writer he is. Certainly those who are characteristically extreme, inaccurate and unfair are not models.

ASK THE CHINAMAN.

Isn't this an awful country—with bobbed hair, high taxes, oil scandals and the price of eggs? Hard to make a decent living here; no chance to get along. You hear something lik this pretty often on the streets. But the next time you do, tell the fellow who is doing the talking to ask the Chinaman what he thinks of America. At the present moment there are 30,000 Chinamen waiting in Cuba watching for some way to be smuggled into the U. S. They are willing to pay from $200 to $2,500 a head to any one who will accomodate them. Ask the man who "knocks" America if he doesn't think our chance ought to be as good as the heathen's, since we already know the nation's language and customs. If the man from China is willing to pay as much as $2,500 to get to this land of opportunity to make his fortune, we ought to be able to keep even with the bill collector, at least.—Lincoln County News.

NATIONAL SONGS OF ALLIED NATIONS.

Paul Creighton in Kind Words has given us an interesting story. His reference to the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" brings to mind a little history. Several years ago I was a guest at a Welfare meeting in a certain North Carolina county. After an invocation, the audience was requested to rise and sing this hymn by Mrs. Howe. School music books carried it.

A prominent lady, having an abiding taste for the proprieties and just. the day before was a leader in a Confederate Memorial service in the very same auditorium, declined to rise. She explained it that that hymn was prompted by hate for the Confederate soldier and the cause he represented. Mr. Creighton attributes the popularity of the hymn to the fact that the tune is catchy and the incorporation of "Glory, glory, hallelujah." This outburst of enthusiasm is not in Mrs. Howe's original. This exultation belongs to the John Brown's hanging "on a sour apple tree."

Julia Ward was born in New York, in 1819. *She belonged to a fashionable circle, but her marriage to Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, of Boston, placed her in a new world. Dr. Howe had enlisted as a volunteer in the cause of Greek independence. He was president of a relief corps in the Polish uprising. He founded the first Amerrican institution for the instruction of the blind. He was one of the most active and bitter anti-slavery crusaders. His wife became the eager advocate of "the oppressed." Her pen was always busy. After driving out to the battle lines, in Virginia, during the War Between the States, she returned to Washington and wrote the Battle Hymn of the Republic, but she didn't end it with "Glory, glory, hallelujah."*

With the sounding of the first notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" any American audience instantly rises to its feet and remains standing until the last notes of the famous song, written by a young Southerner, dies away. It might fare badly with any one who remained seated, deliberately refusing to pay this tribute of respect to the song and the flag. Only very old people or some crippled person would be excused for not rising when this song is played. No doubt the national patriotic songs of other lands receive the same tribute of respect and honor when their airs are played. Just now "The Star Spangled Banner" is being sung even mare than the great national anthem, "America." No doubt this is partly because "he Star Spangled Banner" is more distinctly a war song and the flag is flying all over the land as never before in the history of the nation. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's immortal song, is probably being sung more by the soldier boys than either "America" or "The Star Spangled Banner." This is perhaps in part because of the fact that the air of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is what many would call "catchy" and it calls for martial music. Its

"Glory, glory, Hallelujah!"

has something about it that appeals

to the boys in khaki and they sing it with tremendous vigor if they are in the singing mood. They have added it to what they call their "hike songs and they sing it when on the march.

The British national anthem, "God Save the King," is sung to the same air as that of our own "America" and it is being sung today throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain. Its first stanza is as follows.

"God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King!"

"La Marseillaise," the national anthem of the French people is a stirring song to which the people of France thrill as they have not thrilled before n many a year. The first of its three stanzas is—

"Arise, ye children of the nation.
The day of glory now is here!
See the hosts of dark oppression,
Their blood-stained banners rear
Do ye not heed? Roaring the tyrants go,
Scattering homes and peaces."

The chorus of this national song of the French people is well calculated to stir the blood of the French people today—

"To arms, ye warriors all.
Your bold battalions call.
March on, ye free!
Death shall be ours,
Or glorious liberty!"

Very few people in our country are familiar with the words of the Russian national anthem which is entitled "Bog Vse—Ustrahayusheh." It has but three stanzas of four lines each and they are as follows:

"God the All-Terrible, Thou Who or dainest,
Thunder Thy clarion and lightning Thy sword,
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
God the All 'Merciful, earth hath forsaken
Thy holy ways, and slighted Thy word;
Let not Thy wrath in its terror awaken,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
God the Omnipotent, Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Save us in mercy, and save us in danger,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord."

Never was there a time when the people had greater reason to pray for peace since the land is so threatened and beset by foes from without and within that its future is a matter of the greatest uncertainty and the outlook could not well be more ominous. It will no doubt be long before the prayed-for peace will reign throughout the land and the cry of the Russian people may well be—

"Save us in mercy, save us in danger"

No country has so short a national anthem as has Japan, since its national anthem, entitled "Kimi Ga Yo." has but these four lines:

"May our Sovereign Lord remain,
Rooted for a thousand years and then gain:
Until rocks, vast and solemn, rise

from stone,
Until moss never more is thickly grown."

The national anthem of Italy is called "The Garibaldi Hymn," and it has but two stanzas, the first of which is:

"Come arm ye! Come arm ye!
From vineyards of olives, from grape mantled towers,
Where landscapes are laughing in mazes of flowers:
From mountains, all lighted by sapphire and amber,
From cities of marble, from temples and marts,
Arise, all ye valiants! your manhood proclaiming,
Whilst thunders are meeting, and sabers are flaming,
For honour, for glory, thy bugles are sounding
To quicken your pulses and gladden your hearts!"

The national hymn of the Serbian people is probably known to very few of the people of America. It is entitled "Srpska Narodna Himma" and it is as follows:

"God! who in bygones past saved us, Thy people,
Great King of Justice, hear us this day;
While for our country, for Serbia's salavation,
We with devotion unceasingly pray.
Onward! onward lead us ever
Out of shadow into light,
'Till our ship of State be anchored.
Thro' the mercy of Thy might:
Till our foes be spent and scattered,
On the fullness of the Light,
Serbia's King, and Serbia's land,
Guard for evermore!"

"La Brabanconne," the national hymn of the unfortunate people of suffering little Belgium, must have a note in it akin to mockery in these days of bitter trial and tribulation. It may be, however that the stout-hearted people of the land sing it in the hope that its words may be true in the near future if they are not literally true today. The first of the two stanzas of the Belgian hymn is—

"The years of slavery are past,
The Belgian rejoices once more;
Courage restores to him at last,
The rights he held of yore!
Strong and firm his clasp will be,
Keeping the ancient flag unfurled.
To fling its message on the watchful word:
For King, for Right, and Liberty."

The national hymn of the Roumanian people has the proper title of "Roumania." It is in these twelve lines:

"Long be thy reign, O King!
Loudly thy praises we sing;
Thou to our land shalt bring
Honor, peace and glory!
May our Lord bless thy sword,
Bring aid to all!
Strive with might for the right,
Ne're may'st thou fall!
Lord God, oh hear us!
Be Thou still near us!
Fail Thou Roumania never,
Guard her crown forever!"

The title of "Portugal" has been given to the national anthem of the Portuguese people. In its first stanza it makes this heroic appeal to the people.

"All ye who love our nation,
For the faith put forth your might!
Be it ever your inspiration,
The Law divine all hearts to unite,
The Law divine all hearts to unite!

Chorus

Lead us onward, holy banner!
Guide us ever, immortal faith!
Every man will follow proudly
On the way to victory or death!
On the way to victory or death.''

No person of truly patriotic feeling can sing or hear sung the national hymn of his native land without feeling a quickening of the pulse and a desire to be true to the land of his birth. Love of country is inborn in all good men and women, and this love and loyalty finds expression in a beautiful way in some of our national anthems.

I just saw a lady get out of her car and walk up the street. She spoke to every person she passed, black and white, stopped and talked to an old woman that was shabbily dressed, patted a dirty faced little boy on the head and shook hands with and old man. She is democratic, therefore people like her. She has money and came from a good family. I know people right in this town that if their debts were paid up they would be in the poor house, they would not dare to do what this lady did. They are too proud and stuck up, people have to have their Sunday clothes on before they will speak to them. They are always on pins for fear they won't be with the ''best'' people all the time, they want the ''nice'' people to think they are ''it.'' They are only kidding themselves, for in a small town like this everybody else knows everybody's business, knows about the mortgage on the house, the car and the debts about town, so what's the use of all this acting, why not ''unbend'' and be comfortable, it would be lots more fun.—Chairtown News.

PAYING SCHOOL TAXES.

Lexington Dispatch.

There is a lot of talk in this county just now about public school taxes. This is the case every year when the time rolls around to fix a new tax levy. Schools cost more than any other item, because they mean the most, touch the most folks, require many buildings and much equipment and many teachers. This is a big county and it cannot be run for any puny figures. The man who buys an automobile does not do so because it costs less to own and keep up than a buggy. He does not discard the horse as a means of getting him somewhere because it costs less to buy gas and oil and tires. He makes the change because he wants more service and satisfaction. A teacher who is trained cannot serve for the same salary paid one half-trained. Training costs money, and educational training must be kept constantly renewed and at much cost to the teacher.

A member of the board of appraisers in Guilford county told the board of commissioners there Monday of the following incident that is enlightening, and which we hope every reader of this paper will read, because it tells the whole story of the modern theory of taxation:

''A Mr. D. came to see me a few

months ago to get the value of his farm lowered. He had 90 acres and a five-room house, which we valued at $3,600. He thought it too high. The rate in the rural townships, being $1 for $100 valuation, made his tax $36. I asked him how far he lived from a high school.

"'Three and a half miles,' he said.

"'Do you live on a sand-clay road?' I asked him.

"'Yes,' he answered.

"'How many children have you?' I asked, and he said four.

"'How old is the eldest?'

"'Sixteen.'

"'And the youngest?'

"'Eight,' he told me.

"'I then asked him if they all went to this high school and he told me yes.

"'Do they walk?'

"'No,'' he told me, 'the county truck carries them.'

"'Do they walk back home?'

"'No, the county truck brings them home.'

"'And the county does that for six months in the year?'

"'Yes,' he said.

"Then I asked him this question:

"'Do you think that is worth $36 a year?'

"And he answered 'Yes.'

"'Will anybody besides the county do it for you?'

"'No.'

"'Do you have a good school?'

"'Yes.'

"'Is it well seated and kept comfortable?' and he again answered yes.

"'Who built the school house?' I aseld him.

"'The county' he replied.

"'In your school district the monthly expense for teaching and for the superintendent is $1,650. Who pays that?'

"'The county treasurer,' he said.

"'Do you know, that $85 out of every $100 that is expended to build these school buildings and to pay these teachers and to build those sand-clay roads and bridges is paid by the taxpayers of Greensboro and High Point?'

"He said he had not thought of that.

"'What grade is your oldest boy in at school,' I asked him, and he said the 10th grade.

"'If that school were not there in your township what would it cost you to send that oldest boy to a school elsewhere where he could do 10th grade work?'

"He said it would cost from $300 to $400.

"'So you are getting all these school advantages with transportation and teachers and good roads to come to town and go elsewhere for $36?'

"'Yes,' he said.

"'Are you satisfied now with the valuation of your farm after thinking about this matter?'

"'Yes,' he told me.

"'Don't you think more of your farm than when we began talking?'

"He said he was bound to admit that he did.

"'How much do you think it is worth now?' I asked him.

"'About three times as much as I did before I saw you,' he said.

"'Are you satisfied with the valuation?'

"'Yes,' he said.

A CHILD'S CONCEPTION OF GOD.

Lucy Stock Chapin.

The child had been sent upon an errand to the home of a neighbor. She was met at the door, not by the one whom she loved and expected to see, but by a visiting friend. The child's face showed her dissapointment, but she delivered her message and turned to go when the friend said: "Won't you come in dear? You know me, don't you?" Looking up shyly she replied, "I know your name, but I don't know you."

The aim of the teacher of little children is to lead them to know the heavenly Father. They hear His name spoken, but do they know Him?

"The child's conception of God," says Miss Danielson, "will naturally be material. God is to him, not a spirit, but a father. Nor does the fact that He cannot be seen disturb him. It rather shrouds the heavenly Father in delightful mystery."

The first clear thought of God which is possible for a child is of a person, a hero, a wonder-worker, a king, a man glorified. The child, true to the race, also thinks of God as resident in heaven above us.

It was the Fourth of July and in the morning Richard was boasting of his rockets which father had promised to set off for him after dark. Said he: "My rockets are the biggest you ever saw. When daddy sets them off they will go clear up to the sky."

Quickly his little four-year-old sister replied: "O Richard, please don't shoot them off. You might knock God down."

The little child thinks of God much shines? God the Creator as well as God the Father and protector appeals to the little child and is the answer to the class of question which seek the cause of all this."

All people from the lowest to the highest have been seekers after God, or gods. This universal demand for a final cause shows itself in the child's life and it is natural for him to seek to trace all things back to the beginning.

"Mother," he asks, "who makes the birds? Who made the very first bird? Who made my kitty? Did God make all the kitties? Who made the stars? Who made the moon? Did he make the sun, too? Who made me? Who made baby? Who made the world? Does God make everything? Who made God? Did God make Himself? What did he stand on when he made Himself? Where is God? Whom does He look like? Does He look like father? Is God in the sun shine? Is God in this room? Why can't I see God?"

These are real questions of real children and they reveal their thorghts about God the Creator.

Finding that the answer to his questions as to the cause of things is God, he comes to regard Him as the Creator and author of all of his blessings. Is not this the thing for which the parent and teacher is seeking this knowledge of God which leads the child to recognize Him in his daily life?

WHY SHOULD A GIRL MARRY?

(By Hardnut Bates in Morganton News-Herald)

We came upon a sweet young thing the other day who was engaged in the popular pastime of popping rose petals against the palm of her hand to determine whether or not her sweetie loved her truly. Apparently she was about twenty-four summers old, at which age the lassies of fifty years ago would have been fearful lest they should become old maids. This lovely damsel was far too intelligent to pin her faith to the noise made by the popping rose petals, and we ventured to inquire whether she was really interested in an honest to goodness love affair or if she was merely popping rose petals for fun.

Weddings Are Going Out of Style.

According to her theory weddings are not so much in vogue now as they once were and that it is only a question of time when they will be out of date altogether. There was a time 'way back in grandma's when hoop-skirts were all the go, and for a girl to harbor thoughts of a career other than that of matrimony was looked upon as being preposterous. But not so nowadays, for a large per cent of the girls who grraduate from the schools and colleges turn their thoughts to specializing in some profession whereby they will be in position to command a salary adequate for their needs instead of wasting their time in quest of a husband.

The business and professional world offers too much to the girl of today for her to jeopardize her future happiness by being drawn into as he thinks of an earthly parent, as one who is taking care of him and providing for him. This is clearly indicated in children's prayers.

The child lives close to God and often simply a word or a question serves to direct his thought to God and he is happy in thinking and speaking of heavenly things.

Not only is the child's conception of God that of a personality, a man, a father, but if his questions are rightly answered he soon comes to think of Him as the Creator of all things.

"The child's wondering curosity is continually pleading for satisfactory answers. Can we do less than pay attention to these queries, and let our children see God behind the flower, th wind that blows, and the sun that the meshes of matrimony for life.

The Declaration of Independence.

It is a hard matter for the men to wake up to the fact that women have asserted their independence and that they are demanding equal rights with the men, also that matrimony like any other business institution must function on a fifty-fifty basis. But their independence has been won just as surely as the independence of the United States was won when Washington defeated Cornwallis at Yorktown. When the women won their independence and demonstrated their ability to compete with the men on an equal footing, the men were heart-broken, and when the love, honor and obey was eliminated from the marrigae contract, they simply became distract-

ed. The reason why so many divorce cases are brought into the courts today, is because the husbands refuse to acknowledge the equal rights of their wives or to take them into co-partnership with them in their business affairs. Do not think for one moment that the ladies are going to surrender their independence. This was demonstrated to a conclusion when they first began to bob their hair, which caused the opposite sex to cry out in horror and dismay, but the louder the men raved the shorter the women had their tresses bobbed. And today the women with long hair are just as much of a curiosity as they would be dressed in hoop-skirts of their great grandmothers.

An Automobile or a Wife.

The large number of automobiles in the country has had a most decided influence in reducing the number of matrimonial engagements. Every young man thinks that he is just bound and compelled to own a car in order to keep up with the crowd, and the majority of them command salaries that are barely sufficient to keep the car in operation, let alone to provide a home for a wife if they had one. With the average young man of today it is simply a mattter of choice between a wife and an automobile, and they almost invariably choose the automobile.

On first thought it might appear that a young man and a girl would be able to come to some agreement whereby they could pool their salaries and provide a home and an automobile that could be used to the mutal pleasure and convenience of both parties, and make out first rate at the house-keeping game. But then comes the old traditions and the natural instinct for man to be ruler of the domain, and as the modern girl is not agreeable to this form of government, it is all off, and there you are. And come to think about the transaction in the right way, to get married is pretty much the same as to buy a car; its not the initial cost, but the heavy overhead expenses and the wear and tear of the thing that causes the average girl to hesitate before making the plunge.

Home Life Has Become a Tradition.

Then on the other hand the American home life has become one of the traditions of the past, which day by day are becoming more hopelessly lost and are being buried deeper and deeper beneath the so-called veneer of civilization. Most of the homes with the old-fashioned gardens belong to wealthy families and are only to be seen by the average person in picture books and magazines. The average girl can command a salary that is sufficient to supply her with all the modern conveniences and to have a good time. Then why should they tie up with a man in matrimony and be stowed away in a couple of two by four rooms in a cheap hotel or apartment house and lug around a bunch of children while hubby continues to stay out nights, goes to the clubs and the movies and flirts with other girls and has a good time in general. Not on your tintype! With this out of her system she plucked a large red rose from the bush and began popping the petals against the palm of her hand.

I HAVE A NEW HOUSE.

By Roe Fulkerson in Kiwanis Magazine.

I have a new house. It is a bigger house than I rate. It is on a better street than I am entitle to live on. It cost more money than I could afford. It has a bigger lot than I need. But I am married, which explains all that. If it wasn't for my wife I would probly live in an empty piano box on a common.

The back yard of my old house was all taken up by the garage. In my new back yard I can raise things. I found a pretty vine there and tried to train it up the side of the fence, which is why I have a bandage around my hand. It was poison ivy. My new back yard is large enough to swing a cat by the tail. I always said the other yard was not large enough to swing a cat by the tail. Now that I have plenty of room to to swing a cat it is qute a disappointment to me. I have the room to swing the cat but I have no desire to swing a cat by the tail, nor can I imagine why I ever felt any necessity to swing a cat that way. I haven't a cat anyway.

I have a tree in my back yard and a firm post on which to fasten the clothes line. I hung a hammock between the tree and the clothes pole and do a lot of loafing in that hammock.

Loafing in the hammock last night, I swelled with pride over ownership of that ground. It is mine. If I did want to swing that cat I could swing her and nobody would have any right to object, except the cat. If any one came in to that gate and I did not care to have him I could order him out of the yard, because it is my yard. Every inch of the surface of that big yard is mine and I can act just like a king and order the people off it. Everything that grows on the land is mine, even that poison ivy. If the pansies bloom they are my pansies, and if the onions come up they are my onions and every tear I shed when I eat them are my tears. If that tree buds, bloosoms, and bears fruit, the buds are my buds, the blossoms are my blossoms, and the fruit is my fruit.

If a bird comes and builds a nest in my tree the nest is mine and the eggs in the nest are my eggs and when the little birds hatch out they are a part of my family and I am responsible for their well being.

If the birds fly over my land they are my birds because my ownership goes up and up and up to heaven itself.

I got out of my hammock and lay down on the sod and sighted up the clothes pole at a star. It is directly over my property so it is my star as the law gives me everything that is over my property. I bought a house and lot and the poor fish who sold it didn't know he was selling me a star, too!

I own everything under my lot. If there is a coal mine down there it is my coal mine, and no one on eath can dig my coal without my permission and I'd like to see 'em try it. If I decide to errect a derrick beside the garage and bore way down into the ground and find an oil well, it is every drop my oil.

If down under the ground there is a diamond mine they are my diamonds of if there is a vain of gold down there it is all my gold.

Then, too, if there is a big magic cavern down there where a whole tribe of gnomes blink around in darkness and live and laugh and love and do whatever gnomes do, they are all my gnomes and if any of you interfere with their fun I will have the law on you.

I own space fan-wise all the way up to heaven and all the way down to the center of the earth, wedge-pie shape. I like to lay in my hammock and think of the wonderful things that may be going on in my star up there and the interesting ones which may be down under my lot, all belonging to me.

My lot may not be large compared with a western ranch but think how deep it is.

It is a lot of fun to own a select wedge-pie shaped segment of this big ball on which we live. It gives one a sence of responsibility. It has a sobering, civilizing influence on a man to feel that a piece of this old earth is his.

Lying in my hammock, looking up at m ystar, I thought how disturbed things are since the war and about the dissatisfied people in Germany and Russia and how some of their bolshevism had leaked over onto our continent and made a few of our people discontented, too.

Turning these facts over in my mind I realize the reason for much of this discontent was lack of ownership of wedge-pie segments of earth. Since I got mine I fine I am mighty strong for law and order. I am for the public force and the fire department. I believe in the enforcement of all the laws regardless of how uncomfortable they make me.

I want to see safe and sane and conservative men in high places and radicalism pushed to one side until it has proved itself.

That is because I own a place big enough to swing a cat, if I should ever decide to get a cat and swing it. I want fire protection for my home, I want police protection for my family, I want laws to keep out burglars and courts to give me a just title to my house and pansies on the surface of my lot, my stars above my lot, and the gold mines and colony of gnomes under my lot.

Ownership of a tall, thin piece of the earth which goes a long way up fan-wise and a long way down wedge-pie shape, has a sobering and balancing influence on any man. If every man owned a home there would be no bolshevists or anarchists wanting to break down constituted authority.

This being true, wouldn't it be a fine Kiwanis activity to encourage home buying?

It is to the interest of the continent as a whole that Kiwanis interest itself in building and loan organizations, in home buying, money lending to home buyers, encouragement to all people everywhere to get themselves homes, and with it a sense of personal responsibility which goes with the mere owning of a piece of ground.

It is the interest of every one that Kiwanis encourage every one to buy fan-wise up and wedge-pie shape down lots big enough to swing a cat!

KING A TYPICAL CRIMINAL.

(Monroe Journal.)

Despite the fact that we go into spasms of alternate virtue and indignation over crimes like that of the murder of Major McLeary, followed by outbreaking demands that we have a "better enforcement of the law" and "a more rigorous punishment of criminals," there is nothing mysterious about the murder.

King, the murderer, is a typical member of that class of the population, two per cent of which commit 99 per cent of the crimes of the country. All the hysterics will not do away with the fact that this two per cent is criminal because they are born with a structural deficiency in that part of the brain which controls the emotions and whose defect in functioning makes them incapable of responding to such moral sanctions as their intelligence may be capable of passing to the field of the emotions.

Lombroso, the Italian criminologist, fifty years ago first gave voice to this idea and he aroused a storm of protest. Modern scientific study of criminal pathology has substantiated Lombroso's main idea though it has found some of his conclusions and deducations erroneous. Forty thousand criminals have been examined by Dr. Hickman, director of the psychopathic laboratory attached to the criminal division of the municipal court of Chicago. This work has been done under the direction of Judge Olson who for ten years has presided over the court. Dr. Hickman has arrived at the conclusion, and apparently demonstrated its truth, that the mental defect which makes a man a criminal is an inherited defect and is incurable. Its seat in the lower part of the brain which controls the emotions and the will in normal persons.

This defect is often accompanied by a low mentality in the part of the brain where the inteullect functions, but not always. We therefore have criminols of high intellectual powers with ow emotional responses. They simply have no power of feeling the horrors with witch normal men contemplate crime. Intellectually they understand that most people consider murder wrong but they have no power themselves of feeling that horror, and hence no level of control over their impulse when it appears to their interest to commit crime.

Criminal of this type are found in all classes of society. Celia Cooney, the bobbed haired bandit, reared in the slums, is of that type. So are the Chicago youths who were reared in the lap of luxury. The crimes of the young woman were not due to her poor environment, nor those of the Chicago youths to their luxury and indulgence.

Nearly all these criminal show no signs of remorse when they are apprehended. They readily confes and show satisfaction in having done something which attracts attention. Usually the selfish interest which causes them to murder is the desire to steal, but not always. Often it is vanity. Sometimes it is merely the momentary desire to please themselves by seing if the crime can be

committed, or how the victim will act.

This theory of crime is slowly but surely revolutionizing the social attitude towards criminals. Such criminals are too dangeous to be at large and will some day be seggregated before, insead of after, their crimes are already done. The type is becoming o well understood that its presence will soon be as possible of diagnosis as any physical ailment.

HERALDS OF PROGRESS.

It was less than a century ago that a woman of the middle west wrote to her cousin in New York:

"Last winter I was told of a curious new device for making fire. It consisted of small splinters of wood with tips of some substance that bursts into flame when rubbed on a rough surface. If you can procure some of them for me I will be grateful."

Matches were in general use in Europe for years before being introduced into this country. There was no means for spreading such news rapidly.

Today the new invention that contributes to comfort or convenience is quickly known the country over. Advertising conveys the information. The farmer's wife of New Mexico or Nevada is as well posted on these things as the city woman of the East.

THEY ARE HERALDS OF PROGRESS, with real news for you and your family. They save time, lighten your work and enable you to obtain the utmost for the money you spend.—Reidsville Review.

THE GOOD MAJOR.

M. R. S. in Women's Work.

The pitiless sun beat down on the dusty highway, where a battalion of Chinese soldiers was toiling along. It was no march in parade uniform, but a heavy, hot, dirty task which they were set to perform; but for a soldier there is no choice of service. A better-equipped army would have had wagons or trucks for the work these men were doing; for them the only way of moving their supplies of ammunition was on wheelbarrows, trundling along through the dust.

"Poor Wu!" said one of the soldiers, stopping for a moment to wipe the perspiration out of his eyes. "He is almost worn out. He has never been strong since he had that bad attack of lung-disease last winter, and this work is too much for him. Look how far he has fallen behind!"

Both men turned and looked back to where a thin, rather elderly soldier was struggling to keep up with the end of the battalion. As they watched, he stumbled and almost fell, but recovered himself and pushed bravely on.

Then the watchers saw a surprising sight. The officer who walked

at the head of the battalion was pulling off his coat and hastening, as he did so, to the rear. On the way he stopped to catch up a rope which he found lying on one of the wheelbarrows; then he continued on his way till he reached Wu and his badly wabbling load.

"Come, my good friend," he said in a cheery voice, "it seems to me you need help!"

"Oh, major!" said poor Wu, "I am doing the best I can, but I am not very strong, and—"

"I see that," interrupted the major kindly. "Now, tie this rope to the front of your barrow."

Wu, greatly wondering, obeying his officer. Soon the stout rope was securely knotted to the wheelbarrow.

"Take up the handles now!" commanded the major, throwing his coat across the top of the barrow. "You will push and I will pull, and we will see if we cannot get this load to moving faster!"

"Major Chang!" exclaimed the scandalized soldier. "Am I to let my honorable major pull a barrow with his despised servant?"

"Are you going to obey orders?" demanded the major. His tone was severe, but Wu saw a twinkle in his eye. He took up the handles, the major pulled on the rope, and the strange pair moved onward.

The battalion, greatly amused, had halted and watched this proceeding. Now they hastened on, nodding to one another with pleased approval.

"In the old times," said one, "or even in most of our battalions today, that man would have been beaten to make him keep up with the rest. Now we have a major who takes off his coat and helps the weak ones along! It is hardly to be believed!"

"Strange things are happening in China today," said his neighbor, thoughtfully, "but nothing stranger have I seen than this!"

The sun beat hotter and hotter. The perspiration streamed down the major's face, and the rope cut the palms of his hands; but he toiled manfully on, with a word of encouragement now and then to the tired Wu.

"Patience!" said he. We are coming before long to a town where we will rest awhile, until the heat of the day is past. Only a little farther, comrade!"

"Yes, honorable major!" panted Wu. "I should never have got this far if you had not helped me!"

The town they were approaching was a place of some importance, and notice of their coming had gone before them. As they neared it, they heard the beating of a drum, and presently the sound of a brass band advancing to meet them. At the head of the procession came the town magistrate and the chief of police.

As these officials approached, dressed in their best array, with all the medal and flags they could muster, their eyes roved with a perplexed expression over the dusty forms pushing the wheelbarrows. Nowhere could they see anybody who looked in the least like a commanding officer.

"Where is your honorable commander?" the magistrate asked one of the soldiers.

"Back there, honorable sir!" said the man, pointing over his shoulder.

"I see no officer!" said the magistrate, while the stolid faces of the soldiers broadened into smiles.

"He is the man without a coat, pulling on a rope!" said the soldier.

"Surely you do not mean that is the honorable Major Chang!" exclaimed the amazed official.

"That is our good major, sir!" replied a number of the men.

"What is he doing that for?" asked the magistrate, rubbing his eyes as if he could not believe what he saw.

"The man was not strong enough to keep up with the rest of us," they explained, "so the major went back and helped him."

"I see!" said the magistrate, not so sure that he really did see. "But why? What would make an officer of the Chinese army go and help a private soldier to pull a wheelbarrow?"

The soldier nearest him replied.

"Major Chang is a Christian, sir," he said. "He believes that all men are brothers, and that those who are strong ought to help the weak. Among the Christians, honorable sir," he added, seeing the magistrate was still bewildered, "the greatest is he who serves others most. So our good major is only doing what Christ, his Master, taught. Every week, Major Chang has Christian teachers come and preach to his men, and already about six hundred of us have been baptized. It is a wonderful thing to have a Christian commander, sir!" he added.

Major Chang had now come up, and pulled on his coat to exchange ceremonial greetings with the town officials. The people who had come out from the town broke into applause, and many willing hands trundled Wu's barrow to the stopping-place.

"If we had a few more men like our major," said the soldiers, as they lovingly watched him talking with the magistrate and arranging for the comfort of his men during the hours of midday rest, "all China would soon be Christian. He really and truly follows the great Teacher who said, 'Bear ye one another's burdens!'"

Oily to bed
And oily to rise,
Is the fate of a man
When a motor he buys.

—Boy's Life.

TWO STRANGE AUSTRALIAN ANIMALS.

By Roy Temple House.

The continent of Australia has been completely isolated from the other land-areas of the orld for so many ages that her native life, both animal and vegetable, is remarkably different from anything to be found elsewhere. Of the animals of the great southern island, the most interesting probably are the marsupials, or pouched mammals, of which the only common variety in America is the opposum. This unique family of pouch-bearers has

mebers of all sizes, from the well-known kangaroo, which sometimes grows to be as tall as a man, to the tiny kangoroo-rat, no larger than the rat of our continent, which has a curious way of making the grass for its nest into a sheaf and carrying it off with its tail wrapped around it ni lieu of binding twine. The pouch worn by the female of this family is a vehicle for carrying her young, which are born much earlier than the young of most other mammals, but which live for a long time in the pouch before they are thrown out on the cold mercies of the world. These marsupials are monotremes, that is, they lay eggs like reptiles and yet suckle their young mammals. They are generally considered to represent a stage intermediate between the two.

An amusing feature of many of these strange creatures is the union in one animal of parts and traits which in other parts of the world are found in widely different species. Thus the duckbill of the Australian and Tasmanian rivers is an animal with many of the characteristics of an equatis bird. It is said that when Europeans brought the first accounts of these eccentric creatures back to England and the Continent, they were greeted with mocking incredulity, and that even when the first stuffed specimen was presented as evidence, men of science insisted for a long time that the thing was a cleverly patched-up humbug. The adult duckbill is a hairy animal a foot and a half long, with a very broad, horny bill like that of a duck. Around the base of the bill is a flexible membranous frill which, when the animal is digging in the mud, turns back against the face and completely covers and protects the tiny eyes. There are nostrils at the extreme end of the upper bill, so that the creautre can breathe under water by merely projecting his bill a fraction of an inch above the surface. Like a duck this animal has a membranous growth between the toes of both front and hind feet, but the membranees in front can be spread out on occasion beyond the toes to make a great paddle, whereas those between the rear toes are much smaller. The males have spurs behind the hind feet, and from their sharp points a liquid can be exuded which has been found to be poisonous. But the little animal is very gentle, and has rarely been known to show fight. The duckbill is lumbering and awkward on land. He lives most of the time in the water of his river, grubbing out insects from the sand and stones at the bottom, or dormant in a burrow dug far back into the bank.

But his cousin, the echidna, with some traits very much like his, lives on land instead of in the water, and is furnished with several very different tools and different interests. He looks very much like a hedgehog, and was named by the first British settlers of Australia, the "porcupine ant-eater." He is a trifle smaller tha his amphibious relative, and except for his abdomen and the inner surface of his paws, he is covered all over with incredibly hard, pointed spines, mingled with hairs which form a thick mane. He has enormous paws, with formidable claws, and his principal business is tearing to pieces the hills of all the numerous varieties of Australian ants and feasting on the inhabitants. He has a long, round beak like a bird's, and

a long tongue studded like his back with sharp little spines, and exuding a sticky salvia. When attacked by an animal or a man, he rolls himself up into a spiny ball, out of which only his fierce beak and his powerful claws project. If the nature of the ground is such as to allow it, he drives his claws deep into the ground, and has been known to anchor himself so firmly that in this fashion it has been found impossible to pry him loose with a heavy plank for a lever, so that his captors have been forced to bring a spade and dig him out.

The echidna is marvelously strong and active, and is able to dig a hole in the hardest soil with wonderful rapidity. He works with beak and claws, and like his cousin, the duckbill, loves to withdraw into a hole which is well away from the surface. In dry weather he may lie dormant for weeks at the extremity of his ill-smelling cavern. The female lays one egg at a time, occasionally two. The egg is half an inch long and has a tough, rough, soft shell very much like leather in consistency. Shortly before she lays her egg, a pouch has developed on her soft abdominal surface. During his residence in the pouch, the young echidna is nourished in the strangest fashion imaginable. His mother has the power of contracting her abdominal muscles and causing the milk to exude, and the baby, lying in his pouch, licks his mother's milk off the smooth inner wall of his home. He never ventures out of his living cradle till his claws are grown and he is fully able to take care of himself. Even by this time he is scarcely three inches long, but he grows very rapidly.

The echidna is a friendly little creature, and has sometimes been domesticated. But they have not thriven in captivity, and are rarely to be found outside of Australia.

Not long ago a magazine article told about seal-hunting in the North Atlantic. The seal hunters were described as fearless men, and they must be. For in seal-hunting there is danger of drowning, freezing, starving, being lost, or having the ship crushed in the ice...Boys are thrilled when they hear tales of bravery of that kind, and they almost forget that every boy can be a real hero if he wants to. We can't all be adventurers or soldiers, but we can be something better still—just that everyday kind of hero. For it takes real bravery sometimes merely to be the right kind of boy and to do the right kind of things. Maybe other boys will laugh if we won't swear or smoke or swipe apples, or cheat in "exams," or if they catch us helping with the housework. But what of it? The brave boy sees right through a laugh or a sneer, and and doesn't let it cloud his view of what seems to be his job. Oh, a laugh may be a little thing, but it is big enough sometimes to hold us up and show the world what we are made of. The next time some fellow grins at you, grin back at him, and see if that does not end the matter.—King's Treasures.

IMAGINATION.

By James Hay, Jr.

I am Imagination!

Without my aid no need of man was ever met by the genius of invention, no chasm that stopped the foot of pioneer crossed by a bridge, no shimmering spire lifted toward the stars. With my help the painter, by a stroke of brush in colored oil, made a woman's smile the mecca of a million pilgrims, the poet placed the blessed damozel an everlasting watcher at the gold bar of heaven, and the singer added to the nation's chorous one more song of whose glory the tongues of men shall never tire.

Imagine! Think! Dream!

If within your soul you build no new thing, and dare nothing, and fling to the coming years no audacious challenge, you rivet upon your wrists the manacles of mediocrity.

I, Imagination, am the architect and empress of the fortunes of every man.

For centuries men laughed and jeered and rediculed the supernal arrogance of Icarus whose melted wings dashed him into the sea. But today, learned in my cunning, the factories make majestic planes that climb beyond the clouds.

One of my Greatest Dreamers wrote that no man could gild the lily or paint the rose. But a Californian who harkened to my call has given new colors to every blossom in nature's brilliant catalogue.

Mythologists told of Echo, and men looked upon her as the empty daydream of a forgotten Latin. But now that dream is a reality on the point of a needle, and Echo, humanized at last, sings in ten thousand homes the lyrics of a thousand years.

For centuries men have sought the shelter of their caves when "Jove's thunderbolts" shook the heavens. But today the electric terror of ancient times is fettered by a copper thread, slave to the pressure of a finger's weight.

"But," discouraged men inquire, "how am I to know Imagination is at my beck and call?"

I, Imagination, am at your side if, faced by despair in adult years, you can sometimes see a gleam of that hope star which in your boyhood rode always in its meridian with you;

Or, denied a happiness long-sought, discern through the dust of thoroughfare and countingroom the glory of some once-loved woman's hair;

Or, bankrupt of ideas, wield for but a momember the vague and vagrant sweetness of a summer wind that robbed the rose;

Or, bankrupt of ideas, wield for but a moment Romance's gorgeous lance with which in younger years you made a radiant play;

Or, hungered for love, read again the moving manuscript the moon wrote at your feet one night in June so many Junes ago.

Think! Dream! Every beauty that adorns the screen of life came from a Dreamer. Every noble thing the worlds have known came from a Dreamer.

Dream!

Swear such allegiance to me Imagination, give me such tribute of your time that I will be kind to you, and send you upon the rays of the moon and on the fragrant breaths of flowers mystic and mighty visitors—artists to embroider on your brain plans of power—swift couriers to lead you to new treasure houses—locksmiths to fashion for you keys to heavens yet untrod.

My scepter—the vision, the dream—has ruled the progress of the earth. Acknowledge my dominion.

If you draw but near enough to touch the hem of my bejeweled robe, the starry heights are yours.

"A straight, honest effort to live down a bad reputation will eventually develop confidence."

DOES EDUCATION PAY.

Student Life.

Constantly the college graduate is confronted by the query, Does Education pay? To some it does not, but there are failures in every line and these, for the most part, were failures in college.

Education does not insure success, it merely makes the chance better. Dean Coffee of the University of Minnesota Agricultural College recently published some statistics in the Minneapolis Journal showing the effect of education upon farmers in that region.

Men of high-school education, he says, on these farms earned about five hundred dollars yearly; those with some college training made about six hundred dollars annually; but those with a complete college training had and average yearly income of more than three thousand dollars.

Only thirty-one persons out of five million with no schooling attain distinction in their work; with elementary schooling eight hundred and eight out of three million achieve some distinction; with a high-school education twelve hundred out of two million rise above the average in accomplishment; with a college education more than five thousand out of a million render notable service.

Put in another way the figures mean that the college graduate has ten times the chance of making good that the high-school graduate has, and twenty-two times better chances than has he who takes only the elementary coures.

"The greatest tragedy in life is not in failure but in failing to make an effort toward something worth while."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

Eugene Myers was paroled last Monday. Myers was a member of the second cottage.

§ § §

Mr. Cope reports that the watermelons are growing nicely and is expecting a large crop this year.

§ § §

Charles Hutchins, Ray Fuqua and Milton Hunt were paroled last week. Hunt has been working in the Printing Department, where he has learned job printing.

§ § §

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Groover and son, Charles, Miss Vernie Goodman, Miss Margaret McWhorten and Mrs. J. Lee White motored to Samarcand Manor and Pinehurst last Tuesday.

§ § §

A big surprise awaited the boys when they came out to the big tree last Tuesday morning, this surprise was a truck load of watermelons. Supt. Boger was very nice, in giving the boys who wanted to buy them, a chance to do so.

§ § §

The seats for the Auditorium were brought out last Monday, but it was too much of a job to get them in by Sunday. The men who are doing the work expect to get them in by next Tuesday, so we will be sure to get in next Sunday.

§ § §

Craven Pate, a member of the ninth cottage was given the privilege of a visit to his home in Lumberton. John Windham was given a parole the same day. Windham will return to his home in Wilmington, where he will have an operation on his leg.

§ § §

The boys were all disappointed in not having the regular Sunday afternoon services last Sunday. They were all assembled at the Chapel at the regular time, waiting for the preacher who was supposed to be here to preach the sermon, but after waiting a while it was decided that he wouldn't be here, so we had a few songs and then went back to the cottages.

§ § §

The boys who were visited by their friend or relatives last Wednesday were: Haskell Ayers, Obed McClain, Milton Hunt, George Howard, William Sherill, James Ford, Thura Wilkerson, Worth Stout, Plas Johnson, Lee McBride, Dubb Ellis, James Robinson, James Davis, Lester Campbell, Jim Poplin, Mack Wentz, Jim Gillespie and George McMahan.

§ § §

The boys were very much delighted at getting a half holiday last Thursday, but they were disappointed by having the ball game postponed. The Training School was going to play the Knights of Pythias, of Concord. Both teams were about ready to play when it started raining and when it quit the grounds were too wet to play on. Well anyway they all had a big time and enjoyed the afternoon.

§ § §

Everyone enjoyed the ball game

last Saturday afternoon, when the local team added another victory to their credit, when they won for the second time from the Newell team. The boys first played them the fourth of July the score being 10 to 1, and the score Saturday being 8 to 1. The local team ran away with the visitors in the fourth inning, scoring 5 runs, one of them being a home run by Mr. Kiser, the local pitcher. It was a good game all the way through and was enjoyed by everyone.

CORRECTING MISTAKES.

There is not one of us who is not likely to make mistakes. Some boys seem to be naturally gifted in making them. Whatever they do, somehow a mistake works itself in. But when ones does creep in, there is no reason for letting it stay in. To let the mistake go without trying to correct it is worse than making mistakes. Unless you check up short on it, gradually it will drag you into the bad habit of carelessness, which clings to us through life, and makes it very hard for us to get anything done right.

The proper time to correct the mistake is as soon as possible after that mistake is made. If you are taking music lessons, you know what that means. A boy practicing his piano lesson and letting himself strike the wrong note time and again without making an effort to correct it, will shortly fall into playing in that hit-or-miss fashion, and he will end by never amounting to much as a musician. Never be satisfied with slipshod methods. Make it a habit to do things as nearly right as possible and some day you will find it easier to do things in the right way than in the wrong way.—Exchange.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 9, 1924 No. 38

MY OBJECTIVE—

To reap the crops from the field of knowledge; thresh them out, and hoard them in my storeroom
To make myself ready, so that opportunity will not pass me by
To stir my brains with effort
To do the rational thing without being told
To make every hour bring increased knowledge, by never letting time find me idle
To study my profession with unremitting zeal
To convert practice and experience into capital stock for future use
To force my way through all difficulties with the most vigorous determination
To be honest and generous
To banish a morose for a bright and equable temper
To attain an agreeable personality and the esteem of my fellows
To feel pleasure and pain, right and wrong
To be gentle, not only to my superiors, but also to my inferiors
In short, to make the most of myself with the hope of achieving the greatest of all rewards—Success.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it—
'Tis God's gift.
Get work, get work, be sure
It is better than what we work to get.—Mrs. Browning.

PRIDE OF THE INSTITUTION.

For the first time, last Sunday, our new auditorium was brought into service. We have no disposition to brag, but candor compels us to frankly admit that it is our notion that no other auditorium in the state is comparable with it. Mr. Query, the builder, has done a splendid and honest job, using honest material and giving faithful service in its construction.

It will seat just one thousand people in its provided arrangement, and by the use of chairs in the isles considerably over twelve hundred people can be comfortably entertained in this auditorium. It is shaped like a capital T, with the stage at the top of the T. From the stage every part of the room is in fine view and acoustically correct.

The color effect in the decoration is pleasant to the eye; and the great room being open to three sides the audience, while shielded from the elements, may feel that they are sitting out in the great wide world.

We contemplate a real celebration at an early date. Besides a general

invitation to our interested friends, we plan to have a delegation from Rowan, Iredell, Gaston and Robeson counties, who have recently built cottages to join us and share with us the joy of the occasion.

The Jackson Training School has suffered for an adequate auditorium, thus missing a number of helpful entertainments and addresses, kindly offered us, that would add much to the pleasure and profit of the fine young fellows who have been committed to our care. This auditorium takes the place of the school auditorium that had to assume a measure of size to fit the funds in hand. Our readers will recall that the furnishings of the former auditorium were the gift of Mr. Joseph F. Cannon, a staunch friend of the cause, and all the contribution of Mr. Cannon has been fitted into the new auditorium as if originally made for it.

Interested friends are cordially invited to inspect this splendid addition to the plant.

* * * * * * *

A COMMON OCCURRENCE NOW RARE.

"Life is too short to fuss with neighbors about a little piece of rocky land," said Judge A. M. Stack in addressing an Iredell county plaintiff and defendant in a land suit in which property valued at approximately $125 was involved. But when the old irish rises, or personal rights start to simmer, folks will not stop to count the cost. The lawyers in this case will probably get twice (or more) as much as the value of the land involved for their services. In nine cases out of ten like this, the winner along with the loser is also a loser.

Contests over land holdings have become very rare. In the days before most of the present-day lawyers went to the bar, contests of dividing lines constituted the majority of civil cases in our superior courts. This was probably due to the carelessness in making surveys way back in the years when lands were plentiful and population sparse—in fact, it appears that many of the dividing lines between long established plantations, like some of the counties, were designated by the trail of a jolly party equipped with axes and a little brown jug.

This reminds us, however, that probably there is not a county in the state that has not the record of a long drawn-out suit, growing out of a disagreeament over dividing lines. In a county, not a hundred miles from this printshop, one of the leading and most splendidly equipped plantation owners was practically reduced to pauperism by unsuccessfully prosecuting through the

courts for years and years a suit growing out of a dividing line between him and his neighbors. Happily these cases have become rare—and the lawyers yet have enough to do, and most of them are prosperous.

* * * * * * *

HAS THE PROPER CONCEPTION.

Before the commissioners of Guilford appeared a citizen asking for a reduction in the tax rate. One of the commissioners, Mr. W. C. Jones, replied that "the county is trying to pay as it goes; that if the tax rate is reduced now it means some board in the future will have to make a large increase in the rate."

During the conversation there entered the commissioners' room Mr. R. R. King, one of the ablest lawyers in the state, who simply declared that "he didn't believe taxes will ever be appreciably reduced in Guilford or any other county

"We are getting excellent returns for our taxes," he said, "the question is not the amount of money raised but the way it is spent; the results to the taxpayers."

Mr. King is right. The real taxpayers do not grumble about the amount of tax they have to pay; but there are times when they are excusable in complaining about how tax money is spent. There is no defense for spending money for an officer that is incompetent, or one who goes to sleep on the job, or one that is out-of-tune with the spirit of progress and advancement and makes of himself an obstacle or body of death. Where officers spend money in a manner that gets a dollar's worth of service or results for a dollar expended, draws no complaint from one who actually pays taxes—in a general way most of the complaints come from those whose contribution to the public fund is practically negligible.

* * * * * * * *

DR. HILL AND DR. LONG.

The state again is called upon to mourn the passing of two very distinguished and useful citizens, during the past week. One by one leading figures that have contributed to the glory of the state is eliminated by that force which recognizes no class.

Dr. Daniel Harvey Hill, formerly president of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Raleigh, but more recently engaged in historical work, died rather unexpectedly at Blowing Rock where he had gone hoping to regain his health. Dr. Hill was a son of the late Confederate General D. H.

Hill, and during his entire life was a teacher, manifesting pronounced talent and ability for historical research and doing considerable editorial work in the form of historical writings and in the making of school books.

Of an extreme quiet and smooth temperament, small of body, big of brain was Dr. Hill; but he was absolutely fearless in his stand for what he believed the right. His latest work was the gathering together and the compiling of facts in connection with the state's activities during the War Between the States, which was made possible by the liberal, generous and voluntary contribution of a patriot, the late Ashley Horn.

The other distinguished North Carolinian, which death claimed last week, was the Rev. W. S. Long, D. D., of Graham. Dr. Long, though in the eighties was full of physical and mental strength, loved to see the glories of the state, and on a visit to the peach lands of central North Carolina, suffered a serious automobile accident, injuring him so severely that he could not survive. He died in a Sanford hospital.

Dr. Long belonged to a distinguished family that has for years contributed to the progress of the state. He was a brother of the scholarly Judge B. F. Long, and the father of Elmer Long, recently nominated in the democratic primary for Lieutenant-Governor. Dr. Long was a conspicuous and outstanding minister of the Christian Church; and his interest and service educationally may be grasped when we recall he was the first president of Elon College. He built wisely; lived grandly and died with the esteem of all who knew him.

* * * * * * *

MR. SPAINHOUR FINDS FAULT.

Some days ago lawyer Spainhour, a thoughtful and interested friend of education and humanity, issued a statement relative to the faulty parts of the school law and its top-heavy system.

Other people have, from time to time, observed many of the alleged things about the law under which we are conducting the public school system of the state. It could not possibly be perfect, having been a plaything of a theoretical enthusiast, who ruled with an iron hand, adding a patch here and one there, in carrying out numerous untried half-baked theories.

If it is possible to make the present patched-up school law function to the satisfaction of those who are deeply interested in public education, there is no one in the state who could lead with it more successfully than Prof. A. T. Allen, the able, even tempered honest official, who also is the most eloquent listener in the state. Frankly with all the quack doctors that have pre-

scribed for our public school law, in getting around sharp corners and overcoming obstacles, it is a wonder that so much good and progress were attainable.

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Dr. Henry Louis Smith, easily one of the choicest spirits North Carolina has contributed to Virginia, is now in Johns Hopkins hospital, undergoing treatment, made necessary by an automobile accident out in Wyoming. Dr. Smith is suffering from concussion of the brain, and those closest to him are very anxious about the final outcome. Dr. Smith has made an enviable record at the head of Washington & Lee University, at Lexington, Va., having gone there from Davidson College.

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Hendersonville to is have a daily paper, with the brilliant John Temple Graves, of Georgia, as editor. Mr. Graves, like lots of people who are looking for better places in which to live and prosper, exhibited fine sense in selecting North Carolina.

THE EVIL LIVES.

R. R. Clark.

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

So declared Mark Antony, in his oration over Caesar's body. This declaration is brought to mind by a recent news dispatch from London, conveying the information that Bishop Ryle, of Westminster Abbey, with the unanimous support of the Abbey chapter, has refused permission for the erection in the Poet's Corner of the Abbey of a tablet commemorating Lord Byron. This is the same Byron that Heywood Broun is satisfied is unknown to Senator Pat Harrison's constituents, and would not be approved by the Mississippians if they did know him; on which remark I commented in the last issue of THE UPLIFT. It will be observed that Lord Byron is not yet approved entirely by the people of his native country, although he has been dead exactly 100 years this year.

The great poet (Byron ranks among the great poets) was refused burial in the abbey because of official disapproval of his private life. It was the centenary of his death that moved a group of influential men and women of letters to endeavor to secure belated recognition for him in Westminster Abbey, "the national sanctuary of England," the burial place of the great. In this "Poet's Corner," where burial was refused Byron, and where admirers would erect a tablet to his memoy, is the dust of some of the great English poets—Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Gray, Browning, Tennyson, and others. The petition that Byron, be accorded recognition in Westminster was signed by three former premiers—Lloyd George among them; and by noted men of letters, including Rudyard Kipling. There was much indignation among Byron admirers on account of the refusal. But the dean of Westminster did not shirk the issue in denying the request. He declared that "the man who outraged the laws of our Divine Lord and whose treatment of women violated the Christian principles of purity and honor, should not be commemorated in Westminster Abbey." And notwithstanding the literary productions of a great poet yet live; his literary fame was not "interred with his bones," the evil that he did rises up against his name and he is denied recognition in his country's hall of fame because of a dissolute life.

George Gordon Byron, the sixth Lord of that name, possibly inherited some of the evil tendencies that cloud his fame a century after his death, in spite of the recognition of his genius. His father was a profligate and squandered his wife's money, which caused a separation. Young Byron formed early attachments for the ladies, his first love affair being at the age of 9. He had two other serious love affairs when he was 20; and when he finally married he lived with his wife but a year; or rather she refused to longer live with him. Byron's first poems, written in his teens, were ordinary and were ridiculed, but by the time he was 25 he

had written the first part of "Childe Harold," which brought him fame. Along with his fame, however, as the most popular poet of the time, he was, the chroniclers say "the most unpopular individual in the country." For that reason he spent much of his life away from England; and while his literary work continued to receive high praise, his private life was condemned as "licentious and his genius was tainted by his indulgences." There was a glamour in the last stage of his career, when he went to the aid of the Greeks in their struggle for independence, rendered valuable service as a military organizer, meeting his death by exposure in that service. Byron, the chroniclers say, was a "remarkable instance of the fluctuations of literary fashion. Elevated to the highest pinnacle of fame by his contemporaries, he was unduly decried after his death," and it was not until more than a half century after his death that "the proper place has been found for him in the public estimation," according to the literary critics.

From this brief study we can see why the preachers and moralists do not approve Byron. But there will be some difference of opinion as to whether, in view of his unquestioned rank among the poets, his shortcomings should not be buried after the lapse of 100 years. There will be much dissent from the decision of the dean of Westminster by those who think only of Byron, the poet. But as the churchman saw it, to give recognition to Byron, the poet, in Westminster Abbey, must of necessity in a sense approved Byron, the man, or at least condone his dissolute life. It is a remarkable fact that intellectual genius is often accompanied by moral degeneracy. Many men, and some women, who have ranked high in letters and among the great in military and civil life, lived private lives that, had they not been covered with the mantle of charity, would have greatly marred their fame. Public opinion is fickle in such matters. Some men who live immoral lives manage to retain popularity even among those who can not abide their personal conduct. Sometimes the personality is so engaging that in its presence shortcomings are forgotten; or there are virtues and strong points of character, intellectual excellence, or good deeds that outshine the evil, and the public overlook the latter.

Just how far the virtues in such cases should be permitted to cover moral degeneracy will always be a matter for debate. The danger is that when intellectual ability and commanding achievements are found in company with outstanding moral depravity, approval of the good must seem in some measure approve the bad. Of course occasional moral lapses should not utterly condemn; in that case few of us would see salvation. But when the immorality is continuous, brazen, and apparently little or no effort made to reform, no matter how great the accompanying genius, public recognition of the genius carries with it, to the minds of the young at least, the idea that morals are not so much a matter of concern after all; that one may live a dissolute life if he have good points that will win public approval.

Without undertaking to settle this matter at all, I am calling attention to the fact that in the case of Lord Byron not only, but in many other

cases, the "evil that men do lives after them." Stains on character often mar reputations for all time and rise up to harass unborn generations. No one can live a dissolute life and not suffer from it in some way. In a few cases the public may forgive, and apparently forget, because of outstanding virtues. But the evil will not be entirely forgotten. Always when there is recognition and praise for the good, there will be some who will remember the bad and bring it to mind. And in some cases as in the case of Byron, the evil memory will be the most conspicuous whenever the name is mentioned. "A good name is better to be chosen than great riches." A good reputation is the greatest safeguard it is possible to have; it is a very present help in time of trouble not only, but at all times and everywhere.

We were chatting a little while ago with a great lawyer, who admittedly stands at the top of his honored profession. This eminent jurist in the course of the conversation declared, "If I had my life to live over I would not be a lawyer. A lawyer is always loaded down with other people's troubles. He is constantly working to get somebody out of some sort of trouble. He is daily in touch with the ugly side of human nature. No, sir!" declared the great lawyer with emphasis, "if I were out of it, no more law for me;" But a lawyer's troubles is not the point in this.—Christian Advocate.

CURIOSITY.

Oxford Friend.

Cats and children are supposed to have an excess of curiosity. But they have no more curiosity than grown-ups; they merely are more frank and open about the matter. Grown-ups throw up a smoke screen to cover their curiosity while children and cats come across clean, and without shame or apology confess that the new or strange interests them immensely.

There are various kinds of curiosity. One kind leads to invention and discovery; to change and progress; to investigation and great findings. Without this kind of curiosity or, if you prefer, imagination, crooked sticks would still be the foundation of agriculture and barter the basis of business. Another kind leads to sticking one's nose where it has no business; prying into the affair of other people for the ignoble purpose of broadcasting slander or vicious small talk through the neighborhood. Children and cats are above this sort of curiosity. It takes a callous soul to develop and foster it.

Among the several kinds of curiosity is the old common garden variety of just wanting to know what is going on with neither sinister nor beneficent motive; with no idea of hurting anybody or anything or of doing anybody or anything the least bit of good. This variety of curiosity

is exhibited when you see a crowd standing round a tree looking up to see what some other person is looking at; it is an aimless lackadaisical, "don't keer" attitude of mind that just looks for the reason that there is no charge for looking.

Fraternal orders and churches--in fact every class of organization—have many of these people of purposeless curiosity. Some of them are merely bench warmers; some are disturbers and know-it-all's. In many cases they are costly liabilities rather than assets, creating more discord or apathy than interest and results worth while.

One of the fine things about Masonry is that it does not make appeal to the curious. A petitioner must of his own initiative apply for the mysteries. Of course this in itself does intrigue some men and lead them to make application through appeal of the unknown, but there is a minimum of it.

A man who has no higher motive than curiosity is no more eligible for the degrees of Masonry than is the one who wants "to get in" for business or political reasons, for the purpose of establishing a claim to the patronage or business of Masons. This curiosity that brings a candidate to the outer door is too weak and colorless to make him of much value within. In fact, the chances are that once the degrees are conferred you will not find him often within, the fancy that for the moment caused him to seek Masonry having passed away.

COUNTRY THINGS I LOVE MOST.

Here is a happy Tennessee schoolgirl's list of country things she loves most:—

I love the feel of the wind in my hair when I'm on a horse's back, with an endless road before me.

I love the old curs and hounds that every farmhouse has. I love to have them leap up from their lazy, contented sleep and meet me as I come in the gate.

I love the cows as they chew and chew and chew.

I love the turkey gobbler as he spreads his tail and parades before his numerous wives.

I love to swim in the "ole swimmin' hole" on a hot day and fish for the "big ones."

I love to hunt for a partridge nest in the wheat and then go back and see the little birds that have hatched from the tiny speckled eggs and see the brooding, fearful care of the mother bird.

I love the nights that are as light as day with millions of "God's lanterns" and the feeling that "God's in His heaven and all's right with the world."—Mildred Loving.

MORE MONEY.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Because certain lines of business are depressed and so the demand for it is lessened there is an abundant supply of money for lending at low rates, and because of this supply available for its use business will get better. So say financial authorities, speaking a seeming paradox.

The conclusions of monetary theories are baffling mysteries to most people—they seem to defy ordinary rules of analysis. When business becomes so good that it uses so much money that money becomes scarce, business becomes bad; and when business gets bad it slows down and then money piles up in the big banks and low rates lead business to resume.

At times the quantitative monetary theory of Col. Bryan and the Populists seems justified—that plenty of money promotes prosperity. Do not the conservative experts say this? But Col. Bryan meant any kind of money—in "free silver" he was really though unwittingly advocating fiat money since cheap metal can be fiat money as well as cheaper paper. The experts are talking of real money. An abundance of misnamed "money" will produce the reverse of prosperity—Germany has a world of "money" in marks.

The seeming paradox follows in the lines of industry. Because the price of wheat and corn has risen farmers will have more money with which to buy and because they buy more merchants will buy more from the factories and the factories will be forced to hire more hands and the factory shipments will give more freight for the railways to haul and so they will restore laid off employees and the employees will have more money to buy more goods which will consequently put more factory hands at work to make more freight for the railways to haul. Everybody busy—everything going well.

Then money is used up fast and there comes a shortage and business slacks and the railway employees and factory hands have little money with which to buy and so make business better. We have had such a lull and now with ample money—and high farm prices—appears the surety of better business and of everybody busy. Wall Street has seen the signs, as evidenced by stock exchange quotations—the rest of the country will soon perceive them.

The apparent settlement of the reparations matter in Europe means an immediate demand there for our products of fields and factories.

"This country belongs to us all and we all belong to it. The men of the North, South, East and West carved it out of the wilderness and made it great. Let us use it then and so conserve it, giving it the best that is in us of brain and brawn and heart."—Inscription on tomb of Senator B. R. Tillman at Trenton, S. C. (Taken from his address in United States Senate on Declaration of War with Germany.)

"THE SHARP MENTALITY OF A MORAL IDIOT."

(Greensboro Advocate.)

An intellectual idiot is an object of pity. A moral idiot with sharp mentality is to be feared more than hyenas or rattlesnakes. To sharpen the intellect and blunt the moral sense is a high crime against society. Yet there is a tendency now to have a care for intellectual training to the utter neglect of morals.

The American people and especially educational leaders should be aroused to the growing tendency to disregard morals and religion in present day education, lest we reap a harvest of dragon's teeth.

Let every reader of the Advocate ponder the following from the Central Christian Advocate:

For six years Dr. Charles Coke Woods has been writing a pulpit editorial for the Saturday evening edition of the Los Angeles Times. After the Chicago horror in which the two highly educated Chicago university students mutilated and murdered a neighbor youth, Dr. Woods wrote one that has aroused widespread attention. It is "Educating Moral Idiots." President Kleinsmid of the University of Southern California put the editorial in his commencement address to about 10,000 in the Coliseum in Exposition Park, Los Angeles, on Sunday evening, June 15th. Preachers have called attention to it from their pulpits. The principal of the Mt. Vernon Select School, of Pasadena, had it taught in the school. Managing editor of the Times states they had scarcely ever had so many calls for extra copies. Harry Chandler, owner and publisher, has sent, with a personal letter, 1,000 copies to leading newspapers of the United States, asking them to reprint all or parts to help scatter the preachment over the nation. If all our people could read that editorial it would not be so difficult to finance our Christian colleges. Dr. Woods raises the question as to what is the student going to do with the sharpened weapons education puts in his hand.. Is he going to wreck a bank? Is he going to murder his neighbor? What avails chemistry without character? What use has mathematics without manhood? Who can trust the sharp mentality of a moral idiot? Another quotation: "Wanted: Schools that teach the essential worth of the human soul. Wanted: Colleges that put first in importance conscience and character. Wanted: Universities that regard great souls as of more importance than great sprinters. The citizens who support these educational institutions have the moral, the financial and the civil right to expect from them 'first things things first.'"

Wonder if there ever was a public enterprise started where somebody didn't try to grind a private axe on the public grindstone. If anyone knows of such an instance please stand to your feet.—King's Mountain Herald.

TWENTY MILLION PASSENGERS HAULED..

(News & Observer)

State Superintendent Allen of the Educational department has given to the public, through the Raleigh News & Observer, some very interesting stastistics. Locally this information will give another proof of the sleepiness and lack of interest or vision of certain school offcials in a county that, on account of its, geographical location, its long-time prominence, its industrial leadership and the high type of its citizenship, should be among the leaders. For such a county with such golden opportunities to be such a laggard invites the people of the state to wonder what kind of school officials direct education in that county that, in all official statistics, shows up a laggard.

Twelve hundred and thirteen motor trucks, thirteen touring cars and six wagons were employed in transporting 45,018 school children to and from school in the State during the past school term, according to figures made public yesterday by State Superintendent A. T. Allen. Ninety-three of the 100 counties provide transportation for a part of their school population.

With an average school term of 130 days, and taking the children to school and back again, the total number of passengers carried during the year was 19,702,680, and all of it was done without accident resulting in serious injury to any child, so far as the reports to the Superintendent indicate. The number will likely be largely increased this year.

Wilson stands out ahead of all the other counties in the State with a total of 68 trucks in operation, carrying 2,222 children to and from school for eight months in the year. Granville ranks second with 66 trucks carrying 1,867 children and Edgecambe well down the list is third with 42 trucks taking care of 1,470 children. Wake county has only eight school trucks in operation, taking care of 393 children.

Alleghany, Cherokee, Clay, Cabarrus, Perquimans, Swain and Watauga counties as yet have not fallen into the procession of school trucks. Chowan and Yancy get by with one truck each. The figures are indicative of the progress of school consolidation throughout the State, and the disappearance of the small country school, Mr. Allen points out. The number of trucks and the children transported by counties 1923-24 follows:

	No. Trucks	No. Pupils
Alamance	12	273
Alexander	2	103
Alleghany		
Anson	21	501
Ashe	3	96
Avery	8	376
Beaufort	5	126
Bertie	5	133
Bladen	26	986
Brunswick	5	207
Buncombe	6	446
Burke	16	609
Cabarrus		
Caldwell	6	307

Camden	2	60
Carteret	8	374
Caswell	12	381
Catawba	13	757
Chatham	15	443
Cherokee		
Chowan	1	35
Clay		
Cleveland	10	298
Columbus	33	936
Craven	21	659
Cumberland	19	973
Currituck	14	360
Dare	2	142
Davidson	18	925
Davie	9	360
Duplin	21	481
Durham	14	554
Edgecombe	42	1470
Forsyth	8	578
Franklin	26	956
Gaston	8	580
Gates	8	234
Graham	5	140
Granville	66	1867
Greene	4	193
Guilford	36	1222
Halifax	16	536
Harnett	3	63
Haywood	5	128
Henderson	5	85
Hertford	8	254
Hoke	8	239
Hyde	10	289
Iredell	8	410
Jackson	7	220
Johnston	10	436
Jones	16	385
Lee	3	130
Lenoir	12	233
Lincoln	11	675
Macon		
Madison	4	245
Martin	9	182
McDowell	7	455
Mecklenburg	19	1452
Mitchell	1	75
Montgomery	21	1062
Moore	29	1043
Nash	20	127
New Hanover	3	237
Northampton	18	426
Onslow	2	43
Orange	6	227
Pamlico	19	415
Pasquotank	12	590
Pender	16	319
Perquimans		
Person	7	520
Pitt	30	936
Polk	8	399
Randolph	5	134
Richmond	21	722
Robeson	27	1021
Rockingham	18	720
Rowan	2	50
Rutherford	31	951
Sampson	24	783
Scotland	5	175
Stanly	31	1835
Stokes	10	502
Surry	9	335
Swain		
Transylvania	2	47
Tyrell	2	52
Union	9	216
Vance	6	250
Wake	8	393
Warren	24	764
Washington	15	637
Watauga		
Wayne	15	450
Wilkes	14	467
Wilson	68	2222
Yadkin	3	155
Yancey	1	150
Total in State	1232	45018

THE DEVELOPMENT OF INSTRUMENTS.

By Norman Jacklin.

There is rhythm in all things. The wild man is driven by his emotions to swing his body, which is his dance. A mother, sorrowing over a dead child, sways and bends in (rhythm) until she is worn out. The hand-clapping may be combined with the beating of drums. From the hollow tree grew the drum, which means much to primitive man. It brings joy, sadness, or courage. It gives orders in battle, and carries messages in peaceful times. The sounds produced by the drum possess strong attractions to the ears of the savage, and this leads to an early transformation into an instrument of music, and in this latter capacity it appears in the present military bands and orchestras.

The goddess of knowledge invented the flute, but threw it away because of the facial distortions its playing caused. In its stead she took the lyre which Mercury, the winged messenger of the gods, had invented and given to Apolla, the god of music. But long before the flute or lyre were heard, music had come into being with the cymbals of the Curetes.

The Greeks gave the discovery of the open pipe to the uncouth Pan, who found sound in broken reeds, which he formed into musical instruments. The Greeks tell of a more simple beginning of stringed instruments. Apollo and Diana were enjoying the hunt when Apollo perceived the twanging of his sister's bow string, and the weapon of the hunt was transformed into the formation of the violin and the piano.

The Assyrians left behind them representation of their instruments. The ancient Hebrews had but one instrument that is known to the modern world, shopher.

To some extent the careless naming of instruments has continued even to the present time.

The Egyptians are regarded as the most ancient of the civilized nations who have left to the world any knowledge of their music and its instruments. The Assyrians show that they had an instrument of considerable development. Students of India say that instruments long ago existed there, and had assumed a highly developed state.

In the stringed instruments, vibrations are produced by plucking the strings with the fingers, or with pieces of material, by striking them with hammers, or by rubbing them with a bow. The dull voice of the wood has given place to the sharper voice of metal, as it appears in the bell and the gong. The bell was an early production of the eastern nation. The Chinese claimed to have possessed bells even before a knowledge of how to hang them. Specimens of bells have been found in Egyptian mummy cases. Cymbals also have a long history. It was believed that they originated among the Turks and Arabs.

Another member of the orchestra is the triangle, which is a bar of steel bent into triangular form, and beaten with a rod of the same metal.

The flute has figured in the history of all times. Sax produced the saxophone in 1840, although classed with

the clarinet the fingering is that of the oboe, and the tube is of brass. The instrument, useful in military music, is not looked upon with favor by composers for the orchestra.

The stringed instruments are considered the foundation of the orchestra. There was a surprising development from the instrument used by the first player on the strings into the harp. The harp is found in a surprising state of development among the Ancients.

Viols appear as the next instrument development, and it was a poorly furnished household which was not provided with chests of them, as the group was called after the receptacle in which it was kept while not in use.

These four represented an instrument corresponding in pitch to each of the voices, soprano, alto, tenor, and bass.

The wood instruments include the piccolos, flutes, oboes, clarinets, English horn, bassoon, and the contra-bassoon. The most refined of the woodwinds is the oboe. The flute used in orchestras is a very necessary instrument. The piccolo, in reality a small flute, gives the highest notes of the entire orchestra. The most beautiful of the wood instruments is the clarinet, which is also the most useful. The bassoon, which is the bass of the oboe, is similar to that of the cello among the strings. The English horn is essentially an instrument for solo work.

The brass instruments comprise the horns, trumpets, trombones, and tubas. The trumphet is difficult to play. The trombone possesses great power. The bass of the brass band is the tuba.

Orchestras may be composed of few or many instruments, which must blend perfectly.

A BRAVE MOTHER BASS.

Snakes are destructive of fish. Many students of nature have seen the reptiles injure or kill fresh-water fish, even the swift trout. It is astonishing, therefore, to learn that the tables may be turned. In a recent bulletin of the American Game Protective Associaion is an account of the courage of a female black bass in protecting her nest of eggs against an attacking water snake.

A student of fish life was watching the mother bass. Many times fish would come near the nest, but the vigilant mother would drive them off. Presently a water snake came swimming along the bank in the direction of the nest. As quick as a flash the bass was after the reptile. She made her savage attack from the rear, thrashing the water into suds. When the ripples had quieted down the student observed that a large part of the snake was in the mouth of the bass. Once more the surface of the waterbecame agitated; when it was again smoot the snake was gone and the bass was returning to her nest.—Exchange.

"OPEN SCHOOLS: CLOSE JAILS."

(The Friend.)

"A man in state's prison is now serving the first of four sentences to life imprisonment. He was convicted of four murders and got the limit for each crime. Tests proved him to be very dull and slow to learn. The teachers had to tell him everything five times over. But he had mechanical ability far above the average. A wise warden stopped treating him as a dangerous beast and trained him for certain machine work. The man now operates two machines where the average outside workman operates one. Instead of costing the state more than $300 per year, he earns his own keep.

"From eight years old this convict has spent nearly all his life in institutions and jails. It has cost the State a great deal of money to arrest and jail him. One per cent of that money, spent on the right sort of schooling might have steered this four-times murderer safely into a decent, useful life in the work that he loves and can do."—Collier's.

The jails and ostracism have played a tremendous role in human affairs. Society has looked on them as great objectives with almost festish-like faith. It still has that bias. Many of us think that when we put somebody gone wrong in jail or refuse to have anything to do with him the whole business has been settled as far as we are concerned. We have the idea that vengeance taken is the best and all that can be done.

What stupid blunders have been made and how blindly do we often act in even this enlighted age. Thousands of infantile or juvenile minds are neglected or mal-trained every day of the year. The victim grows up with a grouch against conventions or in some way misconducts himself on account of those conditions of early years for which he is in not the least degree responsible. His plastic mind has been bungled with; in his helpless condition he has received mental or psychic wounds that determined what sort of disease he shall be afflicted with in manhood. When he evinces criminality we want to jail him or kick him out of church or lodge and turn every hand against him.

It is hard to get next to the situation. So many of us never look behind the unsocial acts; never see that it is a logical outcropping; never see that the same sort of blunder is going on right under our noses—little children allowed to grow up in ignorance and neglect or submitted to false teachings, these same little children to eventually develop into the men of the future who will prey on society and cost it heavily.

The incident cited by Collier's shows the high cost of the wrong way, and the fine results found in the right way. When the subject of education is under discussion often you hear a man of intelligence take the stand of being in favor of education for "all who can take it," adding, "but I aint in favor of spending money on boys and girls who won't study or aint got sense enough to learn." This attitude of mind has been the making of countless crim-

inals and countless failures.

Some of these who "aint got sense enough, are in the very greatest need of being looked after. From them are recruited practically all the failures and the criminal bent. From them you draw the poor house patronage; they make up the larger part of homes for defectives and diseased.

Ignorance makes criminals and paupers; we punish the first and neglect the last named on the virtuous grounds that they are of no value to society.

Almost every child comes into the world with sufficient body and mind equipment to render it useful and happy. Nature does its part handsomely. The plans and specifications under which humanity is built do not call for defectives and few are born as such. Most of those whom we send to jail or the lunatic asylum, as well as those shunted into the poor house, are not nature's misfits, but society's mishandled.

The years pile up evidence that the public schools must be open to every child; that saner methods of handling infantile minds must somehow be stressed on mothers and fathers; that the best and most intelligent citizens must be made to realize more fully that their indifference or prejudice are factors in social wrongs and stupidities.

The criminal is a fool—but he did not make himself a fool originally perhaps. Somebody fooled him when he was little. We have to punish him for purposes of restraint and example. He is selfish, brutish, useless—he costs money and morals and pays no dividends. But why? Somebody fooled him in infancy and mismanaged him in childhood.

And somebody is fooling, somebody is mismanaging, little children every day, because they themselves were not taught better. The blind is leading the blind

Does any sensible man or woman question the need of the most widespread education? Is it possible to conceive of a more vital need than that for supporting the public school system, and every branch of education that trains minds and builds bodies; that puts ignorance superstition and fetishness to rout!

No, for there is none.

Square your shoulders to the world!
It's easy to give in—
Lift your chin a little higher!
You were made to win.
Grit your teeth, but smile, don't frown,
We all must bear our bit.
It's not the load that weighs us down,
It's the way we carry it.—Exchange.

HOW BJAX MADE GOOD.

By Wallace Dunbar Vincent.

If you and I had been in an airplane flying low over Long Hill, one morning last summer, we might have seen two boys earnestly talking in Trumbull and a colored man riding a mule in Stepney. But we never would have imagined that the meeting of these four would start a series of events so odd as to make a rattling good story. Here it is, just as I heard it from Ned Drew:

My chum, Billy Borden, and I were sitting on that old stone wall where the brook crosses the road. We were talking about what a lot of money we could make if we had a flivver. You see, all summer and fall there's lots of folks coming up here for week ends, and that sort of thing, who want to go miles off the bus route. And lots of the people they visit haven't any car to send to the stotion at Trumbull; so there's nothing to do but hire one of the two taxies for four or five dollars—or as much more as the drivers dare charge.

"If we had any old thing, 'slong's it would go," said Billy, "we could pick up folks for half what those pirates charge, and make money hand over fist! And I know where we could buy a busted flivver for a hundred dollars, that my brother says he could fix up O. K. in no time, with some old parts he's picked up."

"We stand a fat chance of getting a hundred dollars," I said. "My pop's worried now about his taxes—and your father's stingy. Well, you said he was! If someone'd only lend us the money, we could pay it back in a couple of months, I'll bet."

It was just at that very minute, that over the hill came a darkey astride a mule. Both of 'em seemed to be in a hurry, for one was kicking out his legs for all he was worth, and the other was lamming him with a switch. As they came nearer we could see that it was a very short mule and a very long colored man. He had to hold up his knees—the man did—so's his feet wouldn't drag. It wore a red bridle, and no saddle at all. I mean the mule. The man had on corduroy pants and a blue flannel shirt, and a cap with an R in front.

"Looka what's comin'!" shouted Billy. Just as they got in front of us the rider yelled something to the animal, and let his own feet down. That stopped them, dead. The mule turned his head, with its long ears pointing straight forward, around to the darkey, and looked at him, as much as to say, "Well, what you puttin' on the brakes so sudden for?"

"Mind yo' own bus'ness!" said the man, just as if the mule had spoken. "Say, yo' boys, where at is dis yere road takin us? Does us git to Bridgeport disaway?"

"Sure," answered Billy, sliding off the wall. "Keep right on through Trumbull Center. Foller the signs. Five miles'll get you there."

I followed Billy off the wall, and we patted the mule's head and rubbed our hands over its smooth sides. It was a pretty dandy looking mule.

"What's his name?" asked Billy.

"He's real gentle, isn't he?" I said.

The darkey looked back at the hill, and wrinkled his face all up before answering.

"Dis yere mewel name Ajax," he said. "An' he sure am safe," 'cept' fo' dem as don't un'erstan' his pussonality. Feed an' water him good, an' cuss him hearty, an' ther' ain't no mewel nowhere'll tetch him, nowhow. Wuk all day an' night, an' do his sleepin' in between times. An' brains! Lemme tell yo', boys, brains is w'at Ajax haid ain't got nothin' else but!"

Again he sent a worried glance up the hill, and lifted his feet to start on.

"Could he pull a two-seated runabout?" questioned Billy.

"He c'd pull a steam-roller!" declared the darkey.

"Want to sell him?" I called as he moved off—for I'd caught on to what Billy was thinking.

The big feet came down in the road, and Ajax stopped.

"Dat w'at I'm goin' Bridgeport fo'" was the reply. "Know anybuddy 'roun' heah buy him, boy? Him wuth t'ree hun' dollars, but I lets him go fo' sebenty-fi', fo' quick sale."

Billy and I looked at each other. What a chance, if only we could grab it! A mule that could pull steam-rollers wouldn't ever get tired hauling pasengers from the station. And in our barn was an old carriage no one ever used, and harness and everything. And Ajax cost less than the flivver, and free hay would do instead of gasoline at twenty-eight cents.

Of course it seemed silly even to think of getting seventy-five dollars. But all of a sudden I remembered something I'd heard pop tell a man who need money to start a business. "Anything you want for a good purpose," he'd said, "youl'll get, if you'll only try hard enough. Go see Halbert, and tell him all about it. Banks are always ready to help a man make money." Now, didn't I know Mr. Halbert, myself?

"Look here," I said to the darkey, who had ridden back to us. "If you'll hitch up Ajax to our runabout, and drive us down to the bank in town, I'll try to buy him. Will you?"

At first he said he wouldn't. He was in a hurry, and how could we get money out of a bank, anyway? Then he looked up the hill again, and said he'd try it if we'd hurry. We hurried, believe me, and were soon driving into Trumbull Center and up to the First National Bank.

I walked right into the president's office before anyone could stop me. Mr. Halbert looked surprised, but told me to sit down. Didn't I know that banks required security for a loan? When he'd told me what that meant, I said, well, couldn't he take a mortgage on Ajax—forgetting that I hadn't mentioned the mule's name. Then he looked more surprised than ever.

"'Ajax?'" he repeated, and just caught his glasses as they tumbled of his nose. "Are you trying to be funny at my expense? The only Ajax I ever heard of was a Greek hero who died centuries ago. What do you mean?"

When I explained he stopped forwning and went to the window and looked out at the mule and the

darkey and the carriage and Billy. As he stood there the mule turned his head around toward the window and pointed his long ears at Mr. Halbert, and made the queerest noise you ever heard.

Why it struck him so funny I don't know; but Mr. Halbert laughed so hard that he had to sit down and wipe his eyes. Then he took some money from his pocket and held it out to me.

"Here, Ned," he said, his shoulders still shaking a little, "offer this twenty five dollars to the colored man. When he sees the cold cash he'll accept it—unless I know very little of his race. And undersand, I shall expect you to bring me five dollars for the next five weeks, without fail. I'm doing this because I know your father, because I like your nerve, and because Ajax has given me a good laugh, I hope the mule makes good."

Well, the consequences were that in a few minutes Billy and I were public hackmen, and waiting at the station for the noon train from the city. The taxi men and other drivers paid no attention to us, except to grin. Maybe after they found us taking away some of their trade—

When the train came in six passengers were pounced upon by the "pirates" and whizzed away. Nobody saw us at all. Billy said we'd have to put up a sign, telling people that our rates were lowest. That would bring us trade. Then a man came out of the station.

Seeing no one but us, he walked over to us and asked where he could find someone to take him to the Sims place. He was a very fat man, all dressed up like the clothes ads, and wore his straw hat on the back of his head.

"Take you over for a dollar," said Billy in the voice he uses for business. He knew the others would charge two.

The fat man laughed and looked us over.

"I want to get there before night, kiddo," he grinned.

"In half an hour, or you needn't pay," I said.

"Well," he chuckled, "as it's a mule-drive or else walk, I'll take you up if you'll take me up."

He climbed in at the back, and filled up the whole rear seat, easy. Billy and I got in, and I drove. That is, I picked up the lines and said, "Get up!" and touched Ajax with the whip. Ajax leaned against his collar and braced his legs, but we hardly budged. The mule turned that head of his 'way round and looked past Billy and me, at the passenger; and then he looked at us, as much as to say, "What do you think you bought—a team of oxen?"

With that he stopped dead where he was, and wouldn't move. And every time we tried to make him he looked around at the fat man and shook his head from side to side. This made the man laugh at first; but he was in a hurry to get to the Sims road, which begins with a pretty steep place, and he laughed less and less. Billy and I began to think we'd lose that dollar, by the taxi men coming back before we got started.

Then Billy had one of his bright ideas. He said to wait a minute—which was a silly thing to say—and ran over to the general store. He came back carrying a long bamboo fishing pole and some hay. Ajax

sniffed the hay and wiggled his ears. Keeping behind the rig until he had tied the hay on the end of the pole, Billy then got in, and held the pole so that the hay dangled in front of the mule.

Ajax started, and Ajax kept on going. I steered him onto the right road, which begins with a pretty steep hill. But that didn't bother our mule one bit. He was going to get that hay, and he kept on trying harder and harder. Now and then his long teeth would snap on a straw or two, but that was all. This made him mad, and he laid back those long ears of his and made funny sounds through his nose. The fat man was all doubled up, and making noises as if he was choking to death. He was nearly as funny as the mule.

By the time we topped the hill, the old runabout was rocking so that only the passenger's weight kept us from toppling over. I got scared, I'll admit, and yelled to Billy that we didn't need to use the hay going down hill. He raised the pole, and came near wrecking us; for Ajax tried to climb right up into the air.

"Jehoshaphat!" hollered the passenger, hanging on to his seat for dear life. "Let him have it! Let him have it!"

Billy did. And the mule stopped so quick that the fat man broke the back of our seat, and we broke the dashboard. While we righted ourselves and did what we could to fix the carriage, that mule just stood with his four legs spread out on that steep road, and munched hay as if he was in a flat field somewhere, and hadn't near about smashed us all to flinders a minute before. The fat man climbed out, all of a-tremble.

"How far am I from the Sims place, and which way is it?" he panted, looking for his hat, which had rolled down the hill. "Half a mile ahead, eh? Well, I'll sure enjoy the walk—after this. Here's five dollars. Four of it's a thank-offering that my wife isn't a widow. Just do one thing to please me. I'm sort of a stickler for consistency. Rename that long-eared specimen. Ajax is dead. If there's anything dead about that mule, I've failed to notice it. Call him Bjax. Good-bye. I hope you both live to get hhome."

While the mule finished the hay Billy and I talked things over, and we couldn't agree. He was for rigging up a frame over the shafts, with a pulley arrangement that would let him feed Bjax a couple of straws at a time. I pointed out to him that nobody'd want to ride behind a crazy contraption like that; and that the best thing we could do was to try to sell the stubborn animal for what we could get, and pick berries, or something, for the rest of what we owed.

"Maybe Bjax'll behave, now he's had a feed," said Billy hopefully. "Maybe he hadn't been fed for days. We don't know. See? He's beginning to move now. Come on. Hurry, Ned! He's starting to gallop!"

"We got in just in time. In another second the mule was cavorting down that hill as if he was dippy. It was awful. We reached the level road and made the turn without upsetting. How, I don't konw. Ahead we could see the fat man. He looked around and saw us coming, and dived through a hedge. We never saw him again.

I had to quit pulling on the lines, for with every pull Bjax tried to kick

in what was left of the dashboard. We were going too fast to jump out. All we could do was hang on, and hope we'd land on something softer than macadam. Twice we passed wagons, and once a big motor truck. By good luck, there was always room. Bjax turned out for nothing. Once Billy shouted that he had a new idea. I hadn't any breath to call him an idiot with, so I just made a face at him.

"In place of the hay," yelled Billy, "chloroform on a sponge!"

Before you'd believe it we were coming into Stepney, the next town. the houses got closer and closer together, sidewalks began, automobiles flew past us, people and dogs dodged us. Main Street was just ahead, and it looked extra crowded. Then we saw a flag and heard music. There must be a parade going by. There was—and Bjax was making straight for it. I seemed to see the awful accident there'd be when we ran into that crowded street. Billy tried to jump, but I hung on to his arm.

Someone saw us coming, and yelled to the jam of people. They parted right and left just in time. The end of the procession came up just as we did, and Bjax slowed down and followed on quietly—just as though he hadn't run like mad for miles and miles.

"It's the circus!" said Billy weakly. At the end of the street we could now see the white tops of the tents. Headed by the blaring brass band, the parade turned into the lot alive with flags and streamers—elephants, camels, cages of lions and tigers, gorgeous men and women on horseback, and the tumbling clowns. And behind them walked Bjax, even into the roped-off part kept for the circus itself. Before we could do anything but stare and wonder, someone called out:

"Hey, Mr. Ringer! Look who's here."

Right away we were surrounded by the circus folks, and a tall man in a cowboy hat was asking us where we had found the mule. We tried to tell him about it, both at once, while the band tooted away and everybody was talking. I guess he didn't understand very well, because he took us into a little tent where there were chairs and a desk, and had a clown bring us pink lemonade, and then said to go ahead and say it over.

Of course we told him the whole story—about our wishing for a flivver, about buying Bjax from the Jarkey, about the exciting time we had with our passenger, and about the scary ride into town.

"Hear that, Jake?" he asked the clown. "That confounded nigger stole Ajax, just as I thought, and was heading for Bridgeport to sell him. And the mule has come near being the death of I don't know how many ever since. He's the greatest trick mule in the world, but no one except that coon and you, Jake, can manage him for a minute. Now, my lads, let me thank you for bringing Ajax back—or, rather, Bjax. Yes, I'll admit it was he that did the bringing; but we haven't lost him—that's the main thing. You certainly deserve the reward, after all you've been through."

"Reward?" cried Billy and I, together.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Ringer. "An hour ago I posted up a notice that I would pay a hundred dollars for the return of that pesky mule. To it I'm

adding the twenty-five he cost you, and something more for the damage he did. And here''—he wrote something on two cards—''here are a couple of passes to the show. You may like to see Bjax when he's behaving himself. Take good care of them, for they'll give you reserved seats wherever we happen to be, and as long as Ringer's Colossal Circus is on the road.''

''Then,'' said Billy, ''can we stay and see the show now?''

''Take your pick of the seats before anyone else goes in,'' was the reply.

''Can we go see Bjax first?'' I asked him.

''After all the trouble he brought you?'' said Mr. Ringer.

''Oh, well,'' answered Billy and I together, ''Bjax made good.''

THE UNTOUCHED OLYMPICS.

By Emma Mauritz Larson.

We are accustomed to think of the rough wilds of America and especially of the unclimbed mountains as being far from cities, and in the main this is true. But in the northwest corner of the United States there is a mountain range in plain sight of the big city of Seattle, in fact not many miles as the crow flies across Puget Sound, that may still be called the almost undisturbed Olympics. With populous counties all about, and eager tourists and sportsmen seeking out the northwest from all directions these rugged slopes still echo to very few human footfalls.

Perhaps one reason for this is the peninsular location of the Olympic Mountain Range. Nature has put salty waters all about it, the Pacific Ocean, Juan De Fuca Straits, and the many-armed channels of Puget Sound, leaving only the southern end to be approached by land. The land is heavily forested too, and with the dense underbush that grows in the moist soil under the tall cedar and spruce and fir trees the difficulty of foot or horseback travel is increased.

But none of these reasons seems fully to account for the fact that men were so slow in realizing the beauty and interest of these western mountains that it was more than a century after their Spanish discoverer saw and named the outstanding peak of the Olympics before that mountain was climbed. The Spaniard sailing up the coast named the snowy peak Santa Rosalia, when he glimpsed it a few years before the Revolutionary War, but the name had not gotten into any book when fourteen years later an English navigator christened it in his turn with the name that has remained, Mount Olympus. Not until 1907 did any man's feet climb to the summit of Mount Olympus. It towers eight thousand feet into the air and overlooks many other rugged peaks that ought to tempt enthusiastic mountaineers to climb, but even now only two or three parties climb Olympus each summer, and there are tall peaks in the Hood's Canal part of the mountains that are yet to be scaled for the first time.

Fortunately this beautiful untouched mountain country belongs to Uncle Sam, and so will be kept for all Americans to use and enjoy. Much of the Olympic Peninsula is included in the Olympic National Forest, a million and a third acres of giant forests and towering peaks. And the heart of it is doubly protected, being set aside as the Olympic National Monument.

Since it has become a National Forest there is something of life there, for the forestry service has built almost four hundred miles of trails through what was impassible forest, and there are more mile than that of telephone wires stretched up to some of the very peaks themselves. The rangers have lookout stations up on the crags, watching constantly for any wisp of smoke that would indicate the starting of a forest fire, that dreaded scourge.

This part of the United States is quite free of thunder storms and so the proportion of fires set by lightning is small. But one day, about four years ago, a strangs unprecedented hurricane swept down without warning on the Olympic Peninsula and mowed down before it in a wide swathe the tall forest trees as though they were a child's ten pins. Some of these fallen trees are being salvaged for lumber, but over much of the trail of the hurricane this is not possible. So now the rangers of the Olympic Forest have a new problem in what is called "The Storm Zone." That stretch of wrecked forest is the worst fire menace possible. It has to be watched as though with a thousand eyes for any little leaping, hungry flame that might start to lick it on any side.

So in the season when the heavy winter rains are not falling and there is any danger of fire attacking the "Storm Zone" the rangers tread back and forth over its trails watching for fires. This patrol includes the use of tank trucks where there are roads, which carry hose, water, and a gasoline pump for fighting fires. But much of the hundred square miles is land without roads, with only narrow trails through the prostrate timber. Not even on horseback can these parts of the forest be reached so the patrol is on foot, each ranger hiking from fifteen to twenty miles a day on his long, lonely beat, carrying a combination tool that is both axe and mattock for emergency work.

At certain points along the trail too he has caches with water bags and buckets and other tools, which he can reach if his one tool is inadequate to put out the starting fire. Some of the most dangerous parts of the trail in the Storm Zone are covered four times a day by the patrol in dry weather when the peril is increased.

What are they guarding with such intensive care as this foot patrol through parts of the Olympic National Forest? In simple words they are saving from fire destruction one of the richest forests that Uncle Sam owns. He has in all 150 national forests, scattered through many States, but one-twentieth of the salable timber of all those forests put together is in this one mountainous forest reserve on the Olympic Peninsula. The figure of 26,000,000,000 feet of timber ready to be cut may mean little to those who live far from forests and sawmills, and yet

it is an asset for all America to preserve.

Many of the trees, Douglas fir, spruce, cedar and white fir, are entirely mature, so that large cuttings could be made each year and the places reforested without imparing this National Forest. The policy of the Government in caring for and using all the national forests is to sell off a certain amount of the timber regularly and reforest, to sell permits for grazing stock in the woods when the forage is suitable, and to lease at small rentals certain sites for summer hotels and cabins.

These are the means of revenue from the national forests, and they support the work and provide beside the 25 per cent shall go to the counties in which the forest lies for road and school use. In this case, as some of the timber is sold from this thick forest four counties of Washington will benefit and have larger funds for roads and schools. But it is the country at large that reaps the reward of its foresightedness in setting aside such national forests as Olympic and all the 149 others.

Fortunately the gateways to the peninsula, one by Hood's Canal Highway from the little capital city of Olympia on the tumwater of Puget Sound, and the other road from Gray's Harbor, are in the very heart of the saw mill district of western Washington. Many mills there keep humming day and night. So as the Government decides to sell timber from this forest there will be mills eager to buy it and to cut it even in the far inland, almost inaccessible valleys between the rugged peaks. They have the equipment that is the latest word in logging and can get timber out where it is humanly possible to do it.

But Olympic National Forest has other distinction. It has the untouched forests, incalculably rich. It has virgin wilds to allure the lover of the untamed woods and mountains. It has rushing trout streams and beautiful lakes where people may build summer homes, paying to the Government only ten or fifteen dollars a year as a lease rental for the land for the cabins. It has peaks never yet climbed, so that the hardiest mountaineers can find here a fresh place to try their skill in surmounting difficulties of precipice and cliff. And it has wild life, deer, black bear, lynx, and civet cat, to say nothing of the busy beaver, the muskrat and the snowshoe rabbit. But most interesting of all it has its own species of elk, the Olympic or Roosevelt Elk, much larger than the Rocky Mountains or Yellowstone Elk.

The elk have been protected and are strangely gentle, having little fear of men. They feed up in the mountain tops in the summer but when winter brings heavy snows they go back down the western slopes to the lower, warmer lands near the Pacific shore. But summer and winter they are the wards of the forest service, and they add greatly to the pleasure of the few vacationists who have penetrated these wilds and found wild beasts so gentle and unafraid.

Ten per cent of forest revenues go to road and trail building within the national forests, and in this case a fine road is building that will make it possible for even autos to reach parts of the forest. It leads up the west side of Hood's Canal, that pic-

turesque arm of Puget Sound, for many many miles with the blue water on the right and wooded highlands on the left, and only the necessary road width stolen from the water and the hills.

For 200 miles the road stretches now, but when it has been completed the planned 360 miles it will go through as varied scenery as any highway of that length in the country can boast. The quaintest of Indian names cling to the points along this Hood's Canal Highway, Potchlatch and Duckabush, Dosewallips, Quilcene, and Sequim, with Lilliwaup Falls off in its own damp green glen not far from the main road falling in a long ribbon of spray down a tall cliff.

This road leads to Crescent Lake, an azure gem with mountainous shores. And happily the other road through Gray's Harbor County leads to Lake Quinault, which seems to be the American twin of lovely Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies except that Quinault's steep shores are heavily forested while Louise has glaciers. On the edge of Lake Quinault begins too another interesting region, next neighbor to the Olympic National Forest, the Quinault Indian Reservations, where the red men are salmon fishers so successfully that they are now too automobile owners.

Lake Quinault will be protected as the people's playground for all the years to come, its forests preserved and trails and roads made to lead on towards the mountains on the north. Under the forestry service it bears the friendly name "Quinault Lake Recreation Unit," in token of being especially set aside, even more than the National Forests in general, to be used for camping and summer cabins.

Some day the untouched Olympics will be something more than just a well-guarded National Forest, something more than a beautiful range of mountains seen across the sound from Seattle and adding greatly to that city's charm and outlook. They will be better known by folks who love the out of doors and who will delight to find here within very sight of big cities and unspoiled wilderness. They will no longer be known as "The Least-Known Mountains that are near to many people."

But the cities of the Sound, with their front doors looking out across the water to the Olympics, have a back door outlook quite as wonderful in the Cascade Mountains to the east. Here Uncle Sam has put his big guarding hand over four large areas of the mountain country and labeled them Chelan National Forest, Wenatchee National Forest, Snoqualmie National Forest and Ranier National Forest, keeping both slopes of the Cascades as a great playground for the nation and as a source of timber and water power and of water supply.

Snoqualmie Forest, on the western slopes of the mountains, like many other National Forests throughout the United States, would be justified alone for its protection of the water shed if for nothing else. Without the guarded forests, saved from the axe and from fire, on the heights there would soon be no adequate water supplies for our big cities. This one forest alone sends out the swift rivers, cold and clear and fed by the perpetual snows from the peaks of the Cascades, that supply

Seattle and Tacoma and Everett with their city water.

These four forests are a Switzerland for glaciers too, so that interest is added to the beauty of canyons and peaks, on forests and rivers and lakes. Glacier Peak, the highest point in Snoqualmie Forest is 10,000 feet high and more, and wears a robe of glaciers all around its rugged form. Down below the glaciers are stately forests where the trees are up to eight feet in diameter. Up in the rocks there is wild life too, the shy mountain goats that were once plentiful but which the law has to protect now, and blacktail and mule deer bounding under the trees lower down.

National Parks allow no shooting, but the forests set aside by the Government have open season on some animals for part of the year. Black bears and brown ones, and the two species of deer can be shot during one month in the autumn. And hunters do go into these wilds, so near the cities that they may be reached in a short half day. They know these forests perhaps better than the rest of the public. But some day those who go only to enjoy and not to kill will realize the richness of these national playgrounds as keenly as the hunters and the trout fisherman.

It is within the bounds of Snoqualmie Forest that the famed Sunset Highway climbs over the mountain range through Snoqualmie Pass, and three of the trans-continental railroads go through it also. So even the train traveler sees something of the variety and beauty of this high country that Uncle Sam has set aside for all the people.

Ranier National Forest is, of course, the pride of the National Forest family, with its majestic dome more than 14,000 feet up in the heavens and its twenty-eight glaciers and its truly gorgeous flowering meadows that bring tourists by the thousands and ten thousands each summer. Ranier is well known and much used, and deserves to be.

But it cannot by any means have all the credit of the family or even of this group of National Forests within the one State of Washington. Wenatchee and Chelan Forests have wild, rugged beauty too. Wenatchee from the shady heights of its fifty by seventy miles of area sends out the streams that irrigate half a million acres of the fruit lands of eastern Washington. Its mountains are mirrored in four large lakes with distinctive names, Keechelus, Kachess, Cle Elum and Wenatchee, left from the musical Indian language of this region. There are hundreds of smaller lakes and streams too, so that the campers find such fine camping sites that it is no wonder than more and more of them are seeking the Ranger's office and asking: "What did you say we have to do to lease some of this land to put up a permanent cabin?"

Aside from the tiny rental charged Uncle Sam asks nothing but that campers and cabin residents guard their own heritage, the National Forests, from dreaded fire. In every possible way the Government tries to impress this one thing on the vacationists who use these national playgrounds. Their slogans are many—and true. "One tree will make a million matches. One match can destroy a million trees." "It's your National Forest and your playground.

Help protect it from fire."

Surely that is a small price to pay for the chance to enjoy these wonderlands that the Government is preserving for all America, to take the utmost care to extinguish the campfine built. The government does its part by requiring a camp-fire permit to be issued to each party of campers and by explaining carefully the best methods for making sure that every spark of fire has been killed. And the fire patrol never slacks up a moment on its diligent watching for incipient fires anywhere in the thick forests.

And so, thanks to this watchful care, we have the untouched Olmpics and the National Forests of the Cascades and the 146 other National Forests of the United States saved for our use and enjoyment.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

We are all glad to see Mr. Talbert back on the job, after a short vacation.

§ § § §

Mr. R. B. Mobley, of Social Circle, Ga., paid a visit to the institution last Sunday.

§ § § §

Mr. and Mrs. Cloer have returned to the institution, after about a month's vacation.

§ § § §

Willie Harvell was paroled last Monday. He was a member of the third cottage.

§ § § §

Walter Scott, Dallas Hensley and Walter McCullers were all paroled last week. These boys have all worked hard since they have been here and have earned their parole.

§ § § §

Millard Simpson has returned to the institution, after a short visit to his home in Charlotte. Craven Pate has also returned from a visit to his home in Lumberton.

Kieth Hunt, Obed McClain, Floyd Lovelace, Millard Simpson, Herbert Apple, Johnnie Wright, Paul Baker and J. Mc. Alexander were visited last Wednesday, by their friends and relatives.

§ § § §

Mr. Brandon Means brought out the picture, "The Covered Wagon," from his theatre in Concord, and showed it in our new Auditorium, last Saturday morning. We are all greatly indebted to Mr. Means for the generosity shown in bringing the picture out. Everyone enjoyed it and are grateful to Mr Means.

§ § § §

We were all disappointed last Saturday, by not having a ball game. The local team was scheduled to play the Brown Mill team, but the visitors didn't show up. Everybody was here then and we had to do something, so nine boys were picked out of the grandstand to play the first team. It wasn't much of a game, but it was good practice for the first team.

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IT DOES GOOD.

It does no harm to be reminded now and then of our duty. It is not that we do not know it. But we forget. We let these precious things slip through our fingers. The downpull erases the good resolves of earlier days. It helps us occasionally to take our stand in the presence of all the people. Others oftentimes will do as we do. They will be influenced by our choice.

Nobody ever chooses God and His truth without helping someone else to make that choice.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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MY CASTLE

My castle is not built of stone
With turrets high and grim,
Nor are there any dungeons grey
Or stairways small and dim.

It is not even built of bricks
With modern rooms so small.
Ah, no, it has no pokey parts
Within the walls at all.

My castle is an airy one,
With sunshine piled in reams,
And song-birds, and wondrous hopes—
My castles's built of dreams.—Lereine Ballantyne.

CORRECTING A SLIP.

Our noble friend, Col. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury, called us on the phone to "put some history straight." The occasion for this was an error appearing in last week's UPLIFT with reference to the engagement of the late Dr. D. H. Hill to do certain historical work. THE UPLIFT simply made a slip, and when it was perfectly familiar with the real facts. It was one of those tricks a fellow's mind plays him when laboring under a stress, suffering from

heat and concerned about the disposition of a number of pressing matters.

THE UPLIFT gave credit to the late Ashley Horn for a contribution of ten thousand dollars towards the making of a history covering North Carolina's part in the War Between the States, for which the services of Dr. Hill were engaged. Having known personally the late Horne and knowing of his great love for the Confederate cause and his donation of a monument commemorating the heroism of North Carolina's women during that period, and at the same time thinking of another (the late R. H. Ricks) as a companion piece with Horne in appreciation of and devotion to Confederate history, the slip was more of a mechanical occurrence than a mental one. Now let us get this matter straight.

A committee of the State Confederate veterans was appointed to investigate the feasibiliy of having written a full history of the state's part in the War Between the States. That committee was composed of Col. A. H. Boyden, Gen'l. Metz, Gen'l. J. S. Carr, Gen'l. W. L. London, and Mr. R. H. Ricks. They met. Without going into all the details of the matter, suffice us to say this: Dr. Hill was invited to sit with the committee; upon his being asked what the undertaking would cost, how long possibly would be required to accomplish the work and would he be willing to undertake it, Dr. Hill thought $25,000 would be required to finance the work. Being pressed to accept the responsibility of the undertaking, and the committee would finance the proposition, Dr. Hill gave up the presidency of the Agricultural and Mechanical College at a salary of $5,000 and accepted the call of the committee at a salary of $4,500.

At this point, when the great undertaking had assumed a practical basis, the attention of the committee was turned to the method of financing the work. Thereupon Mr. R. H. Ricks, a member of the committee, arose and asked the privilege and the pleasure of financing the proposition and at once wrote his check for $25,000.00 to meet the demands of the cause.

Mr. Ricks was a noble fellow; he was the architect of his own fortune, which could not be told under seven figures; he returned from the bloody fields of the War Between the States a penniless and barefoot boy. The first money he made was hauling ashes from a burnt over new-ground and selling them to gardeners in Rocky Mount. He had just a cart and an ox. This was a privilege granted him by the gentleman with whom he lived. There are other Ricks in North Carolina; were other Ricks immediately after the Confederate struggle; there have been other Ricks ever since; and other Ricks are being

born daily in North Carolina—they are just simply awaiting an opportunity to exercise the spirit that the clime of the Old North State makes possible.

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STARTED AT TEN CENTS PER DAY.

The late Henry Ritz, whom the children regarded as the mercantile Santa Claus of this part of North Carolina, was very careful with his accounts and guarded well his expenses.

Today there is a successful, young business man of Concord, of fine presence and splendid character, whose first experience in working for another was in the toy and candy store of the late Henry Ritz. For a long period his salary was ten cents per day or all of sixty cents for a whole week. And the boy carried home to his mother every Saturday night the sixty cents—Henry Ritz always permitted his boy clerks to freely fill themselves with striped candy and red lemonade; this went along as a perquisite of the salary of ten cents a day.

While this is interesting, there are many other similar cases. There is a wealthy gentleman, who lives less than twenty miles from this shop, a tower of strength in the business and social life of his community, who years ago hired himself as a plough-boy to a farmer in this community for the sum of twenty-five cents per day—working in the hot sun behind a lazy mule.

Now-a-days, we fear too many boys are looking for an easy job, or demoralizing recreation, when they should be experiencing those activities that bring to the surface the qualities of mind and body that insure successful lives when manhood is reached. There is more hope in a youngster that is willing to work for ten cents or twenty-five cents per day than in one that is looking for frolic and fun and idleness—the future is just the fulfillment of the impulses and activities of the present.

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AN OPPORTUNITY AND A MAN MEET.

Several times in the past, he has exhibited a fine concern for the boys of the institution in a practical and tangible manner. Just by the most casual meeting an opportunity and a man connected. Less time than you take in reading this was required for the man to grasp an opportunity.

Mr. John G. Parks, of the Parks-Belk establishment that has played such a large part in the mercantile life of Concord, inquired wherein he might make a contribution at this time that would mean pleasure and profit to the

youngsters of the Jackson Training School. He was informed that a moving picture machine with the necessary accessories would be a fine addition to the means of profitable entertainment for the boys, now since we have a large and suitable auditorium. Instantly, even after he knew that this would spoil a $500 bill, he authorized the purchase to be made and the bill sent to him. That's the kind of helpful friendship that has made this institution a glorious success.

The youngsters here see that good and successful citizens are interested in their health and their welfare, their comfort, and their success, and the truth of a common brotherhood is burnt into thier very souls, and thereby many a serious and courageous resolution finds lodgment in the lives of these fellows to prove themselves worthy of such kind and generous contributions, such as Mr. Parks has just made. Nine hundred and niety-nine are influenced by a well-directed kindness and consideration, where cold autocratic authority scores but one success.

Mr. Parks' beautiful act makes the heartstring of every resident of this campus vibrate with gratitude and rejoicing. And the pictures—pictures that teach a lesson, that point a moral and that lead to clean thinking and right acting—will, we are sure, be loaned us by the generous moving picture operators about the state. We are simply rich in the character of friendship that pours out its best in our behalf.

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SIMPLE AND UNAFFECTED FRIENDSHIP.

When one gets into a ruminating and thoughtful mood, he is liable to ask himself what is the most valuable possession in all the world. From different viewpoints or different angles or influenced by the condition of one's spleen, the answer to the personal question may be entirely different.

Some, suffering disease and pain, may at the time regard health the greatest possession: others, financially distressed, may have their greatest joy in being handsomely remembered in a rich individual's will; others will be content with simple riches, influence, honor: and there are people who seem perfectly rejoiced to see their names frequently in the papers—wishing for nothing greater or grander.

Spaking for this population of ours and all connected with it, we make public confession that our greatest joy and most valuable possession is friendship—friendship for the cause, the purpose, the problem in such a manner and in such terms as to prompt assistance in working out the proposition before us

with the happiest results. Why, the smallest recognition of the institution from any source sends a thrill throughout the population—it becomes a subject for conversation and is an inspiration and an urge to greater efforts on the part of all.

The Rotarians pulled off a fine stunt last week. Quoting them as worthy authority, Rotarian Gus Hartsell engineered the securing of 200 watermelons that formed the inner program; and Rotarian Tom Webb agreed to furnish the gas for the occasion, and then cutely and pleasantly and rotarianly introduced Dr. Frazier, president of Queen's College, who captivated the boys with his human interest stories from real negro life and then drove home impressive truths.

This was just one of the usual weekly meetings of the Concord Rotarians, who, believing in our great work, sought the privilege and the opportunity of honoring us with their presence and giving the boys and themselves a joyful social period at water melon eating. Though the yard seemed covered with the choicest of the Sandhill section, the attitude and the manner in which the four hundred approached the task clearly showed what happened with Dr. Frazier's little pickaninny, who, with his face buried in the half of a large, red juicy melon, confessed that "Da ain't goin' be none lef." And there wasn't.

Mr. T. H. Webb, one of the leading citizens of Concord, and who a few years ago took up his residence in our midst and quickly and gracefully became one of us, presided over the Rotarian part. After a pleasing struggle to explain Rotary, he had to admit that the effect of Rotary was to bring folks together on more friendly and sympathetic terms, such as felling comfortable in calling any man by the given handle of his name, leaving off all Misters, Profs., Doctors, etc. The Concord Rotarians are a fine bunch, and the boys have an abiding welcome for them whenever and as often as they find it agreeable to come.

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DECLAMATION AND STORY TELLING CONTEST.

Mr. John J. Barnhardt, connected with the Cannon Milling interests, and one of the county's outstanding young men, is a great friend of the Jackson Training School. This interest had its birth in a short and efficient service with us, some years ago, as one of our teachers.

He recently offered a prize to the boys. It took the form of two and a half dollar gold piece for the best effort at declamation, which was won by

Paul Camp andthe presentation was made by Mr. W. R. Odell, chairman of the County School Board in a graceful and pleasing manner; and the two dollars and fifty cent gold piece went to Delmas Stanly and was presented by Luther T. Hartsell. Jr. Mr. Hartsell did his part so well that the youngsters who consituted the dynamic force of the program are planning to give him a bridal serenade.

Mr. Barnhardt's thoughtful interest is highly appreciatel by the boys. The contests was held in the new auditorium, and was witnessed by the visiting Rotarians and some invited guests. The singing, engineered by Miss Goodman at the piano and Prof. Johnson on the cornet, added no little to the pleasure of the evening.

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MAKING SURROUNDINGS BEAUTIFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

THE UPLIFT is certain that our readers will enjoy the selection, "the Bluebird in the School room," which is taken from a recent number of the Literary Digest. Our attention was called to the engaging article by a lady, officially connected with public education in one of the counties of the state, who, noting the worthy action of a book club, expressed the hope that others reading it "might catch the spirit and do more to beautify our school rooms everywhere."

It takes a perfectly blind person to be unable to see the influence of surroundings and environment over the child. If he becomes accustomed to unsightly surroundings, disorder and carelessness in youth, it will leave an impression upon the man. If you introduce him to the orderly, the beautiful and the inspiring, and give him the story and reasons for same in youth, the man in him will not be satisfied with the discordant things of life.

THE UPLIFT is in sympathy with the lady, who is deeply interested in the correct education of the youth, planting proper ideals of life and morals into the young lives of the children, by the christian and dignified lives and example and precept of the teacher, and one of the first essentials to accomplish this, after securing godly teachers to lead, is to make their surroundings in the school room one of order, neatness and emphasize the importance of art.

THE "BLUEBIRD" IN SCHOOL.

Besides being most fascinating the accompanying article, taken from the Literary Digest, has a local touch that makes it of double interest. This article was read at a recent meeting of the Julia Magruder Book Club, of Concord, by Mrs. Chas. J. Harris, whereupon the Club decided to donate the recently completed high school building a handsome picture as a starter in carrying out the beautiful scheme outlined in the generous and thoughtful act of Ed McClain.

Of local as well of state interest the fact may just as well be stated here that Ed McClain is the father-in-law of Dr. Robt. S. Young, the son of the late Dr. R. S. Young and Mrs. Nannie Erwin Young, of Concord. The association of these facts, being made known, is calculated to furnish suggestions to others to follow up this idea of decorating our school buildings with pictures that emphasize the beautiful and the orderly in life, to the end that impressionable youth may have the joy of an orderly atmosphre rather than a harum-scarum one that too often now prevails in our school rooms, especially in the rural "seats of learning."

"It doesn't matter what you teach so long as you make it uninteresting." The irrepressible Mr. Dooley speaks here, with a wink that convinces you that he is hurling a bolt at the ideals that actuates a good many school-teachers. Mr. Wm. McAndrew, an associate superintendent of the New York public schools, has found a Connecticut school-teacher who fulfils Mr. Dooley's literal, not implied, prescription. He saw "grave danger in allowing happiness to be an aim of school. He was for discipline. Life is no picnic. Children should be inured to unpalatable tasks. They should be trained to overcome inner resistance." This Puritanical creed is not supported by Mr. McAndrew in his article in the January World's Work, nor was it supported by a single vote in a poll of twenty-one "sample school-teachers." But for all that, the doctrine of happiness has been hard getting over in this land of ours. Mr. McAndrew recalls that the Founders of the Republic "did not propose happiness as an end, but said that government could secure to man only the pursuit of happiness." When they talked about "equality," "life," "justice," in all, "nine specific benefits," they were full of assurance; but for the final one "they slipt in here a doubt and reservation as if to say their plan could not comprise happiness, but only the chance to chase it." Mr. McAndrew found the "blue-bird" in the schools of Greenville, Ohio, and proceeds to tell us how the pursuit was accomplished there. Going to Ohio he began his inquiries at Chillicothe:

"'What is in Greenfield?' I said.

"'Well, principally,' the young man whom I asked replied, 'there is the school.'

"This was the answer of the various people I accosted on the train and in the little town itself. A man of sixty, who sold me my breakfast in Greenfield, said, 'Ed McClain built the school because he thinks folks

ought to have a good time, without going to the devil for it. That's Ed. I knew him when he was a boy working in his father's harness shop. All the big rise in the world he's got ain't spoiled him none. He likes folks just as much as ever he did. He says to me "come on in; let's have a talk," just as he always used to.

"After I had gone through the Greenfield school from top to bottom, I hunted up 'Ed McClain and, schoolmaster as I am, was told 'come on in; let's have a talk.' I put up to him squarely the question, 'Who asked you to give this school?'

" 'Nobody.'

" 'How'd you happen to think of it?'

" 'I wanted to give our folks something for a happy life. I thought of a church, a park, a library, a Y. M. C. A., and I concluded that a school would bring most happiness to the largest number for the greatest length of time.'

"For hours I had been within the walls of the institution which is this citizen's idea of a contribution to happiness. I had purposely gone there first to get impressions unflavored by any suggestions as to what the school was intended to do. The happy atmosphere is there. You can't escape it. All the things which the State of Ohio says a public school should do are being done. Around them and in them is an influence of enjoyment, refinement, courtesy, and cheer that makes one want to longer. Think of an art gallery of 165 masterpieces in a public school in a town of 5,000, every picture and sculpture with an artistic label under it. Think of the remarkable intelligence that decorates the woodshop, the forge room, the laboratories, with paintings related to the activities going on there: Walter Shirlaw's Chemistry' and 'Physics,' 'Abbey's 'Spirit of Vulcan' and 'Science,' Taylor's 'Village Blacksmith.' In the cafeteria is Gutman's 'The Breakfast' and Fosbery's 'Supper.' Mrs. McClain told Harris, the school superintendent, she wanted the rooms 'brightened and adorned with the best.' They called in Theodore Dillaway, director of art in the public schools of Boston. The result is a collection so chosen and so distributed as to insinuate the influence of art everywhere. Duckworth, the principal, says they use the different pictures as themes for the children to write about. Also the school gives weekly receptions to the public at which motion-picture shows, musical programs, recitals on the pipe-organ, lectures, debates, and other entertainments are offered, so that the influence of the art collection reaches a hundred times as far as if it were in a separate institution. The art motive does not end with this collection. The grounds disclose it as do the greeneries in the corridors, the decorated tiles at the drinking-fountains, the beautiful motto panels on the outside walls. The silent tuition of beauty has been secured everywhre. Harris, the school superintendent, says this was the idea of the donor, McClain. McClain says Harris is responsible for it. Duckworth says both of them and Mrs. McClain did it."

An amazing thing, says Mr. McAndrew, is the condition of the plant to-day. "For eight years children

and adults have enjoyed continued use of it. You would think it was opened yesterday. Not a scratch is visible on the furniture. You could eat off the floor." Mr. McAndrew pointed out these facts to the donor, and this was the reply he got:

"Everybody mentions it. I knew these children would take care of what you give them. Some cautious people feared it was wrong to surround our youth with what they called luxuries. We decorate lavishly our court-houses, where lawyers and criminals go; we make very elegant capitols for our lawmakers; why not put beauty around those who are more plastic and susceptible to its influence? Don't you know how clever the Devil is to draw youth to his resorts with music, light, and beautiful surroundings? Why should the schoolmaster be expected to lure our boys and girls to the cold comfort of study in a barn? If you believe in America, put your belief into shape. If the Fourth of July orations about education being, as Lincoln said, the first consideration of the American people, mean anything, let's show it. Let's not have the movie theater and the dance-hall the handsomest house in the town, let's not not put all aur beauty into the bank building; but let's make the church and the school the handsomest, happiest assets we have. You say you found our children remarkably courteous and very careful of the building. They are more than that; the influence of their surroundings get into their minds and awakens their powers. They walk away with the State prizes in writing, in speaking, and in athletics. Name me any excellence you think public schools ought to produce, and you'll find you'll get more of it from a school beautifully housed than from the same school in a dreary barrack. Don't you make any mistake about that."

The return which Mr. McClain expects and gets on his investment is dividends in the shape of young men and women better prepared to do an American's duty to his country and to maintain a clean, honest, industrious, happy community. But Greenfield is not the only community so constituted for happiness:

"In Denver, William Smiley told me they are giving the coming citizen a concrete lesson in the duty of happiness by teaching the school children how the beauty of that city grew because of the vision and labor of its Mayor, Robert Speer. The school libraries feature a famous address by him: 'Give while you live.' You may hear a youngster repeating the words of their late citizen: Future monuments will be erected to men for keeping their fellows out of war, not for leading them into battle; for lifting burdens, not for gathering gold; not for inciting conquests for gain and greed, but for starting waves of happiness.

"Chicago, for twenty-nine years, has had a Public School Art Society of between 500 and 600 members, spending from a thousand to four thousand dollars a year, depending on contributions, for the purpose of putting pictures in schools. This association has tilted at least one ancient stupidity. In 1301 old men grew conscious of a desire for broken sculpture and for pictures of ruins. By 1901 this taste had so penetrated

the schoolmaster that when any one gave him money for school decoration he went out and bought an armless statue or picture of a crumbling colosseum. In 1894 the census taken by the Chicago women showed that the total amount of school children voluntarily looking at these objects was 0. They set about buying artistic representation of life, story, and history, with color and action. They buy and present a hundred or so framed pictures a year. They own fifty pictures which they lend for stated periods. They negotiate the placing of ten loan collections belonging to generous Chicagoans. They encourage the location of mural paintings in schools. Miss Lucy Silk told me the plain purpose of the club is the promotion of happiness.

"You can accomplish this in your town. All you have to do is to make yourself into a committee and borrow from this citizen and that the use of a framed picture to hang for a time in a school-room. Nine out of every ten men are glad to have some one see their pictures. Nine out of ten agree that schools should be made alluring. You can do this in Neodesha, Kansas, or in Lowell, Massachusetts. You do not have to have a Mrs. E. H. Harriman, who decorated the Washington Irving High School. You do need to let some of the spirit which is in you as well as in her manifest itself in helping a school make the pursuit of happiness a business. Eugene Nolen, thirty-six years a teacher in Fitchburg, gives $1,000 to buy objects of artistic beauty for the happiness of the school-children. A thousand dollars from a public-school teacher is more from him than several millions from some American fortunates."

NORTH CAROLINA STOCK.

"One of the finest men that ever lived." Thus Mr. James A. Higgs, of Raleigh, describes Gen. Lawrance D. Tyson, leading candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Senate in Tennessee. "As a barefoot boy he hauled and sold wood in Pitt county at fifty cents a cord. He was living at Salisbury when he procured an appointment at West Point Military Academy. Some friends loaned him money. He paid it every cent back with interest. He was a handsome young fellow then and he is handsome and distinguished looking now that he is older. He married a lovely woman in Tennessee and has succeeded at every thing he has undertaken. He went over Yonder and made good. His mother, Mrs. Margaret Tyson, is my friend and neighbor."—News & Observer.

IS ALL WAR A CRIME?

By Dr. J. R. Bridges.

As a natural result of the Great War, with its enormous loss of life and its attendant horrors, the sentiment of our people is being aroused against it, no matter what may be its causes. This is a natural reaction, yet it does more credit to our heart than to our head.

An esteemed correspondent recently sent us an editorial from the Manufacturers Record condemning as dangerous teaching the appeal of the Pacifists that our children should be taught that all wars are sinful. This correspondent writes thus: "At your leisure, I should be glad to have your criticism on this article by letter or in the columns of your valuable paper, as you prefer."

From this note we cannot tell on which side our friend is, whether he agrees with the Manufacturers Record, or whether he disagrees, and seeks support for his opinoin.

In complying with his request, we must, after the manner of the old Schoolmen, clear our ground, in order to present distinctly the point at issue.

That some wars are a crime no one will deny, yet on the other hand, to condemn them in a mass, would be to condemn some of the holiest causes that ever nerved the arm of a man. When the world has passed through the horrible experience of the last war, it is natural that our emotions should overthrow our judgment, and make us take a position that would be difficult to maintain.

The great loss of life, the flower of the manhood of every land; of property, running into the billions of money; the decay of the world's morals, shown everywhere by the waves of crime sweeping over the land; and the deadness of the moral sense that seems to possess the race, all these results would seem to sweep away every argument in favor of any kind of war. To hold to the contrary would remand us to the dark ages, when brute force was the only umpire recognized.

We acknowledge that no indictment against war can be too severe. No pen has ever been able to describe its awful reality.

In a question of this kind, however, we must be on our guard lest sentiment induly influences our reasoning. Let common sense makes its voice heard. Let us remember that the Bible nowhere condemns war in the abstract, but, on the other hand, God uses it as a means of carrying out His plans.

Then when the different classes came to John the Baptist preaching, and asked what they should do, to each one he gave an appropriate answer, in each case he put his finger upon their peculiar sin. To the people he enjoined charity to the poor; to the publicans he said, "Exact no more than that which is appointed you;" and to the soldiers he said, "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages." He did not condemn war.

Then when we study history we learn that the world has progressed in civilization mainly through war.

If men had refrained from war, where would the civilization of Europe be today. The Turks had overrun Southwest Asia and North Africa and under Solyman, and afterwards under the walls of Vienna, threatened Christendom. It was war waged by Sobieski that gurned vack that tide of barbarism.

In our own country, without war we should still be a colony of England; Texas would be a province of Mexico; and Cuba would be still the victim of Spanish cruelty.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that war as a general thing is sinful, and every war has sinful elements in it. On the other hand nearly every war has in it good, and it is necessary for the advancement of the world.

There are moral issues that can only be decided by war. So we answer that not all wars are a crime. It depends upon the issues envolved.

It will be a sad day for the world if all men fold their hands and do not resist wrong. If we could insure exact justice between nations, we would join the Pacifists, but as long as the devil is loose and uses war to advance his plans, we shall defend war.

TELL THE GOOD STORY.

The Uplift Magazine of Jackson Training School, Concord, suggests that parents should tell their children the story of the death of the late Governor Locke Craig when he called his youngest son, Locke, to his bedside and said as his last words on earth: "Be good to everybody as long as you live."

The beauty about this message, which has been printed and repeated far and wide, is that the author practiced what he preached. Locke Craig was good to everybody. Even his political enemies admired him.

Yes, we agree with the Uplift that this message should be told to the young generation. If folks would "be good to everybody" this wouuld be a better world than it is. Most of us live for and think of self first.

Everybody appreciates kindness and goodness, even the dumb brutes. The world is in great need of the dying message of Governor Craig. The person who takes all the seat in a train and refuses to divide, needs the message. The road hog who wants all the road and everybody to stand back or get into the side ditch. The gambler, drunkard, cheat and wayward Christian needs the message while he is passing. The person who is cold, indifferent, unappreciative, and never willing to help anyone needs the message. Let every father tell his son about the dying words of one of Carolina's famous Governors, Locke Craig.—Rutherfordrton Sun.

A CHURCH IN ACTION.

It is amazing how a little vision, backed by the spirit of service specially organized to properly function, can go to the very heart of things and achieve wonders. We ran across a story of the activity of Mothers' Class of the Sunday School of Central Presbyterian Church, of Atlanta, which is being most ably served by Rev. R. B. Lacy the fighting parson, a son of our own State Treasurer, Hon. R. B. Lacy.

This story fits in so nicely with the aims and purposes of this little magazine, that there need be no explanation why it should find room in our columns. It may prove good seed sown in some good ground, somewhere and somehow.

Opening of the Clinic

The Central Presbyterian Baby Clinic was opened June 1, 1922. Mr. Eagan, after giving the work much thought, sugugested to the Mothers' Class of the Sunday School that they undertake a clinic as a piece of Home Mission work. Acting on this suggestion the president and vice-president of the class went to Miss Habenicht, of the Red Cross, for information and suggestions, and found that the Red Cross was also considering the development of infant health centers, and consequently it was agreed tha thte Red Cross would co-opedate with the Mothers' Class in the organization of a Baby Clinic.

Through the efforts of Dr. Lacy and Mr. Eagan, Dr. McAliley agreed to secure eand supervise the doctors necessary for the work. The Red Cross gave the services of a nurse, whose time other than clinic days was spent in follow-up work. This follow-up work is vital to the success of the Clinic, a visit into the home of each patient to observe home conditions and to see that the doctor's instructions are carried out. The doctors stress the fact that this is a clinic for sick babies and not a health center. If the parent is not able to pay for having the prescription filled, or for milk when needed, the clinic furnishes these free. Funds for this purpose are obtained through free-will offerings from classes and organizations in the Sunday School and interested individuals.

How the Clinic Operates

The clinic is operated under the supervision of the officers of the church; has a chairman selected from the Mothers' Class; a registar, whose duties are those of a secretary and treasurer, as well as the keeping of all files and charts. Also someone from the Mothers' Class is on duty on clinic days to see that the patients are taken in to the doctors in their proper burns. A patient is attended by the same doctor each time if possible. The records are kept by means of a history chart and an index file. There is a chart for each patient in which the doctor keeps the history. Each chart bears a number corresponding to the number on the index card which bears the name and address of the patient. A register of all patients attending the clinic is kept, also a record is made of all prescriptions given and milk furnished. There is a weighing room with two ladies in attendance, where the patients are sent as soon as they have registered at the desk. The

registrar then records the weight, with the date, on the patient's chart. There is a small operating room where minor operations are preformed.

In the follow-up visits the nurse found an appalling need of clothing for babies. A successful appeal was made to the Sunday School for clothing of different kinds and, as a result, there is a supply closet in connection with the clinic, which is used almost as regularly as the drug store.

In April of 1923, the Red Cross had to abandon their Public Health Nursing Centers, and as a consequence the clinic was deprived of the services of the Red Cross nurse; the nurse was then employed by the clinic, her salary being taken care of through the church budget. The work of the clinic grew to such proportions it became necessary to furnish the nurse with a car in order to enable her to make the required visits to the homes of patients. Since the nurse has been furnished a Ford sedan—a gift of the Sunday School to the clinic—she has almost doubled the number of visits, as well as bringing some to the clinic who otherwise could not attend.

There are 12 doctors on the staff and the number of patients shows a steady increase. The clinic is held Tuesdays and Thursdays, 1:00 o'clock being the time for the arrival of patients, who are weighed and gotten ready for the doctors, who come at 2:00 o'clock. A devotional service is held from 1:40 to 2:00 o'clock, the leaders being selected by the president of the Mothers' Class.

The doctors who are so kindly and unstintedly giving of their time and talent in the work of the clinic are: Drs. R. G. McAliley, M. Hines Roberts, Joseph Yampolsky, W. W. Anderson, W. L. Funkhouser, T. F. Davenport, W. T. Freeman, Joseph A. Wood, L. H. Muse, J. W. Goldsmith, M. T. Edgerton and J. H. Kite.

Some Phases of the Work

One case reported to our clinic by another church of the city was that of a little baby girl born about 10 days before the death of the mother. When she came under our clinic care she weighed five pounds. The mother, standing before an open grate, caught fire and was so severely burned that she died soon after. The grandmother, with whom the baby lives, knew very little about the feeding of a wee baby. She was brought to the clinic, examined, and a formula given. The young girl in the family was shown how to care for the baby and taught to prepare the food. She brings the baby to the clinic regularly. And the tiny, motherless baby is taking hold of life, gaining weight each week and today weighs seven pounds and 13 ounces.

Alittle girl four years old was admitted to the clinic. The sight in one eye was almost entirely gone while the other eye was fast failing. Careful examinations revealed a serious condition of the blood. She received treatment for over one year through the clinic with the result that one eye was restored and the other markedly improved. She exclaimed one day as she shaded her eyes, I want to cover up my eyes: I am 'fraid the light will go away."

Little Edith, about three years old, deserted by her father, was found one morning paralyzed from her waist

down. She was brought to the clinic in this condition. After thorough examination was made, the source of the trouble found and treatments made accordingly. The child responded to treaatments and showed steady improvement. During this time the nurse found the mother and child were rooming in a tubercular home. Through one of the Sunday School classes clean, fresh rooms, in good surroundings, were fouund and furnished, which meant a great deal for the health of the child. It is cheering to report that this child recovered full use of her body, and at last report, for they have left the city, she is pronounced entirely cured.

It would be impossible to report that all cases brought to the clinic are cured. On the other hand our hearts are saddened from time by the death of one of our clinic children.

One of these cases occured not long ago, after everything possible was done to save the child's life. This little baby was one of seven children, whose father recently died, leaving the mother to care for the children alone.

It was a pitiful little thing when brought to the clinic at the age of seven months, with hair-lip and cleft palate. Instead of gaining as a normal child should, she had steadily lost weight from birth, until brought to the clinic, when she gained six ounces the first week of treatment and proper food. The plan was to build her up so than an operation on the palate could be performed.

But during the hot June days the baby became quite ill with infectious dysentery. Not only was she then treatted at the clinic but as the case became serious was constantly watched by the nurse. For several days one of the doctors called twice daily at the home, and each day for about 10 days one of the workers at the clinic went to Hapeville for breast milk given by another of the clinic mothers. Finally a blood transfusion was made in the hope of saving the child's life. At first it seemed the reaction was favorable, but about 2:00 o'clock next morning one of the little sisters came for Mrs. Nolan, but the little life was gone before the nurse arrived.

This story would not be completed without saying that through those interested in the clinic the little form was laid tenderly away. A member of Central Church kindly gave the casket and attended to all funeral arrangements, and the services were conducted by Mr. Smith, assistant to the pastor.

Conclusion

Our Baby Clinic is two years old. The report of the treasurer tells a graphic tale to anyone with imagination. But even our imaginations are not equal to visualizing the 1,088 children who have passed under the searching eyes and skillful hands of our physicians. Nor can we form any adequate conception of all that is involved in the visits of anxious mothers to our clinic and the visitations of Mrs. Nolan, our nurse, in the homes. There is only One who sees all the far-reaching effect of this Christ-like work; and that One, of course, is Christ.

Next to Christ, Mrs. Nolan sees the work better than any one else. To

her those 4,194 treatments are vital things; those 1,025 "open cases" represent breathing, squirming, smiling, laughing babies—but alas, sick babies. From all that nnumber she has selected six cases to set before your eyes and place upon your heart.

Read them with sympathetic insight. Read them and then read the bare statistics that follow and make them spring into baby-life before you. Read them and be thankful for a Saviour who said, "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." Read them and rejoice that His Spirit put it into the heart of Mr. Eagan and the Mothers' Class to initiate this movement; put it into the heart of Dr. McAliley and the physicians to give unstintedly and unselfishly of their time and skill; put it into Mrs. Nolan's heart to be our clinic nurse; and gave to so many a part large and small in this enterprise.

Read them and recall anew the promise of the Compassionate One—"Whosoever shall receive one of such little children in My name receiveth Me."

YES, A CHAIR NAP BETWEEN TWO OPEN WINDOWS.

"In the shade with a checkerboard and a friend—is anything better for the middle of a hot Suummer day?—Title to a front page picture of The Progressive Farmer.

CHIPS OF THE PAST.

David Royster, Jr., says the Raleigh News and Observer, cabinet maker, whose handiwork is seen in the mahogany furniture of the legislative halls in the State Capitol, came to Raleigh in 1800 and brought the block the Tabernacle Church is on and paid $400 for it, according to information discovered Friday. He had his shop right on the corner were Vitruvius Royster, his grandson, is now living. In those days men of his trade were called cabinet makers, and he had learned his trade in Granville County, uner David Ruth. David Royster, Sr., was a school-teacher from Mecklenburg County. He went into Tennessee and Kentucky in the days when they were territories and not states, leaving David, Jr., in Granville County to learn the trade of cabinet maker.

In 1800 he came to Raleigh, buying the block where the Tabernacle Church now stands. He built his house in the middle of the block and had his shop in the corner. He married Miss Susan Sims, of Granville County. They had ten children, five boys and five girls. Every one of these boys were trained in their father's business and they all worked in his shop. They all worked on the furniture in the Capitol, although they all worked under the upervision of David Royster.

There was never anybody named Reuben Royster in the family.

Not only Scotchmen, but English and Irish helped do this work in the

Capitol. If any one cares to do so, they can go to the old City Cemetery and in the southwest corner they will find the graves of these people. They died with some kind of epidemic in that winter, probably influenza or la grippe. The tombstones at their graves are made from the same rock the Capitol is made from, and it all came from the old Rock Quarry. There are a great number of the descendants of these Irish and English people who came over to do this work living in Raleigh now.

Cabinet maker! That's an unknown term to the present-day generation. It was a title of distinction some fifty years ago. He reached his high position in the mechanical world through a term of apprenticeship, under a master, who knew as perfectly the business as does the artistic draftsman of today.

A cabinet maker was the artist that could take a rough piece of walnut, or wild cherry, or any hard wood, treat it with his tools and hand you a bureau so perfect in its joints that they could not be located and whose drawers never responded to the whims of changing weather.

This county has cabinet makers, who when not engaged in making coffins to order for people of the county, devoted their time and talents in making furniture of every description. Notable among the cabinet makers of former days in this section were the late Matthew and Laban Petrea, brothers. There is in daily use today in some of our very best homes the product of these two artists.

I have stood for hours and watched these two men study the character of a plank, put it through a process with a set of tools that for sharpness and obedience to their handlers can not be equaled to today. These old cabinet makers looked upon their work as a calling and handled a choice piece of walnut wood as if it were some body or a thing that had fallen to their lot to gently deal with.

Everybody fifty years ago that had what then was regarded a price—less than thirty dollars—buried their passing loved ones in walnut coffins made by local cabinet makers. Today such a thing is utterly impossible, because it costs lots more to die and be put away in keeping with prevailing custom.

One of the most prominent citizens of Cabarrus county, who held public positions from time to time, including a term in the North Carolina legislature, had his coffin made by the late Laban Petrea years and years before he died. He made a personal acquaintance with the coffin was to be used in putting his body away. In fact that the walnut wood from which his coffin was made grew on the gentleman's farm and was cut by himself. This splendid cabinet maker, having an eye to the future, made his own coffin and foryears it was stored in his shop. That shop was never locked—no better lock could have been devised to keep strollers out of it or boys from dropping in and seeking the opportunity or privilege of making a rabbit box or a kite. And nobody ever entered that shop at night for any purpose, and the doors and windows always stood unfastened.

THE RICHES WE FORGET.

(Dr. Holland in Progressive Farmer)

Yesterday a little crippled boy looked up at me wistfully from the white bed in the Hospital for Crippled Children. He said one thing that was worrthy the insight of a philosopher. He played with my watch and pen, then asked for my pocketbook. He examined the few meager coins in it, and handed it back to me saying, "You are rich."

When I denied being rich, he said: "Yes, you are rich, You can walk."

That little philosopher has never taken a step, but he knows that real riches are in pocketbooks but in strong legs and well-formed bodies to do the work and play of life.

I think I shall always see his little pinched-up, white face, and whenever I feel inclined to grumble a bit, as we all do, I shall hear the pathetic tenor of his quivering voice: "You are rich. You can walk."

Not long ago Mr. Rockefeller, the world's wealthiest citizen, passed into his eighty-sixth year. I wonder if the oil magnate could have stood at that bed and offered that little boy all his riches, the little fellow would not have said: "Take your old gold, but give me rather a pair of good legs to walk upon."

Suppose some talented singer, to hear whose voice the world throws its gold and its flowers and applause, could have stood there by the little hunchback and offered him the plaudits of an admiring world. I think my little philosopher would have said: "Nix on the soprano; give me rather a strong pair of legs."

Then I thought if some earth-favored mortal whose ships on the sea of life had brought home all the precious things for which mortals strive, could have stood there and made a proffer of it all to the boy to pay him for the loss of limbs, the little man would have said: "I'd rather run and walk and play in the sunshine than to be the richest king."

The common blesings of the earth are the richest. All else is tinsel in comparison.

Have you fair or good health, and can you run about? Thank God, and do not complain at little things again!

Have you the faith of loved ones? Then leave the dirge alone.

Have you sanity and the right use of mental powers? Then sing a song every day.

Have you a task that's "high and open to the sun?" Then all the world is at your feet.

Do you know the pageantry of the sunrise is new every day? The birds chant the chorus of the drama of the seasons? A thousand delights wait upon us, like charming servants, every day. Flowers make a riot of beauty in the fields and in the forest pathways for those who can go and see it all. All this is ours, and we are rich.

We pass it all by, not with a glad song, but often with a weary grouch that hurts our own digestion, and makes those about us tired of life, and makes God sorry that we have not eyes to see.

When life's clouds hang low and heavy, just take a peep at things

through the eyes of the little crippled boy, and then thank God that you can walk!

THE WORK OF THE DEVIL?

Albemarle News Herald.

We boast of our modern intelligence. We resent the insinuation that we are superstitious. And yet, we are, most of us, crammed so full of barbaric superistition that we are not ourselves. We speak of "luck" and all such, with a feeling of almost reverence. We are only half enlightened. We are still in the foul clutches of fear. We are hampered with the half way idea, which to many of us is real, that there is a sort of something somewhere, other than the Supreme Being, which affects our lives in some mysterious and unaccountable way. It's too bad that we seem unable to free ourselves from this morbid fear of that mysterious something, which we have had handed down to us from the days when our ancestors did not know the True God.

This burdensome superstition affects only the ignorant? Bless your life, it holds us all in its grip. Its hold upon the uneducated is more powerful, of courrse, but we find its victims among all classes. This is demonstrated most forcefully by our quick compliance when we receive a "chain letter," telling us that we must pass it on to nine others to escape ill luck. Every now and then these letters get in to circulation, and mist of us are foolish enough to give them serious consideration.

These "chain letters" even get into the fraternal orders and clothe themselves as a part of the legitimate work of the same. The other day we got just such a letter, and, knowing that the authorities of the Masonic fraternity have publicly declared against such, warning the brethren against these "chain letters," we are going to print the letter. It is as follows:

Albemarle, N. C.
7-31-24.

Dear Sir and Brother:

In compliance with Masonic request, I am passing to you as one of Nine Brethren the following:

O Lord, I implore Thee to bless all mankind and bring us to dwell with Thee.

It was said of the Masons of ancient times that all who did not pass it on would be in great danger of misfortune. Be good enough, therefore, to pass it and send to nine brothers of the Masonic Fraternity, and on the ninth day you will come to great joy. Do not break this chain, copy it and send to nine brothers to which you wish great joy, good fortune and luck. This chain was started by our ancient order, and should go around the world. The nine do not break it, for one who does will have ill luck. Do it within twenty-four hours.

Fraternally,
A BROTHER.

Now had the brother who mailed us that confession of something which

holds dominion and influence over him, other than the True God, known that he was really violating the principles of Masonry by "continuing the chain," he would hardly have mailed it to us. We don't blame him, for his superstition, his fear of something which does not exist, impelled him, through fear, to comply with the demand made in similar letter.

We stated above that these "chain letters" have been officially condemned by Masonry. At first thought one might wonder why. The letter is couched under the cloak of a recognition of God, but it betrays itself, and after further reflection it would seem designed to foster a recognition of a power over us other than God. Ask yourself the question: "Why will refusal to continue the chain bring me misfortune? What power will operate to bring me that evil or mistfortune? Is the letter a message from God? Through what medium can that power to punish me for breaking the chain operate? Certainly it is not a command from God. Then if not, what other power can influence my life to bring misfortune and evil my way?" Frankly, when we commence to wonder where the idea of such letters started, we are impressed that there is only one answer, and that is that it is work of the devil himself. That's pretty plain talk, but we base it on the broad ground that whatever attempts to force one to recognize an unseen power over one's life, other than God, is wrong and sinful and should not be recognized by those who profess to believe that there is only one Supreme Being.

The other day a woman handed us what claimed to have been "a letter from God." She requests us to print it, lest some evil would befall her. We told her that we did not feel at liberty to print anything as "the words of Christ," except those words which we find recorded in the Bible. We positively refused to print the so-called letter, and tried to impress the lady with the fact that for her to do anything whatsoever to perpetuate it was sacrilegious and irrerent. She finally saw our position, and heartily agreeed with us. She seemed like one who had had a great burden lifted from her shoulders.

We should all do our best to stamp out these "chain letters," so-called "Letters from Christ," and all other such things as would attempt to impress mankind with the idea that there is any other supreme power than God. We are not afraid to say that only God has dominion over our fortune, and He has made His will known to man in the Holy Scriptures. We fear no other mysterious, unseen power, and we are writing this to impress others with the same degree of reverence for God as the only Power that influences our fortunes. Whatever would attempt to teach the contrary is of the devil.

Rutherford county is sponsoring a movement for a Cleveland-Rutherford cottage at Jackson Training School, and to the movement Cleveland county should give her support.—Shelby Star.

WHAT IS THE TRUTH ABOUT IT?

The study of whether or not the children who live in orphan homes in North Carolina are better cared for and better educated than children in the average North Carolina home and the average North Carolina schools is well worth of the best work of the State Department of Welfare, the State Health Department, local health departments, the State Tuberculosis Association, one or all combined. Should the question be answered in the affirmative, as it probably will be, the question would immediately arise, are not the children in our homes and public schools entitled to as good care and as good education as children in our orphan homes? This is easily answered in the affirmative.. Then it would be necessary to follow this up with another question which is not nearly so easily answered, if not, why not, what is lacking and what is the remedy for it?

The Marion County (Ind.) Tuberculosis Association has done a most interesting piece of work, covering a period of two years, in the nutrition phase of this problem. A brief report of this work in the Nation's Health says:

"The glaring fact brought out is that the child, as a rule, seems better off physically under the system of training and the diets of the average orphanage than he is under the diets of a normal home and the system of living that goes generally with the average public or parochial school.

"The studies in Indiana show that the child is nearer normal weight for his height after a stay in an orphanage than he is living in a normal home and attending the average school. Almost invariably, according to Miss Mary A. Myers, executive secretary of the association a lower percentage of children is found underweight in the orphanage than in schools which draw their attendnace from homes of the middle or higher class. For example, in the largest school in the finest residential section of Indianapolis approximately 40 per cent of its children were underweight 7 per cent or more. Meanwhile a school in the worst residential section of the city, attended only by colored children, was found to haave an underweight percentage of only 22 per cent. This general discrepancy was apparent throughout the schools of the city, selected with reference to classes of homes from which the children came.

"Then the Tuberculosis Association decided to study certain groups of children in private schools. Two schools were selected in a part of the city heavily populated by persons of German descent. The families were of the well-to-do, sturdy type wherein good food abounds. Between 35 and 40 per cent of the children attending these schools were found to be underweight for their height. Meanwhile the German orphanage was studied. Here the children apparently were fed from stocks of carefully selected food such as milk, fresh vegetables, bread and butter, fruits and jellies, and followed a well regulated program. In one such home the almost negligible percent-

age of 3.3 per cent was found underweight. The children of a colored orphans' home were weighed and measured and surprisingly enough, only 4.3 per cent of them were underweight.

"The studies stretched out into the county districts surrounding Indianapolis. Schools in small rural centers showed the per cent of underweight children running from 30 to 45.3 and the average for all these rural schools showed 37.7 per cent underweight."

Studies of this kind in North Carolina should be made and the North Carolina Tuberculosis Assocociation offers to donate height-weightage charts to any or all orphanages that will undertake the work.

A CITIZEN'S RIGHT.

(Ashevile Citizen)

Barred from employment by the moving picture producers because of an escapade several years ago when a woman companion was injured to to death, Roscoe Arbuckle, movie comedian, found employment with a vaudeville company which lately showed in Kansas City. There the city council considered a resolution to forbid his appearance on the stage, and on his plea for "A chance to live a clean decent life" and earn a living the council voted 10 to 5 to allow him to act there.

The Kinston Free Press believes that the council was right; that in giving him this chance the board "acted in accordance with Scriptural injunctions." We thoroughly agree that the council was right in not barring Arbuckle's appearance on the stage, and to go further and insist that it had no right even to consider barring him.

The council had no right to "give" Arbuckle any chance. It was already his by right conferred by fundamental laws of state and nation and no council could rightfully take it away. His right was unaffected by any "Scriptural injunctions" whatever—our constitutions do not recognize any religious teachings. Our forefathers in drafting the constitution recognized that if they therein recognized the precepts of any religion the door was opened to some particular religion to become dominant and impose by law its teachings on dissenting religionists.

Certain rigsts were declared inalienable by law in the individual, including the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, except as a punishment following conviction for crime. No legislative or municipal law can forbid a citizen from earning a livelihood. His right in this respect is not dependent on the whim or good will of Legislators.

"But here is a man of bad reputation whose presence on the stage is an offense to the majority of people," some one will say. "Has a city a governing board no power to prevent his appearance there?" Certainly not; such a right would authorize the worst of tyrannies by law. If Arbuckle can be debarred from the stage by law he can ebe barred from pur-

suing other occupations—even from digging ditches. City councils could on this theory give one or more persons a monopoly of store keeping in a community.

Because of these constitutions is Arbuckle free to exploit vulgarities on the stage? Certainly not, no more than any other actor. He is amenable to the laws against indecency; he can be punished for violating a law—but not on suspicion that he may violate it. He may be more evil-minded even than any one suspects but we readily recognize that one should not be punished for such trait of character but only for the specific expression of it.

Some will urge that such men as Arbuckle will be encouraged if the law allows them to act on the stage—that the move to uplift the stage will be discouraged. Better that than the jeopardy of all human liberty—evil-minded men in control might later deny good citizens the right some of them seek to deny Arbuckle.

These good citizens have a remedy in their own hands—they can refuse to patronize the shows in which Arbuckle appears, even refuse ever thereafter to enter any theater which engages him. This is their right, their inalienable right, and they are not accountable to any one for exercising it. It was through the exercise of this right that they barred Arbuckle from the films—something not accomplishable by law.

NEGRO LABOR NEVER AGAIN PLENTIFUL.

By Clarence Poe.

Just after Congress passed the new immigration law, The Progressive Farmer pointed out that it would have very important effect on Southern agriculture. As we then stated, the United States for many years has been receiving vast hordes of low-grade laborers from Southern Europe. These laborers have been largely depended on for factory, mining, railroad, and construction work in the north. With this labor supply from Europe cut off, it is inevitable that Northern industries will draw more and more on the Negro labor of the South for reinforcements. This opinion, expressed by us some months ago is confirmed by a discussion of the matter in The Economic World of New York, which says:—

"It certainly will not be an easy matter to find in our own population unskilled workers to take the place of an annual increment of the half a million or more immigrants for whom unskilled work under American conditions and at American wages has seemed a magnificent opportunity. The first economic readjustment which the new immigration law may be expected to make necessary in this country, therefore, is the competitive drafting of all available groups of unskilled workers in our population to do the rough work of our industries, construction projects,

and undertakings of a similar character. . . . The largest group of unskilled workers in the country consists of the negroes in the South, who are still predominantly employed in raising cotton and other agricultural products. It is now unavoidable that the Southern negroes, especially those on the farms, should be drawn upon by our industries, railroads, etc., to fill the need for unskilled labor to an extent much exceeding anything heretofore known."

Southern farmers heretofore have often complained of a "shortage of labor" when the shortage was due only to a failure to use modern equipment and machinery. At the same time, it must be admitted that cotton and tobacco require an unusual portion of hand labor even under the most favorable conditions. But our farmers might as well face the fact that farm labor here in the South in the future is going to be both scarcer and higher priced than ever before. To meet this changed situation, certain changes in our farming policies are necessary, and the wise farmer will be the one who makes these changes in time without waiting until financial disaster forces him to. The most important change made necessary by the new condition is the enrichment of our soil. Since it is going to be more expensive to cultivate an acre of land than ever before, we must get more out of an acre. The second change in prospect is the greater use of improved implements and machinery. If we must pay farm labor more per day, then we must get larger returns from a day's work. Horse labor is cheaper than human labor. Improved implements and machinery enable one man to cultivate a larger acreage. By enriching our soils and using more machinery, we can produce enough cotton or tobacco from a much smaller acreage than we are now planting to these crops, while the improved equipment will enable us to grow our own corn, small grain, hay, and feed-crops, and so have our "money crops" as true surplus crops.

MAKING THE INVESTIGATION HERSELF.

By wearing a pedometer, an Iowa farm woman found she usually walked 5 miles each day in preparing meals for her family of three. With the aid of a member of the cooperative agricultural extension service of that State, she studied the placing of her kichen equipment. After rearranging it to meet her particular needs more effectively, her pedometer shewed, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture, that the disance she had to walk in preparing one day's meals was but 2.5 miles, exactly half that required before, leaving her, she states, more time to read, write, and sew.

CONCISENESS IN SPEECH AND WRITING.

(Presbyterian Standard.)

Mr. Herbert Henry Asquith, once premier of Great Britian, himself a master of pure English, has recently written on style in writing. He pleads for fewer words in the expression of our ideas, a plea that we would earnestly endorse. He says, "We all know the benedictions that have been pronounced on the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. An equally strong malediction is deserved by the writer or speaker who uses two words where one would suffice."

After listening in the pew for many years, and reading manuscripts for many more, we have been impressed by the fact that the average speaker or writer is intirely too prodigal in the use of words. Instead of words being used to conceal thought, as Tallyrand would have it, they should be used to express ideas, and their use, the law of parsimony should obtain. Their too free use obscures thought and thus defeats the very purpose for which they are used.

We often receive articles that have ideas concealed in them; but they are like a few grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff. If we publish them, and sometimes against our judgment we do, they are rarely read, for in these busy days few are willing to wade through a mass of words to get an idea.

This same fault is found in much of our preaching. We have a friend, talented and earnest, yet he rarely held his position long; but in the fields of the churches he was a nomad? Knowing his ability and consecration we wondered at his drifting ministry. Upon investigation we found that his failure to recognize the terminal facilities of his sermon had in every church brought him into bad repute.

We then made a study of his delivery of his sermons, and found that he was very prodigal in the use of adjectives and synonyms, often expressing the same thought several times with different words, and in order to do so, he extended his remarks beyond the patience of his hearers.

This same repetition of ideas is often the fault of those giving out church notices. Dr. Walter Lingle, as program manager at Montreat, has made a fine reputation for himself in the giving out of notices. We do not wish to make invidious comparisons, but we have in mind more than one chairman whose exploits in this line are remarkable for everything except brevity and clearness; and we also have in mind a preacher friend whose mastery of pure and concise English is the delight of all who hear him, and his hearers are by no means few.

A bride is a person who has not yet learned whether she is captain or mate of the ship launched in the sea of matrimony.—Greenville Piedmont.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

The sermon in the Auditorium by Rev. W. C. Lyerly, of Concord, last Sunday was enjoyed by everyone.

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The new milk system is what the boys call the "real stuff." The milk is now sent to the cottages in bottles ice cold.

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Mike Mahoney left us last week with his father, for a short visit to Kentucky, he will then return to the institution.

* * * *

J. Mc. Alexander, Jack Stewart and Floyd Lovelace have gone to their homes for short visits with home folks.

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Eugene Laughlin and Spencer Combs left us last week with honorable paroles. Laughlin will attend school at Oak Ridge Institute next year.

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Doyle Jackson, Charlie Garrison and Odell Ritchie have visited the institution during the past week. They were all formerly boys here and are now making good.

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Jerome Williams visited the institution last week, and the boys were all glad to see him. Williams was a member of the second cottage while here. He was paroled last March.

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Mr. and Mrs. Hudson left the institution last week, for Washington, D. C., where they will spend part of their vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson will have the fourth cottage during their absence.

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The boys were all surprised to get a big chicken dinner last Sunday. The word usually spreads around among them when anything like that is going to happen, but this time it gave them a surprise.

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Cantaloupes are being gathered nearly every day, and the boys are getting about all they can eat. A few watermelons were also gathered, although not enough have been gathered to have a feast yet.

* * * *

Fermon Kennedy, Willie Herndon, Paul Baker, Claude Evans, Clarence Screase Mack Wentz, Lee Smith, Paul Camp, Julian Strickland, Lester Morris, Valton Lee, George McCall, Sylvester Honeycutt, and Paul Funderburk composed the "happy squad" last Wednesday, when visited by their friends and relatives.

* * * *

Mr. W. M. Wallace, who is better known as Wallace the Magician, came to the Training School last Friday, and asked Supt. Boger for permission to give a little show for the boys that night. Supt. Boger told him he could do so, so we all went to the Auditorium that night and Mr. Wallace started his performance.

Everyone enjoyed the several tricks including a drawing of George Washington, an old Indian Chief and several others. The whole performance was a fine one and was enjoyed by all the boys.

* * * *

The Training School added another victory to its credit last Saturday, by defeating the Flowe's Store team by a score of 6 to 4. It was a tight game until the visitors scored 3 runs in the third inning on errors, but the boys finally got together and held them down. Our boys couldn't hit until in the eighth inning when they got 5 safe hits scoring 4 runs. Mason held the visitors to 3 hits, while the locals got 7. Both pitchers played a good game, as well as the other players, with the exception of a few errors. The local team will play the Roberta Mill team next Saturday, and it is expected to be a good game.

* * * *

The Rotarians, of Concord, made a happy afternoon for the boys last Thursday, by giving them a big watermelon feast. Everyone enjoyed it and had all they could eat, and the boys in turn rendered a little program in the Auditorium, after the feast. This was a good time to have the declaming and story-telling contest, so after the program, the prizes, which were given by Mr. J. J Barnhart, were awarded. Paul Camp won the five dollar gold piece for the best declamation, and Dellmas Stanley was awarded two dollars and a half for the best story. Dr. W. H. Frazier, of Charlotte, was here and told many funny stories, which were enjoyed by everyone.

DISCUSSING K. K. K.

Some sort of legislation will be aimed at Ku Klux Klan and the Klan is prepared to fight back. It made a wonderful showing in the Senate in 1923 but several Senators have since declared they would vote to unmask the hooded brethren. When the regular session was sitting the Robeson outrages were unknown to the world and Judge Henry Grany had not pulled off his own mask. On the other hand, the Klan is credited with having had much to do with the nomination of certain gentlemen now influential in State affairs.—R. E. Powell in Elizabeth City Independent.

HONOR ROLL.

A

Stanley Armstrong, Chas. Blackman, Norman Iddings, Lambert Cavnaugh, Pat Templeton, Milton Hunt, Paul Funderburk, Jno. Wright, Lloyd Rector, James Suther, Chas. Roper, Everett Goodrich, Earle Crow, Chas. Maynard, John David Sprinkle, Larry Griffith,, James Robinson, George Cox, Eugene Keller, Laddie Clamp, Earl Torrence, George Lewis, Fletcher Heath, Earl Edwards, Lloyd Mc-

Mahan, Ben Cameron, Theado Coleman, Lester J. Brown, Teddy Tedder, Roy Brown, Rodney Cain, Charles Jackson, Dan Taylor, Arthur Duke, Sam Deal, Claiborne Jolly, John Keenan, Vernon Lauder, Lee McBryde, Sam Osborne, Willie Smith, Ervin Turner, Roy Fuqua, Bonnie McRary, Charle Haynes, Turner Anderson, Edward Ellis, Sammie Stevens, Garland McCall, Carl Teague, James Cumbie, Carlton Hegar, Walter Williams, Paul Camp, Edwin Baker, Herman Cook, Hoke Ensley, Sylvester Honeycutt, Connie Loman, Hallie Matthews, Joe Pope, John Perry, Lee Rogers, John Seagle.

B

Brochie Flowers, Wm. Herndon, Valton Lee, Donald Pate, Whitlock Pridgen, Dalmas Roberson, Thural Wilkerson, Newton Watkins, Charles Beach, D. Brown, Same Carrow, Olive Davis, Hiram Greer, Eugene Laughlin, Watson O'quinn, Billy Odom, Walter Page, Avery Roberts, Roy Winner, Chas. Mayo, Albert Hill, Roby Mullies, Raymond Keenan, Walter Morris, Robt. Ferguson, Wm. Gregory, eGorge Howard, Howard Riggs, J. J. Jones, Jr., Vestal Yarborough, Robt. Lee, Aubrey Weaver,

---

Any person would be guilty of a misdemeanor, who cuts, breaks or damages flowers, trees or shrubs within a distance of 100 yards of the public highway on land other than his own, under the provisions of a bill introduced in the senate by Senator Squires of Caldwell. The bill prohibits the damaging of springs, vegetable, garden crops and underbrush.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 23, 1924 No. 40

WHAT IS BACKBONE?

Backbone is heart and soul, brain and brawn. It is not just a jointed spinal column—a baluster of bones to bolster the body.

Backbone is spirit, not a set of skeleton supports.

Backbone is perserverance, tenacity, not a stilt. It should be used to hold the head up and the haunches down.

Backbone is the inner character of a man, and not his vertebrae.

Some one has said that a man's backbone should be sufficiently long to prevent him from sitting when he ought to be serving, and sufficiently strong to keep him on his feet until he arrives.

Backbone is more than this—it is brain-power.—Selected.

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"Pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the Borealis race
That flit ere you can point the place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Vanishing amid the storm."

AN EVENT.

That was no small event in the development of North Carolina's possibilities that was celebrated, last Friday, when the new steel-concrete bridge 1300 feet long was formally turned over to the State Highway Commission by the contractors. This is the second great bridge that spans the Yadkin river, and over the river near Spencer, connecting Rowan and Davidson, it was made an occasion of great rejoicing.

The bridge itself is a beauty. Mr. Walter Cohoon ,of Elizabeth City, the attorney of the Commission, according to the Salisbury Post, which gave a most interesting write-up of the occasion and the history of bridge matters for the past ages as affecting that territory, stressed one point that makes us all pat ourselves on the back. This beautiful structure that knits the North and the South together, is a product of Norh Carolina brains, industry and achievement. The bridge was designed by a Concord boy, a son of the venerable K. L. Craven, who is now approaching the sunset of life, was at first

a conception of Salisbury vision, was constructed by North Carolina builders, and to further identify it as a strictly North Carolina pride they have, by common consent, decided to name the massive thing the "Wilcox Bridge." This is by way of honoring Mr. Wilkinson, the commissioner of this district and Mr. Elwood Cox of the district to the north—they met at the river and by means of this great achievement shook hands and swore eternal allegiance, or near about.

Aside from its utility and great service to our people, connecting the east and west on the Central Highway, it is an object lesson to the thousands of Northern and Western friends, who annually seek comfort among us and to the south of us from the terrible climates that they escape, giving them an insight into the progressive and forward movement which sets the state off in a class by itself.

Anything that contributes to the comfort of a people, pays for itself in savings from a toll-tax and at the same time advertises a great state to thousands that are blind with ignorance of the greatness of the state, is an event to be sure.

* * * * * * *

AIMING AT REFORMATION.

Judge Stack, of Monroe, has been holding court in Cabarrus county. His handling of cases has been most favorably commented upon. There seems an absence of cruelty or the shadow of cruelty in his handing out sentences, but on the other hand, he places such sentences that indicate an earnest hope on his part to bring about a reformation.

For instance, in a number of cases of violating the prohibition law, he imposed a sentence of three or four or six months on the chain gang but suspended same provided the accused remained of correct habits and reported to the court for three years and gave evidence of good and lawful behavior. There are some whom he sentenced that the public is certain will rmain sober for three years: and getting in that time a habit, it may abide with them.

This brings to mind the habit that some papers have adopted in reporting recorders' courts, simply saying that so many were found guilty for speeding, or selling booze, or larceny, without giving a name. The effect of such publication, it seems, is not news but does leave the impression that the community is lawless and that crime is rampant. It would be an item of news were the names of the violators of the law published, if they were

grown up and responsible men and mentally responsible for their acts. It might stop some habitual lawlessness among those, whose prominence is such as to have the influence of an example over the young.

Is it right to shield the name of a professional man, who snaps his fingers in the face of the law, and then publish the name of some weakling among humanity when he gets caught in the coils of the law? Justice is supposed to be blind; and the blinder it is administered, greater will be the confidence of the people in the courts.

* * * * * * * *

FORTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

Dr. H. C. Herring, whom Concord inherited from Sampson county, recalled the other day that he had been in the old town just forty-two years. Those of us who are old enough and in retrospection can figure and appreciate the wonderful changes materially and in citizenship that have occurred in that period.

Not many years ago a citizen knew by name and sight everybody in the city—today, barring a few of one's set, everybody is a stranger, so rapidly has the town grown through its industrial activity and offering opportunities for new comers. Forty-two years ago Dr. Herring waded in mud to reach his dental office and the brick buildings were so few that it drew forth from visitors comments of surprise.

A new thing in that period when Dr. Herring hung out his shingle in this fine climate was a most difficult matter. He tried, as a pastime and in keeping up his tastes for literary matters, to teach a class in mastering the new international and universal language—Volapuk—but his class went to pieces, all assuring the gentleman from Sampson that English had been good enough for their pas and mas, and it should be good enough for them. The last one to retire from the class was the late Dr. N. D. Fetzer, who abhored anything approaching desertion.

* * * * * * * *

THE STATE'S CONTRIBUTION.

North Carolina has gone up one notch. She takes the place of Ohio in the matter of amount of income tax paid into the federal treasury. The state is now fifth in the list on the score of contributing to the income of Uncle Sam.

The figures for the past year reach the snug sum of $158,000,000. If

that amount could remain in the state and be expended by the state through its various channels of activity, it would astonish the world. Then indeed, after several years of this fortune, every county seat would be connected by a hard surface road; every one-teacher school would have become extinct and taking the place of them would be modern buildings in consolidated districts with teachers that are teachers, and the children transported and treated like human beings—then every child would be given an even chance, and what he is entitled to.

But Uncle Sam must be supported and the thousands of folks who are watching the clock must have their salaries, along with those who are putting their lives and best into their duties.

* * * * * * *

PRISON INVESTIGATION.

Otto Wood, the slayer of a Greensboro man, and inmate of the state penitentiary for life in consequence of his crime, issued a complaint aganst the management of that institution. Otto made a daring escape and was caught. It is surprising that anybody would put credence in any statement that he would make. Mr. Pou, the superintendent, has demanded an investigation and is entitled to one.

Life in the penitentiary is not a Sunday School picnic; and while certain reforms might be made predicated on a better physical equipment, we are inclined to believe that George Ross Pou is conscientious in the discharge of his duties. If any just censure can be maintained against the penitentiary, it is one entirely against the system, which neither Mr. Pou nor the board of directors developed, certainly not, we may believe, growing out of any inhumanity of the officials.

* * * * * * * *

'SQUIRE JIM HILL.

What we call death removed from this community, last week, Mr. William James Hill, who was nearing the ripe, old age of eighty-four. He died at his home on North Union street, where for several years infirmity had closely confined him and made of a once familiar figure of the town a comparative stranger to the growing and changing population.

But to a large part of this town's population "Squire Jim Hill," as we all affectionately knew him, could never and will never become a stranger. This is due to the man's gentle and honest manhood. Speaking personally,

and this voices the experiences of a host of others, he is the first man along with two others to extend us a hearty welcome to the town and he kept it up. He treated others in a similar manner. In his soul there was no guile, in his make-up the element of injustice could not abide; he abhored in silenc little and mean things men sometimes do, for he never consciously did any man a wrong.

Another citizen of Concord, the second day after our arrival, made this declaration, "'Squire Jim Hill and So and So (naming two others) have the highest conception of the right of any men I ever knew." Two of those three are gone to the great beyond, the one is still in the flesh—and a closer and more intimate association through the years afterward verified the estimate put upon the three, who occupied such high place in the esteem of the public.

There used to live in Concord a chronic litigant, civil and criminal, that paid to 'Squire Jim Hill the very highest compliment. If he had a good case, he welcomed the adjudication by 'Squire Hill; if his case looked cloudy, the litigant sought to have the cause referred to another magistrate. Being asked why he so often took cases away from Squire Hill, he replied, "Oh, Jim Hill is too honest in his j u d g m e n t s."

Mr. Hill, the quiet, smooth gentleman, amassed no fortune in this world's goods, but he so lived and acted to bring into his life a greater fortune—the esteem and confidence of his fellowman, and he deserved it.

* * * * * * *

NO SCARCITY IN LAWYERS.

One hundred and thirty-two applications for licence to practice law were made this week before the Supreme Court. Of these four were women and four were negroes. Two blind applicants were in the list.

It is said that the examination, the questions being prepared by Judge Adams, was the hardest in the history of legal examinations in the state. This is eminently correct. It is too serious a matter to turn loose a crowd of men, unfitted by nature, education and character, to enter a profession that touches so many vital points in the life of the public. The harder the examination, less likely will a shyster creep into the honored profession.

* * * * * * * *

The Legislature seems determined to let the people pass on the Port measure, which was used as the occasion for an extra session of that body. It is alledged that some of the legislators felt that a reference to the will of the people was constitutionally mandatory; others felt that it was simple

justice; others found it a convenient manner to put to death the whole project, believing that the people would not endorse it. The more we advance in all lines of endeavor, the less certain have we become convinced that "the voice of the people is the voice of God."

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Palmer Jerman, in her presidential address to the Women's Federated Clubs, recently held in Raleigh, is quoted, in urging the cultivation of executive power, "that any fool can work himself to death; but it took a wise person to get others to work." The head of a great cotton milling plant, just in the act of starting for the mountains after a hard siege, gave vocal endorsement of Mrs. Jerman's philosophy in his determination to try the thing.

* * * * * * *

The Hon. Josiah William Bailey, recently a candidate for the democratic nomination for governor, has been the recipient of many compliments for his strong presentation of the Port Bill before the legislative committee. Some of these complimentary statements sounded somewhat peculiar in certain journals that so short a time before did not sing quite so sweetly.

* * * * * * *

CREPE MYRTLES.

Greensboro News

Here, now, is a notion. It was invented by Nell Battle Lewis and presented in her Sunday column in the Raleigh News and Observer; whence we abstract it to convert it to our own use and behoof on a dull Sunday afternoon, when things flatly refuse to happen for the purpose of supplying the basis of comment. Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Lewis:

While the Babbits are babbling, I don't see why they don't babble a bit about North Carolina having a lot of crepe myrtle trees. I think the crepe myrtles are much better subjects for boasting than hosiery mills or tobacco manufacture. Maybe it's because crepe myrtles grow in other states, too, that explains why the Babbitts are silent on the subject. But couldn't the Babbitts say that the crepe myrtles are purpler or pinker in North Carolina than they are anywhere else in the civilized world, or that their foliage is more luxuriant here than in South Carolina or Virginia? Anyway, as an asset to the state, I think the crepe myrtles ought to be mentioned.

They are a mid-summer boon. I think people ought to be especially grateful when a whole tree blooms. Spring and its flowers are forgotten when the crepe myrtles blossom in all their lovely shades of purple magenta and pink. Their blooming presents the only possible excuse that I can see for July and August in this region.

Many and time and oft have we remarked the beauty of the crepe myrtles—there is a hedgerow of them across a broad town lot over in the Chestnut street neighborhood, and it is a marvelous thing—and remarking have made a mental note to babble more than a bit about them, the next time the babbling was good. But always there was a presidential candidate, or a port commission bill, or a Dawes plan conference, or some other ephemeral trifle to consider, and we forgot.

They are entitled to better treatment, but somehow they do not fit int the booster literature. They are not costly enough. They do not, so far as we know, even proclaim any extraordinary fertility of the soil. Neither their wood, their foliage nor their flowers has any economic value. Their cultivation is not difficult, therefore their presence does not proclaim the householder's ability to employ skilled gardeners. In fact, they have nothing at all to recommend them except beauty; and beauty is not tolerated in Zenith unless it can be camouflaged as a business asset.

Perhaps the truth is that the crepe myrtle is too emotional to be regarded as quite nice by a race bred in the Calvinistic tradition. It is a plant without compromise. It has no delicacy. Its wood is hard, gnarly and brittle. Its leaves are crisp, clean-cut, and so intensely green that they are almost black. And various as are the shades of its flowers, they are all alike in being frank and decided. Nor is the crepe myrtle stirred to life by soft, languorous airs; it is glori-

fied only after the sun has poured his heat mercilessly upon it, and it responds with a passion that is fierce and naked. Certainly it is no plant for an austere and decorous garden.

But how honest it is, how frank and unashamed of its joy in life! A great crepe myrtle blazing in front of a negro cabin is a sight to familiar to southern eyes to bear suspicion of symbolism. Yet there is something here that the dominant race has missed, or has apprehended but faintly. There is a penalty attached to being too superior. Desirable as is self-control, it loses its value when it proceeds to the length of throttling natural instincts and losing all contact with the vigorous, honest and unmoral earth. White men have lost the trick of singing at their work as the negroes sing, and rejoicing as the negroes rejoice in "any color so it's red." Orchids are a triumph, if you please; but can anything be more gorgeously triumphant than the flame that runs along the boughs of the crepe myrtle in August laughing in the face of the sun under which orchids and white men wither?

LOVE'S WAGES

The wages of love are small, so small,
You scarce might know they were paid at all.
A glance, a smile, or the clasp of hands,
The coin of a heart that understands;
A name soft whispered, a lingered kiss—
The wage of love is paid in this.

But oh, the magic such coin can buy—
The walking joy of a dawn-flushed sky,
Drudgery speeding on skylarks' wings,
Songs in the heartbeats of common things;
And firelit shadows of evening bent
With peace and comfort and all-content.

The wages of love are small, so small,
One scarcely could say that they cost at all.
Yet lives are lonely, and hearts stil ache
In bitter lack for the wee coin's sake;
And many a silk-clad life of ease
Would barter its purse of gold for these.—Exchange.

THIRTEENTH VISIT TO THE PATTERSON SCHOOL.

(By James A. Robinson.)

The blanched walls of Palmyra, the old homestead of the Patterson family, in the Happy Valley, the original part of the Patterson School, stand a silent witness of the passing of things earthly, and stirs the wells of sympathy for the loss sustained by the school.. In their solitary, distressing muteness, they are not left entirely alone in their desolation. The birds of the air have built nests in the crevices and blackened holes in the mass of brick and mortar; reared their young amid ruins; and sung their mating songs to their mates and their offspring with all the melody and joy of the bird choristers of the forest songsters. From the ashes have come harmony, life and sweet songs. Could this not be made typical by the unity of human hearts in the rebuilding and placing a new song of joy in the choir of the Patterson School? Yea, verily. It could be accomplished by the friends of the school coming to its aid, now in the time of its distress, as joyously as the birds who have taken to the ruins, and made the charred walls resound with beautiful bird music.

This is the thirteenth year I have visited the Patterson School, and I find its condition all that could be desired, with its more or less cramped condition for accomodation and adequate equipment. My faith in the school is stronger than ever. The farm has been brought up to a high and intelligent state of cultivation. 1,300 acres. 300 cleared and in cultivation. Large pasturage and rich valley lands. They made 701 bushels of wheat this year. Have 85 acres in corn, which may fall a little short by not receiving its last cultivation on account of the recent frequent rains. All kinds of garden truck are raised in quantities sufficient to supply school needs. Stock in the best of condition. Rev. H. A. Dobbin, principal, himself a mountain boy, has been in charge for twelve years, and his work and management has been remarkable. Many of the old students of this institution have made good and are now useful, honorable men in various walks of life, trades and profession.

The home life of the Patterson School is emphasized. It is as one big family. The Christian spirit is impressed upon the pupils by precept and example, along with their schooling and agricultural instruction which is done by practical work One patron, not long ago, complained that ten hours was too much for the smaller boys, and wanted the Principal to shorten the hours of work. But the way the boys frolick in rest time; and Saturday afternoons gaily hire themselves to the baseball field for games, is an evidence that their duties are too strenuous. The boys themselves are not complaining and work with a hearty will, and most cheerfully obey the orders of those in charge of them. I have talked with the boys much. Without a single exception, all said they liked

the school, not once did I hear one say he would rather be somewhere else. It is a good home to him. All have certain duties to perform, which fits in the machinery of farm and school life, and making of a man.

The Principal is now building a new an dmore commodious cow barn; a building much needed, as well as several other buildings that would give the school more efficiency, and take the place of some that are falling to decay. The needs at the Patterson School are many, and imperative. Upon the completion of the cow barn the Principal will consider the erection of a new building on the site of Palmyra, which was burned. The old walls will be taken down, as they are not considered safe for a use in a new structure. I do hope that this will be an occasion when the Patterson School will be made to "rise and shine." It deserves all the aid that generous hearts can give it.

The community spirit of the Happy Valley towards this school is beautiful, copious and encouraging. Its good and noble work has won a place in the heart of Caldwell county that is earnest and lasting, and is having a fine effect. From what I can see this fine interest is growing, and the earnest desire of my heart is that its work, and influence may cover the entire State "as the waters cover the sea," and it will never lack for anything that will carry it forward, and make it a more useful institution in the education of the mountain boys, from which come such fine types of men, of the pure Anglo-Saxon blood.

WANTS TO HOBO IT.

"No, I don't belong to no church, for there are entirely too many hypocrities in 'em to suit me," said a man to me one day recently. He was an entelligent man, so I took time to get his viewpoint and to find out just why he does not help along in the neighborhood in which he lives. I soon found that the fellow actually enjoys the preacher and the congregation—for he attends church every big meeting season—to wrestle with him in trying to get him to join. The fellow would be happier, and he knows it, if he joined in with his good friends and helped to make his neighborhood the best one in the county.

"Would you want to live in a community where there was no church and the people were not church members?" I asked Old Bullhead.

"Why, no; don't believe I would," said he.

"Well, maybe the church members out your way think the same way and are willing to pay their preacher," I suggested.

"No, that's not the reason. I just know I'm as good as most church members, and I can't stand hypocrits in the church."

But one of Old Bullhead's neighbors has since told me the reason the old cuss don't join the church is because he's too mortal stingy to pay a little for its support. Old Bullhead wants to go to heaven with the other folks, but like a hobo, he wants to beat his way.—Monroe Enquier

THE YOUTH WHO CONQUERED CIRCUMSTANCES.

By Enid S. Smith

Sometimes Luther Burbank is called the "Flower Magician," and the "Fairy Godfather of the Orchards," but he declares that such titles misrepresent him, for his only magic wand is that of "Patient Toil." He early learned that there were no short-cuts to anything worth while in life, only the broad highway of conscious efforts with no toll-gates.

This youth, several years ago, who was to become the foremost figure in the world in his line, and who was to pave the way by his own discoveries and creations for others in all lands to follow in his steps, was once a stranger in a strange land, close to starvation, penniless, beset by disease, and near to the gates of death, yet in the midst of all his trials he kept an unshaken faith, and accepted the hardships that came to him as a passing necessity. His resolution was of iron, his will of steel, his heart of gold, for he was fighting in the splendid armor of a clean life, and for the benefit of mankind. He early resolved to leave the world a far more beautiful place than it was when he entered it.

This man, whose first work, the Burbank potato, has saved countries from famine and added to our nation alone over twenty millions of dollars, worked during his summer vacations while a lad in a factory in the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, not far from his home in Lancaster. His wage was very small and the work extremely hard, but his ideals toward which he was working kept him on and up amidst many discouragements. He learned soon however, that as there were seven days in a week and as it cost him at least fifty cents a day to live, he could not get along very satisfactorily on a six-day wage of fifty cents. He must, therefore, shape circumstances so as to meet his needs. While studying how he might make both ends meet in his factory life, he thought of a way to construct a machine which would do away with the work of at least half a dozen men. He made the invention and his delighted employers raised his wage, prophesying, with his friends, that some day he would be a great inventor. They urged him to set about such a life, but this was not in accord with his purpose. So, day by day, in the midst of the toil of the factory, unswerved from his ideals by the promise of greater pecuniary reward, the dominant chord of his life was always sounding, struck as it was by the supreme desire of his soul—to make new things better than the old, and to make the old ones better than they were.

There came, in due time, a red-letter day in his calendar when he was able to leave the factory and begin market-gardening and seed-raising in a small way. He soon noticed (for he was always keenly observant of everything that went on about him) that there were a good

many variations in the green tops of some of the potates he was raising, and that there was one special one which bore a seed-ball. He had already begun a close study of the characteristics of plants, and he at once reasoned that if this rare seed-ball were planted (rare because potatoes are raised from the tuber itself and not from seed, and therefore nature does not keep on producing abundantly what is not used) its product would show still greater variation. So he watched the seed-ball with unusual care, and great was his disappointment one morning when he found it missing. Probably some wandering dog, rushing through the garden had knocked it off. Luther got down on his hands and knees and searched diligently for it. Happily he found it, and from it, after patient experimentation and selection, came the famous Burbank potato which has added so many millions of dollars income to our country, and which the creator of the new potato sold to a local seedman for one hundred dollars, desiring that his work should always benefit the multitude rather than make him rich.

One day while working in the market-garden he suffered a partial sunstroke in the broiling heat of a July day. He then decided he must seek a climate where there would be no chance of the return of the dangerous attack and where he could, both in summer and winter, carry out his experiments with plant life. Believing this to be the thing for him to do, with a very slender purse and ten of his new potatoes he started bravely for California. He was then but a mere youth striving to mold circumstances in accordance with his ideal. He went from place to place in this new land seeking work that he might get enough ahead to start a nursery of his own. He did all sorts of odd jobs, some of them far beyond his strength. He heard of a new building to be put up in the frontier town north of San Francisco where he had landed. He had no tools but was promised a job if he would invest in a shingling hatchet. He put nearly all his remaining funds in one, only to find the next morning that the job had gone to some one else. Undiscouraged, he sought work cleaning out chicken coops on a chicken ranch. The work was disagreeable in the extreme to a sensitive youth who loved only the clean, beautiful things of this world, but it was honorable work, and he took it as a stepping-stone toward his ideal. His wage was so low he could not afford a regular lodging place nights, so he slept in the chicken coops. Occassionally when work altogether failed, he was absolute want. It was his habit at such times to go to the village meat market, secure the refuse bones saved for dogs, and get from them what meat he could.

A little later he found steady employment in a small nursery at a beggarly wage. Not able to hire lodgings he slept in a bare, damp, unwholesome room above the steaming hothouse where his clothes were not dry for days and nights at a time. He was passing through such privations as those through which, in the strange allotments of fortune, many another great youth has passed. However, the constant exposure and lack of proper food made rapid inroads upon a not too strong consti-

tution, with the result that he came down with an attack of fever which brought him very near the gates of death. He was found in this condition by a kind but very poor woman of the neighborhood, who insisted upon sharing a pint of milk daily with him from the family cow. He could not bear to think of not repaying the woman for her kindness so protested against taking it; however, she insisted upon bringing the small amount to him each morning, and this milk, he declares, saved his life.

It was indeed a wan and haggard figure that arose from his sick bed and wandered from place to place in search of work, his ideals ever urging him onward, and will of steel, ever determined to mold circumstances to suit his life purpose. Slowly, saving a little money from work he secured, and regaining his health, there came another red-letter day when he had a bit of a bank account which he invested in a small plot of ground. He now began a series of wonderful experiments which has astonished the scientific men of two hemispheres and established an epoch in the life of the vegetable kingdom from which the future will reckon.

As time went on he employed other youths to work for him, for he is very fond of the society of young people and is held in the highest esteem by them. All manner of fun appeals to him, but no fun so-called over which there is not spread the sweetest delicacy. In all his relations with others he is characterized by a winning gentleness and yet he is swiftly aroused at any show of deceit or sham. Not only does he demand sympathy on the part of the young men he hires, but he has always insisted upon intelligence and absolute sobriety. For, he says, that much of the work of pollenation, grafting, budding, seed-sowing and even so apparently simple a piece of work as removing the weeds from around thousands of tiny plants requires the very steadiest of nerves, so that no workman may use tobacco, drugs or stimulant in any form—for these befog the brain and benumb the nerves. At times this man who has produced more new forms of plant life than any other person in the world, is given to epigrammatic speech. Among many expressions are the following: "No man ever did a great work for hire." "I hope that no one will ever be worse for my having lived." "Ignorance is the only unpardonable sin." "The man who cannot say no, seldom gets the chance to say yes." "The greatest happiness in the world is to make others happy, the next greatest is to make them think."

On the wall above his head where he sits at meal times is a little placard which reads: "Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday. Today is a king in disguise. Today always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of a uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of those blank todays. Let us not be deceived, let us unmask the king as he passes."

Among some of the leading creations of this man who molded circumstances in accordance with his un-

selfish ideals, are included the "plumcot," a cross between the plum and apricot, the "pomato," a new plant made from the potato-ball and tomato, the "primus berry," which is a union of the raspberry and blackberry—the first recorded instance of the creation of an absolutely new species; the "phenomenal berry," the thornless and white blackberries, a chestnut tree that will bear nuts at the age of one year and sometimes seven months, rather than at the age of ten or twenty years, the pitless plum and the fragrant plum, a walnut bred with no tannin in its meat, the improved thornless and spineless edible cactus, food for man and beast, to be the reclamation of the two billion seven hundred million acres of desert of the world, the Shasta Daisy, the improved gladioli that bloom around the entire stem, the gigantic amaryllis bred from two or three inches to nearly a foot across the blossom, the calla lily with the fragrance of the Parma violet, a scentless verbena given the intensified fragrance of the trailing arbutus, a blue poppy, the improved Australian star flower which is to be used for the decoration of ladies's hats, since it is one of the everlasting varities, pieplant which measures across its leaves from two to three feet, many new varieties of grass—these with hundreds of other creations, and the improvements of nearly all of the ordinary fruits and vegetables constitute the work of this conqueror of lower forms of life.

Mr. Burbank says of his work: "What occupation can be more delightful than adopting the most promising individual from among a race of vile, neglected orphan weeds with settled hoodlum tendencies, down-trodden and despised by all, and gradually lifting it by breeding and education to a higher sphere; to see it gradually change its sprawling habits, its coarse ill-smelling foliage, its insignificant blossoms of dull color, to an upright plant with handsome, glossy, fragrant leaves, blossoms of every hue, and with a fragrance as pure and lasting as could be desired? In the profound study of the life of plants I have been surprised to see how much they are like children. I study their wants, see what they need, am endlessly patient with them, honest with them, carefully correcting each fault as it appears. Weeds are merely weeds because they are jostled, crowded, cropped and trampled upon, scorched by fierce heat, starved, or perhaps suffering with cold, wet feet, tormented by insect pests or lack nourishing food and sunshine. Most of them have opportunity for blossoming out in luxurious beauty and abundance."

This man who have ever striven to make circumstances serve him has always had a cheerful outlook upon life, ever seeking to find the good, and ignore the evil. He has a deep sympathy for all that makes for uprightness, perfect honesty in individual, civic and national life. He is ever suggesting to us that none can estimate the elevating and refining influences and moral value of flowers, with all their graceful forms and bewitching shades, combinations of colors and exquisitely varied perfumes. He declares that these silent

influences are unconsciously felt even by those who do not appreciate them consciously, and thus with better and still better fruits, nuts, grains and flowers will the earth be transformed, man's thoughts turned from the base, destructive forces into the nobler productive ones which will lift him to higher planes of action toward that happy day when men shall offer his brother man, not bullets and bayonets, but richer grains, better fruits and fairer flowers.

A certain nobleman, well known to society, while one day strolling around his stables, came across his coachman's little boy on a seat, playing with his tops. After talking to the youngster a short time, he said: "Well, do you know who I am?"

"Oh, yes," replied the boy, "you're the man who rides in my father's carriage."

OLD TOLL BRIDGE ON YADKIN.

(By F. B. Irvin in Salisbury Post.)

The Piedmont Toll Bridge, a picture of which appears on this page, having served its purpose—a good one during its existence—is now a thing of the past so far as itse use to travelers between the counties of Rowan and Davidson over the national highway goes, for the new steel and concrete highway bridge to be thrown open tomorrow only a short distance from the toll bridge and between it and the Southern railway main line bridge, will be the connecting link for travelers who cross the Yadkin river at this point.

The toll bridge has a history that runs back beyond the memory of the oldest citizens of the two counties. Just when the original bridge was built is not recorded but the site is what was many years ago on the plantation known as the "Stroup place" or "Brige place," owned by Lewis Beard, son of John Lewis Beard and grandfather of Mr. P. B. Beard of this city, and who was one of the early settlers of Rowan. The story goes that there was a misunderstanding between Mr. Beard and a Mr. Long over the former's right to maintain a ferry and this resulted in Mr. Beard, a man of means, securing from the legislature the right to build a bridge over the river on his own lands. He secured an architect, Ithiel Lowne, and erected a bridge at a cost of $30,000. This was of wooden construction, on stone pillars that form the foundation for the present bridge and which constitutes one of the most substantial pices of masonry in the state today. It was later known as the Locke bridge.

Just how the wooden framework of this bridge disappeared is not learned for certain but it is believed to have washed away during a flood season in this section.

Neither is the date of its disappearance recorded, so far as known.

However, the stone pillars stood there in the river as cold, silent reminders that at some time in the dim and distant past there was a modern passage way spanning the wide river at that point. But these ancient foundations had not completed their service but were to form the groundwork for a single driveway steel frame bridge. The late D. R. Julian, some twenty-six or twenty-eight years ago, conceived the idea of a toll bridge at the point and formed a company for this purpose. A grant was secured from the state legislature whereby the pillars of the old Locke bridge were to be used and on these the present toll bridge was erected. It was with some degree of hesitancy that some of the men who were the original stockholders took hold of the proposition promoted by Mr. Julian and even some who did later got cold feet and saw in it a losing scheme got skeptical and backed out. But the bridge turned out to be the best investment and biggest money-maker in proportion to the money invested, of anything in these parts. Its cost must not have been $50,000 all told and in recent years it has been bringing in an annual revenue estimated at approxately $30,000 or more. It is owned by a stock company composed for the most part of Salisburians and much of the toll money paid at the gate has come from tourists and travelers from outside this immediate territory.

The first meeting to launch the bridge project was held July 11, 1899 and the bridge was opened to travelers December 13, 1900. Boone Walton is recorded as the first man to pay toll and cross the bridge. D. R. Julian was the first president and O. D. Davis first secretary. T. B. Brown is now president and J. M. Davis secretary.

When the bridge was first erected and put in use the automobile was unheard of and horse drawn vehicles were the only ones to cross it. Then the travel was light but sufficient to make the investment a paying one. It gradually increased and when the automobile came into use the travel increased by leaps and bounds until of late months there has been almost a constant stream of automobiles crossing the bridge during the day and many at all hours of the night. Probably the largest single patron of the bridge was H. Clay Grubb who was Davidson county's biggest land owner and who had large interests in townships adjacent to the river and also in Salisbury and who was a daily visitor here. Scores of teams from his large plantations came over the bridge almost daily.

The Messrs. Yarborough have been the keepers at the bridge for many years and had become familiar with many people that used it, even tourists who came this way annually on their journey to Floriday. While the bridge has been a blessing to thousands having replaced the old ferries, Sowers to the west and Hedrick's to the east, it was the cause of the downfall of no few. Here it was that criminals, fleeing form justice, had to halt and were often taken in, and here also officers ran across parties whose actions aroused suspicion and investi-

gations disclosed that they were liquor runners or otherwise violating the law and came to grief.

Just what disposition is to be made of the bridge, or the material forming the steel framework is not known. Howver, it will be sold and the purchaser, whoever that may be, will probably locate it at some point where there is now a ferry and where there is little possibility of a free bridge for many years to come.

It has not only been a great connecting link between Rowan and Davidson but also a convenient and easy crossing of the river for travelers from all parts of the United States who came this way. But it has served his day and passes into history tomorrow so far as its use in its present location goes. But those stone pillars will likely stand there in the river as long as time lasts unless blasted out or otherwise torn away by force of man.

"Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the world unless
The builder also grows."—Selected.

TACKING OR SAILING.

By Dr. Holland.

The Almighty was lavish when He scooped out the ten thousand lakes that lie in Minnesota. They are fair emerald brooches that glitter on the bosom of Nature up here.

They smile from a thousand little valleys, and laugh the weariness from tired hearts.

Last week I saw an unforgettable sight cut on the water. Two sail boats were maneuvering up and down the lake. They were going in opposite directions, but were driven by the same wind.

Life flared up in my brain, and said: "This is what is occuring everywhere on the earth." Some human boats make headway only under a favoring breeze, and others compel hostile breezes to bear them on their way.

I thought of two lads that grew up in the same community. Both were bright, and each had a good chance. When young manhood came to them, one took the principe of going where the winds of chance took him. The other set his sails to the winds and learned to be a mariner on life's seas. When the years of 35 had come, one of these lads lay in the port of nothingness, blown there by the gale of misfortune. The other was a leading man in the city not far away, and had mastered the uncertainties of life by adjusting his sails.

I know of two farmers who had inherited their land. They both had a good chance—an even chance. To day one is fairly independent, having learned to change his course

when hard times and difficulties came. The other is working for his fortunate neighbor, because he could not travel in the teeth of a wind.

There are inner difficulties and storms, personal to each of us, that not even our husbands or wives know all about. Divine living is learning how to advance the soul and character, no matter what happens.

Many people are able to manage their lives so long as winds and weather favor, but collapse immediately the wind veers to the opposite quarter.

The ability to tack, to turn aside, to make headway in the face of temptations, disappointments, loss of health, failure of fortune, coldness of friends, and sail on contentedly and smiling—that is the Divine way of life that humanity must learn.

To me, the constant marvel of Jesus is his ability to make even death an incident in the process of life. Out of the bitterest cup ever put to mortal lips, He drank from it the divine waters of contentment. So may we.

"One ship sails east, another west,
While the selfsame breezes blow;
'Tis the set of the sails, and not the gales,
Determine the way to go.
"Like the wars of the waves are the winds of fate
As we travel along through life;
'Tis the set of the soul determines the goal,
And not the winds or the strife"

CHECKING UP ON ONE'S SELF.

You know, we have sort of got to check ourselves up, like the darkey from St. Louis. The story is old, but I am going to tell it. We have a darkey there that went into the eastern part of our city and he went to the drug store and he said, "Boss, can I use your 'phone?" "Sure, you can, and it will cost you a nickel." Well, he went to the 'phone and he said, "Gimme Main 183." And then he said, "Is this Miss Jones talking? Well, does yo' want to hire a good colored man? Oh, sho I'se a good chauffeur. Yes'm, I can wash your dishes, and I can clean house. I'se a good boy. You say yo' is got a good boy? Oh, yo' have got a man? Ain't they any chance to get him job atall? Is yo' pufflckly well satisfied with that darkey what yo' got?" And he hung up the 'phone. The druggist said, "You are blue." "No, boss, man, I ain't blue atall." "Well," said the druggist, "you are unhappy." "No," said the darkey, "I ain't unhappy nohow." "Well," said the druggist, "you didn't get that job. I should think it would disappoint you." And the darkey said, "Looka heah, white folk, I'se de nigguh that got da job. I'se just checked up on myself."—Carl J. Baer.

THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

By Hope Daring.

To the ones who love "the Old Dominion" these are magical words; they stand for romance. The region named is rich in historic lore, and the tales told of it are touched with charm. Also it is rich in natural beauty, for it is a land of wide sunny fields, of low, mist-wreathed mountains, and of rushing streams. During the War Between the States Confederate soldiers used to sing:

"In Virginia there's Valley,
Valley, Valley!
And all day the war drums beat.
Beat, Beat!
And the soldiers love the Valley,
Valley, Valley!
And the Valley loves the soldiers,
Soldiers, Soldiers!"

The Valley of Virginia embraces that part of western Virginia that lies bettween the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains. It is drained by the Shenandoah River which flows to the northeast for a distance of 170 miles, to discharge its water into the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. Much of the valley is rough, the low land being broken by hills. The soil is fertile, producing grain and fruit in abundance.

There is a romantic story of the first entrance into this region of the English—the early settlers of tidewater Virginia. The hero of this tale is Alexander Spotswood who came from the Mother country in 1710 as governor of the colony. From the Indians the settlers had heard many stories of the fair land that lay "beyond the mountains, towards the setting sun." Lured by the hope of finding gold Soptswood, in the summer of 1716, led an expedition westward. The gentlemen of the party assembled at old Williamsburg, and each one was attended by a negro servant. There were also a few rangers and some ndians guides. They traveled leisurely, feasting from the abundant stores carried on pack horses. To this food they added game from the forest and fish from the streams. Occasionally they chanced on a log cabin surrounded by a few stumped-dotted fields—the home some brave pioneer was carving for his family from the wilderness.

Governor Soptswood had given the little band the high-sounding title of "The Knights of the Golden Horseshoe." As an aid in crossing the mountains the horses had been shod, and, in that day, that was an innovation. For each gentleman of the party the governor had made a tiny golden horseshoe set with jewels.

They reached the summit of the mountains, probably near what is now known as Swift Water Gap. From there they gazed down into the Shenandoah Valley, took possession of the country in the name of the king of England, and turned homeward. On their return they had much to tell of the land's fertility, and soon settler's homes began to appear in the Valley of Virginia.

This territory was the scene of much fighting during the War Between the States. It had come to be a

prosperous land. While there was not the wealth of the eastern hope—the brave young men of both the North and the South.

Recovery was slow, but at last prosperity has come. For a time there was a clannish clinging to the old order of things. In some regions each Saturday afternoon still sees long rows of saddle horses tied before the small towns' principal stores, but automobile throng every road. The picturesque water wheels are being abandoned, and gasoline engines are installed. Still some of the roads are guarded by toll-gates, but each year sees their number diminish.

The natural beauty is not impaired. In spring the woods are masses of feathery green, and the slopes are spread with the pink and white of peach and apple orchards. Then the snowy star of the dogwood and the purple-pink sprays of the Judas tree are everywhere. When summer's heat scorches the fields, the mountain streams run cool, between sparsely wooded hills, their banks edged with a rank growth of ferns. There are homes that have stood four-square for a century, and within them the gleaming mahogany and the heavy family silver of past generation are treasured.

Many strange rock formations are found in the valley. The most noted of these is the Natural Bridge. This is a mighty stone arch which spans Cedar Creek, a mere trickle of water save when swollen by storms. The bridge is near the southern part of the valley, in Rockbridge County. The arch towers up to a height of 215 feet. Over the top a wagon road passes. From the reddish-brown rock grow stunted trees.

Spotswood is one of the heroes of this land. Robert E. Lee, beloved by all the South, is another. After the war Lee came to what is now known as Washington and Lee University, a small college situated at Lexington, as president of the institution. He died there a few years later and is buried beneath the chapel. His grave is marked by a beautiful recumbent figure.

But it is the silent, taciturn, devout Stonewall Jackson who is the best beloved of the valley. While he was not born there, he lived among the valley folk for ten years happy, peaceful years for him.

It was in 1851 that Thomas J. Jackson came to Lexington as Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Instructor in Artillery sat the Virginia Military Institute. The place was then, as it is now, a charming little town shut in by low, azure-wreathed mountain peaks. Jackson had served in the Mexican War and had been brevetted major "for gallant and meritorious conduct." He was grave, even a little severe in his dealing with his pupils, but he won their respect. Ever before them he held the ideal of a blameless life. Sometmes, after the world-wide custom of youth, they poked sly fun at their instructor, but his influence over them was shown by their readiness to follow him into danger and even death.

When the war came, Jackson did not besitatte; at once he did what he thought was right. Fort Sumter fell April 13th, and Jackson left Lexington, taking his cadets with him in a

body, on April 21st. From that time he served unremittingly for two years. His death resulted from a wound received at the Battle of Chancellorsville. He lived a few days, and, just before his death, murmured, "Bury me in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia."

It was done. Under fitting military escort his body was sent back to the little mountain town. Not until 1891 was his grave fittingly marked. Then a bronze statue was erected, the work of another one of Virginia's gifted sons, Edward Valentine. The statue is eight feet high and stands upon a tall pedestal. The hero stands "like a stone wall," but the homely background of barns and fields and the encricling mountains impart to the figure a sense of assured peace. It was given to Jackson to die in the thick of the fight, but his worn-out body rests among the people who love and honor his memory "in the Valley of Virginia."

"It ain't no fun bein' a kid," observed a small boy, bitterly. "You always hafter go to bed when you ain't sleepy, an' git up when you are."

JEAN'S GIRL NEIGHBOR.

By Lissie C. Farmer.

Up from the Oregon forests, Jean Martin had come to Portland.

A true child of the woods was Jean, tall and firm shouldered, head well poised, reminding one in her well-built form of the noble trees among which she had lived. The expression of her face was open and clean, her hair wavy and brown, and her eyes brown and bright in her usual health, but now clouded and dulled because she had overworked them, and thse overworked eyes were the principal reason for Jean's being in Portland.

Born in a logging camp, Jean had grown up under green branches; her father was a logger and "timber cruiser;" her mother a cook in camps out in the deep woods. Little chance had there been for Jean to go to school, but somehow she had managed to get a little education, and as soon as she learned to read, she began to pore over books—books of many kinds—which she got from the State's traveling library. Late at night after the loggers were all asleep in their bunks, and her father and mother, also, gone to their night's rest, Jean would sit in the glow of the orange dancing flames of the glowing campfire and read and study. Some nights she scarcely slept at all, so interested would she become in the printed pages.

But the time came when Jean's eyes rebelled against such treatment; indigestion, too, began to bother her. For a long time she struggled against these two physical weaknesses, but there came a day when she was compelled to go to the nearest physician for help, and he sent her to Portland. And all alone, Jean had to go to that city. The Y. W. C. A. matron at

the depot, upon her arrival in the city, directed her to a respectable lodging house, where Jean established herself and began taking treatments for eyes and general health.

Here Jean lived, her free spirit chafing to be back in her beloved woods, her eyes seemingly, not improving much under the varied treatment she was getting. At times, objects looked strangely distorted to her diseased vision. Time hung heavily upon her; she could not sew; she could not read; she was a stranger in a strange city—no friends to come to see her or invite her out. Her money was rapidly melting away.

"I can't stand this," she told herself one day. "I must get something to do."

Up and down the Portland streets she tramped, looking for something that she might do. Jobs were not waiting for weak-eyed young girls who knew nothing of the city's ways.

At last she took work under a janitress in a large building where many women were employed after office hours. With a heavy green shade above her eyes, she went about from room to room, dusting desks and chairs until 10 P. M., when she boarded the street car for home with an older woman who lived near her rooms.

Her life fell into a tiresome routine—back to her room and in bed between 12 and 1. A. M.—sleeping well on in the forenoon, an hour or two spent in tidying her room and getting her lunch; then the treatments —a short walk—something to eat again and work—how monotonous it was. How she longed for young companionship at times; she longed, too, most vehemently for the swish, swish of the great firs and spruces, the tumbling of the mountain cascades, the gleam of silvery waters bordered by long fern fronds, the genial warmth of the camp fires.

"I'm going back home," said Jean one day. "My eyes are not getting any better, and my digestion is about as bad as it can be with these dizzy spells coming on so often. What's the use of staying here?"

She walked to the window of her little room and looked out. Her tired eyes were caught and held by a vision outside—a vision of loveliness—a pretty girl of about her own age. Jean watched her wistfully as she came up the walk to the next house.

"Fine looking girl!" she commented mentally, noting the light tan cape thrown carelessly about the neighbors girl's shoulders, a bit of blue ribbon tied in its buttonhole. She wore a becoming round hat. When the girl went into the house, Jean glanced at the time. It was about three o'clock.

Of course, Jean was at the window next day at about that time. There was the pretty girl going away from the house. Jean's eyes followed her as far as she could be seen. Wouldn't she like, though, to get acquainted with just such a girl as that, or rather, wouldn't she like to get acquainted with that very girl? She was so lonesome in this strange city. For some ten days, day by day, she watched the pretty girl next door come and go. She was always dressed the same.

"Anyway, she's not extravagant," Jean remarked. "Don't seem to

think she has to have a lot of different outfits as some girls do."

There was always a piece of ribbon knotted in the buttonhole of the pretty girl's cape. Sometimes the ribbon was white, sometimes red, sometimes blue. "She must belong to a girls' club of some sort or other," guessed Jean. "I reckon it must be a patriotic club since she always wears red, white or blue!"

A few days later as Jean boarded a car to come home from downtown, she saw her pretty neighbor on the car. She managed to get near her and noted that she wore a blue ribbon, that she was a trifle pale, but sweet and fine looking. "I am going to get acquainted with her when we get off the car," resolved Jean. "I am sure we would have nice times together and I'm lonesome here!" But the blue-ribboned girl was off the car in a twinkling when it stopped, and hurried into the corner grocery so Jean's chance for that day was gone.

A few days later she had better success; her neighbor was on the same car with her, and entered into conversation at once in such a bright pleasant way that Jean was quite drawn to her. They got off the car together and walked along chatting pleasantly. "Come and see me," invited Jean with a smile as they parted.

"I will—when I can get a minute of time. I'm so busy now, but don't you wait for me to come first. Run over when you have time."

A day or two later, Jean saw her neighbor again on the street car. This time she wore the white ribbon and she looked deathly pale—so pale indeed that she did not seem like the same person. Jean, sitting just across from her, waited to catch her eye, and when she did, smiled and spoke very pleasantly. The girl met her smile and greeting with a blank stare. Jean turned her eyes away in hot resentiment. So! This girl did not care to continue the acquaintance. Very well, Jean would let her alone, for, lonesome though she was, she was not going to thrust herself upon any one who did not wish her acquaintance, so she purposely lingered behind when the girl got off the car, and the next day when she saw the Dree girl (she had learned that her name was Dree) that young lady smiled as pleasantly as though she had never dreamed of cutting her as she had the day before. "She's certainly queer about speaking to me," mused Jean, "but, then," she went on to herself, trying to excuse her new acquaintance, "maybe she wasn't feeling well yesterday when I saw her. She certainly did look bad." And so Jean, thinking that it was un-Christian to hold grudges, was friendly to the girl and laugghed and talked gayly to her, trying to forget her own aches and pains as she did so. "I wish she would come over and see me," thought Jean.

Two days later, out in the back yard, she saw the Dree girl just across the fence. Jean waved her hand to her. "Isn't it a lovely day?" she called out.

"Fine!" returned the girl, coming over to the fence.

"You room with Mrs. Mason, don't you?" she went on.

Instead of answering this question at once, Jean stared at the girl in undisguised amazement. Why did she ask her such a question as that when

she knew the first time they talked together that Jean roomed at Mason's.

"Oh, yes, of course, I room at the Mason's," she answered in a somewhat irritated tone, "don't you remember my telling you that when we first met on the street car?"

It was the turn of the Dree girl now to look astonished. For a moment she gazed blankly at Jean as though she had not the least remembrance of ever having seen her before. Then a mischievous look took the place of the blank stare. She grew dimpled and rosy. "Why, to be sure, we did meet on the street car, didn't we? Let me see, how long ago, was that?"

"Oh, about a month ago," Jean replieed carelessly, closing the conversation and going into the house soon after.

"That's the queerest girl I ever saw," Jean thought as she entered her room. "First, I meet her on the car and she's just as friendly as can be and says she will come to see me soon as she can; next time I see her, she does not even speak to me, then again she's friendly and chats pleasantly, then, this time, she pretends she never met me; then acknowledges she did, and looks as if she thought it was a good joke her forgetting having met me. And what makes her wear those different ribbons in her buttonhole? She had on a red one today. Maybe she wears the different colors to fit her different moods; white when she don't feel well; blue when she feels friendly, and red when she's prankish."

But this reasoning did not satisfy Jean, and she was continually mystified by the actions of her next door neighbor.

Jean's eyes grew worse. She had not told the occulist that she was working at night; if she had, of course, he would have told her that any kind of work in artificial light, even though she wore a shade over her eyes, was not the thing at all for such eyes as hers. She grew exceedingly nervous, and often had dizzy spells when objects seemed to dance before her eyes, or take on grotesque shapes. When these spells came on her during her work, she would go into the women's room and lie down on an old couch there with her eyes shaded until the dizziness passed away. One day at home while preparing her lunch in her room, she became quite ill and had to go to bed where, for an hour or two, she laid without calling any one, still hoping that the sickness would pass away before time for her to go to work. As she lay there, she heard Mrs. Mason gossiping with a neighbor.

"She's a lot worse," Mrs. Mason was saying. "Who's a lot worse?" wondered Jean. Surely not the Dree girl! Could it be that she was very sick and not able to get out at all? Jean had not seen her for several days.

"Poor thing!" returned the other woman, "She's the first Dree that ever was upset in her mind and nerves like that!" Upset in her mind and nerves? What did they mean? Miss Dree? Was she suffering from some kind of mental collapse?

"It's a sad pity she ever wet over to France," said Mrs. Mason. "Seeing all the bloodshed and suffering there—it was too much for her. She just broods over it, they say, and

can't seem to forget it."

"So that explains everything," thought listening Jean. "She was over to France during the war, and it's completely upset her nerves. I never would have dreamed that she was old enough to have done that. She doesn't look a day over eighteen or nineteen. No wonder she doesn't know me sometimes if her mind is like that, brooding over the memories of the awful war experience. And here I've been misjudging her when I ought to have been trying to think of some way of helping her. Is there any way I could help her? Wouldn't it do her a world of good to get out in the woods by our camp and live a while? With mother to look after her and the fresh, clean mountain air to soothe her nerves? I'm going to do it!"

Jean sprang out of bed and started out for a walk in order to think over just how she would manage to bring about getting Miss Dree out into the woods. She felt that she had been very selfish in thinking only of her own lonesomeness and not inquiring of Mrs. Mason about Miss Dree as she might easily have done. Maybe Miss Dree was all alone in Portland, too, and trying to work, apparently, and perhaps not even as able to work as Jean.

"I must try to help her somehow," Jean resolved. "I'll find out all about her from Mrs. Mason." And so thinking, she turned toward the house for she found she was weak and getting dizzy again.

As she neared the Mason house, she saw Miss Dree coming tward her. As she drew nearer, she neither spoke nor smiled. If only she would know me at all times, thought Jean, it would be so much easier helping her. The two walked toward each other.

Jean's head began to feel very queer. Black spots gathered before her eyes; things all about her, as she looked at them, seemed to double and triple and whirl. She fell. As she lay there, it seemed to her that Miss Dree—three of her—was beside her —in red, in white, in blue, at her feet, at her head, at her side. She—or they—lifted Jean up, and she billowed away into a sea of oblivion with white ribbons, red ribbons, blue ribbons fluttering about her; with a pale face, a kindly face, a merry face watching her; with six hands touching her; with a mingling of voices about her.

Then came blackness—and stillness —and nothing!

Many hours later Jean opened her eyes in her own room. Miss Dree hurried to her side. "How do you feel now?" she asked Jean.

In doubt as to whether it really was Miss Dree, Jean gazed blankly at her. Then, behind her, she seemed to see another Miss Dree, pale and wan and thin. Jean covered her eyes with her hand and groaned. Were those orbs going back on her entirely that they were playing her such tricks? Many times before her sight had been badly blurred, but never quite so bad as this. She lay there with her hands over her eyes, not speaking, and not wanting to be spoken to, so discouraged, weak and helpless she felt. Was she going to go blind, and, oh, awful thought!—was she, too, becoming so nervous that—that—things were all wrong? What did it mean, her seeing double

and triple, and the dizziness and weakness?

She heard steps coming into the room and took her hand away from her eyes to look. Miss Dree was not in sight; Mrs. Mason was there. Jean leveled a keen look upon her. Thank goodness, there was only one of her. Jean felt more hopeful; she was no longer seeing double. Mrs. Mason advanced to the bed and laid her hand on Jean's head.

"Feeling better now!" she inquired.

"Yes, thank you," Jean managed to answer.

"You had quite a fall," Mrs. Mason went on. "Right on the hard pavement, too. Might of killed you if one of the Dree girls hadn't come up in time to catch you."

"One of the Dree girls?" echoed Jean.

"Yes, it was Winnie, and she called Rose and Bessie and they brought you in here."

"Are there three Dree girls?" Jean stammerd.

"Why, yes, haven't you noticed them coming and going? They're nurses, all three of them—triplets; did you ever hear of three young lady sisters before that were triplets?"

Jean had never known three such sisters. Mrs. Mason then proceeded to pour out a stream of information, snatches of which Jean caught as she interspersed her own mental comments.

"You see they came up to Portland to take care of their aunt. She was over in France during the war and worked so hard nursing she hasn't been well since. (So, thought Jean ,it was the aunt who was so sick.) So the three girls take care of her. They take turn going out on other cases and taking care of their aunt. (Then that was why Jean had never seen but one of them at a time.) Rose is the liveliest one of the three, always playing tricks on the other two—"

"Is she the one who always wears a red ribbon?" interrupted Jean, feeling pretty sure that it must have been Rose who talked to her in the back yard.

"Yes, and Winnie is the pale, sickly one. She always wears a white ribbon."

Understanding of the whole situation between herself and the three Dree girls flooded Jean's mind. Bessie, the sister who always wore the blue ribbn, was the one whom she had met on the street car, and she had, of course, always spoken to Jean since that when she saw her. Winnie, who always wore a white ribbon, never had spoken to her until today for the very good reason that she did not know her, and Rose, the mischievous sister, had not known Jean until that day when they talked in the back yard when, after understanding that Jean had met one of her sisters, in a spirit of pure mischief she had pretended that she was the one whom Jean had met.

"Winnie is not at all strong, is she?" asked Jean presently.

"No, she ought to go somewhere and get a rest, but she thinks she can't afford it, and just keeps going."

"That's my chance," thought Jean. "She probably saved my life by catching me before my head hit

the hard pavement, and I'm going to do something for her."

For a long time, Jean lay very quiet thinking of the dead Christ who went about doing good, Who healed the sick, and Who, when He was weary, drew apart into the mountain places to rest and pray.

* * * *

Two months later, having in the meantime given up her night work, and consequently, improved very much in health from her treatments; having also gotten exceedingly well acquainted with the three Dree girls, Jean carried Winnie off with her for a long vacation in the mountain woods where the two young girls tramped daily through the great forests, watched the mountain beavers at their work, listened to the bird songs, and loved and cheered each other into better health as only two sweet Christian girls can.

In due time, the poor, tired war-worn aunt was also brought out to the green peace of the great firs, for one good Christian deed always begets another, and so, link by link, the chains of love move on drawing in and binding with sweet fetters those who most need the ministrations of that love that thinks of others before it thinks too highly of itself.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

Mr. D. D. Dalton left the institution last Saturday, to be gone a few days on a vacation.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Cloer paid us a visit last Sunday, and the boys were all glad to see them.

* * * *

Ralph Hunley and Lee Rogers were paroled last week. Hunley has learned the bakery trade while here.

* * * *

Hally Matthews spent last Sunday with his parents in Greensboro, and then returned to the institution.

* * * *

Swift Davis, Alvin Cook, Mack Holman, Bill Cook and Harvey Wreen visited the institution last Wednesday. They were all formerly boys here.

Theodore Wallace returned to the institution last Thursday after a short visit to his home in Fayetteville.

* * * *

The boys have enjoyed three big watermelon feasts during the past week, and we still have about 500 melons ready to be eaten.

* * * *

Mr. R. C. Shaw, who was formerly our printing instructor, paid us a visit last Sunday, and the boys were all glad to see him.

* * * *

Some of the boys have been busy putting silage in the silos during the past week, while the cannery boys have been busy canning tomatoes.

* * * *

Although a good many of the

boys have been paroled during the past month, we now have the largest enrollment since the school began, we now have nearly 400 boys.

* * * *

Charlie Roper, who was one of our printers, was paroled last week. Roper was paroled a few months ago, but returned to the institution to learn to be a linotype operator.

* * * *

The boys are all excited over a little piece that came out in the paper the other day, about the Training School going to Charlotte to see a ball game before the end of the season. They are worrying about what day they will go.

* * * *

The boys who were made happy by a visit from their friends or relatives last Wednesday were James Davis, Conrad Lowman, Lester Morris, Fleeming Floyd, Obed McClain, Homer Barnes, Ray Hatley, Herbert Poteat and Johnnie Boyd.

* * * *

Walter Morris and Norman Iddings were paroled last week, both of these boys were members of the first cottage. Morris was one of our linotype operators, although he hadn't yet learned the trade good.

* * * *

For five consecutive Sundays our family of over 400 has enjoyed chicken dinners. These chickens were raised on our own poultry farm. Cantaloupes and water melons have also been plentiful during the past two weeks, more than we could consume.

* * * *

A good sermon was delivered by Rev. G. A. Martin last Sunday, and everyone enjoyed it. Dr. Martin hasn't been out here to preach for over two years, as he is having a new church built, and we were all glad to see him.

* * * * *

* * * *

The Training School has played two ball games during the past week, and won one and lost one. The game with Flowe's Store last Thursday was a tight one until the visitors scored 7 runs on errors by the local team. The game ended by a score of 9 to 2, in the visitor's favor.

* * * * *

The boys are all glad to get back to their regular Sunday School classes now, as they can each take a part in the lesson.

* * * *

One of the best games of the season was played here last Saturday, when the local team defeated the Robrta Mill team by a score of 2 to 1. Each team got one run in the first inning, and then it was a tight game all the way through until the last half of the ninth inning when the score was 1 and 1, with one man on base and two outs, Rogers the local right fielder got up and put one out for a three base hit that won the game. Russell and Biggers both pitched a good game, each allowing only four hits. The locals will miss Charlie Roper the star center fielder, as he was paroled last week.

NORTH CAROLINA POPULAR EXCURSION

TO

WASHINGTON, D. C. AUGUST 29, 1924

VIA

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Tickets good 3 Days and 2 Nights in Washington.
ROUND TRIP FARE FROM Concord N. C. $10.50
Pullman sleeping cars and high-class Day Coaches,
Special train leaves Concord, N. C. 7:40 P. M. Aug. 29, 1924
Arrives Washington 7:00 A. M. August 30, 1924.
Round trip tickets on sale from all stations on Southern Railway in North Carolina August 29th, for this excursion.

See Circular.

Tickets from branch line points sold for regular trains connecting with SPECIAL TRIAN at junction points mainline Charlotte to Danville. Tickets from mainline points Charlotte to Danville on going trip August 29th, sold for special train only.
All tickets good to return on all regular trains (except No. 37) up to and including train No. 33 leaving Washingon 9:35 P. M. September 1, 1924.

BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL GAMES WASHINGTON AMERICANS VS PHILADELPHIA AMERICANS, MONDAY (LABOR DAY) SEPT. 1ST, TWO GAMES—MORNING AND AFTERNOON. GOOD OPPORTUNITY TO SEE WALTER JOHNSON, STAR PITCHER OF THE "SENATORS," AND EDWIN ROMMEL, STAR PITCHER OF THE "ATHLETICS" IN ACTION.

WASHINGTON'S ATTRACTIVE SEASON:

Wonderful Parks
Library of Congress
Washington Monument
Zoological Park
Lincoln Memorial
The Capitol
Bathing Beaches
National Museum
Glen Echo

This is the last excursion of the season to Washington, D. C.
Make your sleeping car reservations early.
For further information call on any Southern Railway agent.

M. E. Woody
Ticket Agent
Concord, N. C.

R. H. Graham
Division Passenger Agent
Charlotte, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 30, 1924 No. 41

ON GUARD.

The highest of characters, in my estimation, is his, who is as ready to pardon the moral errors of mankind, as if he were every day guilty of some himself; and at the same time as cautions of committing a fault as if he never forgave one.—Pliny the Younger.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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TODAY

Today is all sufficient for
The burdens we must bear,
Today is ours, to live, to love,
Our brother's sorrow share.

Tomorrow never comes to us,
And yesterday is gone,
Therefore today is all of time
We have to build upon.

Tomorrow is as far away
As yesterday it seemed,
So put your shoulders to the wheel
And do the things you've dreamed—Kind Words.

CHARGES THAT "HOMER NODDED."

The State Treasurer twice in succession has called down THE UPLIFT under the famous blanket charge that "Homer nodded." We take this in good grace from the accurate and wiry little man, who has negotiated more large loans and signed his name to more bonds (and, by the way, he alone did all this fine negotiating) than any official North Carolina ever had.

The first time "Homer nodded," according to the indictment, was when Billy Gregory, the little linotype fellow, thought he knew the name of the

State Treasurer better than the editor, and proceeded to call in cold type Benjamin Rice Lacy by the name of R. B. Lacy. We prove an alibi, complete and entirely satisfactory to ourselves. Everybody in North Carolina knows Mr. Lacy like a book, and nearly all of them do, or ought to, admire him for his loyal friendship, his dependability, his high character and his ability to achieve great things.

THE UPLIFT in a recent number claimed that North Carolna had "gone up a notch" in the matter of federal taxes. The impression was left that this was in the form of income tax. It should have been stated that from North Carolina the federal government received revenue in the form of income taxes, excess taxes, internal revenue on tobacco etc., an amount that placed the state as the fifth in the union, and thus passing Ohio which had to take sixth place. The error was in assigning this proud position to simply the income tax. While "Homer nodded," he is willing to be corrected by one of the most beloved and able state officials the state ever enjoyed—Hon Benjamin Rice Lacy.

Say aren't we all proud of the Old North State, and proud that in all this monumental business we have a state treasurer who knows how to and can put its finances across!

* * * * * * * *

GOES TO THE PEOPLE.

The General Assembly, in passing favorably upon the Terminal and Water Transportation proposition, which was the chief occasion for calling into extra session the Legislature, very wisely and justly referred the whole matter to the people. Any other course would have been, according to some authorities, inviting a final failure of the scheme because of the unconstitutionality of the method of issuing bonds to put the measure into force.

The question is now before the people, seeking their favor at the coming election. Judging the manner in which the proposition is received in these quarters, and if it be a sample of the sentiment of the balance of the state, it today would be overwhelmingly defeated. But it looks that a powerful campaign organization is to back it up with the hope of convincing the people that it will prove a solution of the freight problem. Some of the enthusiasts profess to believe it will be endorsed by the people by a 100,000 majority. It would probably be more correct, with the present attitude of the public towards the measure, to fear a majority against the proposition of no incon-

siderable size.

Some of the ablest men of the state have declared their hearty sympathy for and faith in the measure as a solution of our freight problem, and they are so dead in earnest about the question it is quite probable that a most strenuous and enlightening campaign will be made in behalf of the proposition. Likewise same of the ablest men of the state are on the other side. It is yet in the woods. The governor upon the whole seemed happy in his selection of the commission who are to execute the terminal and water proposition if the same receives the endorsement of the people at the November election.

* * * * * * * *

THE WOMAN WINS.

It was a fine fight to the finish. A woman and a judge running in a run-off race for the democratic nomination for governor in Texas, afforded great interest throughout the country.

Mrs. Ferguson walloped her opponent with a judicial title attached to his name in a fashion that pleases the women and excites chivalrous men everywhere. We wonder if Mrs. Ferguson sat down and cried, last Saturday night, in giving vent to her great joy over her superb victory. She was running, as she declared in the campaign, to vindicate her husband, who as a former governor was impeached, and to leave a clean record for her children and grand children.

From the standpoint of the people, she was bitterly fought by the K. K. K., which enthusiastically supported her opponent; and she had the support of those among the Texans who are inimical to the invisible empire.

There is no earthly reason why a sensible woman might not make just as good a governor as any man. She starts in, as we are prepared to believe, with a stock of good manners, and this qualification is a big asset in the administration of a high office.

* * * * * * * * *

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

It is human to enjoy having one's views and especially his estimate of men endorsed by thoughtful readers. THE UPLIFT took occasion to pay a modest, though inadequate, respect to the late "Squire Jim Hill"—he deserved lots more than was said about the characteristics of the honest and just and amiable spirit that moved among us for so many years, but space forbade.

Since THE UPLIFT went out scores of mutual friends have made comment over the appreciation of the departed; and the majority of them, like all men sometimes do, tried to ferret out the names of the other two, to whom reference was made as fine companion pieces with 'Squire Hiill in possessing those attributes that make of them outstanding characters in the community.

The great majority of the interested people volunteered guesses as to the names, and the fact that nine-tenths of them selected the very parties whom THE UPLIFT had in mind, convinces us that we but voiced the estimate of the general public. A good name, in truth, is more to be desired than the possession of great riches.

* * * * * * *

IT'S STARTED.

The Mecklenburg Times is the name of a new weekly publication started in Charlotte. This is the paper that Messrs. Green and Lowrance, two experienced newspaper men, promised the public. The first issue, really ambitious, indicates that it comes to meet a necessity. It is very attractive, mechanically, and editorially it is just what his friends expected from Zeb Green—very live.

Had they forgotten to put their names at the mast-head, THE UPLIFT could easily have told that Zeb Green had an editorial finger in the making of it. The reference to Lespedeza gives him dead away. We shall enjoy its weekly visits. But the question will not down: How long was Editor Green able to stay quit?

* * * * * * * *

CURFLUMICKED.

It has been widely commented on that nearly fifty per cent of the applicants for license to practice law in the state failed to pass the requirements at a recent examination by the Supreme Court. This indicates a healthful condition as to the attitude of the Supreme Court in the prevention of illy prepared men entering into this vital relation with the public.

There is, however, no disgrace for the large number who failed. If there be any disgrace at all it will be for those who, showing the white feather, if any, to side-step and quit the game. No disgrace to fall; it is in not trying to rise again.

* * * * * * *

The people applaud the swift working of the court in Davidson county in the trial of the two negroes that murdered the taxi-driver, Mr. Garwood. And

the whole state rejoices that the people more directly outraged by the horrible and brutal murder displayed such quiet demeanor under such aggravating circumstances and trusted to the court to make an orderly trial. The convicts, according to the sheriff of Davidson county, who conveyed them to Raleigh, made a full and complete confession, even giving the details of their terrible deed. Our enemies, or those who are disposed to believe that a colored man can not receive an orderly trial and justice in our courts, have in this a complete refutation of their erroneous opinions.

* * * * * * *

The Hon. Frank Armfield, one of the state senators from this district, is a member of the commission, by appointment of the governor and confirmation by the senate, whose business it will be to investigate the C. F. & Y. V. railroad muddle. If the entire commission is composed of determined men with an eye single to the good of the state, as is the attitude of Senator Armfield, the opposition to the state's getting its hands on the property, which has been dismembered, to the hurt, as claimed, of the people, will have the fight of their lives.

* * * * * * *

Another fabulous fortune is scheduled, by the public press, to be divided amongst North Carolinians. The latest is an estate valued at $113,000,000 in California which is alleged belongs to six High Point people. Some folks are born rich; some achieve riches and still, it seems, that others are to have riches thrust upon them. Take your choice of the method.

* * * * * * *

Our readers will enjoy the verse by Mrs. Al. Fairbrother, who with her husband is visiting out in California. Though far away from her home this brilliant and patriotic woman never forgets the folks back home.

* * * * * * *

The extra session did not make a record for the increase of salaries of state officers and employees. The people will commend them for this great wisdom.

* * * * * * * *

The front pages of the Monday morning papers in North Carolina struck horrow to one's heart. The accidents were appaling.

DISCUSSING OUR DIVORCE PROBLEM.

Rev. George Dorn, pastor Kountz Memorial Church, at Omaha, Nebraska, is responsible for this Radio-Broadcast. After quoting three scripture passages from the 5th, 19th, chapters of Matthew and from the 10th chapter of Mark, he proceeds to discuss the problem, taking the statistics as revealed by governmental survey. If there is any excuse for dabbling with the Federal Constitution, Dr. Dorn thinks this matter makes an inviting cause for investigation by Congress. Instead of trying to take over the regulaton of Child Labor, making a uniform law for the entire United Staets, it would seem simple wisdom to begin at the other end of the problem—parenthood, who are eligible and fit for the high estate marriages.

From the very early beginning of the world, men and women have been given in marriage, but along with this almost universal event in human experience, there has developed a new thing—something that has been eating its way into the very vitals of our modern life, and this new thing we call DIVORCE. This new thing came as a result of the degeneration of the race following its rebellion against God and its consequent fall into sin.

Register In and Register Out

We may think we have the laugh on Soviet Russia, but in this respect, Soviet Russia certainly has the laugh on us. We have exhausted many reams of paper in pouring forth our contempt for the Bolshevist system of marriage. What it amounts to, practically, is a device for registering in and registering out at will. Do you want to get married today? Very well, register right in, no fuss, no bother, no inconvenience. Do you want to get divorced tomorrow? Very well, register out, no fuss, no bother, no inconvenience.

We condemn such a system as barbarous, demoralizing, unfair to the next generation, and subversive of home and society. But who are we to take such a lofty attitude, when our own system is rapidly approaching the same golden ideal? Let our divorce rate continue mounting for another forty or fifty years as it has been doing in the past, and, to all intents and purposes, the American system will be indistinguishable from the Soviet system.

The future certainly does not appear promising. Can this nation, which has been built upon the broad platform of monogamy, make itself over into a nation using a system of legalized polygamy, and continue to achieve the same results? Only a cast of mind considerably more optimistic than ours will look this question squarely in the eye and return an affirmative answer.

(Editorial in Minneapolis Tribune, August 22, 1923, entitled, "Register In and Register Out.")

U. S. Leads Whole Christian World

Our United States of America holds the unenviable record of leading, not only one nation in the world but the WHOLE Christian world: we have only one rival, JAPAN. Until recently, that nation has been grinding out divorces faster than our own. Now, however, the United States Cen-

sus Bureau discloses a rapidly mounting table of divorces, which far outstrips the ratio of increase in population. Our rate of increase in divorces between 1870 and 1917 was, for the entire country, exactly 400 per cent. In 1870 we had 28 divorces for every 100,000 of population; in 1916 the figure mounted to 112 for each 100,000 population.

The home is no longer thought of as a sacred instiution. Marriage is being defamed by all sorts of escapades all over the land. People are crossing and recrossing from one State to another in order to reach laws of greater laxity. Read the stories of these escapades in our newspapers, and I challenge any one to find a half-dozen that do not mean poverty, disgrace, abandonment, police court, and finally divorce. Divorces by the thousands are a sad commentary on our conception of marital ties. Nevada, with a little over 100,000 population, carried off the prize last year with over 1,000 divorces. Texas came in second, with a population of 4,720,000, and had 10,000 divorces. California, with a population of 3,210,0000, had 6,472 divorces. New York State, with a population of 11,000,000 had last year 4,000 divorces. Our own State of Nebraska, with only one-tenth the population of the State of New York, had only 72 less divorces. Out of a population of 1,271,375, we had 3,928 divorces.

Now, then, if the present condition and rate of increase is an indication of constant tendencies in the United States, we can readily agree with the prediction that if we continue as we are now going, by 1950 one-fourth of all our marriages will end in divorce, and by 1990 one-half will be so terminated.

Some Underlying Causes

What then are the causes of so much desertion by husbands and wives of the home, which they have covenanted to establish? Why so much unfaithfulness, frivolity and trifling with so sacred and fundamental an institution?

The first and principal cause which lies back of it is to be found in the general depravity of mankind. The causes which are cited as reasons for the dissolution of the marriage bond are only effects of a basic condition common to human nature. They are in the heart of men and women, and nothing can be done to correct them radically, until this fact is recognized. The final solution must be sought in a change of the ethical conceptions of men and women, resulting in a recognition of equal responsibilty and proper regard for the sacredness of marriage.

If time permitted, I might speak at length of other factors that lead to the dissolution of the marriage tie. In passing, just let me mention that the housing conditions of our country relate themselves to this problem, especially when you think of the overcrowded tenements, small flats, unsightly and poorly constructed buildings, where it is easy for all of those evils to flourish which destroy family life.

Hundreds of thousands of families find themselves inadequately supported by the head of the family, compelling wife, and very often children under age, to enter the struggle of making ends meet. Our modern credit system is vitally related to this

problem, also the desire to excel, which has become the ruling passion in countless homes among the middle class especially. Expenditures are indulged in, for the sake of gratification, that do not contribute to the real peace and enjoyment of home life.

And now I am about to mention a factor which perhaps will not be welcomed at first, yet a factor which is most apparent. I have in mind the increasing independence of women. The rights of women in the political arena are no longer a matter of debate—they have been established by constitutional amendment. The question is no longer, shall we admit women to politics; but the question is, what shall we do to persuade her to retain and ocupy her proper place in the home, to be willing to assume the duties of motherhood, and to train our future statesmen in proper morals?

Present Laws Shocking

Now when we come to look at this problem in the light of the existing laws in the different States, the situation cannot help but shock every thinking man and women.

Seventeen States in the Union fix no marriageable age. In nine States—Florida, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee and Vermont—the common law ages of twelve for girls and fourteen for boys have been formally recognized by the courts. In nineteen States there is no law restraining feeble-minded persons from marrying, and only three States forbid miscegenetic unions, or marriages between people of different races. There are now in the United States more than 12,000 married girls under fifteen years of age. Approximately 100,000 girls seventeen years or younger are married.

With regard to the grounds for divorce, no one so well as lawyers know, we run the gamut from South Carolina, where divorce is entirely unknown, to New York and the District of Columbia, where the only ground for divorce is infidelity, on to the State of Washington, where divorce may be obtained on any one of ten or eleven enumerated grounds, and formerly upon any "other cause deemed sufficient by the court." This reminds us of the man who secured a divorce in one of our middle western States because he had suffered the indignity of having his whiskers pulled, and of the recent case in the State of Rhode Island, where the wife sought legal separation and alimony because her husband had refused to break an engagement with his mother in order to attend a "shower" given to the infant daughter of the pair by the wife's bridesmaids!

Are We Guilty of Recognizing Polygamy?

In many States there are seven, eight, nine, and running up to sixteen, specific causes, in the State of Georgia ranging from infidelity to incompatibility, indignities and temper. Conceding the fact that in a vast majority of cases, the divorce is secured solely for the purpose of remarriage, we have no reason to complain if the rest of the world points us as a nation recognizing tandem polygamy.

Ancient Rome had no record of a single divorce for over five hundred years of her memorable history. "The warmest applause has been lavished

on the virtues of the Romans, who abstained from the exercise of this tempting privilege above five hundred years.''

(In Gibbons' ''Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.'' Vol. 3, page 683.)

''Rome is a most interesting study for us Americans, because her vices, greed for gold, prodigality, a coarse material civilization, corruption in the family, as manifested by cannibial unfaithfulness, and by divorce, are increasing among us. We have gotten rid of one of her curses, slavery, and that is a great ground of hope for the future. But whether we are to be a thoroughly Christian nation, or to decay and lose our present political forms, depends upon our ability to keep the family life pure and simple.''

(Woolsey, ''Divorce and Divorce Legislation,'' 49.)

The Disgraceful Situation

In three-quarters of our States it requires only the application at the marriage licence window for permission to marry. In many States only one party need be present, and no residential requirements are demanded—a veritable invitation to unscrupulous fraud.

Do we need further evidence of the disgraceful situation brought about by our heathenish, inadequate and widely diversified State laws on these fundamental questions? The question is, What are we going to do about it? The greatest question that confronts the nation is, Are we going to preserve the integrity of the most fundamental institution, the home? With these disgraceful facts before, and with years of warning from the best thinkers of the world behind us, are we not ready for effective national legislative action? The need for a uniform Federal divorce law is apparent. Disregard for the sanctity of marriage, over-emphasis of sex, under-emphasis of domestic responsibility, lack of uniformity in the law, were among the chief contributing factors that led to the downfall of Rome, Greece and Babylon. We cannot, we dare not, allow the rate of divorce in the United States to continue at three times the rate of population increase.

States Should Not Experiment

Marriage and divorce are questions over which the States should never have had the opportunity to experiment, and to play fast and loose with as they have. They are questions upon which we must ultimately be compelled to think nationally. The task of securing uniformity through State action is absolutely hopeless. The various States have made a hopeless jumble of the whole affair. Every ons is satisfied that these laws must be uniform. Hence the time for action has come. And because men have dilly-dallied about it, and because, too, the integrity of the family is woman's quest, upon the women of the country must be laid the business of bringing about reform.

Immediate Action Imperative

What we need is to recognize the sacredness of marriage, and that its sacredness comes not necessarily because a minister has sanctioned or blessed it, but because of its essential character as God's own institution, through which humanity is to reach its highest blessing. As truth, and

good faith, and integrity, and honesty, and love and courage, and loyalty, and honor, are sacred because of what they are, so marriage, involving them all and more, is sacred for what it is.

Our immediate task then resolves itself into arousing a vital national consciousness, which will crystalize itself into a constitutional provision, which will enable Congress to enact uniform laws governing both marriage and divorce. The question before the American people now is, whether or not marriage and divorce shall be classed with the currency, naturalization, banking, interstate commerce, the postal system, and like matters, as of supreme national concern. If so, Congress should be empowered by Constitutional amendment to establish Federal laws on marriage and divorce.

Your Obligation

May I not ask all those who are hearing my plea to write, wire, and do all in their power to enlist the interest of their Representatives and Senators in Washington to speed up the amendment proposed by Senator Jones, of Washington, and Representative Randall, of California, which proposes, "That Congress shall have power to establish and enforce by appropriate legislation uniform laws as to marriage and divorce?"

QUEER QUERIES.

Have you seen a sheet for the river bed?
Or a single hair from a hammer's head?
Has the foot of a mountain any toes?
And is there a pair of garden hose?

Does a needle ever wink its eye?
Why doesn't the wing of an army fly?
Can you tickle the ribs of a parasol?
Or open the trunk of a tree at all?

Are the teeth of a rake inclined to bite?
Have the clock hands any left or right?
Is the garden plot quite deep and dark?
And what is the sound of a birch's bark?

Nor you, nor I nor anyone
Can see a thing in this but fun!

SAW SOME OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mrs. Lassiter, the editor of the Smithfield Herald, which always carries something out of the unusual in addition to well-dished out county news, has been on a little trip, and she has given the following account of something that she saw at the foot-hills of the mountains of North Carolina.

While at Connelly Springs we visited Valdese, a village transplanted from Northern Italy to this nook in the mountains about three miles from the springs. The thing that first attracted us to the village was the very unusual looking school building just being completed, built of boulders dug out of the mountains. We afterwards had the privilege of going over the building under the guidance of a member of the school board, whose pride in the twenty-four class rooms, manual training rooms, science rooms, and auditorium that can be fitted up to accommodate 2,000 persons, was pardonable. And a beautiful thing about the building was the spirit of cooperation which enabled them to have this splendid structure easily worth a $100,000 at a cost of about $60,000. The stone masons in village agreed to work for 30 cents per hour in order to have the type of building they wanted.

But we were not surprised at their interest in education when we learned more of their history. Twenty-eight years ago the first band of Waldensians left their home in Northern Italy on account of religious persecution, came to America and purchased, with the help of the Presbyterian Board, the tract of land which they named Valdese. They have been coming at intervals since that time until the colony now numbers about 1500. Their first act upon arrival here before even building homes for themselves, was to erect a Presbyterian church, using the rocks from the mountain sides to construct a very picturesque temple of worship. We had the privilege of attending a service there on Sunday morning and although the service was in French, the spirit of worship was there and we felt that it was good to be present. Living up to the accusation, sometime hurled at the fair sex—that of observing the head gear, as a part of the service—we were struck with the native dress of some of the women, which was characterized by a quaint white cap.

We were told that these Waldensians paid an enormous price for the site of their village it being considered practically worthless except for growing crops of black berries. Their enterprise and cooperation however, have long since disproved this idea, for thrifty farms, each with its vineyard, comfortable houses, and factories now dot the hillside, and a happy peaceful population work and worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Useing the term "peaceful" reminds us that we were told that in all of the twenty-eight years they have lived here they have had not a single case in the courts. Their cooperation is evidenced in a number of enterprises. They have a big cotton mill, two cotton hosiery mills, a silk hosiery mill,

a lace factory, a splendid bakery, a shoe factory, a large cooperative store, a public gymnasium, and a community house. Their latest enterprise is the construction of a wonderful swimming pool made by damming up a mountain stream, and which will be ready for use in a short time.

WALKING STICKS

Many ingenious attempts have been made to increase the usefulness of the walking stick Sticks containing a sword were common enough at one time, and some were even made to conceal firearms. Henry VIII, for instance had a stick containing three matchlock pistols, and a clumsy affair it must have been. More recently, sticks have been fitted with snuff boxes, scent bottles, watches, compasses, spirit flasks, and even telescopes. A decade ago there was a short lived craze for a stick the knob of which unscrewed and formed a pipe.—Exchange.

NO MORE LOW PRICED COTTON.

(Fayetteville Observer)

E. J. Bodman, writing in Commerce and Finance, predicts that "the days of low-priced cotton in America are gone." Mr. Bodman is vice-president of the Union Trust Company of Little Rock, Arkansas, and chairman of the Agricultural Committee, Arkansas Bankers' Association. The Union Trust Company operates as trustee under will several large plantations growing cotton. Therefore, it is to be supposed that Mr. Bodman speaks with knowledge on cotton conditions, and the following from his article is of interest because it should carry weight:

"Cotton farming in the South is changing. The 'lame mule negro cotton farming' methods will have to give way to an entirely different system. The big plantation is doomed. Its days are numbered. Cotton has been raised on it up to today practically under slavery conditions. Conditions of slavery, either real or economic, can no longer be maintained.

"Two factors are contributing to the change. First, the increasing ravages of the boll weevil now make it impossible to raise cotton by shiftless easygoing methods. The typical plantation manager or 'riding boss,' and the typical, ignorant, careless negro tenant are a combination that make soft picking for the boll weevil. Second, industrial activities and high wages in the North have drawn and are drawing the pick of the nogro cotton labor to Northern cities. They will nver return. Their insight into better living conditions and high wages will make them permanently unfit to be tenant cotton farmers.

"Equally the day of the 'one-gallus hill- billy' cotton farmer is about gone. The only cotton farmer who is going to win the fight against the boll weevil is the intelligent,

trained farmer, who applies brains and scientific methods to the cultivation of cotton on a farm of reasonable size. Needless to say, this kind of farmer will never endure slavery conditions for himself and his family.

"What does all this mean? That the days of low-priced cotton in America are gone. If we ever get back to crops of old-time size, the type of farmer who gets us back will do so only because he makes a fair profit on his year's work.

Farming, including cotton raising, of course is more profitable if conducted on business principles. And the positive statement made by Mr. Bodman, whose banking company also is engaged in cotton growing, points to the fact that business men will in the future actively control the cotton plantations; and as business men sensibly do nothing without there is profit in it, it is safe to assume that the days of low-priced cotton are passed.

With business methods on the farm and business methods, in the way of cooperation on the market, a condition of steady, unchanging prosperity in the land of cotton may be looked for. Cotton is called "King" because it controls the markets of the world; but the signs of the times are that the cotton growers, the men behind the plows, are going to control "King Cotton" and the price through a wise system of cooperative farm marketing and a thoroughly business-like system of diversified farming.

The swivel-chair farmers have been writing high-sounding articles about the slavery of the Southern farmers to "King Cotton," calling on the slaves to assst their manhood by throwing off the chains—abandoning cotton. But cotton is the world's greatest product. It is the heritage of the Southern farmers, left to them by Nature, and it is cheering to know that in the future its culture and marketing are to be done on strictly business principles.

DO THE MOST GOOD.

Professor Collier Cobb, head of the department of geology at the University of North Carolina, recently delivered a lecture on China, where he had been, and told of Chinese farming. That was interesting and all right. But what will do the North Carolina farmers the most good, and from which they derive the most benefit and practical results, is for these farmers to get together more frequently and give their own personal experience in farming, and the experiments they have made; their success with various crops; methods, how they planted and cultivated. That is close-at-home. personal application, beneficial information, for the various sections of the different counties. Get together and tell how you do it, is helpful instruction—Lenoir News-Topic.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

This sermon by Dr. J. W. Holland in the Progressive Farmer will enable you to take your own measure. If you are normal and not set in your ways, it will do one much good to get down and study one's self and make an accurate measure.

All problems of living are solved by two numbers—One and Two. There are no other digits.

You either love yourself supremely, and live for Number One, or you love some one better than yourself and live for Number Two.

When the Nazarene said, "Love your neighbor as yourself," he said the last word about "getting on" with other people.

Now, we have to look out for Number One. Each person, born normally, has to feed, clothe, educate, and succeed himself. This is the law that governs all animals.

When all our personal needs are met, then, to continue to live for self, alone, is to remain forever in the Animal Kingdom.

The theology of a tiger, that is if he happened to need any, would be, "I will use my teeth for myself, let the world look out for itself." The maxim which we mortals repeat is "Every man for himself, and the devil take the last man."

As a farm boy we used to play a game by that name, and the fellow who happened to come out last surely did get a paddling. No one shed any tears for the boy who was last, for every one was playing, "Look out for Number One."

The pronouns we use too much are I, My, Mine, and Ours. If I yielded now to the temptation in me to make a rhyme, it would be somewhat like this:

Who live for self, wrong pronouns use,
And most the whole of life abuse.
All common things would be divine,
If we who say, "I, My, and Mine."
Would substitute, "You, Yours, and Thine."

What beautiful instances there are of the Number Two spirit. Did you ever see a mother watching over the cradle where lies a sick baby? In the dark of the night somebody goes up to her and says, "Hadn't you better lie down and get a little rest?" Always she says, "I'm not tired. The darling will be better in the morning."

A howling mob, who did not understand what Jesus was trying to do in the world, said, "Let him come down from the cross and save himself."

That was the thing He could not do. If He had saved himself, He would not have saved others.

When the Titanic ripped into that iceberg 15 years ago there were some scenes enacted that we can never forget. Men in peril of their own lives lined up, and shouted, "Women and children first." Most of those men paid for their heroism by sinking beneath the waves, but they lifted an ideal that is getting more common in the world than we sometimes think, "It is better even to perish than to refuse to help someone else."

They said to John Ruskin in London "Why are you wearing out your life for people who do not appreciate you?" He replied, "How can I rest

while little boys and girls in London have no grass to play upon?"

All community enlightenment and social progress is made just in proportion as people learn to forget Number One and work for Number Two.

The schoolboard visited school the other day, and, of course, the principal put his pupils throught their paces for the benefit of said austere board.

Henry, he asked, turning to one boy, who signed the Magna Charta?

Please, sir, 'twasn't me, whimpered Henry.

The teacher, in disgust, told the boy to sit down; but old Jed Smith, chairman of the tobacco-chewing board, was not satisfied. After a well-directed aim at the stove, he said: Call back that there boy. I don't like his manner I believe he did do it.

ABOUT ACCOUNTING METHODS AND CHILDITIS.

By R. R. Clark in News & Observer.

Two instances were reported in the State recently in which public officials were found to have balances on the wrong side of the ledger, the balance being in their favor. That is, in handling public funds they had, inadvertently of course, retained for their own use and behoof a trifle more than was really their due. It is interesting to note that in both cases it was explained that the seeming misapporpriation was more apparent than real. The impression conveyed was that there was no real purpose to appropriate to their own use what did not belong to them; that it would be a gross wrong to use the word embezzle or steal, in this connection, as some of the more exacting might be disposed to do. It was, they say, simply the result of "loose" or "negligent" bookkeeping. From the number of these cases reported one gains the impression that there is a method of bookkeeping prevalent in positions of trust that is designed to entrap the unwary and create a situation that brings otherwise perfectly good men under unjust suspicion. As one gets the situation from some of the reports, it might appear that the method of keeping books in some of the public offices had been so designed that innocent people are so confused as to render them incapable of distinguishing between "mine and thine." That is a serious situation and something should be done about it. If the special session of the Legislature could take note of the trouble and render aid without prolonging the session beyond the constitutional limit, a great public service would be rendered to the public not only but to the amiable and estimable public servants who are the victims of a condition which some of them seem unable to control. Possibly the

Legislature could appoint a commission, with the usual allowance for per diem and expenses to take this matter under consideration.

Another situation, somewhat similar, seems also to demand relief. This is the matter of "technical" violations of the law. Recently a grand jury that seems to have proceeded under the rather antiquated idea that violators of the plain letter of the law should be indicted, returned indictments against county officials who are alleged to have traded with themselves. So far as observed no explanation has been made as to these indictments, but it is assumed that they fall under the "technical" form. That is assumed because of the precedent set in another somewhat noted case, in which it was vehemently asserted that the accused had traded with himself—had sold goods to the State—not for gain for himself but to the great gain of the State; and that the public having really profited by the seeming violation of the law, there could only be a "technical" violation, if violation at all. It is assumed, therefore, that if the county officials mentioned, in their capacity as private citizens and business men, sold goods to themselves as public officials, they traded with themselves not for their own advantage but solely for the public good, thus increasing the value of their services to the public, for which the public should be duly appreciative. When a public official is so zealous for the public good that he is willing to violate the law to render more efficient service, a distinction should be drawn between that and the other kind who may be more concerned for personal gain. "Technical" violation sounds well but there are so many hard-boiled, suspicious and evil thinking folks who sneer at this word, just as there are hardened unbelievers who give the "horse laugh" when the victims of the "loose" bookkeeping methods are embarassed, that it seems desirable to have some authority draw a definite distinction, so that when perfectly good men are betrayed by circumstances there will be a distinction with a difference between this class and that other which so disregards the proprieties that it reaches out for whatever is in sight purely for personal and selfish reasons.

It is understood of course that the cynics will declare, and do declare, that it is only those, who have numerous and influential friends, or who are themselves prominent and influential, who are betrayed by the "loose" bookkeeping and the "technical" violations. But the cynics are antiquated mossbacks as well as pessimists and misanthropes. They are unable to appreciate the modern and humane theories and practices by which persons who were called embezzlers and thieves and lawbreakers under a former barbaric system have been transformed into innocent victims of conditions they can not control; or whose zeal in behalf of the public service renders them liable to the charge of "technical" violation of the law.

It is insisted that these conditions call for a commission of some sort to find a way out.

The information comes under a

Berlin (Germany) date line that physicians have found a name for a disease affecting "lone children." "Childitis" we are told is a disease that is peculiar to children when there is only one child in the family; to children reared with adults, and with little association with other children. While it isn't stated in so many words, the impression is conveyed that the German doctors have puzzled much over what they seem to have thought an unusual condition, and that after much study and research they have concluded that it is a disease and have named it "Childitis." This new disease which the learned German doctors find in children reared apart from other children can be discovered by the following symptoms: Super-sensitiveness, selfishness, ill-temper, inability to play and find amusement. This is in the earlier years. Later there is moroseness, gloominess and brooding. Wonderful indeed! Now in this country it is a common remark that it is better for a child to associate with other children. If there is only one child in the family it is likely to be spoiled by grown-ups, or it may lose the real heritage of childhood for lack of children as playmates, the association with adults being likely to make the child adopt the ways of grown-ups too soon; and the condition contributes to selfishness. But that it necessarily entails these characteristics or anything like the disposition described by the German doctors, which they have discovered is a disease, sounds like a joke. But this discovery should be treasured against a day of need. The alienist who must find theories to fit all sorts of criminals should find it of service. Some of the criminals were no doubt "lone children." That developed the disposition, the disease, that made them criminals. They haven't suggested a remedy, but that is obvious. Parents having but one child must find another. That should be easy when there are so many homeless children. The scheme will work fine. More homes can be provided for homeless children and at the same time a dangerous disease can be cured or prevented. But ordinarily the disposition peculiar to lone children, which so puzzled the German doctors that they have labeled it a disease, is knocked out of the child when he enters school and comes in contact with other children. Sometimes the treatment is darstic, but it is usually effective; and so there need be no worry about "Childitis" and the cure.

A lady was walking along Market Street in San Francisco holding a little girl by the hand who showed all the symptoms of having a flea on her somewhere. A newsboy rushed up and exclaimed, "Examiner! Examiner!" "I'll wait 'till I get home," replied the lady.

AN OLD MAN'S LOVE.

By Mrs. Al Fairbrother, writing from Long Beach, California.

A recent San Francisco dispatch says: "Two white-haired old men battled to death on the poor house stairs for the love of their 70-year-old inamorata." The story of the tragedy goes on to tell that while preparations were being made at the Relief Home for burying the slain the slayer was being held for manslaughter at the city prison, where he "trembled with the weakness of his seventy-five years and sobbed." By way of embellishment the reporter adds: "It was one of those pathetic romances that amuse poorhouse authorities but that are as important as life and death to the principals themselves."

You may laugh and jeer at an old man's love,
You may jest of it, if you will—
Of the broken wing of the turtle dove,
If in it you find a thrill.

You claim that the heart when the blood is cold,
Or stagnant with grief and pain,
Cannot respond with the bounding throb
That beats in the young man's vein.

You laugh that the withered, crackling bones
Are racked by a passion strong—
Surprised that the palsied hand would strike
When smarting under wrong.

But know O Youth, with the pulsing heart,
That love is a thing divine—
It is not of flesh though it touches earth
In the souls of men—in mine!

When suns were born and the golden light
Through the darkness found its way,
When it pierced the shroud of the noisome night
On that first and glad new day.

From heaven was sent an essence pure
As the fire from source Divine,
And it hid itself in a women's eyes
And made of them a shrine

And on and on through the endless years
It has been to the soul of man
An earnest of the higher things
In great Creation's plan.

That flame in the depths of a woman's eyes—
No matter her age or race—
Can reach the soul of the stoutest man
And halo the plainest face.

Oh love, oh all-consuming love!
They knew not half thy power—
The youth who laughs, the sage who taunts,
In careless, idle hour.

So fierce you are you grip my life—
I care for naught beside.
Condemn me that I slew my friend,
But oh! do not deride.

The weak and wasted human frame

Where smouldering embers glow—
Seek not to quench the struggling spark
Or mean compassion show.

I'd rather to have felt the flame,
I'd rather loved—and die,
Than had my arid soul pass on
With unsolved question: WHY?

ALL THIS IN MONTGOMERY—NOT CABARRUS.

It was down in Montgomery along a good sandclay road. She was a bit of a girl that looked sweet sixteen, but maybe been kissed. Dressed in a fetching frock, sleek silk hose and trim oxfords ,her hair bobbed and a bit or rouge on her cheeks, she was trudging up the path with a pail of spring water. She looked like the milk maid in the chorus. I stopped the car and asked her for a drink. She was very polite, quite correct. Her English was perfect and she talked with ease. Really she must be some girl from the city visiting her grandparents, I thought. And do you live here I asked. ''Why certainly, right up on that hill,'' she replied. I guess you go off to school, I ventured. ''Why no, she smiled back, I graduated up at the consolidated school last year and I will go to high school in Mt. Gilead in the fall.'' I went on my way praising North Carolina's road and school system and Henry Ford.—Editor Stinkey in Thomasville News.

CARRYING LIGHT ABOUT.

(By O. Max Gardner, in Newton Enterprise.)

Some years ago the telephone began to make neighbors of us, both city and country dwellers. It was a new use to which we had put electricity. Then came the trolley car and the automobile, further linking up the lives of the individual families in this expensive country of ours. All these have contributed materially in the building up of community life.

But in Cleveland county—my home county—there has been launched a movement which I believe points the way toward one of our greatest present-day social developments, aside from the material benefits that necessarily will result. It is the introduction of electric power every section of the county—town, small neighborhood center and individual rural home.

The plan was originated and is being fostered by the County Board of Agriculture. Today all over the county representative citizens are actively enlisting the co-operation of their neighbors in the enterprise.

The plan is to have each community organize a community stock company to finance the erection of a power line from the nearest power center to that community. The company will finance the undertaking and buy power in quantity just as do manufacturing industries and larger towns.

In this scheme is seen the strength of unity of purpose and effort. While

a great many of the larger farms have had small power plants of their own, their dependability was always a question. Individual effort failed where community endeavor will, I am sure, succeed.

The material results of the use of electricity on the farms and in the small communities need not be discussed. Electric power means results in industry and effort wherever applied. It is more of hte social effect that interest some just now.

A few years ago there was a most alarming movemnet from the country to the city. Young men and young women could not bear the irksome life of the country or the country village. Our best left us.

What did they seek? Light! And this love of and desire for light is no individual trait or craving. It is as old as creation itself. We recall that with the creation of the world came that Divine edict: "Let there be light" and the Creator saw "that it was good." Light! Light! It charms and hypnotizes. Even the moth loves and seeks the light. Broadway would not be Broadway were it not for the light that is there.

One of the most desolate feelings one can experience is to drive along the country-way, in loneliness, and see here and there only a dim flicker of light in a little window on the hill.

It is small wonder that our young people rebellled and went away, seeking the light places. But they are coming back. They are coming back when we make our little villages and our country homes attractive and bright—with light!

With bright home and with electric power to aid in the making of a good living there is every reason to beliieve that our young people will find the city less alluring and will be content to remain where they are.

By all means, I believe the day of the little town and the real country home is just arriving, and what it means toward the upbuilding and betterment of our country no man can forsee, but in it I frankly believe lies our future safety and happiness.

The product of the big city today is a problem in citizenship and even morality. It is the topic of grave discussion among all welfare organizations and agencies concerned with the youth of the country. I cannot but believe that the healthiest atmosphere in the whole world is the country, the little village, and the small town where all are neighbors. It is there, I believe where companionships are closer, where brotherhood is stronger and where religion is more real.

It is with a great deal of pride that I tell of this enterprise in Cleveland county, for I believe it is designed not merely for material development but for the social betterment of our community.

Davis says that Bryan made a great speech while Coolidge says that Dawes' speech was a masterpiece. They ought to know, of course, since they are such, dispassionate witnesses.—Asheville Times.

THRIVED ON SIX PER CENT.

Cleveland Star

The noble life of Mr. Amos Cornwell who died this week, a highly esteemed gentleman, who had prospered in life as a farmer and money-lender, yet he never charged over six per cent, leaves an example well worth emulation. When Mr. Cornwel came home from the war penniless, he borrowed a few hundred dollars from the bank which is today the First National and this he invested in land. By trift he prospered and paid back his loan. Year by year his surplus was invested in other lands until he became one of the largest land owners of the county and later one of the largest money lenders. We are told that he never charged over six per cent and that he confined his loans to people who wanted to buy land. From his life we get three good examples; first he himself was not afraid of debt when such borrowed money was invested in land; second, he had faith in land values and farming as the basis of wealth; third, he adhered strictly to the interest law of six per cent although there were many times he was offered more.

Mr. Cornwell is a fine example of what young men might accomplish even in the face of adversity by thrift, industry and honesty. Although penniless when the war closed he was able to borrow money on his character. Have a character and you have credit. He invested in land and tilled it with devotion and determination. Success will crown your efforts if you do the same thing. Practice honesty in all things for honesty is the best policy to employ with yourself and those with whom you come in contact.

May there be an increase in the type of men Amos Cornwell was. His memory and his precepts will live.

JUST BOYS AND THEIR PET DOG.

On the front page of a Toledo paper last week was a story that must have been read by many people, and it is safe to say each reader felt a deep tug of sympathy for the boys. The incident came out when the father of the two boys, age 8 and 11 respectively, frantically appealed to the police to help find his boys who had not returned from a mission he had sent them on.

Regretting he related that he had ordered them to take the family pet dog, Trixie, out to some pond and drown him.

The dog, he said, had been in the family for some years and in approaching age had become troubled with rheumatics so that he decided it were best to kill it and save it from pain. So he pronounced the death penealty on the head of the family pet and assigned his boys, age 8 and 11, as executioners.

The boys received the decree in silence, called Trixie to them and

folding him up in their arms set off in the direction of the pond.

When noon had passed and with the coming of night no boys returned, the parents became alarmed. Frantically the father rushed to the police with his story and the search was on. They were mising almost two days, subsequent editions stated.

As they had gone so they returned —but without the dog. Their parents were overjoyed at their return, and if we are not much mistaken they could in the future keep a dozen decrepit dogs around the house if only it would insure the happiness and safety of the youngsters.

When asked the whereabouts of the dog the boys were somewhat reticent and without any great show emotion stated that he had been lost. They gave a rambling account of their adventures which were not questioned sharply in the joy of the father and mother to have them safely home again—

Ah, the heart of the boy and the heart of the man! What a gulf sometimes seperates the two father and son. What countless agonies have come to the boyish heart thru the misunderstanding, the lack of a close bond of comradeship which is the duty of a father to his sons.

With just a little thotfulness that morning the father might have read the poignant bleeding of thise two little chaps' hearts, might have performed a necessary duty in some other way without crucifying them on the cross of their devotion. Who can doubt that to their dying day those boys will carry that remembrance, perhaps of the first breach of confidence with the father, and perhaps but one of a widening gulf.

Too often in the hurry and serious endeavor to maintain his place in the world and a home for his family and their needs the father neglects the equally actions serious duty of close contact with his children. No less is it duty that he provide their material wants than that he should minister to the growing needs of their minds, counsel with them according to their needs and act thruout all the days of their immaturity as their grown-up pal to whom they can take every question for an answer. It is in the formative years of a child's life that basis of his character is laid, the disposition toward those about him is formed. Confidence once broken with a child is not easily regained if ever, and especially as in the present instance where the boyish heart is so sorely tried. The tortures of the inquisition itself, and less their father, could ever drag the secret of their dog's whereabouts from them.

SLAVE OR MASTER.

By S. A. Gortner.

Franklin K. Lane said that secret of managing men is recognition and environment.

When a cat catches a mouse it brings it to its mistress to see what it had done. When a soldier in armies of Napoleon did some brave deed, it was always rewarded if Napoleon

heard of it.

To toil on and do good work and no one take notice of it may be all right for myrtyrs and heroes, but we common folks like to have our work approved and rewarded.

When a boy or man works for wages, but does not like his work or employer, he is, as one man called himself, a "wage slave," and is likely to remain such a slave.

When Franklin was a boy he was apprenticed to his brother to learn printing. After so many years he would become a master of journeyman printer, one who was master of his work and not a wage slave. A feeling of pride in good work and respect for the employer are absolutely necesary for success and happiness. It may be that it is the fault of the boss. He may be like old Scrooge in the Christmas Carol, a weezing, wrenching, grasping, covetous old sinner. If so, then to do good work will take your mind off the boss. But it will no tmake the boss any better to do poor work and it will certainly make the worker worse.

The ideal way to look at your job is like the boy, who, when earning $1.50 a week on a great railroad, always spoke of the road as if it were his own or he were a part of the management. He would say, "Our road carries so many million tons of freight in a year. It has the best road-bed of any in the country." Was he only a wage slave, or a master workman? And in the years that followed when he became a great master of men, would there not be a sympathy for each boy and man who worked for his great company? Would any feel that they were wage slaves?

If you cannot respect your employer, you had better find another place to work. But in any case you should respect yourself to much to be anything but a master workman. Recognition usually comes when there is some to recognize. The master employer needs master workmen. His great machines are helpless without human help, and it is fine to feel that you are a necessary part of the great lines of railroad than span our country, that without you there would be some wheels silent in the great buzzing factory that none can do better work than you in your own place.

If I were a cobbler I'd make it my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Could mend an old kettle like me.

CHINESE HOUSE BOATS.

By K. R. Green.

The yacht de luxe of the wealthy man of leisure is perfectly fitted out with all the luxuries to which he is accustomed in his palace on Fifth Avenue or his cottage at Newport. He and his friends can spend months aboard her, traveling around the world without suffering any discomforts unless it be from sea-sickness. Still the idea of having no other home than his perfectly appointed yacht would never occur to such a

man.

Even the sailor who wrests his livlihood from the sea has a snug little home on some wave-beaten shore and often thks of his wife and little ones tucked away there. Only a Robert Louis Stevenson would adventure his entire fortune on a seagoing craft and consider it his only home for any length of time.

But in China there is a host of boat people who are born, married and die in the river house boats and except for short excursions for provisions or a run on the shores, seldom leave their boats. The river boats vary cinsiderably in different parts of China. On parts of the Grand Canal, the house boats are spacious, high, snub-nosed barks varnished a restful brown within and without, and fitted out with glass windows, tables and beds.

Although thus luxuriously furnished they seem inadequate to one from South China for they are cnnspicuous by their blindness. In the South all of the native boats have eyes painted one on each side of the bow for the proverb declares "No have eyes no can see, no can see no can walkee."

The river house boats of South China are much more primitive affairs than some of the North. The body of the boat is narrow and about seventy-feet long although styles vary in different rivers. The bottom is flat and of tough wood so that the boat "gives" a little over the shallow uneven portions of the river. The body of the boat is divided into water-tight (sides and bottom) compartments but one suspects that this arrangement is principally for the proper accommodation of clothing in one, food in another, perhaps freight in several and more than likely a fat and squealing pig in a compartment near the stern. When the covering boards are removed from one compartment near the bow, a kitchen is revealed. At least at one side of this compartment an earthen-ware "stove" supports a large shallow iron rice pot while at the other side are kept various simple cooking utensils. When the kitchen is not in use its ceiling is adjusted and becomes the floor of the sitting room.

The covering of the boat is of split bamboo framework with a substantial layer of dry leaves padded under strips of woven bamboo. This is adjusted to suit the weather and at night the end mats are drawn down snugly both a tthe bow and stern. The sail is usually of very coarse harsh brown cloth but occasionaly on sees a sail made of flous bags pieced together and until the tropical sun fades the colors it makes a bright spot in the landscape. When not in use the sail is furled and stowed away at the side of the boat and the mast reposes beside it.

The pictures show a boat village on a shallow river near Amoy. These boat families make a certain village their home center and gather in great numbers at these "ports." As each is engaged or gets a load of freight, it travels up or down stream but finally comes back to its own village to tie up. From among its own people each family chooses its own son-or daughter-in-law but unlike other Chinese the son-in-law is quite as apt to live with

his "in-laws" as he is to take his bride to his own home.

The family life is open all day for inspection. The father and mother and half-grown son or daughter with strong bamboo poles work long hours shoving the boat up-streom or down helped occasionally by a favorable breeze. The old granny cares for the younger children and the littlest one, a husky little feliow, is invariahe crawls over the side of the boat by a strong rope fastened to his sturdy little body at the waist line in the back. This rope is a "safety device" and becomes a life-saver if perchance, in a venturesome mood, he crawls ovr the side of the boat and falls sprawling into the river. His shriek is the signal to draw him aboard by means of the rope and to change him into dry garments.

When the shop-keepers of China wish to protest they go on a "strike," refuse to do business and close their shops. In like manner when the mandarin puts too high a tax on the boats, they simply refuse to move and the whole traffic of a river is held for weeks until the merchants induce the madarin to accept a lower tax.

The boat people are hardy, self-respectful and clean. They keep early hours and are peaceful. In every way possible they try to please their guests and treat them with true Oriental hospitality.

WARNINGS

The last words said were:

"I wonder if it's loaded. I'll look down the barrel and see."

"Oh, listen! That's the train whistle! Step on the accelerator, and we'll try to get across before it comes."

"They say these things can't possibly explode, no matter how much you throw them around."

"I wonder whether this rope will hold my weight."

"It's no fun swimming in the surf. I'm going out beyond the life lines."

"Which one of these is the third rail anyway?"

"There's only one way to manage a horse. Walk right up behind him and chastise him."

"That firecracker must have gone out. I'll light it again."—Young People.

WHAT IS CRIME?

(Albermarle Press)

A wide field for speculation is opened through the efforts of lawyers to show cause why Leopold and Loeb, the Chicago boy murderers, should not be hanged. Upon the outcome of this particular case no great significance hangs. Within a few days the boys will be sentenced to hang or to be imprisoned for life, and eventually in one way or another the case will be disposed of to be forgotten by the public.

The significant phase of it, it seems to us, is that in almost every great murder scrape involving the rich there comes to the popular mind in an understandable kind of way the results of the most intense study of scientists into the mysteries of the human brain. Science has mastered countless things considered impossible to master. It is now engaged in attempting to throw the rich light of truth upon what, until recent years have brought their hints of fine distinctions, was man's simplest problem—knowing the difference between right and wrong. It was one time comparatively an easy matter to hang a man. There were certain definite rules to go by. If he was guilty—than he was guilty and the penalty was death. But not now—especially if the man has enough money to enlist the aid of science. The wisdom of civilization comes to him and brings an amazing lore of new things. By the help of science he may show the most horrible deeds of blood and violence, done by him in violation of every law of self protection that man has set up, and yet prove by the new doctrine that he was not guilty—that he was impelled by mental processes or lack of them over which he had no control. It is new thought—revolutionary—mad and tricky—to the man we call level-headed. And yet, some day, it may come to be considered the one way of determining guilt and innocence. But it will not be guilt or innocence then. It will be merely a question of determining a man's mental condition. There are scientists today who declare that acts of violence and dishonor are in themselves symptoms of a diseased or mechanically imperfect mind—that it is possible for them to examine a man and determine whether he will be in the future be a law abiding citizen or whether he will trend to criminal actions, and point out what sort of criminality he will specialize in. Their strongest evidences is that they have done that identical thing.

If then, crime is but a symptom of a defective brain, and not the outgrowth of malice and viciousness as at present understood, speed the day when the scientists have agreed among themselves and given to the world the benefits of their study in a practical, workable manner. If, on the other hand, there is nothing in the new doctrine, and millions of people think there is not, it will die its own death and nothing for the good of humanity come of it. But if it is truth, before which the mist of the ages is even now lifting, thing of the ghasty injustice to countless thou-

sands of unfortunates who have suffered in the name of justice! It is a gripping speculation at any rate.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones Jr.

James Ford has returned to the institution, from a short visit with his people, in Bessemer City.

* * * *

The boys have greatly enjoyed the watermillion feasts most every day last week.

* * * *

Hugh More has left the institution for a short visit with his people in Ansonville N. C.

* * * *

The Training School was defeated last Saturday, by the Hartsell Mill, by a score of 5—2.

* * * *

Colman Smith, Baynes Porterfield, and Loyd Winner, were paroled on last Monday.

* * * * *

Miss Viola Maner, of Charlotte N. C. and Miss Myrtle Cullerson, of Laurin, S. C. have been visiting Miss Hattie Fuller.

* * * *

Mr. T. L. Grier and some of his boys, have constructed a road behind the 6th, 7th and 8th cottages and also repairing the roads in front.

* * * *

Mr. John Funderburk of Kannapolis Y. M. C. A. conducted the service last Sunday, at the regular time. He took his text from a passage of the old Testament.

Colonel Olds, one of the Training School's best friends, paid the School a visit. While here he made short but very interesting talks, which everyone enjoyed very much, the boys hope that he will pay us another visit.

* * * *

Thural Wilkerson and William Gregory were honorably paroled, by Supt. Boger. Wilkerson was a member of the third cottage. Gregory was one of the best Linotype operators the School has ever had.

* * * *

The boys who were made happy by their friends or relatives last Wednesday were, Obed McClain, Charlie Almond, Doy Hagwood, Brochie Flowers, Alton Etheridge, Howard Riggs, and Lester Morris.

* * * *

Mrs. G. H. Ducket has returned to the institution from her vacation.

* * * *

Two of the work force boys have been promoted. Lambert Cavenaugh, has been placed in the work shop where he will be under the charge of Mr. Day, Fleming Floyd has been placed in the bakery, where he will be under the charge of Mr. Spaugh.

* * * *

The Training School added another victory to its sum, by defeating the Flowes Store, 4—0. It was a fine game. Russel pitching, and Verbal

catching, they couldn't do a thing with his balls. Alexander and Duke, being the stars of the game. .The batteries for the local team were; Russel, and Verbal, the visitors Bost and Kiser.

* * * *

Playing on our grounds, Roberta Mill defeated Flowes Store by a score of 10—1, Biggers pitching a shut-out till the last half of the 8th when a man on third base scored on a wild throw. The batteries for Roberta Mills were, Biggers and Verble, for Flowes Store Bost and Kiser.

* * * *

Johnny Wright and Paul Funderburk, were paroled on last Tuesday Wright was a member of the 8th cottage, Funderburk was a member of the 1st cottage. Both boys have made a good record while here and hope that they will do the same at home.

* * * *

As the end of the baseball season draws near we often read of a popular player being honored by his community. On Thursday of last week several hundred fans from Cabarrus County paid tribute to "Rube" Wilson, the local boy who has been Charlotte's star pitcher for several years.

Last Tuesday was another "favorite son" day, this time at the Training School. Just before the game between the Flowes Store and the Roberta teams, Mr. John Russell who has had many a pitcher's battle with "Rube" Wilson, and whose good left arm has won the majority of the School's games during the past three years, was called to the plate.

Mr. Tom Grier was the spokesman on this occasion and in the presence of about 100 visitors and our 400 boys and officers, told Mr. Russell how greatly his services were appreciated and as a token of their esteem, presented him with $25 and a hound pup.

Unlike his friend "Rube" he did not receive a shot gun, but knowing the accuracy of that old pitching arm we would suggest that when the hunting season opens he just arm himself with base balls. No other ammunition will be necessary.

The announcement that an automatic dishwasher has been invented will be of interest to the many busy housewives throughout the country. According to meagre reports of the new device, the invention is a sort of dinner wagon affair and the dishes are washed as they are being wheeled into the kitchen. If it proves to be practical, it will be a boon to many a woman.—Salisbury Post.

WESTERN

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 6, 1924 No. 42

HOW TO START THE DAY.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.—Charles Kingsley.

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The Uplift

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SWEET SEPTEMBER.

O sweet September! thy first breezes bring
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter,
The cool, fresh air, whence health and vigor spring,
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter.

—George Arnold.

OCCASION FOR LOCAL PRIDE.

Well-defined and actively prosecuted purpose has resulted in two outstanding achievements, locally; and they both are community subjects of today.

A skyscraper is in our midst. Of course, it is not as high as the Metropolitan Life Insurance building in New York, nor even as tall as the handsome Charley Johnston Building, recently completed in Charlotte; but to and in Concord it is a veritable skyscraper and we are all proud of it. This is the new six-storied bank building of the Cabarrus Savings Bank, which had a house-warming on Tuesday, September 2nd. There may be and are larger banking quarters in North Carolina, but none surpass this one in beauty, arrangement or completeness—it's a gem of a home; and the well-appointed offices on the other floors are practically all in use by choice tenants.

The officers and the stockholders of this enterprising and strong financial institution merit and receive the applause of the public for their vision and their manifestation of faith in the community.

The other notable event occurred Sunday night. It has not been many years

ago when it was practically impossible to find a member of the Baptist denomination in the community. Today there are a number of churches of this faith in Concord, the leading congregation being the one on Spring street, served by Rev. Dr. G. A. Martin. For months they have been building a new and modern church home. It would prove architecturally a credit to any town or city. This bee-hive of earnest, active people have done it all themselves. They resorted to no begging schemes, lawn parties or fairs—they went down in their own pockets and gave willingly and generously, even unto the hurting point in some instances, that the project might come into reality.

Sunday this handsome, new Baptist church was used for the first time. It was crowded, and the pastor and the people rejoice in the achievement, and give praises to the Lord for the happy conclusion of the undertaking, and the public unite with them in this joy.

* * * * * * * *

TALKING ABOUT INERTIA.

A nervous, active woman, the other day, in the presence of THE UPLIFT, failing to convince him of the necessity for certain performances, accused her husband as suffering from constitutional inertia. That's an awful charge to bring against her lord.

Webster defines inertia as "want of energy," "sluggishness," or "an existing state of rest, or of motion in the same straight line or direction, unless acted on by an external force." So, when we comprehend the terror of this definition, one must admit that the woman's husband is to be pitied. It's bad enough to be constitutionally lazy; but to be afflicted with inertia doubtless dates back to other causes.

How many men and women today, in maturity, are suffering from an indefinable disease unless you give it the common diagnosis of laziness or inertia, and yet they may be blameless. Men today are suffering from neglect of parents, or a lack of information, or indifference. That man, who moves about under the reputation of being lazy, may have contracted a chronic case of hook-worm in childhood; he may be suffering the direful effects of bad tonsils, or lack of a simple treatment due him in youth.

There are today in Cabarrus county a girl and a boy (there may be others) who have never yet been seen in a tidy condition—they wallow in dirt; they hug and lie down in sleep by the side of a hound dog, a regular bed-fellow, who is always a welcome member of the family in the house. They attend

no church, nor Sunday School, nor would they ever enter a day-school except for the salient influences of the compulsory school law. They have not been vaccinated, and will not be unless the law is invoked, for their father has declared that he would "rot in jail" before he would permit it.

Some of these days in years to come somebody will call this girl, then a woman and possibly a mother (perish the thought) as afflicted with inertia, when the truth is she had been sinned against in childhood by an ignorant, stubborn father—one of Ben Dixon MacNeill's John Smiths.

* * * * * * *

LOOKS THROUGH CLOUDY GLASSES.

By the way of the Asheville Citizen, we come across a fine answer to a provincial criticism turned loose by an Iowa editor. The Citizen meets it cleverly and in an accurate and convincing manner. The Iowa editor is even historically ignorant of the correct name of the event, which he designates as the "Civil War," but just follow the Citizen:

A correspondent sends to The Citizen an editorial clipping from a newspaper that undertakes to point out to the South some shortcomings which should be overcome. The name of the paper does not appear, but it is apparently published somewhere in Iowa. Briefly the analysis and the admonition are as follows:

In the United States there are eighteen cities of over 400,000 population, but only three of them are in the South—St. Louis, Baltimore and New Orleans. The rest is better quoted verbatim:

> The figures given show that the Southern states, five of which were among the thirteen original colonies, and several others among the first admitted into the Union after the Constitution was adopted, have not kept pace with our northern states. Climatic conditions had much to do in retarding the development of the South and the race issue has kept northern people from locating on the other side of the Mason-Dixon line. The Civil War could not have kept the South in the background, because it has wonderful resources and a mild climate, which kept down living expenses. The glad hand was not offered to many who came from Europe and they located in communities in which they felt there was a welcome for them. Educational advantages in Southern states have not been so good as they have in our northern commonwealths and public sentiment south of the Mason-Dixon line is anything but broad and liberal. Southerners should study our national census reports and profit by many of the blunders that have kept them in the rear in the march of American progress.

This is evidently intended for friendly advice but not often has a critic

assumed the role with less acuteness in understanding of conditions, history and, above all, the advancement the South has made in the last twenty-five years.

Because so much of its territory is agricultural instead of industrial in endowment, the South will perhaps never be a land of great cities comparable to New York and Chicago—and the South is fortunate in such a destiny. It is becoming a region of alert owns and cities of medium size. Highways and motor vehicles arrived in time to save us from many of the evils of urban congestion.

To say that the War Between the States could not have kept the South in the background is to betray ignorance of economic and political history that is almost incurable. To pity the South because it has been saved from the influx of undesirable immigrants that is such a problem in other sections is to ignore one of the South's most valuable possessions, a racial stock the purest in the country and one to which the rest of the United States may have to look for the preservation of some fundamental principals of social and political life. To pass by without a word the marvelous progress in education made in such States as North Carolina in the last twenty years is to suggest non-familiarity with even newspaper history. As to tolerate and broadness, there is anywhere always room for improvement; but people of the East, North and West are coming South in increasing numbers because they find here not only profitable investments but the schools, churches, hospitality of mind and manners that make them feel at home. As proof of this latter statement, in the letter accompanying this discouraging review of Southern life and conditions our correspondent says: "I was born and reared in the North, but the South is my home now and I am interested in this wonderful country, especially Western North Carolina."

* * * * * * * *

ABOUT TO BECOME UNANIMOUS.

There are people seriously affected by the epidemic that is sweeping this land of ours. Others tried to laugh it to shame and by poking fun at the bobbed hair craze that is about to become unanimous. It is no use to make protest—it must run its course, and then the glorious women and girls will return to the cultivation of the beautifying possession of suites of fine natural head-gear, to the joy of their male friends.

A few of the mothers and grand-mothers have not fallen to the fashion of

bobbing their hair. They have been strong enough to resist. A few months ago, though the style had its beginning with questionable and unhappy classes, just a few of our dear sisters had the nerve to part with their head glory—they were then the exception, and attracted great attention. Today those who refuse to fall victim to the epidemic are the exception.

Recently there assembled in our midst accredited delegates from the societies of a church organization, meeting in annual convention. Lots of attractive faces among the enthusiastic workers of this religious organization; but when it was noticed that only a half dozen had not become bobbed the chief objector in the town went up and down the street declaring that, having lost hope, he had given up that bobbed hair had won the fight, and he announced his surrender. Any practice or fashion that the church will tolerate or condone, may well be accepted.

There is one consolation, however, purely mercenary, and that is the practice saves hat costs—for it is so tempting to go with uncovered heads, if for no other reasons that to show the public a spirit of "it's my business, not yours, as to what I do with my hair—I am independent."

* * * * * * * *

CONSPICUOUS REVENUE.

It is announced from the office of the Secretary of State that the income from outomobiles and gas amounts in the two years to nearly fourteen million dollars. This enormous sum comes from people who operate machines, and in no wise levies any tax on property. In the light of what we already know, this revenue the state receives from machines and gas works no hardship on the people, but seems a direct benefit in the pleasure of better roads, minimizing the quantity of gas necessary to negotiate distance and prolongs the life of a car.

The average owner of a car would not kick against an increase in license and gas tax, if it would materially extend the mileage of good roads and prolong his car's usefulness and add to his comfort.

* * * * * * * *

MAJOR WADE PHILLIPS IS COMMANDER.

At the anual meeting of the State American Legion in Asheville, there were just two avowed candidates for the position of Commander. When the election occurred it was found that Maj. Wade Phillips, of Lexington, had won by the narrow margin of four votes, thus defeating Major Cherry, of Gastonia.

It appears that the Legion, which had an overture to take some action relative to the Water and Terminal proposition now before the people for its approval or rejection, tabled the resolution bearing on the subject.

* * * * * * * *

Col. Ike Meekins, the Republican candidate for governor, has issued a challenge to Hon. A. W. McLean, the Democratic nominee for the governorship, for a joint canvass of state. Mr. McLean, according to a published statement, has accepted the invitation to meet Col. Meekins. This course will not change a single vote, but may result in creating a certain amount of bitterness, which can do no good.

* * * * * * *

"Ma" Ferguson, who had won the democratic nomination for governor of Texas, had her own way at the state convention. The sister was in the saddle and she rode gracefully as the women of the old days thought it right and proper to sit the saddle.

BARNYARD GOLF.

By M. L. Allen.

Just about fifty years ago the greatest excitement offered the people of that day in the good old village of Mt. Pleasant was at the hands of some of the older citizens (as the children so regarded them) who daily pitched horse-shoes in the public square. The artists that furnished so much joy and excitement were the late Maj. Heilig, Jesse Skeen, DeBerry Lentz, John Harkey, Sandy Foil, Kin Cox, and sometimes old man Riley Kindley. Taking in the game on periodical occasions was the late Frank Rogers and W. S. Hartsell, who hung by more to get a good lough out of Kin Cox's dry wit than for the satisfaction of seeing a brillant game of barnyard golf. Mr Hartsell is the only one of that bunch of fine characters that is still with us.

This story, which follows, exhibits a brilliancy that the old Mt. Pleasant people never approached. They lacked, perhaps, the proper setting, for in this story a snake furnished the real thrill. By the way, here is a suggestion to President Joe Cannon and Secretary Dr. Spencer, of the Cabarrus County Fair, which, properly advertised, would draw a large crowd and afford much intense interest. By all means let us have a horse-shoe tournament on the coming fair program.

Thoughts of peril were far from Jack Clark's mind as he left Dan Morris' blacksmith and repair shop and hunted for the grass spots along a sand road bordered with cabbage palms. He held two special made horseshoes in his right hand and they clanged unmusically together in rhythm with his steps . A butcher bird followed him from one hiding place to another and mocked his half-hearted attempt to whistle. Above him and to his right a buzzard circled lazily against a sky flecked with white clouds.

Jack was not in a happy mood, for he was at odds with his best friend, Clyde Strayer. It had all happened at a friendly game of horseshoes, when each one claimed that his shoe was nearest the iron stake. In his anger Clyde had snarled, "I'll show you Monday, and I don't want anything more to do with you—you cheat!" Their friendship had been put to the test for several weeks, for these two boys were the best horseshoe pitchers in and around Aymar. This village would soon be represented at the county fair by the best horseshoe pitcher, and on Monday the deciding contest would be held. And if the representative should be the winner at the fair, then he would be eligible for the state tournament.

At first Jack thought of staying away from the contest, but later he decided that this would look cowardly. Clyde might beat him and this would undoubtedly cause him to feel like making up, and Jack would rather have his friendship than the laurels of the tournament. All close decisions would be decided by the judges to avoid any disputes.

Jack came out of his reverie very suddenly. He had heard the unmistakable rattle of a snake. The noise was some distance away but he recognized it. He became conscious too that the buzzard was circling much nearer to the earth and far above it another bird began a seris of circles which would eventually bring it much nearer to the jungles bordering the lake.

"Something dead or in danger," Jack reasoned through his knowledge of the habits of the bird.

Again he heard the unmistakable rattle, and he stopped to look sharply at the tangled growth along the road. He had been in there often, for several of the boys had a boat by the lake side.

"Help!"

Jack plunged into the growth without thought of danger to himself. He forced his way through sharp-edged grass and bushes toward the direction from which the cry of distress had come. He found it necessary to leave the path which his comrades had made and his progress was necessarily slow. Finally, pushing aside a curtain of Spanish moss he saw a sight which nauseated him. On the very edge of a hyacinth covered pool Clyde Strayer stood with eyes large from fear, for an immense diamond rattlesnake lay curled ready to strike only a short distance from him.

It was a precarious position for Clyde. If he stepped backward the depths of the pool would claim him with its bottom of oozy muck. He dare not creep to one side for fear the snake would strike. The stirring of the bushes by Jack caused it to give a warning signal, and the beady and treacherous eyes watched for Clyde to make a movement. No thought of a misunderstanding entered Jack's mind. He must save his chum, but how? No club could be found and if there had been one about it would have been foolish to have tried to wield it. The snake was ready to sink its fangs into the one nearest to it, and that person was Clyde.

Of a sudden Jack felt the weight of the two steel shoes in his hand. They were of regulation weight; nearly two and a half pounds each. For months he had been practicing almost daily in an endeavor to make each throw a ringer over an iron stake. The snake had its head elevated to about the same height as the stakes were above the ground. He would use this snake's head as a stake. Jack was in the habit of throwing a high shoe, and if he could only make it open up just right, it would force the reptile's head to the ground and perhaps the ends would sink into the soft ground and hold it long enough for Clyde to make his escape.

Carefully he parted the vines about him for an opening in which to make the swing. Clyde was watching his every move with fascinated and hopeful eyes; for he saw the shoes in his friend's hand and knew from his actions what was going on in Jack's mind. Slowly Jack's arm swung backward and forward as he measured the distance from half-closed eyelids. Finally he swung his arm back a little farther than usual for the toss. A bit of weed caught on the caulks and the shoe fell from his hand several feet from the snake, which

rattled its tail in terrific warning.

Perspiration stood out upon Jack's forehead, and Clyde was unconsciously bitting his lower lip. Jack gritted his teeth and grasped the remaining shoe in his right hand with the palm up. This time he made sure that there was an open space both in front and in back. He made an easy swing and then stepped forward with his left foot. The shoe sailed through the air, and, as Jack had initended, it made a one and one-quarter turn. This caused it to open up so that the ends of the shoe were on either side of the rattltr just below its head. The weight and speed of the shoe forced the head of the snake down into the mud, where it was secure for the moment.

"Quick! Jump over it—this way!" Jack screamed.

And Clyde did made a clean, high jump over the diamond rattle snake which thrashed about until it was loose and then straightened out and disappeared from view.

"Jack, you're a wonder!" Clyde exclaimed same time later when they had reached the sandy highway after a wild scramble. "You're a wizard! And that's putting 'barnyard golf' to a practical purpose. Give me your hand on it."

Jack grasped his chuum's hand, but quickly tossed it aside with an embarrassed laugh.

"Let's call our quarrel quits—what say, Clyde?"

"Ah, forget that talk, Jack. That's kid stuff anyway."

"I'm glad, Clyde."

They walked arm in arm along the road for a stretch, when Jack pulled his chum to a stop.

"Jumping gee whiz! I haven't any good shoes for the meet on Monday."

"Good night! You've got to be in that or I won't enter."

"Yes you will; one of us must win. I know; you run over to the house and get your dad's shotgun. We'll shoot off a few charges to scare the rattler away—Say, I wonder which one of us will win? I hope you do, Clyde; honest guns I do."

"Huh! You deserve it more than I do. You've got the nerve, Jack, old boy."

Monday was a big day for Aymar, for the horseshoe pitching tournament promised many thrills. The contests would continue during the entire day and there would be the meeting of friends from miles around. Then, too, the tale of the thrilling incident, in which Jack had placed a ringer over the rattler's neck and thus had saved his friend, had passed from mouth to mouth througout the entire vicinity. A half dozen lanes had been built under live oaks heavily hung with the long gray Spanish moss so abundant in the southern states.

Jack and Clyde were on hand at an early hour and now they were seated on a palmetto log inside the Sunshine Club's hut, which consisted of a framework of bamboo covered with dried palm fronds.

"How do you feel—arm limbered up?" Clyde asked of his friend as he kicked at the sand floor.

"Pretty good. I had my dad massage my arm last night and this morning. I feel kind of nervous though."

"Same here. I wish they'd hurry up and start the ball rolling, or, rather, the shoes flying. We must get an

early lead and then we will be on the jump pretty much all day."

Jack went over to the opening which served as a window and looked outside to see if there we many gathered about the lanes.

"The lanes are all full now with a bunch limbering up. There's Ike Welton from over at the Corners. My dad said I'd have to do some pretty tall tossing to crowd him out."

Clyde came over beside him and threw a careless arm about Jack's shoulders. Then he playfully pulled the peak of Jack's cap over his eyes.

"Say, old man, I'm in this game. I'm not afraid of a dozen Ike Weltons, but remember you're got your little friend to beat—I hurl a wicked shoe."

The boys' friendly bandy of words was cut short by the sharp note of a judge's whistle, and in a few minutes they were hard at work. Six pairs were making the shoes fly across the forty feet of the lanes. The crowd was packed as close as they were allowed about the players. A great many of the tossers showed a lack of intense training when put to the test. All morning long the contests continued, but by noon-time more than half of the players had been beaten and they had mournfully taken their places among the spectators.

A halt was called for lunch and as the throng dispersed to their homes or opened their packages and boxes of lunch under the trees, there was much speculation as to who would hold out to the last. Jack and Clyde had pitched well, and their long hours of study and practice made them experts in making the horseshoes behave as they wanted them too.

"I tell you, Jack, old Man Jim Swartz had me about floored on my second game, but I guess he just had a run of luck."

"Did you see my dad's hired man and me tossing just before quitting? He stuck right by me until after we had reached the thirty mark, but when we finished the score was 50-36 in my favor."

"Yeh! I think you just tease them along, Jack. I saw you playing Squire Hogan's nephew. You didn't make a ringer for a long time. That boy thinks because he saw a national tournament at Cincinnati that he's a champion."

"Oh, well, I didn't want to hurt his feelings, so I let him down easy."

"Just like you, Jack. Say, look at the callouses on my pitching fingers."

Jack nodded his head and examined his own. They were not standing the wear fo the rough shoes as they slipped from his fingers. Already they appeared somewhat raw.

"Gee, Jack, you ought to tape them with adhesive."

But Jack shook his head decidedly.

"I don't dare; it would interfere with the turn of the shoe so that it would not open up at the stake."

"I guess you're right at that."

The afternoon games started with signs of intense excitement on the part of the spectators and the tossers. The poor ones had been weeded out during the morning and the points would now be closely contested. Nature's arena rang with the shouts of advice and cheers when the battle were hard fought.

Toward three o'clock Jack was in

agony from his injured fingers. They were worn far below the skin and drops of blood were forced from them each time a shoe left his hand, but he pursed his lips and fought on. As if by routine work, he placed one ringer after another. Old and young went down to defeat before his wonderful pitching. He became unconscious of the sepctators and what they were saying. He concentrated fully upon his game, and all comments and cheers failed to disconcert his accuracy.

It was nearly five o'clock and for a few minutes Jack was without an opponent. Clyde and Ike Welton were tossing a close game. Although Ike was playing without any science, his shoes were constantly making ringers upon the iron pegs. But a thorough knowledge of the game, and a study of each well placed shoe gave Clyde the victory.

As the two boys faced each other, they smiled faintly. It was a situation they had dreamed about, but had not dared to confine it to one another. They did not speak, but each knew the other was glad that one of them would be represented at the county fair. They picked up their shoes and began to toss them as if in a friendly game. With apparently no effort at all they seldom failed to make a ringer. It looked as though the final game would be a long drawn-out affair. The crowd was not shouting now, for they were almost holding their breath so intense was their interest and exclitement. They were seeing a game of science in barnyard golf. Everyone was made to realize what practice and study had done for these two boys. But now and then a slip was made or there was some miscalculation and the score grew by degrees. First one and then the other was a few points ahead. Jack pitched a high shoe, which made it curve from his hand into the air and then gradually drop to the iron peg. Clyde's were low and speedy, but each used a clockwise method in which their shoes made a turn in the same direction as the hands of the clock, so that they would open up and slip on the stake.

Forty-seven-forty-four the game stood in Clyde's favor with Jack's turn with the shoes. Plunk! One shoe had been accurately placed about the peg. Plunk! And the second shoe fitted above the first one as if it had been carefully dropped there. Clyde stepper up and smiled dryly. He placed his first shoe exactly on top of the two already there. The crowd broke itis silence with an immense cheer. There was a wild clapping of hands and of cat-calls from the boys. But the end of Clyde's second shoe nipped the stake and went well to one side. The game stood forty-seven to forty-seven.

As Jack had won three points in the previous game, he tossed first. He amazed the crowd by making two ringers without any apparent effort. When Clyde took his place in the box there was a glad light in his eyes. He, too, placed one easy ringer, and then no one but Jack noticed the way he grasped his second shoe. Usually he held his palm upward with his little finger near the heel caulk, but with this shoe he held it as he would grasp a rope. Jack held out a detaining hand, but it was too late; the slipper had left his friend's hand. The shoe

sped across the lane, but it fell at least a foot short of the peg.

The judges never had a chance to pronounce Jack the victor. The crowd gathered him up and carried him away and in looking down Jack saw that he was riding along upon one of Clyde's shoulders.

COLONIAL GIRLS LED BUSY LIVES.

Complied from Alice Earlis Colonial Days.

Girls' Occupations

Hatchelling and carding, spinning and reeling, weaving and bleaching, cooking, candle and cheese-making were not the only household occupations for our busy grandmothers when they were young; a score of domestic duties kept ever busy their ready hands.

Some notion of the qualifications of a housekeeper over a century ago may be obtained from this advertisement in the "Pennsylvania Packet" of September 23, 1780:

"Wanted at a Seat about half a day's journey from Philadelphia, on which are good improvements and domestics, a single woman of unsullied reputation, an affable, cheerful, active and amiable disposition; cleanly, industrious, perfectly qualified to direct and manage the female concerns of country business, as raising small stock, dairying, marketing, combing, carding, spinning, knitting, sewing, pickling, preserving, etc., and occasionally to instruct two young ladies in those branches of economy, who, with their father, compose the family. Such a person will be treated with respect and esteem, and meet with every encouragement due to such a character."

There is in a Connecticut library a diary written by a young girl in the year 1775. Her name was Abigail Foote. She set down her daily work, and the entries run like this:

"Fix'd gown for Prude, mend mother's riding hood, spun short thread, fix'd two gowns for Welsh's girls, carded tow, spun linen, worked on cheese basket, hatchel'd flax with Hannah, we did fifty-one lbs. apiece, pleated and ironed, read a sermon of Doddridge's, spooled a piece, milked the cows, spun linen, did fifty knots, made a broom of guinea wheat straw, spun thread to whiten, set a red dye, had two scholars from Mrs. Taylor's, I carded two pounds of whole wool and felt nationly, spun harness twine, scoured the pewter."

She tells also of washing. cooking knittinig, weeding the garden, picking geese, etc., and of many visits to her friends. She dipped candles in the spring, and made soap in the autumn. This latter was a trying and burdensome domestic duty, but the soft soap was important for home use. The soap was always carefully stirred one way. The "Pennsylvania Dutch" used a sassafras stick to stir it. A good smart worker could make a barrel of soap in a day, and have time to sit and rest in the afternoon and talk her luck over, before getting supper.

This soft soap was used in the great monthly washings which, for a century after the settlement of the colo-

nies, seem to have been custom. The household wash allowed to accumulate, and the washing done once a month, or in some household in three months.

B. Franklin Brought in Broom Corn Seeds

Abigail Foote wrote of making a broom of guinea wheat. This was not broom corn, for that useful plant was not grown in Connecticut for the purpose of broom making till some twenty years or more after she wrote her diary. Brooms and brushes were made of it in Italy two centuries ago. Benjamin Franklin, who was ever quick to use and develop anything that would benefit his native country, and was ever ready to take a hint, noted a few seeds of broom corn hanging on an imported brush. He planted these seeds and raised some of the corn; and Thomas Jefferson placed broom corn among the productions of Virginia in 1781. By this time many had planted it, but no systematic plan of raisinig broom corn abundantly for the manufacture of brooms was planted till 1798, when Levi Dickensen, a Yankee farmer, planted half an acre. From this he made 100-200 brooms which he peddled in a horse cart in neighboring towns. The following year he planted an acre; and the tall broom corn with its spreading panicles attracted much attention. He carried brooms soon to New London and in 1805 to Albany and Boston. So rapid was the increase of manufacture that in 1810 70,000 brooms were made in the country. Since then millions of dollars' worth have gone forth from the villages and farm in his neighborhood.

Doubless Abigail Foote made many an "Indian broom," as well as her brooms of guinea wheat, which may have been a special home manufacture of her neigborhood; for many fibres, leaves and straws were used locally in broom making.

Geese Picking Hard On Geese

Another duty of the women of the old-time household was the picking of domestic geese. Geese were raised for their feathers more than as food. In some towns every family had a flock, and their clanking was heard all day, and sometimes all night. They roamed the streets all summer, eating grass by the highways and wallowing in the puddles. In midwinter they were kept in barnyards, but the rest of the year they spent the night in the street, each flock near the home of ts owner. They made so much noise on summer Sundays that they seriously disturbed church services, and became such nuisance that at last the boys killed whole flocks.

Goose picking was cruel work. Three or four times a year were the feathers stripped from live birds. A stocking was pulled over the bird's head to keep it from bitting. The pickers had to wear old clothes and tie covers over the hair, as the down flew everywhere. The quills, used for pens, were never pulled from a goose but once. Among the Dutch, geese were everywhere raised; for featherbeds were, if possible, more desired by the Dutch than the English.

In a work entitled "good order established in Pennsylvania and New Jersey," written by a Quaker in 1685, he urges that schools be provided where girls could be instructed in "the spinning of flax, sewing, and

making all sorts of useful needlework, knitting of gloves and stockings, making of straw works, as hats, baskets, etc., or any other useful art or mystery.

Betsey Metcalf Invented Straw Bonnet Industry

When the beautiful straw bonnets of Italian braid, Genoese, Leghorn and others, were brought here, they were too costly for many to purchase, and many attempts, especially by country-bred girls, were made to plait at home straw braids to imitate these envied bonnets. To Betsey Metcalf, of Providence, Rhode Island, is accorded the honor of starting the straw hat business in America. A Mrs. Sibylla Masters in Philadelphia received a patent on hat straw from London. The first patent issued by the United States to a woman was for an invention in straw plaiting. Mrs. Woodhouse at Weathersfield, Conn., has a national reputation for "leghorn" hats; she received a price of twenty guineas from the London Society of Arts in 1821.

Even before they could spin girls were taught to knit, as soon as their little hands could hold the needles. Sometime girls four years of age could knit stockings. Boys had to knit their own suspenders. All the stockings and mittens for the family, and coarse sacks and mittens for sale, were made in large numbers. Much fine knitting was done with many elaborate stitches. A New Hampshire girl, using fine flax in yarn, knit the whole alphabet and a verse of poetry into a pair of mittens; which I think must have been a long-armed mitts for ladies' wear, to have space enough for the poetry.

To knit a pair of double mittens was a sharp and long day's work. Nancy Peabody's brother of Shelburne, New Hampshire, came home one night and said he had lost his mittens while chopping in the woods. Nancy ran to a bundle of wool in the garret, carded and spun a big hank of yarn that night. It was soaked and scoured the next morning, and in twenty-four hours from the time the brother announced his loss he had a fine new pair of double mittens. A pair of double hooked and pegged mittens would last for years. Pegging, I am told, was heavy crocheting.

Previous to the Revolution there was a boarding school kept in Philadelphia in Second Street near Walnut, kept by a Mrs. Sarah Wilson. She thus advertised: "Young ladies may be educated in a genteel manner, and pains taken to teach them in regard to their behaviour, on reasonable terms. They may be taught all storts fine needle work, viz., working on catgut or flowering muslin, sattin stitch, quince stitch, cross stitch, open work, tambour, embroidering curtains or chairs, writing and cyphering. Likewise waxwork in all its several branches, never as yet particularly taught here; also how to take profiles in wax, to make wax flowers and fruits and pin baskets."

There was no limit to the beauty and delicacy of the embroidery of those days.

Patient Patchwork In Quilt-making

The feminine love of color, the longing for decoration, as well as pride in skill of needlecraft, found riotous expression in quilt piecing. A thrifty economy, too, a desrie to

use up all the fragments and bits of stuffs which were necessarily cut out in the shaping, chiefly of women's and children's garments, helped to make the patchwork a satisfaction. The amount of labor, of careful fitting, neat piecing, and eloborate quilting, the thousands of stitches that went into one of these patchwork quilts, are today almost painful regard. Women revelled in intricate and difficult patchwork; they eagerly exchanged patterns with one another; they talked over the designs, and admired pretty bits of calico, and pondered what combinations to make, with far more zest than women ever discuss art or examine high art specimens together today. There was one satisfactory condition in the work, and that was the quality of the cottons and linens of which the patchwork was made. They were none of the flimsy, composition filled, aniline-dyed calicoes of today. A piece of "chancy," "patch," or "copper plate" a hundred years old will be as fresh today as when woven. Real India chintzes and palampours are found in these quilts, beautiful and artistic stuffs, and the firm, unyielding, high-priced, "real" French calicoes.

When the patchwork was completed, it was laid flatly on the lining (often an other expanse of patchwork,) with layers of wool or cotton wadding between, and the edges were basted all around. Four bars of wood, about ten feet long, "the quilting frame," were placed at the four edges, the quilt was sewed to them with stout thread, the bars crossed and tied firmly at corners, and the whole raised on chairs or tables to a convenient height. Thus around the outstretched quilt a dozen quilters could sit running the whole together with fanciful set designs of stitching. When about a foot on either side was wholly quilted, it was rolled upon its bar, and the work went on; thus the visible quilt diminished in a united and truly sociable work that required no special attention, in which all were facing together and all drawing closer together as the afternoon passed in intimate gossip. Sometimes several quilts were set up. I know of a ten days' quilting bee in Narragansett in 1752.

I said a few summers ago to a farmer's wife who lived on the outskirts of a New England hill village: "Your home is very beautiful. From every window the view is perfect." She answered quickly: "Yes, but it's awful lonely for me, for I was born in Worcester; still I don't mind as long as we have plenty of quiltings." In answer to my question she told me that the previous winter she had "kept count," and she helped at twenty-eight "regular" quiltings, besides her own home patchwork and quilt making, and much informal help of neighbors on plain quilts. Anyone who has attended a county fair (one not too modernized and spoiled) and seen the display of intricate patchwork and quilting still made in country homes, can see that it is not an obsolete accomplishment.

Mark Anthony asked his audience to lend him its ears. Political speakers today only ask their audience to wave 'em.—Arkansas Gazette.

THE FOUR AMENDMENTS.

The special session of the General Assembly provided for the submission of four amendments to the constitution of North Carolina, these amendments to be voted on in the November election. The first provides for —

The ratification of the act, known as the Port Commission Bill, that provides for the establishment of ship and water transportation along the coast and the inland waterways of North Carolina; creats a port commission to direct the affairs and authorizes the state treasurer to issue $8,500,000 in bonds to procure funds for the purpose. Only $7,000,000 of the appropriation will be used for the construction of ports and terminals while the remaining $1,500,000 will be held in reserve for the construction of a merchant ship line, should it be deemed necessary for the success of the project.

This is designed to reduce freight rates by bringing about water rate competition but we do not favor it and do not think it will pass.

The second amendent is—

The proposed amendent to the State Constitution, relative to the inviobility, of the Sinking Fund allowing the use of revenue, collected from the taxes on automobiles and the sale of gasoline, for the retirement of highway road bonds.

This is necessary to assure the buyers of our road bonds that the money collected from auto license and gasline tax will be kept as a special fund not to be used for any other purpose than to pay the interest and create a sinking fund to retire the bonds. This amendent by all means should pass.

The third is—

The Patterson bill, which provides for an increase of the salary of the members of the General Assembly, from $4 per day. This too, is a constitutional amendent.

This was submitted four years ago to the voters but was killed because of conditions at the time. This bill should by all means be passed because able and successful men will not leave their business to go to Raleigh to make laws for the small pittance of $4 a day. The increase to $10 per day is little enough pay and the small additional cost will be well worth it to the state.

The fourth is—

The proposed amendment to the State Constitution which would allow the owners of a mortgage homestead, valued at more than $8,000 to list only the value of the mortgage for taxation and the mortgage holder listing the other half and changing the present rate of interest of five and one-half per cent on the mortgage to the full legal rate of six per cent.

Just what this means is not clear and full enough to our minds. If it has for its purpose the exemption of a double tax on mortgaged real estate, it certainly deserves the approval of the voters in November. When a farmer buyes a small acreage and places a mortgage on it, the purchaser of the land has to pay taxes at full value although he might have paid only a third or fourth of the purchase price, which at the same time the holder of the mortgage has to list his notes for full amount. This is unfair and if this amendment is designed to

this evil it should pass. We do not as yet understand the $8,000 clause and this amendent is designed to correct the interest rate, but we shall probaly be enlightened on the amendent during the campaign.

G. W. HEAD.

(Asheville Citiizen)

For seveıal days an old man, bowed down with infirmities of the flesh and of age, has failed to take his newspaper stand on the streets of Asheville. And yesterday he closed his final earthly account; he yielded to death the sturdy independence that had so long caused him to refuse charity and to fight his own battle as long as strength responded to the call of indomitable will.

G. W.Head leaves us all a lesson. So afflicted that he could not place his hands in his pockets to make change, being obliged to ask his customers to take out what was due, Mr. Head carried on without complaining his struggle to save himself from public or private charity. He preferred the cold of winter mornings or the heat of summer afternoons to the shelter of a public institution for the destitute, or the ease financed by appealing to private benevolence. He seemed to think such a course too natural to deserve any discussion. He stood his ground against fate till mortal illness took the issue out of his hands.

In one way or another, every man and woman is tempted to throw up hands and quit the contest. There are a thousand roads of escape from meeting duty, from following ambition up stony heights, from holding to ideals in the face of allurements which call to the enjoyment of a life made soft and luxuriant. Not many will long remember how this old crippled ''newsboy'' met the test of his character and won his fight; but the world isi a better place for all of us in proportion as we show forth that man's mettle in the business of living.

JIMMIE IS DEAD, IS MOLLY LIVING?

(Minneapolis Journal)

Jimmie is dead these 60 long years.

And Mollie is somewhere in the south, perhaps. Or perhaps she is dead, too.

Or will a faded little daguerrotype of 60 years ago, with a faded, pathetic scrawl across its back, bring word to the waiting Mollie at last of how bravely her Jimmie died, far back in1864?

C. D. Parker hopes that it will. He hopes that Mollie is still alive, and that the picture printed above, the picture of the sweetheart Jimmie left behind, when he went away to war may bring him in touch with Mollie.

It was on a Carolina battlefield

Dec.19, 1864. The battle was over. Dead and wounded lay everywhere. C. D.Parker, 20 year old soldier of D company, 113th Ohio Volunteers, stumbled across the body of a boy confederate—a boy as young as himself, with wavy hair and a handsome face. The dead boy's grey cap and coat had been taken away. Letters were strewn on the ground. And there was the picture.

Mr.Parker picked it up, slipped it into his pocket, and went on with his company. And never from that day to this has he learned who Mollie or Jimmie were, or if the little southern girl who wrote upon the picture: "Jimmie is my sweetheart—Mollie," ever knew how or where he died.

Mr. Parker lives at 2219West Como avenue, St. Paul, now and has lived there for years. For a while, his wife urged him to publish the picture, to try and find Mollie. But feeling between North and South ran hgih, in the old days. Nothing was ever done about it. No word went from the northern soldier to the waiting sweetheart of the boy confederate who died in South Carolina.

Still, he hopes the picture may bring information as to where Mollie may be found. It is the picture of a sedate, pretty little southern girl of "before the war" days. Her hair is drawn back from a high forehead. Her hands are folded in her lap. The case is of lacquered wood and leather with a dainty flower design inlaid in mother of pearl, a hinge lock and a red velvet face, inside to protect the glass. The picture is tinted in lifelike colors.

Clad Ritchly For That Time

"To me, the little girl is fascinating," Mrs. Parker said last night. "Notice the earnest expression on her face, her heavy black hair tied in a knot, the round elbow. One can tell she comes from a well to do family, for a silk dress was a luxury in those days—and so were the leghorn hat, the bracelet, the brooch and earrings."

Jimmie is dead these 60 years. But maybe his sweetheart stilllives.

And Mr. and Mrs. Parker hope that publication of the picture, after all these years, may bring the word to Mollie

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SPEAK TO THE BOY.

Have you stopped to realize that often you pass a boy unnoticed who has in him the making of a useful servant of God? One of our gifted laymen tells the story of how a minister of another denomination stopped him one day, an orphan boy, and asked him home to dinner. The boy went; that kindness became a friendship that led the boy into definite Christian service. Stop and speak to the boy. We are passing diamonds every day without seeing them.—Presbyterian Standard.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

By Mrs. H. E. Monroe.

The great necessity for a separate building for a Congressional Library was first urged by Mr. A. R. Spofford in the librarian's report in 1872. An appropriation was made for the purchase of the ground in 1886. The site consists of ten acres of ground, facing the east front of the Capitol. The ground and the old buildings upon it cost $585,000, and the building itself $6,032,124.34. It is the handsomest, most convenient, best-lighted and ventilated library building in the world, and I believe it to be the handsomest building of any kind used for public purposes in all the world. The building is of the Italian Renaissance order of architecture, has three stories and a dome, covers three and one-half acres of ground, is 470 x 340 feet, height of wall 69 feet. The library or collection of books was founded in 1800. Congress appropriated $5,000 for that purpose. When the Capitol building was fired by the British the library was nearly destroyed. It also suffered from fire in 1851. The Library of Congress purchases rare books from all lands. Its chief source of supply is the copyright law which requires that two copies of every book copyrighted should be sent to the library. It has had left to it by gift and purchase the library of Thomas Jefferson of 6,700 volumes, for which $23,950 was paid; the Force historical collection in 1865, the Smithsonian Library in 1867, and the Toner collection in 1882. Every picture, photograph, piece of music, engraving, dramatic production, pamphlet or brochure can be found here from the copyright editions. Any one can read or study in the library, but only Congressmen, members of the Supreme Court and their families or the President's family, are permitted to take books from the library. No pen and ink work is allowed in the library for fear of stains. The collection of book is the largest collection in the Western Hemisphere, comprising in 1922, 3,000,408 books and pamphlets. The Smithsonian division is largely composed of books on scientific subjects. The law library of over 196,570 books yet remains in the Capitol building.

Before the new building was occupied, Congress, in the Appropriation Act of 1897, provided for the reorganization of the library, created the office of register of copyrights, and increased the number of employes. Dr. Spofford, who died in 1911, and to whose unwearying zeal and enthusiasm the growth of the library was largely due, became chief assistant librarian in 1897 on the appointment of John Russell Young as librarian. In 1899, Herbert Putman was called from the Boston Public Library to the post made vacant by Mr. Young's death. Since entering the new building the library has grown remarkably in size and in service rendered. It has become, in fact, if not in name, the national library. In 1922 its collections numbered: Books, 3,000,408; maps and charts, 174,093; music, 954,304; prints, photographs, etc., 428,745. The number of persons employed in the building is 694, including 91

in the copyright office, 150 occupied with the care of the building and grounds, and 95 engaged, under the Public Printer, in the work of printing and bookbinding for the library. It has come into active relations with the libraries of the country, and, while rendering greatly increased service to Congress, has begun a career of service to the whole nation. The library has forty-five miles of shelving, containing space for more than double the present library. In the basement one room is set apart for the blind where they read for themselves and almost every afternoon they have a concert or some noted author reads from his own writings, or some distinguished speaker lectures before a most appreciative audience of blind people. Even the blind can say with Whittier:

"I hear the mattock in the mine,
The ax stroke in the dell,
The clamor of the Indian lodge
And now the chapel bell.
"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves
Where soon shall roll a human sea."

In this labyrinth of beauty, known as the Library of Congress, I believe a man would see no fault. But women, except as allegorical characters, such as imaginary figures of history, science, pomology, art, etc., have no share in the scheme of ornamentation. But men of all ages, of all branches of art, science, commerce and literature, are memorialized in painting, sculpture, writing or suggestion of some kind, either concrete or abstract. It is true, Sappho (whom I suppose the artists thought was a man) grown dim in the long vista of years, is a lone woman among the world's elite. No George Eliot, nor George Sand, nor Harriet Hosmer, nor Rosa Bonheur, nor Mrs. Browning, nor Mrs. Stowe now stands near Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, Byron, or Landseer. This omission is not like our gallant American men.

POLITICAL SLACKERS.

(By Josephus Daniels, Secretary of The Navy in Wilson's Cabinet.)

Are you thinking about voting next November? The three Presidential candidates and their supporters are busy these days trying to catch the attention of the millions of American men and women who are qualified to vote. The papers are full of speeches and statements and pictures, and for the next few weeks the radio will carry political arguments to the shut-ins and others who cannot or do not attend public meetings. The surface indications are that people are getting ready to vote in November. But are they really? Do not many of them discuss the candidates and issues from the sidelines, regarding themselves as having no responsibility or duty, but merely spectators at the great quadrennial national game?

Would Punish Non-Voting

A few days ago a woman's political organization went on record as fa-

voring a law that would impose a fine of $100 on every qualified elector who failed to vote. A score of years ago David Bennett Hill was pioneer in this field and sought to make voting a duty, the failure to exercise that duty to be followed by some sort of penalty. If I mistake not he suggested that voters who abdicated in three successive elections should be disfranchised. Singular, isn't it, that men and women will not feel the compulsion to vote and will not vote for ten years, but these very slackers would regard it as cruel and unusual punishment to put them in the same class with criminals who, as part of the penalty for crime, are disfranchised and made ineligible for office? They don't like the class into which they would be placed.

Slackers Of Peace

But are not citizens who fail to vote slackers? Are they not in the highest sense enemies of good government? Omission is often as reprehensible as commission. This particularly is true as to questions of government. When an important issue is pending, let us say, to clean-up a rotten municipal government or the purification of oil stains on national government, what is the attitude of a citizen who loves his country? Plainly it is as much his duty to help to secure purity and equality as it is for him to shoulder his gun and fight when invaders would endanger his country's rights. If he is summoned to the colors in war, and does not go, he is a slacker, a traitor, an enemy of the land that gives him home and protection. He may never raise his hand against his country. He may buy bonds to secure money to carry on the war. But he is just as truly a slacker if he is of military age and refuses affirmatively to fight for his country. What is the difference between a slacker of peace and a slacker of war?

Invades From Within

Is it not just as much a citizen's duty to vote for courageous and honorable men to sail the Ship of State into safe waters as to drive out invaders. Few banks ever broke except from within. Few nations have fallen until corruption was found at the heart, often at the very fountains of power. As long as Romans cared not for luxury and held to the courageous and noble life Rome was impregnable. The enemies of a country are sometimes the men who are charged with preserving its honor and its possessions. The stupid are in the same class as the citizens who do not see that they must be active to uphold their government or the crooks will control it. If they abdicate, let them be sure the crooks will be diligent to get their hands into the treasury and carry away the reserves.

No More Marching In Parades

The habit of abstention from the civil duty of votinig has grown in this country. There was a time when citizens were glad to serve on committees and march in parades. It is not so any longer. The hiring of men to march by Hanna in 1896 commercialized what was once a patriotic practice. "Them days" of parades and tar and bright lights "have gone forever." That may not be bad, but if the spirit of unselfish devotion to securing good men for office is also passing, it bodes ill for

our country. Mind you, when I say "securing good men for office," I do not mean "good men" as that term is so often employed. A "good man" in private life is often the worst sort of public official. Unless a man has righteous indignation against wrong and injustice, he is a bad man in office. The only "good man" in office is a man who prevents wrong.

Only One Half Vote

I shy at statistics. Lately I read in a magazine that there are 54,000,000 citizens of the United States and that only half of them vote regularly. It seems that the abdication of the duty of voting is steadily increasing as these figures show: In 1896 80 per cent of the voters cast ballots; in 1900 73 per cent; in 1908, 66 per cent; in 1912, 62 per cent, and in 1920 less than 50 per cent.

They tell us that the native-born Americans are more lax than those who come from other countries. That statement recalls a situation at the Bunker Hill celebration some years ago. I went up there to speak. Every member of the committee, with one exception, was an Irishman whose ancestors had not come to America at the time of the Revolution. Where were the descendants of the men who fought under Washington? They were off-boating and fishing. It if had not been for the patriotic Irish in Boston there would have been no celebration. It seems that many of the descendants of the early settlers are likewise leaving the voting to others. They are slackers in peace, they have abdicated their functions, and failed of the high duty of the citizen.

Can the newspapers and candidates and the politicians wake them up by November? And if they are awake how many will say: "A plague on both your houses, and the third one too. I don't feel any compulsion to take a hand in the contest where there are so many conflicting contentions. Besides, my customers might be offended if I took an active part."

WE HAVE YET TO LEARN.

(The Asheville Citizen.)

It is beoming more and more incumbent upon us to improve on our fifty per cent charity. When a man has shattered his physique, when diseases has laid him low, when accident has destroyed his earning power, we rush to his rescue. There charity function excellently well. But there is another side of the picture. When he falls mentally ill, when sickly inheritance shackles his thought processes, when vicious early environment at last demands its due and forces him into abnormality, what happens then? That charity which was the other time so strong within s loses its driving power. "Put him in an asylum!" is our demand if it is a matter of his inability to his work. "Hang him or imprison him!" if he has done any of that which we denominate "crime." It seldom occurs to us that, if he were given hospital treat-

ment as is done with the physically sick, he would have a chance to resume his worthy place in society.

That idea is foreign to us because it is human nature to have the new idea. It is foreign to us because also for centuries we have regarded insanity as something come from the dark regions, as a curse instead of an illness, and have therefore feared it in place of seeking means to cure it. Psychologists, able men who have devoted their lives to studying mental sickness, are called to testify in a criminal case, and with one accord we ridicule them and deny the truth of their findings. Judge Caverly, trying to ascertain the mental condition of two lads who killed a younger boy, finds his mail heavy with the cry as ancient as that which smote upon Pilate's ear, "Kill them!"

As long as we go on indiscriminately killing those who have killed others, we shall make little progress in our professed desire to deal more wisely with crime. It is our business to hate crime. We make the terrible mistake of hating the criminal. That was foreign to the philosophy of Christ. It will have to be foreign to our philosophy if we are to come closer to the mercy seat. Mental illness—or "insanity" if you please—plays havoc with our civilization. To lessen that havoc, we must give sympathy and some measure of co-operation to the men who study sickness of the mind and its victims. And this calls for not a morbid and snivelling sentimentality, but a vigorous and helpful understanding.

I'M THIRD

Have you ever seen these three two words printed in red on a yellow card hanging on the wall in the room of a friend, and have you been curious to know what they meant? The Missionary Voice in the July issue explains the meaning, quoting from the Minneapolis Men. This motto has been adopted by many Y. M. C. A. men and its origin is explained in this way:

"A college freshman hung above his desk a card on which he had written in large letters the words "I'm Third." Asked by his friend what they meant he promised to explain on his graduation day. As the months and years went by he became one of the best loved boys in school, president of his class and president of the Y. M. C. A. After he had received his diploma he was asked to reveal the meaning of the cryptic words, "I'm Third," and he made the following explanation: 'That card was to make me remember that I must keep God first in my life, the other fellow second and myself third. All the time I've been here I've tried hard to live up to it.' Others caught the idea and now many are using these words as a daily reminder."

RELIGION, THE ONLY BASIS OF SOCIETY.

Religion is a social concern; for it operates powerfully on society, contributing in various ways, to its stability and prosperity. Religion is not merely a private affair; the community is deeply interested in its diffusion; for it is the best support of the virtues and principles, on which the social order rests. Pure and undefiled religion is, to do good; and it follows, very plainly, that, if God be the Author and Friend of society, then, the recognition of him must enforce all social duty, and enlightened piety must give its whole strength to public order.

Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind.

And, let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret chimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let them thoroughly abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow?

We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches would illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism be true?

Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory in atheism declares him to be,—a companion for brutes.

Wonder if the Iowa editor, who criticized the South, ever heard of Herrin, Illinois?

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

By Enid S. Smith.

Ruth Draper closed her Tennyson and looked questioningly up at Aunt Marie.

"Well Ruth, something puzzles you. I can tell by your expression," laughed her aunt. "Can I be of any assistance to you?"

"I thought I had found a new recipe for beauty," remarked Ruth. "I've just been reading 'Maud.' The poet makes her the type of polished perfection. She is 'icily regular, splendidly null.' Evidently his opinion is that culture is more of the heart than of the mind, and that exquisite refinement of manners, dress and language leave yet a good deal to be desired. The real secret of beauty is what all us girls are after, of course. Even in poetry we are hoping to get a hint of some new kind of cosmetic, so to speak."

"Yes I had even to laugh at your great aunt the other day when in the midst of a crowd she stepped and took out a new kind of powder from her vanity case, and, wholly indifferent to the multitude around her, began solemnly powdering her nose. You young people are even converting us ancients to your follies. But to be serious for a moment, Ruth, if you are really seeking beauty you will find that it is more than skin deep, that its roots be at the heart of a person, and that it is possible for any one to be beautiful in this greatest sense. Every time you go down town you see girls that are commonly called beautiful but look at them after a few years and see how their lives of pleasure and selfishness will make opaque and repellent even the most attractive faces. Self-sacrificing thoughts and kindly acts are cosmetics that at last make the plainest faces beautiful."

"So many of the faces we see now-a-days are entirely expressionless," remarked Ruth, thoughtfully. "They might as well be on dolls, for all that there is to them. For myself I like to see a face that tells some story, that has something back of it."

"Yes, and beauty to be genuine, Ruth, must be unconscious, second nature so to speak, like an orator's posture and gestures that are entirely forgotten when he begins to speak. No one can be really beautiful in the true sense who is always conscious how she is looking.. Beauty is a thing that when it beholds itself it flees away. The beauty I am talking about shows itself unconsciously as a result of a life of kindliness and thoughtfulness and service for others. You know how selfishness eats sweetness from a singer's voice even as rust eats the edge of a sword. She who sings for love of gold finds her voice becoming metallic. It is the same in any line of work. You remember how Fra Angelico refused an invitation to the Pitti palace choosing rather his crust and pallet in the cell of the monastery. He gave his mornings to the poor, his evenings to his canvas. But when the painter had worn his life away by kindly deeds, men found that the life divine had been transferred to the painter's canvas. In the same way our faces are can-

vases recording the acts and thoughts of our hands and brains.''

''I think I begin to understand, Aunt Marie, what you mean,'' replied Ruth thoughtfully. ''I shall for henceforth change my ideas about beauty.''—The Way.

MAGIC IN THE HOME.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Some day a man will go up and down the reaches of North Carolina crying aloud, ''Hydro-electric power for the farmer's home!'' And, if his voice be as the note of a silver trump and his heart fail not, he will work a miracle for the masses of the rural population. What Aycock did for education and Craig for good roads in the State, he will do for the farmer's home. He will bring utterly to an end the farm life which so often bends the backs and kills the harm of its women in a few years with its burdens of incessant and unbearable manual labor.

He will explain to every farmer and every farmer's wife that for years the housewife in the city has had her electric sweeper, elctric dish washer, electric laundry apparatus, her electric stove for quick cooking, her electric lights to take the place of the danger and drudgery of kerosene oil lamps, and all those other economical conveniences which, operated by electricity instead of by the power of her right arm, incalculably save her time and her strength. He will declare that there is no real reason why the farmer's wife should not have these housework aids which every housewife in the city demands and gets.

He will go to the hydro-electric plants, and, being himself a salesman and an organizer, he will say to the men in charge: ''There is money to be made from selling electricity to rural homes, just as there is money made from selling it to city homes. The problem of distribution can be solved. As the power is transported to widely separated small plants, it can be carried with a profit from farm to farm. And a great demand for it can be created by good salesmanship and by the people's actual need of it.''

With his work brought to fruition, rural life in North Carolina will undergo a marvelous transformation. With this magic of electricity in the home, the women of the farm will be able to give their time and strength to work far more productive and uplifting than the drudgery of old. The school, the church and recreation will take their rightful places in the daily life. Rural life will be shorn of its ''aloneness.'' Neighborly interests and pursuits will come in. Diversification of interests will brighten the hours. And in every way the standard of rural life will be immeasurably raised and enriched.

If you happen to see THE UPLIFT and like it and interested in our work, send in your subscription. We employ no solicitors.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones Jr.

Supt. Boger and family have returned from a ten days' vacation in the mountains.

* * * *

The Training School team was defeated last Saturday by the Cannon Stars.

* * * *

Mrs. Charlie Frazier, her two daughters Misses Viola and Irene and Miss Esther Grier of Newell were recent visitors.

* * * *

Rev. A. C. Tippet, of the Concord Methodist Church, conducted the services last Sunday afternoon. He took his text from Jeremiah 15:4.

* * * *

Two of the work force boys have recently been transferred, Alwyn Shinn has been placed in the print shop and Washington Pickett has been placed in the wood shop

* * * *

Miss Virginia Melchor, Miss Lillian Colson, Mr. Paul Carpenter, Mr. Rudolph Lingle of Mooresville recently visited Miss Vernie Goodman.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Grover, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hudson and Mr. D. D. Dalton have again resumed their duties at the Training School after spending pleasant vacations.

* * * *

Hazen Ward and Keith Hunt, were paroled during the past week, Ward was a member of the 12th cottage Hunt was a member of the 2nd cottage.

* * * * *

The boys who were visited by relatives last Wednesday were: Irvin Moore, Clifton Rogers, Charles Mayo, Mack Wentz, Lee Yow, Lester Morris, Hunter Cline, Obed McClain and Thomas Howard.

* * * *

The boys in the print shop have been busy during the past week folding jobs that have been recently printed. One of these was a 32 book for the Caswell Training School at Kinston.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Helms, of Lancester S. C., were visitors' at the School Thursday afternoon. They made a thorough inspection of all the departments and remained to see and partake of a watermelon feast They were thoroughly delighted with the school.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

"A"

Freed Mahoney, Herman Goodman, Roby Mullis, Lexie Newman, Thos. Sessoms, Chas. Crossman, Robt. Ferguson, Lambeth Cavenaugh, Floyd Linville, Jas. Autry, Geo. Howard, Chas. Blackman, Chas. Mayo, Albert

Hill, Everette Goodrich, Earl Crow, Aubry Weaver, Archie Waddell, Irvin Moore, Jno. Wright, Chas. Roper, Norman Iddings, Raymond Keenan, Walter Morris, Pat Templeton, Paul Funderburk, Wm. Gregory, Loyd Winner.

"B"

Hashel Ayers, Walter Cummings, Harry Dalton, Theodore Wallace, Clint Wright, Carl Osbon, Washington Pickett, Carl Henry, Jas. Davis, Wm. Miller, Howard Riggs, J. J. Jones, Jr., Vestal Yarborough, Elwyn Green, Claud Evens, Stanly Armstrong.

Room No. 2.

"A"

Leon Allen, Irvin Cooper, Rodney Cain, Albert Johnson, Jno. Kemp, Valton Lee, Earl Little, Clyde Pierce, Donald Pate, Whitlock Pridgen, Lee Smith, Homer Barns, Thural Wilkerson, Hurly Way, Robt. Ward, Floyd McArthur, Fleming Floyd, Chas. Beach, Spenser Combs, Sam Carrow, Sam Deal, Arthur Duke, Olive Falls, Claborne Jolly, Vernon Lauder, Lee McBride, Sam Osborne, Thamer Pope, Clifton Rogers, Avery Roberts, Roy Rector, Jim Suther, Willie Smith, Irvin Turner.

"B"

Clarence Anderson, David Driver, Chas. Jackson, Garfield Mercer, Smiley Morrow, Louie Pate, Julean Raines, Dalmas Roberson, Alwyn Shinn, Frank Stone, Percy Briley, David Brown, Jim Gillespie, Hiram Grier, Jno. Keenan, Wm. Nichols, Watson O'Quinn, Billy Odom, Graham York Craven Pait, Walter Page, Herbert Tolley.

Room No. 3.

"A"

Edwin Crenshaw, Bonni McCrary, Herman Cook, Roy Franklin, Johnie Perry, Hallie Matthews, Garnet Haukes.

"B"

Hoke Ensley, Paul Camp, Hoyle Teague, Dwight Queen, Carlyle Hardy, Chas. Homes, Garland McCall, Roy Johnson, Natler Williams.

"I hope that when the autumn gray
  Falls, as a shadow, on my way
I, like the pines, may stout defiance fling,
  And, keeping green the good things wrought
By test of time, bring back to thought
  The robins and the crocuses of spring."

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 13, 1924 No. 43

HOMELY REBUKE TO THE PESSIMIST.

"My grandpa notes the world's worn cogs and says we're going to the dogs. His granddad, in his house of logs, swore things were going to the dogs. His dad, among the Flemish bogs, vowed things were going to the dogs. The caveman, in his queer skin togs, said things were going to the dogs.

"But this is what I wish to state: The dogs have had an awful wait."

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The Uplift

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PROPHETIC SEPTEMBER

It is the season where the light of dreams around the year in golden glory lies;—
The heavens are full of floating mysteries,
And down the lake the veiled splendor beams!
Like hidden poets lie the hazy streams,
Mantled with mysteries of their own romance
While scare a breath disturbs their drowsy trance.—Reade's, Indian Summer.

AN ABIDING AGENCY.

When the reader follows the interesting story Dr. H. C. Herring gives us in answer to an inquiry, occasioned by his modest celebration of his forty-second anniversary of residence in this community, he will be impressed with the marvelous changes that have thrust themselves upon the old town.

He strikes a fine key when he emphasizes the importance of extending to a stranger within the gates a cordial welcome. There is not a living soul, who cannot and does not recall some one, somewhere, at sometime, who is credited with his lasting gratitude for a simple, gentle act—or rather an act of simple politeness. Though they be dead, forty-two years afterwards Dr.

Herring cherishes a deep love for Pat Dayvault and Wm. Prospt, who handed out a hearty welcome to him, upon the arrival of the Sampsonite with his carpet-bag and his mutilated Sunday breeches.

Come to think about it, is it not true that nearly every one who has succeeded in life and has achievements to his credit went through the mill of trials and ordeals similar to those that attended Dr. Herring in his effort to become a regulation citizen of Concord.

That the genial doctor, in whom the appreciation of good humor abounds, withstood the hardships of a real battle and came off a rejoicing conqueror rather than surrender, speaks volumes for his ability to stand punishment. The average man, who encountered a similar trouble with his only pair of pants in a strange community, would have made a quick and undignified surrender.

Let us be kind and considerate of the stranger within our gates.

* * * * * * * *

A WISE STAND.

The address of Hon. A. W. McLean before the annual convention of the state legionaires, in Asheville, was most admirable and is the one thing, in these wild times, to be stressed. It is the matter of a proper observance of the mandates of law.

Mr. McLean expressed the wish that all law-abiding citizens might exercise themselves in seeing that there be a proper law enforcement. Most men observe those laws which they approve; but many men are not in sympathy with some particular law. If it is a bad law, the proper way to get rid of it is to execute it to the letter. It belongs to the duty of all of us to heed one law as binding upon us as much as any other law.

Recognizing the power and influence and the high character of the membership of the State Legion, Mr. McLean called upon them, when he becomes governor, to aid him in the high purpose of creating an active appreciation of the importance of law observance, and to make the illegal acts now so prevalent less frequent and conspicuous in our life as a state. This duty belongs to the higher-ups as well as to the lower-downs. To shut our eyes to the violation of one law, breeds contempt, more or less, for the majesty of law in general.

* * * * * * * *

BACK HOME.

The craft, along with her many friends in the state, rejoice that Miss Beat-

rice Cobb, the talented editor of the Morganton News-Herald, has concluded her European trip and is safe back home. Miss Cobb, in an expression of appreciation of those who conducted her paper while she was away, gave utterance to an everlasting truth, in that no one is absolutely indispensable to the conduct of a cause. The Lord has so constructed humanity that when one agency passes on, another rises up to take his place.

The most conclusive proof of this is all about us. It is like sticking your finger in a bucket of water, withdrawing it and then trying to find the hole. The waters close in—so in the affairs of men, when one drops out there is a closing in. But the life, the deeds and accomplishments of the passing agency, leave their imprint and their inspiration—one generation is the beneficiary of the former. The arrangement is fine.

The News-Herald looks good like it always did. That European trip of its editor did not affect its Americanism nor its Tarheelia traits.

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COUSIN SALLY DILLARD.

THE UPLIFT is under obligations to Mrs. J. C. Gibson, one of Concord's best informed ladies and, incidently, a choice friend and supporter of this little paper, for information that enables us to correct an error that recently slipped into these columns. In tracing the authorship of "Cousin Sally Dillard"—A legal sketch in the old North State—it was said that it belonged to the late Col. Hamilton C. Jones, of Charlotte, the father of Hon. Hamilton C. Jones, who plays such an important part in the public, social and political affairs of Mecklenburg county. It is claimed that it was the grandfather of this brilliant young attorney who gave to Southern literature the article in question.

A reference book at hand, in making mention of this contribution and its author, says: "Mr. Jones was a Representative from Rowan county, N. C., solicitor of his District and Reporter of the Supreme Court. He is the author also of "Jones' Fight" and "A Quarter Race in Kentucky."

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BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE.

The friends of public education have occasion locally to feel much pride in the opening of the handsome and modern high school building, for which the people of Concord voted bonds months ago. Beautiful location, attractive design, paying court to the last word in school-room arrangement, and finished in splendid and pleasing taste, this represents the new high school building

which was put into use on Monday when the several public schools of the city began another year's work.

A fine and promising crowd of young Americans filling the auditorium, with a considerable attendance of friends, marked the beginning. Prof. McCleod, the principal, pressed into service Revs. Jenkins and Armstrong, who contributed fitting remarks to the occasion and which the fine looking young folks seemed to enjoy with an evidence of great profit. This handsome building with its fine conveniences is just simply an expression of the people of a hope in the young and the discharge of a bounded service to those who are to fill at an early day the positions in society and state.

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Millions of Americans, taking note of the frequent storms on land and especially the fearful ones at sea, during the past few weeks, had a great burden removed from their souls, last Sunday, when the welcome announcement was broadcasted that little Chester had safely negotiated his journey across the Pacific and had landed in fine trim on Australian soil; and the public was greatly pleased at the reception given to this very popular American citizen. The wealth of Uncle Bim and the brilliancy of Mr. Gump guarantee a perfect ovation for Chester throughout the sheep-raising country.

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It appears that Judge Morrison Caldwell has made out a good case against Mr. Ellis, who, in one of his writings, gave to Nicodemus a rating that he did not deserve. See what Judge Caldwell had to say in this Bible character's defense.

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A PICTURE OF FORTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

By Dr. H. C. Herring.

Recently The Uplift carried a nice little notice of my forty-second anniversary in Concord. The next day a friend asked how old I was and to what did I attribute my "advanced age." I answered in the language of the modest Pat Covington when asked the same question, "was it liquor or not?" "Neither," he replied, "I was just born a long time ago."

Should I ever meet up with an individual who never heard of Sampson county and the wonderful fruit growing there in a most bountiful profusion, I would pity him. This is a peculiar fruit—it quickens and develops the mind. Sampson county has produced one vice-president, United States Senators, two governors and congressmen galore, besides lifting everybody above the mediocre line. Should a stranger chance to be in Sampson county during the "big blue" season, he would suddenly come into a realization that he could do some keen thinking and surpass the late and lamented Bell Peterson production:

"I see my Pa come stepping high,
Which was his way the want."

Miss Peterson lived in the woods during the huckleberry season and lived on the dried product the balance of the year—hence her matchless poetry. To shorten what might be made into a long story, there had been three years of huckleberry failure and my ability to think and act had departed, leaving me in an alarming condition, known among the medical men as "sleeping sickness" Upon the advice of my good friend, Dr. McKinnon, I set out for Concord, expecting to find a hustling yankee town right on the railroad. It was night, perhaps 10 o'clock when the conductor yelled out "Concord." The porter jumped at one end of the car and the conductor to the other end of the car and each began to twist the brake wheels until the train was brought to a stop.

Let me give you a picture of Concord forty-two years ago: Dark as pitch. By the light from the candles in the train I discovered a sort of a box-car for a depot and a bus drawn by two large bay horses, driven by George O'Daniel who mumbled something, and at the same time grabbing my carpet bag and little tool box and flung them in. As this was the only property I had on earth I started to rebuke him when he whipped up the horses. We were on the other side of the railroad from the town proper and a bridge to cross. In making a too short turn the front wheel locked, turning the bus over which rolled down on the track below. Most fortunately it tore loose from the horses, which were left standing at the foot of the bridge. While I was badly shaken up, I escaped without broken bones. Two men, seemingly angels, came out of the darkness with a hand light and aided us in getting started again. This roll-over upon my introduction to Concord caused me to forever lose the points of the compass, for the sun, moon and stars continue to rise in the west. The horses were rest-

less and old George was mad. We came up Corbin street at a break-neck speed—up and down hills, over rocks and into gulleys. I was bounced from the seat to the floor of the bus. The only house I saw was a littly shanty where Senator Frank Armfield's home is now located.

Amid the dangers of this Gilipin ride, I recall felicitating myself in the thought that I was right in the midst of the mountains and that the wholesome atmosphere would take the place of the huckleberries. The bus finally drew up at the old American hotel (a two story, wooden structure, with a large, wide piazza) where the St. Cloud now stands. I was met by a gentleman whom I began on first sight to love, for his princely welcome, and, afterwards, for his prodigal generosity to me, a perfect stranger. This cordial welcome was handed out to me naturally and genuinely by Pat Dayvault, the proprietor of the old American hotel forty-two years ago. I cherish his memory, as you and everybody else will cherish the memory of him who extends you in a strange land a welcome that makes you feel at home and bids you God-speed. Pat Dayvault was a booster, so enthusiastic was he over the future of Concord, which at that time boasted of a scant twelve hundred inhabitants, but his enthusiasm figured out in a few years that many thousands. Backing up his vizualizing of the enormous growth he cited the many enterprises that would come in; the dwellings that would soon cover the farms on Main street and all around Allison's pond, and he gave me to understand that I manifested extraordinary judgment and wisdom in selecting the best town in the state for a home, concluding by saying "should you ever need anything call one me." This was a reviving tonic after the wild ride with George O'Daniel.

I was shown to a room, which I occupied for years afterward. I must confess, however, that I had never seen or heard more rats—big, aged ones— that joined in a welcome to me the first night of my arrival. This welcome was expressed in regular rat language, by jumping on the bed and racing in high glee around the room. The next morning I found the cause. On opening my carpet bag, six or eight big fellows leaped out—they had been engaged with the remnants of my lunch with which I had left Sampson county. Horrors! they had gnawed two ugly holes in the only pair of Sunday pants I had.

I soon discovered that there was not a street lamp in town. Church goers carried lanterns. During a rainy spell very few ever ventured out on account of the mud—no sidewalks and the streets could only be crossed with safety where there were stepping stones. I have seen wagons mire down to the hubs on Main street in front of where Porter's Drug store now is. Nearly every family had one or more cows, each adorned with a bell, grazing on the rich, luxuriant grass growing all over the streets; trash, watermelon rinds and all manner of litter was thrown into the streets, which was quickly scattered by countless chickens and devoured by droves of hogs.

The old McDonald mill, where the Locke Mills now stand, was the only cotton factory in town. There were

just three churches; the Methodist stood about where the county cotton platform is. When the congregation moved into the new structure (Central church on N. Union street,) Prof. H. T. J. Ludwig, who with the late Caleb Pitts started and then published the Concord Times, was indisposed and requested me to report for The Times the dedicatory services. Charley Montgomery presented the building and old brother Elkins received it in the name of the Lord. The Lutherans had not yet completed their building on the corner of South Union and Corbin streets, but were worshiping in an old wooden structure on East Corbin street, where a public school building now stands. The Presbyterians were at the present site, but in a building that has been replaced by another.

I found one dentist, a gentleman of the old school and a magnificent workman, who could hammer out a twenty dollar gold-piece to a uniform thickness and solder the teeth on with a mouth blow-pipe, an accomplishment no dentist can boast of today. He told me that I had come to a bad place for the practice of my profession, for he had to attend the different county courts to make a living. Later, I found this condition true, for I, too, had to adopt the same practice. This master artist was Dr. R. P. Bessent. There were two physicians, whose principal occupation was playing checkers—there was little to do, for appendicitis, bobbed hair and the beauty-parlors had not yet been discovered (I believe these last two to be real diseases.) When a poultice failed to give relief, the doctor was called away from his checkers, who gave blue-mass, or Tutts pills or Saint Jacobs oil, which he carried about with him in a pair of saddle-bags.

Dr. McKinnon came in a rush to see me (he was on his way to Columbia, S. C.) He had a suit-case, the first I ever saw. He wanted to go to my room and talk to me privately, but remembering the great holes in my Sunday pants, which were spread out on the bed and my carpet-bag, too, I escorted him into a cloak-room. The doctor had rented me an office in the G. W. Patterson building at four dollars a month and had secured board at the old American hotel for ten dollars a month. The information staggered me. The thought of meeting such an enormous monthly expense confounded me. Later, when the thought of this great expense disturbed me by day and by night, I asked Mr. Dayvault if ten dollars wasn't "a little steep." "Well," he replied, "everything is so expensive—I have to pay eight and a third cents a dozen for eggs, butter ten cents, beef ten cents, sweet potatoes are thirty cents a bushel, and milk cost me five cents a quart."

In the face of this gloomy outlook, I at last opened an office and after days of watchful waiting the late Capt. (Sheriff) Wm. Prospt came in and gave me a most cordial welcome to Concord. He expressed regret that he had not been able to call sooner, because of absence from town. Like Mr. Dayvault, he too could see enterprises coming in, swelling the population. He was confident that I had come to the best town in the state, and assured me that if I ever needed anything to call on him. He proved to be a true and fast friend.

Just before closing his call of welcoming me to the town, he had me to pull my first tooth in the county of Cabarrus—my first professional act, since leaving Sampson county.

This visit greatly heartend me, for I had just written a friend back home of the plight of my Sunday pants and asked for the price of a ticket home. I was "up against it! That night I answered "come in" to a rap at my bed-room door. In walked Clauselle Black, who found me at work mending my Sunday pants. The two great holes wrought by the American hotel rats were at a ticklish place, which required the skill of a tailor and not a novice. "Why in————," in other words "Tom Walker don't you take them to "uncle Davie Bostian?" I told Clauselle Black the biggest sort of a whack, which was the first act along this line I ever committed in Cabarrus county. I told him that I had grown up with a lot of sisters and was taught to sew along with them. I wore that particular pair of pants completely out. The only thing that made my victory secure was a "Jim Swinger" coat which was never parted when I sat down.

Several months later, as I sat on the piazza of the American hotel, grieving over my plight—in reality suffering and famishing for friendsip —an attractive and pleasing little girl passed. She must have noticed my forlornness as she gracefully paused and modestly asked: "Is this not Dr. Herring, the new dentist?" She gave me a true Southern welcome and invited me to her home where she introduced me to her family. During the evening she told me of a musical club which met weekly. The next meeting was to be at Capt. John Woolhouse's—a location back of what is now Pound's Ice factory. At that musical this friendly Southern girl, with a true welcome in her heart, introduced me to all present, the lady who after became my wife was among the number. I court forgiveness of Miss Jennie Smith for calling her name—she it was then as now, going about dispensing a kindly and genuine welcome to all.

I am not unmindful of courtesies from many others, but lingering in my memory stand pre-eminent the acts of these three people in particular, for Capt. Wm. Propst, Pat Dayvault and Miss Jennie Smith are responsible for my success in breaking into Concord society with such signal ease.

My experience, I am sure, is not different from that of others that have picked up their carpet-bags or suit cases and dropped down in strange communities, with the purpose and hope of planting themselves and becoming a part and parcel of the neighborhood. Others may recount, in all truth, the names of those, who stepped up at a trying period and gave assurances of a hearty welcome. Such dispensers of welcome are rare and choice spirits—may their tribe, in every town, section and neighborhood, increase. They remove burdens from the heart, they strengthen one in his good resolutions and they tend to develop good and patriotic citizenship. Let us all try it.

The Bible and human experience teach us to break through the cerement to the stranger's heart and the word

of encouragement and kindness is the drop of water, food and raiment that the despondent soul needs. Just a few days ago a tourist and his wife were on their way further South; they stopped at the corner and made inquiry if Richard Puryear were not buried here. These people had come out of their way to visit his grave, for they regarded him the kindest, sweetest-spirited individual that ever lived. When I am in my grave I would rather have some one express a like sentiment than to die possessed of millions.

A few years later, after I had made a success in my break into society, there came to the old American hotel one night a thin, timid-looking boy. I took him to my room. He told me he had come to stay. As I couldn't see much in him—and actually forgetting for the moment how kind people had been to me—I gave him a history of my experiences in Concord, the high cost of living, etc., and that he might prepare for a tough pull. I even itemized to that young fellow my experiences and wound up in the expressed hope that his finances were in better shape than mine were. I noticed that he began to look sad. He straightened out his legs and, after much fumbling, pulled out a purse which would easily hold a million German marks, frankly confessing that he had seventy-five cents to start with. This boy was John B. Sherrill, one of our outstanding and most well-to-do citizens, editor, published, and a North Carolina legislator.

Hard surface highways are adding increment to abutting farm lands just as hard surface streets are adding to the value of vacant lots in cities. What effect will paved highways have upon the growth of cities? In Winston-Salem you can drive for miles on hard surface roads after leaving the city limits and find handsome residences on each side of the roads almost as close together as in the city. The suburban growth around Charlotte for the past few years has been marvelous. There was a time when suburban development depended upon electric car service. With the use of motor cars it now depends upon hard surface highways. The auto usually makes the trip up town quicker than the trolley car. Those who live out five or six miles enjoy the atmosphere of country life and also have the advantages of city life. Under present tendencies and inclination to build out on the paved highways around the larger cities the rapid growth of city population will depend upon the extension of city limits to include the suburbs, and this will be a difficult job since the extension of the buildings project outward only on the main highways.

—Mecklenburg Times.

MR. ELLIS ON 'NICODEMUS.'

By Morrison Caldwell.

The writer was shocked and pained to read the syndicate Sunday School expository talk of Mr. W. T. Ellis upon the International Sunday School lesson for August 24, 1924, "Jesus Christ Talks With Nicodemus." In large headline Nicodemus is termed "A Night-Prowling Coward," and as if to emphasize his detastation of the character of Nicodemus he tells us that he has never known the name Nicodemus given except to "night-prowling cats." Mr. Ellis is usually safe and sane in his discussion of biblical topics, but in this case I beg to protest against this wholesale slaughter of the reputation of Nicodemus.

Undoubtedly Mr. Ellis, like hundreds of others, was misled by the fact that Nicodemus came to see Jesus "by night." But there is another and a better explanation of this visit by night. Christ's miracles and wonderful presence had drawn multitudes of people to follow Him in the day-time, and it is unreasonable to suppose that Nicodemus or any other man who wished to have a heart-to-heart talk with Christ would have undertaken to interview Him except when He could be found comparatively alone, that is to say, when the people had gone to their several homes to spend the night. Inasmuch as only John tells of this conference between Nicodemus and Christ, the probability is that Christ was spending the night at the home of John and that John was the only person present.

That Nicodemus did not deserve any such approbing epithet as a "night-prowling coward" is evidenced by a careful reading of what John says of him in the 7th chapter, when he rebuked the Sanhedrim for its persecution of Christ, and also the account of his presence at the cross when even Christ's disciples, except John, had deserted Him. Note too that while Joseph of Arimathea begged for the privilege of burying the body in his newly-made tomb it was Nicodemus who bought 100 pounds of myrrh and precious perfumes with which to prepare the body of Christ for burial. John says that Nicodemus was "one of them," that is to say, one of Christ's disciples.

Possibly Nicodemus was cautious; it is true that he was unwilling to give up his office in the Sanhedrim to follow Christ, but we do know that he did "confess Him before men" and no doubt like Peter he "wept bitterly" over his failure to give up all and follow Christ. Nicodemus was very human and he should be an encouragemnt to Mr. Ellis and the rest of us rather than to be held up to public execration of thousands of American Sunday School students. Even the heathen had a proverb which meant to speak no evil of the dead.

If honor be your clothing, the suit will last a life-time; but if clothing be your honor, it will soon be worn threadbare.—Arnot.

A FAILURE LEADS TO VINDICATION.

(By Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy in Wilson's Cabinet.)

"Me for Ma."

That was the slogan that carried Mrs. Ferguson to victory in the Texas primaries and gives the Empire State the first woman chief executive in America. It is a pity Anna Howard Shaw could not have lived to see this day. She protested to the day of her death to making "women's auxiliaries" in big things. As member of the Woman's Council of National Defense she vigorously stood up for the right of the women to equal voice with men. The "auxiliary" idea provoked her righteous wrath. But if Mrs. Shaw did not live to see the crowning honor come to her sex, Miss Carrie Chapman Catt is on hand to voice rejoicing that woman has come into her own. That will be a great crowning day—it will not be called by the commonplace name of inaugural—when "Ma" Ferguson takes the oath of office and sets up petticoat government in the magnificent State Capitol. She says the first thing she will do will be to fire all the K. K. K. State employes and remove all pillow slips and sheets not used for the purpopse for which they came into existence.

How Woodrow Wilson Was Converted

The election of Mrs. Ferguson is remarkable in many ways, but chiefly in the fact that her husband has been the most inveterate and vigorous and uncompromising foe of woman suffrage or any approach to woman's entrance in politics. In 1916 the subject troubled the politicians and gave some anxious moments to Woodrow Wilson in the White House. The women were then voting in a dozen States. It had been obtained for them by State action. The two extremes in the St. Louis convention were in camps demanding on the one hand a plank against woman suffrage and the other camp demanding a straightout declaration for the nineteenth amendment, giving the franchise to all women. The cabinet members discussed the matter with President Wilson. Some of them, particularly the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of the Interior, favored the amendment for full suffrage at once. Mr. Wilson had been slow to see it, but he had become convinced women should vote. However, he hesitated to favor conferring it by national action. He therefore either proposed or favored this plank which was adoptd by the national convention:

"We recommend the extention of the franchise to the women of the county by the states upon the same terms as to men."

Later Mr. Wilson at Atlantic City attended a woman suffrage meeting at which he was genuinely converted and made a public profession of faith in woman suffrage by the nineteenth amendment. "Other men who served as President favored woman suffrage," said Mrs. Catt, "but Mr. Wilson was the only man in the White House who worked to give it to women." He helped mightily, and but for his zealous eforts the reform would have been delayed.

Came Over "Jim's Protest

When the suffrage-by State action came up in the convention at St. Louis in 1916, it was bitterly fought. Some wanted it to go further, but Jim Ferguson, then Governor of Texas, was its irreconcilable opponent. He wanted no "new-fangled doings," no "bringing women out of the home, which is her sphere, into the mire of politics," "we want no petticoat government," etc., etc. You know the old arguments that the exercise of the ballot would bring woman down from her lofty height and unsex her and play havoc generally with the home, the cradle and the country, and make women forget to be good-looking and gracious. Most of the other opponents were satisfied to let Wilson have his way of approving suffrage by separate State action. Not so with Jim Ferguson. He went down to defeat with his flag of Opposition to Women in Politics flying and declaring "by the eternal" he never wished to see a woman in politics.

Vindicated By A Policy He Sought To Defeat

And now the salvation of Ferguson is the coming about of the very policy Ferguson opposed. It often happens that the plank one throws into the water as useless saves him from drowning. That's what happend to Jim Ferguson. He wasn't popular as Governor, and one day he was impeached as Governor and made forever ineligible to hold office in Texas. He is a proud man. His wife is a proud woman. The stigma of impeachment humiliated them and their children. They determined to remove the stigma. So Jim ran and ran and was defeated as often as he aspired, and if he had received enough votes he was ineligible for office. There were lots of folks who believed in him, and they voted for him to show their faith. But it was no go. He was doomed to die without vindication.

Gets In On His Wife's Ticket.

Mrs. Ferguson had never been interested in politics—is said to be a home body, who is chiefly concerned to care for her husband and children and grandchildren. "I want to vindicate Jim," she said to friends, "and I am going to run for governor." At first they took it as a wife's devotion unsettling her poise and judgment. But soon her candidacy rose from one of "vindicating Jim" to the dignity of an issue that attracted the enthusiastic support of thousands who didn't approve Jim's career as Govrenor and who didn't give a rap for the "vindication" stuff. When she declared she was opposed to the Ku Klux Klan and, if elected, she would take off the masks and use the sheets for the beds and the pillow slips as containers for pillows—that was the clarion call many had been waiting to hear and to follow. Of course Jim's friends—and they are numerous—fell in line. Chivalry still holds place in Texas and many said, "Give the woman a chance." They felt, to quote Dr. Van Dyke:

"A country worthy of a strong man's
love,
A country worthy of a good man's
prayers.

* * * * *

A woman's form, enthroned in beauty,
Above the shrine where aspirations

meet,
To live for her is great, to die is sweet."

And those who opposed secret political societies, heartened by the declaration of John W. Davis, organized to elect Ma Ferguson. The best thing about her election, aside from the big issue involved, is that whenever Jim Ferguson goes into the Governor's home he will get in on his wife's ticket.

Should Make Husband know His Place

The fact that she is the first woman to be chosen Governor gives her selection deep interest all over the country. Mrs. Astor is one of many members of Parliament. Mrs. Ferguson will be the only chief executive. In every State forward-looking and ambitious women will follow her every action in the hope, first, that she will be the real Governor and not permit her promise to "Obey" to influence her if her husband seeks to exercise through her the duties of the office. He had his fling. He did not make good. I am not saying he was bad. He didn't make good when he was Governor in his own name. She ought to let him know that he is the Prince Consort and she is Victoria. At home Mrs. Governor is wife. In the Capitol she is "Your Excellency." If Jim comes in the Capitol she should make him send in his card and await his turn to be received formally and officially by the chief executive of the commonwealth of Texas—and in no other way. While he is in the Capitol he is like every other citizen, entitled to no more power or consideration.

Will Reverse Jim

One contributing cause to the fall of Jim Ferguson when he was Governor was his hostility to the enlargement of the University and other State institutions for higher educatiton, and his opposition to what has come to be known as welfare and health work. Before the nomination, "Ma" Ferguson declared for the University and modern progress. She reversed the policy that had much to do with the undoing of Jim. That fact contributed to her victory. And her belief in Jim, her devotion, her yearning to secure his vindicatation touched the hearts of thousands of wives and they said: "I don't believe he was guilty. No man with such a wife, who trusts him, could be worthy of impeachment." So she has given Jim a vindication in the hearts of many.

Her Action Under The Calcium Light

The women of America hope she will be Governor herself and make such a record as will not only give her reputation but prove the fitness of the sex for exalted public positions. It is the effect what she does may have on the future of women in politics that makes her victory one that interests the whole country and will place her every action under the calcium light.

I am betting on "Ma's" making good.

P. S.—I wonder if it would be constitutional for "Ma" Ferguson to issue a pardon removing Jim's disabilities!

THE PERFECT MAN.

In Presbyterian Standard.

Four Simple Rules for attaining Perfect Manhood.

"And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men."—Luke 2:52.

These fourteen words tell us that Jesus grew into well-rounded perfect manhood, for He grew in all four important ways.

He grew mentally.

He grew physically.

He grew spiritually.

He grew socially.

When Jesus said "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me" (John 4:34) and "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Matt. 4:4) He told us that He grew into perfect manhood because He did God's will in all things.

So to grow into perfect manhood it is only necessary to follow God's directions

Rule I. Doing the will of God in my physical life.

"Know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit which is in you, which ye have from God? and ye are not your own: For ye were bought with a price: glorify God therefore in your body."—Corinthians 6:19,20.

When I disobey the laws of health, I am disobeying the will of God.

Rule II. Doing the will of God in my mental life.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoevre things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." —Philippians 4:8. "Set your mind on the things that are above, not on the things that are upon the earth"—Colossians 3:2.

When I fill my mind with dirty jokes, foul words and impure and evil thoughts I am disobeying the will of God.

Rule III Doing the will of God in my social life. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."—John 13:34. "And if I have the gift of prophesy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all fath, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing."—1 Corinthians 13:2.

Love in its best, purest, truest meaning Not only must I love my fellow-men, the dumb beasts and the beauties of nature, but I must so live as to have all things love me. It is a well known fact that flowers bloom better for one who really loves them than for those who do not. Even they repay the love given them.

Rule IV. Doing the will of God in my spiritual life.

"Teacher, which is the greatest commandment in the law? and He said unto him, Though shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."—Matt. 22:36, 37.

When I let anything, either business or pleasure, interfere with my

worship of God, I am disobeying the will of God.

"But seek ye first His kingdom, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto thee."—Matthew 6:33

Seek in the right spirit and read the fourteen verses preceding this to see what shall be added. All I can desire.

"But abide thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a babe thou hast known the sacred writings which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."—II Timothy 3:14, 15.

J. Adger Smith.

(The writer of the above, Mr. J. Adger Smith, is the head of one of the most ideal Christian families I have ever known. There are two daughters and six sons in the family. The parents are both earnest and zealous Christians, devoted to their children, their church and their Lord. And the children are all following in their parents' footsteps. This Christian father wrote "The Perfect Man" especially for his boys and had a printed copy made to be hung in each of their rooms. It seemed to me to be such a fine example that it might be an inspiration to other Christian fathers. Always the great need is that Christian parents should devote themselves to seek the salvation of their children.

L. T. Wilds, Jr.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write,
  Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
  Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ round,
  And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow:
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,—
  The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
  The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
  But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like a circling sun,
  Thy charities on all.—Schiller.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

F. S. Cozzens.

It is a good thing to live in the country,—to escape from the prison-walls of the metropolis, the great brickery we call "the city." and to live amid blossoms and leaves, in shadow and sunshine, in moonlight and starlight, in rain, mist, dew hoar-frost, and drouth, out in the open campaign, and under the blue dome that is bounded by the horizon only. It is a good thing to have a well with dripping bucket, a porch with honey-buds and sweet bells, a hive embroidered with nimble bees, a sundial mossed over, ivy up to the eaves, curtains of dimity, a tumbler of fresh flowers in your bedroom, a rooster on the roof, and a dog under the piazza.

When Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, with our heads full of fresh butter, and cool crisp radishes for tea, with ideas entirely lucid respectng milk, and a looseness of calculation as to the number in the family it would take a good laying hen to supply with fresh eggs every morning,—when Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, we found some old notions had to be abandoned, and some departure made from the plans we had laid down in the little back parlor of Avenue G.

One of the first achievements in the country is early rising,—with the lark,—with the sun,—while the dew is on the grass, "under the opening eyelids of the morn," etc. Early rising! What can be done with five or six o'clock in town? What may not be done at those hours in the country?—with the hoe, the rake, the spade, the watering pot? To plant, prune, drill, transplant, graft, train, and sprinkle! Mrs. S. and I agreed to rise early in the country.

A friend recommended me to send to the south side of Long Island for some very prolific potatoes,—the real hippopotamus breed. Down went my man, and, what with expenses of horse-hire, tavern bills, toll-gates, and breaking a wagon, the hippopotami cost as much apiece as pineapples.

As I worked my own garden (for which I hired a landscape gardner, at two dollars per day, to give me instructions,) I concluded that the object of my first experiment in early rising should be the planting of the hippopotamuses. I accordingly rose the next morning at five, and it rained! I rose next day at five, and it rained! The next, and it rained! It rained for two weeks! We had splendid potatoes every day for dinner.

"My dear," said I to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "where did you get those fine potatoes?" "Why," said she, innocently, "out of that basket from Long Island." That last of the hippopotamuses were before me, peeled, and boiled, and mashed, and baked with a nice thin brown crust on the top.

I was more successful afterwards. I did get some fine seed potatoes in the ground. But something was the matter: at the end of the season I did not get as many out as I had put in.

A dog is a good thing to have in

the country. I have one which I raised from a pup. He is a good, stout fellow, and a hearty barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was thorough-bred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch-dog though, for the moment he sees any suspicious-looking person about the premises he comes right into the kitchen and gets behind the stove.

First we kept him in the house, and he scrathched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that our neighbor shot at him twice before daybreak. Finally we gave him away, and he came back; and now he is just recovering from a fit, in which he has torn up the patch that has been sown for our spring radishes.

A good strong gate is a necessary article for your garden,—a good, strong, heavy gate, with a dislocated hinge, so that it will neither open nor shut. Such a one have I. The grounds before my fence are in common, and all the neighbors' cows pasture there.

I remarked to Mrs. S. as we stood at the window in a June sunset, how placid and picturesque the cattle looked, as they strolled about, cropping the green herbage. Next morning I found the innocent creatures in in my garden. They had not left a green thing in it. The corn in the milk, the beans on the poles, the young cabbages, the tender lettuce, even the thriving shoots on my young fruit-trees, had vanished. And there they were, looking quietly on the ruin they had made. Our watch-dog, too, was foraging with them.

It was too much: so I got a large stick and drove them all out, except a young heifer, whom I chased all over the flower-beds, breaking down my trellises, my woodbines and sweetbriers, my roses and petunias, until I cornered her in the hot-bed. I had to call for assistance to extricate her from the sashes, and her owner has sued me for damages. I believe I shall move in town.

It is getting to be unsafe to leave a building sitting around these days. The Robesonian building wasn't doing a thing, not threatening to assault anybody nor nothing, just sitting cool in the shade, when an excited automobile ducked its had and butted right into it. It was a case of aggrevated and unprovoked assault. What's abody to do when it is dangerous to leave a building sitting beside the highway!—The Robesonian.

A NEED EMPHASIZED.

Morganton News-Herald.

The News-Herald has often called attention to the need of making provisions for taking care of our delinquent Burke county boys by erecting a cottage at Jackson Training School where they may be sent for correction. The need is repeatedly emphasized by cases coming up before the judge of the juvenile court, usually through the efforts of the chairman of the County Board of Public Welfare, Mr. H. L. Millner, who, by the way, is doing a most valuable work in the county and doing it quietly and without remuneration except for the satisfaction of seeing the results of his efforts unfold in the lives of the boys and girls who have received help at his hands.

On account of the crowded conditions at Jackson Training School only the most urgent cases can be admitted, which leaves the milder offenders to be dealt with in some other way. This furnishes an even more difficult problem on account of the mild nature of the offenses committed. In most cases these young offenders come from families and communities where conditions are such as to make it necessary to remove them from their old surroundings before the proper correction can be made. In some instances the desired results have been obtained by placing them in a boarding school, but this is not always practicable and is always expensive.

Last week a young fellow, whose name we purposely withhold, was brought before the juvenile court on the technical charge of stealing apples, but the real complaint seemed to be that the youngster had become such a menace to the community in which he lived that it became necessary to appeal to the authorities for protection. Too young to be handled by the courts as a common criminal and too much of a criminal to be turned loose on the community to continue his lawlessness, he becomes another one of those problems for which the welfare officer would welcome a solution.

We learn, however, that after the most strenuous efforts there is some hope of getting this boy into the training school, but if Burke county had a cottage to take care of such cases we would not be placed at the mercy of conditions, and the cost to the county might be saved in the case of the many boys who would be rescued from a career of crime and lawlessness.

IT IS PERHAPS TO SEE THE GIRLS.

We do not believe a knowledge of Latin, Greek and conic sections disqualifies a youth from becoming a bricklayer at $15 a day. It is merely a coincidence that the youth with the classicized mathematicized mind prefers to jerk soda water at ten bucks a week.—Houston Post.

AUTOMOBILES AND CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

The Christian Sun.

On a recent Sunday I drove through the heart of North Carolina s Piedmont section, going to one of our Churches, returning that afternoon. We left at 7 o'clock in the morning and reached home at 6:30 o'clock that evening. The roads were improved, part hard surface and the remainder sand-clay. Backwoodsmen do not live along such roads, and do not drive automobiles over them. We saw not a half-dozen vehicles other than automobiles in our drive of one hundred and sixty miles that day.

On our going and return trips, by slightly different routes, we saw many rural Churches with automobiles filling the groves, far in excess of the horse-drawn vehicles that a generation ago bore the rural people to their places of worship. Automobiles carry more people to public worship in the country than ever horses and buggies or wagons or carriages did. There is no doubt in my mind that attendance on the Church and Sunday School in the country has perceptibly increased in these latter years. I have no quarrels with the automobiles along that line, and have no quarrel with the automobile on any score. I do not know how I would have gotten along these latter years, with multiplying duties and calls, but for the three faithful Fords I have worn out and the two other cars I have had as mute servants of a busy life, one of which has already gone to its last resting-place, the junk-shop; and the other is now in its prime responding like a thing with life and conscience to every flow of gas and oil and turn of the wheel. The man who invented the automobile—Haynes I belive his name was—is certainly entitled to be ranked as a personal friend of mine, and I am sure too, he is esteemed His servant by the Most High.

But I am outraged by the use to which some people put the automobile. Being completely under the control of its driver, it has no manner of protest. It will haul blockade liquor for bootleggers just as readily as it will haul ministers with sermons. It will work at night as well as in the day. It will serve either God or mammon, character building or the opposite, and it has no choice in the matter.

Some of the things I saw in the broad open daylight on the public highway on the Lord's Day referred to indicate that the automobile is undermining the character of young people. If I saw one instance I saw a hundred during the day in which young people of the opposite sex were riding in each other's embrace. When we met them or tried to pass them, we had to drive out of the road. Nor did they in a single instance desist from their public "love making" (?) even under our most intense gaze. Things have come to a sorry pass when conduct of this character takes place and I am reliably informed that in the daytime, but parti-

cularly at night, contiguous to every town or city, there are trysting-places just off the beaten paths of travel, where nameless orgies are indulged. O tempora! O mores; Another generation of vipers is breeding.

The Christian Sun enters its solemn protest to parents who are primarily responsible for such conditions. The writer knows what your son or dalghter will say—that all the other young people are allowed to ride in cars unchaperoned both day and night. Then, take my advice, and be one family that will array itself against what everybody else is doing. You cannot restore modesty, not to say virtue, when it is gone. Once lost, these priceless character requisites are gone forever. Act before it is too late.

And young women of the Christian Church, your Church paper loves young pepole. It especially regards itself as the guardian of younge womanhood. Listen prayerfully to this. Never ride in an automobile, day or night, with a young man alone, unless he be your brother. We call upon the noble young manhood of our Church not to embarrass the young women of their acquaintance or association by suggesting automobile rides with them alone.

Young men will, we fear, embrace young women in automobiles or elsewhere if they are permitted, and brag about it. But such young women are not selectted by these same men as life partners. The public highways. will have to be patrolled by a State constabulary in the interest of public morals and private character, unless parents and young peopie put an end to such nefarious practices.

Against these, The Christian Sun speaks this word of warning and solemn protest. We were riding through a country where Churches of our denomination are numerous. We may have passed many young people of our Christian homes compromising themselves in the manner described. Be that as it may, these young people are disgracing their parents and undermining their character by their silly disregard of the proprieties and modesties of life. They must stop it or the State must take a hand. A generation of such vamps (girls were sometimes embracing the boys, rather than vice versa) and mashers will set this Christian nation back a hundred years. It must stop.

Religious bigotry is blind—blind as a bat. And like the bat, it rejoices in the night. It is a bird or animal, or neither, like a bat, that with the rising sun hies to its hole. The light of the Sun of Righteousness drives away all the bats of bigotry and instead welcomes the song birds of the morning and of the eventide.—Greensboro Advocate.

YELLOW CAB NUMBER SIX HUNDRED SIXTY-SIX.

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

"Train Number 15 from the east is one hour and thirty-five minutes late," came the announcement of the gate tender.

Lorne Creighton groaned and turned to see the effect of the announcement on the two young men standing close to the telegraph wicket. Ted Burchell, a "cub" reporter on the Evening Telegraph and Jerry Leach, a regular on the Morning Blade, listening to the news of the delayed express, buttoned up their coats and strode swiftly toward the entrance. Like Lorne Creighton they had been covering the story in connection with the emigrant train, that had pulled into Bricton an hour earlier, and deposited its strange passengers in the waiting room of the station to wait for connections for the east.

"Looks as if those chaps were pulling out for the newspaper offices, and didn't intend hanging around till Number 15 comes in," muttered Lorne. "Maybe they don't know the story that is coming in on Number 15. Guess I'll hang around till she makes her appearance and see if I can't land a 'scoop' for the Morning Express. My beat's been covered for today and I'll be in luck if I can get the story of Dr. Billy Burnside's homecoming."

By chance as he had passed through the station to meet the emigrants, puring in from the early evening train, he had caught snatches of conversation between two prominent city surgeons, and on the alert for news Lorne had loitered in their vicinity. It was quite possible that Dr. Burnsde would be on the train coming from the west, one of the doctors had announced, and the other responded with a chuckle.

"If that wouldn't be Billy Burnside all over, sneaking into Bricton on the quiet, as modest as a maiden, and the city just waiting to open her arms wide with welcome," remarked the other surgeon. "But Billy Burnside always was a shy one and will probably fight publicity. Mind the summer that Billy, as a freshly graduated med. took over my practice. Folks sort of stood off, knowing he was a home-product, and he wasn't bold enough to push himself forward. I can just picture him writhing in agony, when the city falls on her knees in hero worship."

Lorne Creighton's news nose was itching and his pulses pounding with excitement. To be actually on the spot, when Dr. Burnside—the young surgeon, who had made his name world famous with his discovery of a serum, that was producing wonderful results—arrived home from the hospital in the east, where his experiments had proclaimed him a prince among scientists. The unheralded arrival of Dr. Burnside lent spice to the news story, and mentally Lorne was writing a lead, which would portray the quiet, modest appearance of the famous surgeon in his own town as he stepped from the train and was greeted by two lone friends.

Train one hour and thirty-five minutes late,'' pondered Lorne. ''Well, I'll mosey about the station for fear she does make up time and the famous son of Bricton arrives a bit before schedule. Evidentally the Evening Telegraph and Morning Blade were not on the scent, so I've got the field all to myself. Won't take me more than ten minutes to type off the emigrant story, when I get back to the Express office, and all my other copy handed in to the city desk gives me a chance to angle for a 'scoop.' ''

Lorne strolled to the station entrance, breathing in deep breaths of the rainy night air, for the waiting room was stuffy with the crowded emigrant party, awaiting the train from the east. The streets were awash with the rain pouring down in sheets and the motors and taxies splashed through miniature rivers, rumbling up to the station. Like a flash of orange a taxicab rolled toward the entrance, and Lorne recognized Number 666, one of the fleet of the Yellow Cab Service. Number 666 held a special interest for the young newspaper reporter as for two summers he had spent his vacation driving this yellow cab, that served the public. Suddenly the driver of Number 666, catching a glimpse of Lorne Creighton standing in the entrance, sprang from his seat, eagerly calling out his relief.

''Hello, Creighton, you here? That is luck. I've got a passenger in here as wants to get to the top of Mt. Gerry tonight. He's set on making the hill no matter how bad the storm and she is raining as hard as ever I saw. Now I allow there ain't many as can travel the mountain road by night, and a night such as this, by motor, 'less it is Lorne Creighton. Precious few motorists ever been up the mountainside, but I recollect you took a couple of trips up there last summer, and I wouldn't be trusting my cab to anyone else. How about it, are you free to handle the job tonight?'' demanded the driver of the taxi.

Lorne Creighton started. He was free of any evening newspaper assignment, but there was the story, that might be discovered later in the evening in the station, when Number 15 rolled in from the east. Then the mountain road would be in bad condition tonight and the trip by motor an adventure. Surely there could be little of importance to urge any passenger to take the trip to Mt. Gerry on a wild, stormy night. The people of the tiny settlement of the top of the hills were poverty stricken, living generally in squalor in small log cabins, with no comforts belonging to the modern home and no advantages.

''The passenger says as how they're opening the little red school up there on Mt. Gerry tonight and he, having been born in the settlemnt, is dead anxious to get there in time for the opening. He says it is the first school ever built in the community. I'd be most willing to make the try of running the motor up the mountain road, but I've never been over it even in day time and I'm none too young and getting a bit shakey, when it comes to testing a fellow's nerve,'' explained the taxi driver.

Lorne was thinking hard. Too bad for the passenger after reaching Bricton to find he could not get to the top

of Mt. Gerry in the storm. Probably it would be a greater disappointment to the passenger to miss the opening of the little mountain school, than it would be to Lorne should he miss the "scoop." Of course he would be back from Mt. Gerry long before the Morning Express went to press, and even if Number 15 had rolled in, he could easily make inquiries and perhaps get the story of the unostentatious arrival of the famous Dr. Burnside. Of course he would have to use his imagination a bit if he did not actually witness Bricton's idol quietly slip down the steps of the train to be greeted by two lone city doctors.

"I sure dont like to see your passenger disappointed," exclaimed Lorne. "It is a nasty night and the trip up the mountain road will not be any fun, but if you will loan me your raincoat, I'll do my best to see that Yellow Cab Number 666, makes Mt. Gerry. I remember when I made the last trip up the mountain road they were building a schoolhouse and they said it was an event in the community. Mt. Gerry is not what you would call er—er progressive, and it's likely they will be painting the town red this night. So long and wish us luck," and Lorne Creighton, scrambling into the taxi driver's raincoat, sprang to the seat of the yellow cab.

The taxi swung out onto the street, swirling through pools of water as it rolled toward the highway. For two days this deluge of rain had scarcely seen an hour's cessation and the driver wondered what the condition of the mountain road would be. Then turning to a side road on the outskirts of the city, the yellow cab began its slow, cautious pilgrimage up the lonely mountainside.

"Say, driver, do you mind if I ride outside with you?" inquired the voice of the passenger as the motor began its climb.

"Jump right up here, mister, if you don't mind the rain," invited Lorne, slowing down the cab, while the passenger changed his seat.

"I've been cooped up so long on the train, that even the damp night air is invigorating," remarked the passenger, pulling his coat closer together and peering through the darkness with sharp glance. "You see I used to be familiar with every nook and curve along this old mountain road. I was born up there on Mt. Gerry and left an orphan when I wasn't knee high to a grasshopper. Old Dad Blizzard took me under his wing and shared his little with me. Know Dad Blizzard?"

Lorne nodded his head. Dad Blizzard was a character and the most desirable citizen of Mt. Gerry. He ran the little provision store, which was located in the parlor of his cottage and also kept the postoffice. For many years Dad Blizzard had gathered the scattered children of the settlement and taught them to read and write during spare minutes as he sold sugar, tea, pork and stock feed, and sorted out the bi-weekly mail. To Dad Blizzard the building of a schoolhouse was the event of his lifetime and his heart was warm with welcome for the teacher, who next fall would take charge of the school.

"Yes, the little schoolhouse they're building is a sort of a memorial to Dad Blizzard," resumed the passen-

ger, "and as a tribute to Dad I made the big effort to get here to the opening tonight. It was Dad Blizzard, when he had taught me to read and write, and the dear, unlearned soul didn't know much more himself, who sent me out picking berries to earn money to help put me through the city school, and then one bright summer morning sent me down the mountainside to Bricton. I had learned a good bit about groceries in Dad's meagerly stocked store, so it was not hard for me to get a job while I was going through school in the city. It's a coincidence the little schoolhouse opening tonight, and its being anniversary of that day twenty years ago, when Dad Blizzard sent me down the mountainside to try and 'get a bit o' larnin'," chuckled the passenger, adding in a mutter, "no, I'd have tried walking the ten-mile mountain road tonight before I'd have disappointed Dad Blizzard by not being at the opening of the school at Mt. Gerry settlement."

Suddenly Lorne's attention was centered in the stretch of rain-washed road ahead and he flung on the brake of the motor. Directly in the path gaped a great, yawning hole, which was likely to wreck the cab if it attempted to pass.

"Yellow Cab Number 666 can never leap that ditch," announced Lorne, and he caught the look of disappointment that flashed into the eyes of the passenger.

Springing from the driver's seat, Lorne flashed his pocket light over the mire hole in the road, deep as a cavern and flooded with the rivers of water surging down the mountain side. For a moment he studied the situation, then called out:

"Only thing we can do is to hunt some saplings and underbrush from the bush on the roadside and make sort of a bridge across the gap—"

"I'll give you a hand," exclaimed the passenger, leaping from the motor, and following Lorne's lead to the bush.

Togethe they worked with their pocket knives, snapping young trees, that they laid across the great cavern in rudely constructed bridgework. Then gathering big armfuls of evergreen they filled in the hole. A half hour elapsed as they worked and Lorne began to wonder what his chances were of reaching the office of the Morning Express before the paper went to press. One sure thing was that Number 15 train from the east was in before this and perhaps the Morning Express had been 'scooped" on the homecoming of Dr. Burnside.

Springing to their seats the driver and the passenger plunged forward into the dark, the motor lights like meteors flashing across the crude bridge and Yellow Cab Number 666 again making the firm mountain road of ruts and rocks. On rumbled the car, slowly climbing upward, then on the second ridge from the top Lorne cried out his dismay as he glimpsed another mire hole, which the yellow cab refused to leap.

"Game to do some more bridge constructing, mister?" questioned Lorne, and together the man and the boy sprang to the ground.

Another filling of striplings and brush and another delay in the motor trip; then again Yellow Cab Number 666 rumbled on in the storm. There

were lights twinkling in the blackness, beckoning them up the last ridge, and as the motor climbed panting to the mountain top, the passenger gave vent to a cry.

"That will be the new schoolhouse —the little building all lighted up, there on the edge of the hill. Boy, you're a born conqueror—we've made our goal—"

"Yes, Yellow Cab Number 666 made her goal," laughed Lorne triumphantly as the motor swung to the doorway of the cottage, the front window of which flaunted Dad Blizzard's grocery sign. "Looks as if I might get back to the Morning Express in time to get my copy in before the paper goes to press—"

"Morning Express-" queried the passenger, excitedly. "But I thought you were a taxi driver."

"Taxi driving is my recreation, especially stormy nights like this," laughed Lorne. "Other times I'm generally scouring the city on a news beat as a 'cub' reporter."

"And I've been talking like this—free and easy all the way up the mountainside," gasped the passenger, as the door of the grocery store flew open, and an old man, hobbling on two sticks, came stumbling out, his weather-beaten face wreathed in smiles.

"Dad Blizzard!" shouted the passenger, springing from the taxicab.

"Billy—Billy Burnside—you've done come home—I allowed you wouldn't fail to get here for the openin' of the little school." broke out the o'd man tremulously, as the passenger gripped him affectionately in greeting.

"I couldn't fail to come home tonight, Dad. You see it is the twentieth anniversary of the day you sent me down the mountainside to learn from the school of life," returned the passenger. "It looked for awhile as if I wasn' going to make Mt. Gerry tonight. Train Number 15, that I was on, met with a slight accident, that detained her an hour and thirty-five minutes, but I pulled some wires and got passage on an emigrant train pulling out of the junction, and made Bricton in time to find a taxi driver brave enough to drive me up the mountainside. We've had adventures aplenty on the climb, but thanks to the pluck of the driver, we reached our goal."

The passenger turned toward the driver of Yellow Cab Number 666, standing speechless, ignoring the rain splashing on his face, as he stared with incredulity into the eyes of the famous Dr. Billy Burnside. He had been an eye witness to the extraordinary home-coming of Bricton's darling—the only newspaper reporter to participate in the simple, homely honors with which Dad Blizzard had welcomed home the man, whose fame had been featured in the newspapers the world over with big headlines; who as a boy had shared the meagre fortunes of Mt. Gerry settlement.

"Maybe you'll stay to the school opening, driver," suggested Dad Blizzard.

"Thanks, but if you'll excuse me I'll hustle for the city," protested Lorne, his heart thumping with excitement. "I've got a pretty big story to write and get my copy in before the Morning Express goes to press. You don't mind do you, Dr. Burnside, if I give this little er—er

homecoming picture a write-up?''

''Well, well, as a rule I'm rather shy of publicity and being featured in any spectacular manner in the press, but under the circumstances, I couldn't raise an objection,'' laughed Dr. Billy Burnside. ''You see if it hadn't been for the pluck and the kindness of the Morning Express reporter, I'd not likely have made Mt. Gerry this anniversary night. So go ahead and good luck to your story. It is a small way of showing gratitude.''

Lorne Creighton was already springing to the taxi driver's seat, shouting good night. Then out into the storm and blackness of the night plunged the motor, her nose headed down the mountainside.

''Do your best, old girl, to make good time,'' muttered the driver. ''Yellow Cab Number 666 is carrying a precious cargo this night—the story of the home-coming of Dr. Billy Burnside, the biggest 'scoop' of the day.''

TO A PUP.

Last night you chewed a pair of shoes;
Today, a cake of soap.
My razor strap next you essayed;
(What was your wish or hope?)
A Webster's Unabridged you gnawed,
A chair leg, and a bed;
And, counting all the things you ate,
You should by rights be dead.

But you are not...A healthy pup
Takes all things as they come;
The only penalty, perhaps,
A pain in his wee tum,
So there is very little hope
Of peace at home these days;
And you'll my treasures all destroy
Unless you mend your ways.

But such intention you have not!
O aggravating pup!
I feel that I should part with you;
Surrender; give you up.
But when you cock an eye at me,
Come bounding at my call,
I know that though you wreck the house
You're worth it all!—Edward Leamy.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

H. W. Beecher.

David has left no sweeter psalm than the twenty-third. It is but a moment's opening of his soul; but, as when one, walking the winter street, sees the door opened for some one to enter, and the red light streams a moment forth, and the forms of gay children are running to greet the comer, and genial music sounds, so in this psalm, though it is but a moment's opening of the soul, are emitted truths of peace and consolation that will never be absent from the world.

The twenty-third psalm is the nightingale of the psalms. It is small, of a homely feature, singing shyly out of obscurity; but, oh, it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy, greater than the heart can conceive. Blessed be the day on which that psalm was born!

What would you say of a pilgrim commissioned of God to travel up and down the earth singing a strange melody, which, when heard, caused him to forget what sorrows he had?

And so the singing angel goes on his way through all lands, singing in the language of all nations.

Behold just such a one! this pilgrim God has sent to speak in every language on the globe. It has charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world.

It has comforted the noble host of the poor. It has sung courage to the army of the disappointed. It has poured balm and consolation into the hearts of the sick, of captives in dungeons, of widows in their pinching griefs, of orphans in their loneliness.

Ghastly hospitals have been illumined; it has visited the prisoner and broken his chains, and, like Peter's angel, led him forth in imagination and sung him back to his home again.

It has made the dying Christian slave freer than his master, and consoled those whom, dying, he left behind mourning not so much that he was gone as because they were left behind and could not go too.

Nor is its work done. It wll go singing to your children, and my children, and to their children, through all generations of time; nor will it fold its wings till the last pilgrim is safe, and time ended, and then it shall fly back to the bosom of God, whence it issued, and sound on, mingled with all those sounds of celestial joy which make heaven musical forever.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not
    want.
He maketh me to lie down in green
    pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley
    of the shadow of death
I will fear no evil; for thou are with
    me:
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort
    me.
Thou preparest a table before me in
    the presence of mine enemies:

Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

J. J. Jones, Jr.

Alphonzo Kirby is visiting his people in Augusta, Ga.

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Millard Simpson is spending a few days with his people in Charlotte.

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Washington Pickett attended the funeral of his brother, last week.

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About 500 pairs of shoes for the boys have arrived at the institution.

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The boys had the last watermelon feast of the season, last Monday afternoon.

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Mr. W. W. Johnson and family are spending a pleasant vacation in Chester S. C.

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Mr. T. L. Grier and some of the boys have been improving the roads on the lower end of the campus.

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Mr. Guy Alexander, one of the third cottage officers, left the institution last Sunday for a month's vacation.

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Alwyn Shinn was hurriedly called to his home in Concord, last week, on account of the death of his brother-in-law.

The local baseball team added another victory to its credit last Saturday, by defeating the Rocky River team by the score of 9to 7. Carrow pitched a good game for the school and was ably assisted behind the bat by Rogers.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hobby have returned to the institution after spending a pleasant vacation in the mountains.

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The new motion picture machine which was so kindly donated by Mr. J. G. Parks, of Concord, has arrived and wil be installed in the auditorium in a few days.

* * * *

Rev. J. Frank Armstrong, pastor of the Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His text was taken from Mark 10:17 and made a very interesting talk.

* * * *

The following boys were visited by relatives and friends last Wednesday: James Davis, James Gillespie, Lester Morris, Haskell Ayers, Thermond Baker, Alphonso Wiles, Jack Stewart and Billy Sherrill.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 20, 1924 No. 44

AN ABIDING FAITH.

"I don't know 'bout the new faiths that are risin'
day by day;
I only know I'm walkin' in the sweet old-fashioned
way!
The same old heavens above me—my title clear I
see;
In the valley of the Shadow He'll go along with
me.

I don't know 'bout new gospels—new worlds that
swim in light:
I know God sends the sunshine, an' lights the lamps
of Night;
An' if the darkness gathers, His smile my light
shall be;
In the valley of the Shadow He'll go along with
me.

How sweet that thought forever! when clouds are
in the skies,
To see the hills of heaven through the tears that
dim the eyes!
The heaven of sweet child-faith is all I want to see
In the valley of the Shadow, where He goes along
with me."—Frank L. Stanton.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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SEPTEMBER.

With waving wand of goldenrod
  And asters in her hair,
Adown the year's sweet path she comes
  With dreamy face and fair.
Within a cricle arm she holds,
  Filled over-brim, a tray
Of luscious fruits to scatter wide
  Along her pleasant way.

The roses are not hers to hold;
  The nesting birds have fled;
The fields are shorn of grass and grain;
  The violets are dead;
So, threaded through her daily songs,
  There runs a pensive tone,
And in her eyes a longing lies
  For joys she had not known.

But still in matchless grace she walks:
  Beauty matured she shows;
She wears the emerald robes unmarred,
  And ways to charm she knows.
And down the pathway of the year
  No queenlier one has trod
Than she who wears the aster crown
  And wand of goldenrod.

—The Christian Endeavor World.

A NEW U. S. SENATOR.

The Hon. Cole Blease, who last week won the nomination for United States senator in the run-off race in South Carolina, is no angel; and he does not claim to be. But few men, aside from what was heaped upon the late Senator Ben Tillman, have been so bitterly opposed, and in many instances maligned, as has been the lot of Mr. Blease.

A representative of one of the extreme political factions that came into existence during the early days of Tillmanism, Blease shared much of the bitterness that was directed towards the leader, Tillman, whom he championed. There are worse men in South Carolina than Blease; but after all the mean things that have been said about him, his rankest enemies will acknowledge that he has ability, and he has one trait that all politicians do not possess, sincerity and loyalty in dealing with his friends and supporters.

Mr. Blease in the United States senate will disgrace no one; but on the other hand will grow in favor with his associates, as they come to know him at first hand, as did the late Senator Tillman, who became one of the choicest and ablest spirits in that august body.

THE UPLIFT has always admired the courage exhibited by Mr. Blease, when governor. He found the penitentiary foul, filthy and abhorent. He notified the management that unless conditions were speedily improved he would pardon the whole population imprisoned therein. Failing to heed this call of simple humanity, Gov. Blease carried out to the letter what he assured the management he would do. From that time on, he became the subject of the bitterest abuse, in some instances all but vile. The record will show, if we are correctly informed, that even with this wholesale pardoning, the number of the pardons at the hands of the South Carolina governor did not surpass the number pardoned for a given period by a North Carolina governor.

There are worse sins than pardoning a poor devil from prison, where death from disease and filth threaten. In addition to his ability and the manner in which Blease conducted his campaign, he is largely the beneficiary of persistent abuse in and out of the state.

* * * * * * * *

PROVIDING FOR THE MENTALLY SICK.

THE UPLIFT has quietly grasped every opportunity to ascertain the reliability of a statement credited to Dr. Crane, who is a recent comer to the state, and who, after a hurried and superficial survey, is alleged to have

said that there are in North Carolina, running at large, fifty thousand crazy folks.

This is an average of fifty to the county. The doctor may regard some folks crazy, who under the examination of other experts would not be so classified. But it seems that other communities realize that there are too many mentally sick folks, moving about without treatment and hurrying on to a worse condition.

To meet this condition, the Asheville Citizen says:

Thirty-five of New York's most prominent professional and business men have decided to build a $1,000,000 hospital for the prevention of insanity in their city. Experts have reported to them that there are in New York 200,000 persons who are "border line" cases, who are so neurotic and so nervously and mentally weakened by their fast and "jazz" lives that, if they are not soon given relief, they will become insane. It is to reach these 200,000 that such New Yorkers as Irving T. Bush, Rabbi Wise, Rodman Wanamaker and Jacob Ruppert will build their Neuropathic Hospital, which will be the only one of its kind in the country.

But it should not be the only one of its kind in the country. There should be one like it in every State in the Union. A short time thereafter one like it should be in every important city in the United States. Preventive médicine is of the divinity of God. Its mercies are uncounted. And nowhere is its power so productive of good and happiness as in the realm of nervous and mental suffering.

How agonizingly slow we are to perceive that simple fact! We perceive the practicality and the advantage of preventing typhoid fever, but we lift the eyebrow of cynicism when we hear of hospitals to prevent certain types of insanity. But why? Insanity is a sickness, just as pneumonia is a sickness, with this difference: that in insanity the sufferer is sunk so low in despair that he loses sight of hope and forgets to listen for the voice of sympathy.

And now we have the opportunity to save thousands upon thousands of persons from that special hell which is insanity. All we have to do is to build hospitals and thus demonstrate to the nervous and mental sufferers that their illness is no more of a disgrace than the illness of the body and that to apply for early relief will save them from the ultimate agonies. It will be inexplicable if we, here in Asheville and throughout America, delay long in the building of those hospitals.

* * * * * * * * *

HE STUDIES HIS JOB.

The city of Hickory has a live superintendent for her public schools. Unlike some other school officials, he has "made up his mind" as to the wisdom of certatin courses to persue. Prof. Carver, to use the language of the pub-

lic streets, is on his job—he works his job, declining to let the job work him.

Some months ago it was our pleasure to publish a story of how they conducted a "Teachers' Home" in Hickory, making it a part of the school system of the city, receiving support from and rendering an account to the city school officials. That man Carver, who seems to use his head for the benefit of those whom he serves, has another innovation that he is moving toward establishing. Here is what the Hickory Record says on the subject:

> Superintendent Carver, of the Hickory schools, vitally interested in anything that means better men and women in the schools he conducts, heartily approves of the idea of a public health nurse who will give all her time to the public schools.
>
> Mr. Carver goes further than merely approving. He offers a suggestion that the city officials might well take under consideration. He says that if the Hickory, West Hickory, Highland and Longview school boards could get together and hire a nurse for the schools of all these cities it would cost each city such a small amount the drain would not be keenly felt in any one district.
>
> Mr. Carver believes that a nurse could handle all the schools, if given a car to drive. He says that the need of such a nurse is keenly felt at the present and the need is growing greater as the schools grow larger. His suggestion would be to let each school district pay according to the number of students in the different schools. This of course means that Hickory would bear the greater portion of the expense, but at the same time get more service from the nurse.
>
> The superintendent added that he thought this might be done next year. The question is, why wait until next year? Isn't the need for the nurse just as pressing now as it will be next year? Is not the city as well able to pay for the service of a nurse at this time as it will be this time next year?
>
> The safeguarding of the health of school children is as necessary as the teaching of reading, writing and arithmetic. Money spent for a public health nurse would be money well spent. The citizenship as a whole would heartily approve of the move if it is taken at this time. The city council in its meeting this week should seriously consider the suggestion and the possibility offered by Mr. Carver.

* * * * * * * *

AN OPPORTUNITY AND A DUTY.

The Sanitarium, which the state maintains for the treatment of tuberculosis, is not only crowded, but does not meet a condition that prevails in every county. To secure the benefit of treatment at the Sanitarium, the patient must have the price, or some of his friends or some organization must fur-

nish the funds that are required at the institution.

There are in every county tubercular afflicted people, who are abjectly poor, and many of them ignorant, not knowing how to care for themselves or their duty towards others. Thus the dread disease is spread and innocent victims are the result. To meet this condition certain counties are building county institutions to take care of the indigent tubercular.

So far as THE UPLIFT is informed, there is no accurate statement covering the number of tubercular cases in Cabarrus, and whether they are able to purchase treatment or too poor in funds or friendships to secure same. But a casual glance in and about the public places is absolute proof that there are a number of marked cases of tuberculosis, moving about carelessly, without giving a thought to the danger of spreading the disease. And it is safe to say that there are many people within our borders, who need treatment, and who are unable to meet the necessary cost.

Cabarrus county needs a hospital for the free treatment of all indigent tubercular cases. It will prove an investment, wise and humane. If the proposition seems too large for the county to undertake alone, some legislation could be had authorizing a joining with another county in the erection of such an institution and the maintenance thereof.

THE UPLIFT has no brief to this effect, but it occurs to us that now the splendid property is not used as in the past as a health resort it might be possible to join hands with Stanly county and secure the old Misenheimer (Carolina) Springs property, just a few miles beyond our border, and practically in the centre of the common territory. It would, by its location and its environment, be an ideal place for the treatment of tubercular cases of the two counties. The property is not now in service, and there is a nucleus of buildings that could be made available without a great outlay of money. and with the net-work of splendid roads that are linking the two counties, from every direction, this property is accessible.

We take it that all well-informed people agree that there is a crying necessity for the services of such an institution available for the people of our county. It is a humane measure. But, Mr. Stingy Soul, if you desire to argue the proposition to defeat on account of the cost that would be attached to the maintenence of such an institution, you are met with a like selfish argument in that it costs to take care of the aged and infirm in our midst, and you do not cry out against that expenditure. These old souls that have fought the fight, and have given up the battle, are no menace to you or to your children—there is no infection or contagion threatened.

The tubercular are riding fast to the point where they are unable to care

for self, and during the battle they are a menace to the health of the county. It is wisdom, economy and self-preservation, to throw out a helping hand to them—they may be cured (hundreds are cured,) but whether they are, or not, they are taught how to care for themselves and to exercise care as to others, thus ceasing to be a menace to the public health; and the many that are restored to health become an asset to the community in the service that they may render to society and to the state. The cost of maintaining such an institution by the county is no argument against it. The question to be decided: is there enough cases of the indigent kind to justify the starting of an institution to care and treat them. Has Dr. Buchanan a record of the tubercular in the county? If not, it would be valuable information if he would direct his office to ascertain the facts.

The Cones joined Guilford county and gave to it a superb institution. There is in this county an individual who courts opportunities to render unselfish service to his fellow-man. Let him see the need. And let the facts come out, and if conditions warrant, move in time for legislative authority to meet that demand.

* * * * * * * *

HAPPY CONNECTION.

Mr. R. R. Clark, who for more than a year contributed most sensible articles to the columns of THE UPLIFT, and who established a proud reputation as editor of The Statesville Landmark for a long number of years, is now contributing editor of the Greensboro News. This is a happy connection. Clark, figuratively speaking, wears no collar; and the Greensboro News seems to wear no collar, either, except that which its owners choose to wear.

Already a great newspaper, having won its way into the appreciation of an immense following, its character as a fine publication is futher enhanced by making this choice addition to its staff. When the Judge has in his system some discussion that does not exactly fit into the program of the News and it suits the purposes behind this little journal, THE UPLIFT wants to be remembered by this splendid North Carolina writer.

* * * * * * * *

IGNORES THE MOON.

Jo Jo as a weather forecaster is, if not unreliable, not half as successful in his guesses as was the late Prof. John. McAnulty, who in years gone by furnished a map of weather conditions for the old Concord Sun when it shone under the administration of Col. Wade Haris.

The trouble about these "scientific" weather forecasters is that they ignore entirely the influnce in the changes of the moon. Nearly every country boy is familiar with the fact that when the moon changes (especially the new moon) in the morning that rain is to follow. Jo Jo, in the face of this unerring sign, last Sunday, prophecied clear weather—behold, what we had. Brother Sherrill's "Smitty's Weather Cat" doesn't miss half as often as Jo Jo.

* * * * * * * *

The Woman's Club of Concord has begun work for another year. One section of it has undertaken the study of French authors and their contributions. THE UPLIFT, thoroughly convinced that we all need more music in our system, contributes to the cause in a story concerning some of the musicians when they were boys. To further enhance the story we introduce Felix Mendelssohn, pictorially, to this select audience.

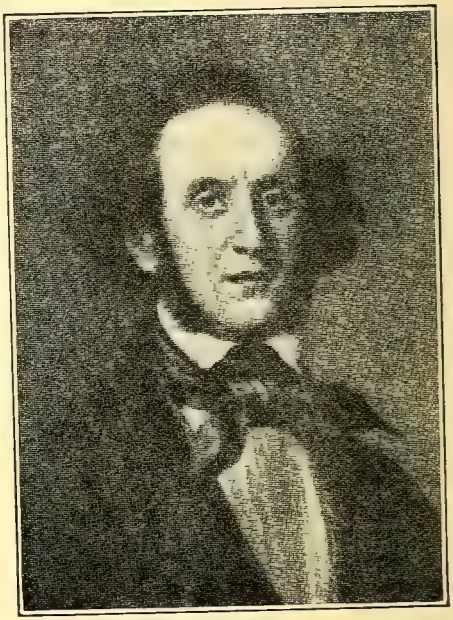
* * * * * * * *

It is a source of rejoicing that the mills of Charlotte, which have been idle for weeks, resumed operations the past week. This is a favorable sign.

GREAT MUSICIANS AS BOYS.

By Greta Gaskin Bidlake.

When Wolfgang Mozart was only nine years old he was asked to play at a private musicale where the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria was present. He was a wonderfully clever little violinist even then but he had a boy's sense of mischief and humor just the same. He first played a piece that had such a tender, mournful, minor strain running through it that several of the ladies were crying softly when he brought it to a close; then, seeing this, he wished to make them cheerful again so he dashed off into what he called a "barnyard sympathy." Hens cackled, donkeys, brayed, pigs squealed, cocks crowed and cattle lowed, all ending in a terrific catfight on the woodshed roof. It was so droll and comic that everybody laughed heartily. The boy threw the violin down, ran across the room, climbed into the lap of the Empress and impetuously kissed that gracious lady with a sounding smack, first on one cheek, then on the other!



Felix Mendelssohn.

While Robert and Clara Schumann were living at Dusseldorf it was their custom to receive whatever musical people wished to come on Thursday nights. Among those who came one evening was a young man of twenty, small and fair haired, who had come all the way from Hamburg. These gatherings at the Schumanns were quite informal; so everyone was asked to play and sing. The first time the young man declined from natural diffidence, for there were many skilled performers present, but on the second occasion he himself played with such astonishing skill and feeling that the company who had not taken him seriously before, broke into loud applause and Schumann voiced next day a prophecy which afterwards proved true when he said to Albert Dietrich, "One has come to us of whom we shall yet hear great things. His name is Johannes Brahms."

Guiseppe Verdi as a boy of ten used to steal away up the hill at nights and with his thin face pressed

against the iron pickets of a fence listen to the music that poured from the open window of the great house that stood above his native Italian village. Almost every evening someone played the piano there. The little boy would creep along the stone wall and, crouching there, drink in the music. Sometimes it rained and the wind and wet pierced his threadbare jacket penetrating to his bony frame beneath, but he always went and waited for the music. You see he loved it.

One night as he stood there the coachman came along, keeping under the trees to avoid the soaking downpour of rain, and fell over him. The man turned around and kicked him angrily saying he was a thief sulking in the shadows. The boy stammered out his poor explanation but the unfeeling coachman cut at his legs with the whip and bade him to be off and never come there again.

Guiseppe Verdi was there the next night. I wonder if the young lady in the house who was playing Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata was playhalf conscious of a hungry, music-loving boy outside in the dark and if that was why she put her whole soul in it and that was what drew him so close that his face almost pressed against the window itself?

"Do you like music?" came a startling voice behind.

"Me—oh, yes, I—like—it. I like —that!" said the boy turning to meet the coachman as he feared.

It was Signor Barezzi himself.

"That is my daughter playing," said he. "Come inside with me."

When the door of the big house opened that night spilling a flood of light on the wet path outside it was as a new door that opened in the boy's life and led, years after, to success, for the poor, and half clothed boy found a helping friend in the kind old gentleman and with his aid became known to the world as the most famous musician of his time.

Felix Mendelssohn never knew what it was to be poor. His parents were well to do. His father wanted him to become a philosopher but hired one, Zelter, to be a sort of music tutor to the boy, as he wished to round out his education and not confine him to philosophy alone. Felix grew so absorbed in music that his parents were obliged to give up their plans and confess that the boy's future lay in the study he loved. One day Zelter was going down to Weimar to see Goethe who had been always a friend of his and Felix went along to see the famous poet. Zelter really hoped to amaze everybody with the boy's powers and gain much credit for his boasted method of teaching music thereby.

Now young Mendelssohn was a handsome chap and when the old poet saw him he called out banteringly, "A girl in boy's clothes, I see. Does he play?"

"Oh, a little," answered Zelter with a careless assumption of indifference.

"Come, make us some sort of a noise and awaken the sleeping spirits that have so long lain slumbering!" ordered the poet.

Zelter went forward to the piano and played a stiff formal little tune of his own. Then he rose and motioned to Felix.

"Play that!" he said.

The child sat down with a slight gesture of impatience; then, with a half smile at his audience, played as Zelter had played it, giving it a certain drawling touch that marked Zelter's style. It was so ludicrous that the two men burst into laughter. The boy instantly sobered them by striking a few strong chords in the bass with both hands, running the scale, and then going off into a melody of his own every now and then coming back to Zelter's little tune and weaving it into the air with the most enchanting and curious variations. For ten minutes he continued to play this till his old tutor, pretending anger, called out sharply, "Cease that tin pan drumming and play something worth while!"

The poet rose and tenderly placing his hands on the boy's head said, "Ah, I know you two rogues, I see through your tricks; you have been practising that piece for a year, no doubt. Now I'll see whether you can play!"

He went to a portfolio and took out a piece of music written in the fine delicate hand of Mozart. Felix played it as if it were his own. Then he closed the music on the rack, went back and played it from memory. Piece after piece he played as they brought them while his proud old tutor leaned back saying by his easy manner, "Oh, this is nothing, nothing at all!"

The truth was that this boy of thirteen played with such natural ease that his boyish mind had not yet grasped the fact that he possessed wonderful genius. Later he became a very famous man but though Goethe was seventy-three when the two first met they remained fast friends as long as the poet lived and often amused themselves like boys together.

Sebastian Bach led a very different life from this when a boy. His father died and little Sebastian went to live with Chistoph, his elder brother. Now Christoph set himself to be stern with the young chap because he was afraid that he might grow up like his shiftless music-loving father who was a lovable but idle fellow. He let Sebastain take away just one thing from his old home when he left it forever and that was his father's violin. It was tied up in a green bag with a leathern drawstring and had the old man's initials woven into the cloth by Sebastian's own mother's fingers in the days when she and his father were sweethearts.

Christoph allowed the boy to play the violin only one hour each day. After that, he said, he and his wife did not want to hear the noise. Sebastian was born with music in his soul and he felt that he must play. He stole off to the forest and played there for hours Christoph caught him on the way home and cuffed him for disobeying orders.

The Bachs had always been a family of great organ players and we are glad that Sebastian grew up to be the greatest of them all. But Christoph had no idea such a thing was to happen. He had a cabinet filled with the best organ music but he kept it locked and sternly forbade his younger brother to touch it. All Sebastian's love of music cried out to examine it and at length he picked the lock. In the night hours he would steal downstairs in his bare feet, get

a sheet of music and sitting in the wide window seat copy it off by moonlight. One day Christoph searching in the boy's room for some sign of misdeeds came upon it. Sebastian was brought into his presence. The boy confessed and had his bare legs switched, but not quite to Christoph's satisfaction; for he took away the music in spite of pleadings, promise, and tears.

When Sebastian grew a few years older he showed himself so talented a musician that he was asked to play the organ in the church in the next village. This was twelve miles away so it took him out of Christoph's keeping and he could now follow his own plans. Once, while organist there, he walked one hundred miles to Hamburg to hear the great master Reinke play. He had only a few coppers in his pockets so he trudged all the way, sleeping in cattle sheds when night came, and playing at taverns to pay for his food or going frankly to the back doors of well-to-do houses and stating his plight to sympathetic cooks. The wonders of Reinke's playing and the mighty triumphant music of the organ filled the boy's soul with awe as he stood behind a pillar in the great cathedral and heard the deep, strong chords go rolling to the roof. Dusty and worn, the tired young tramp was fired with ambition to become as great an organist as the man who sat at the great organ in the loft above. He went away and persevered until he grew even greater. He became the grandest organ player the world has ever known and the greatest composer of harmonies for it. The best organ music that we have in our churches today was witten by Sebastian Bach.

"These are extraordinary times." Did you ever hear that? The fact is that we do not hear much else. Some even say "the world is on fire." We sometimes think that this world inspection is being overdone. Anyhow, it is not new. A favorite couplet of forty years, and more, ago was, "We are living, we are dwelling in a grand and awful time." Is not every age an extraordinary time—"a grand and awful time" to the people of that particular generation? Each age has its problems. Ours, just now, are the problems that follow the social and financial demoralization of all wars, and in this instance, a world war with its universal disturbance of world conditions and world standards. And in their effort to adjust matters people resort to all sorts of social, political and religious vagaries. But all these "get rich quick" schemes are sure to end in failure and those who have been ensnared thereby will be counted foolish birds to have been caught in such nets.—Christian Advocate.

YELLOW JACKETS AND A BILLY GOAT.

Gastonia has contributed another remarkable occurrence for public consumption. A few weeks ago it furnished the remarkable case of letters appearing on a child's breast; and again the case of letters appearing on a mirror—each occurance baffling a solution by local scientists.

This time it has the thrilling account of yellow jackets attacking a little boy and his billy goat. It concludes the story by saying that Billy is dead and the boy lies very ill in bed. The story further contributes to the public knowledge that the sting of a yellow jacket, if administered in the mouth, is certain to produce death. This seems an error, unless the yellow jacket has taken on more deathly poison or the resistence of man has grown weaker. It is of history that years ago, a young man of Mt. Pleasant, this county, and he still lives, while plowing, upturned a whale of a yellow jacket nest. The Jackets fell upon the mules, and the plow-boy made some mighty yells at the mules, urging them on. This attracted the jackets and one stung or bit the plow-boy on the tongue.

It is still remembered how that boy's tongue swelled, almost completely filling his mouth with tongue; and for days and days he had to be fed by injecting soup into his throat by means of a quill. The jackets did not kill him, neither did they destroy the capacity or power of his tongue—not by a long shot.

Little Billy Johnson, the son of Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Cantey Johnson, rector of St. Marks Episcopal church, is a sick young man and his billy goat is a dead animal, as the result of a clash the two staged with a swarm of yellow jackets in the back yard of the Johnson home.

It seems that Billy and his goat were enjoying the day all to themselvs while other members of the famliy were in the house. Sudden screams from the child brought the father on the run, who found that the insects had stung the boy in several spots about his head and that the animal was dead.

In the fight the goat staged with the yellow jackets, the insects got the best of him when they entered his mouth and their stingers of poison instantly killed the animal.

Instant death is caused when a yellow jacket stings either man or beast in the mouth, say physicians. Men have been known to die instantly when stung on the tongue. The goat, mentioned above, died five minutes after being attacked by the yellow jackets. The poison reaches the heart more quickly through the tongue than through any other part of the body.

What we want in this modern democracy of ours is not more fighters or more blindly loyal followers, not even an increase of wise leaders: it is more able, cooperative, wide-seeing workers, each capable in his own line and ready to recognize and aid the capacity in others.—Atlantic Monthly.

ILL WIND BLOWS GOOD.

The Elizabeth City Independent gives a thrilling account how a drowning sinner, in a Sabbath desecration, saw the error of his ways; and, having seen them, turned and achieved a great success. There comes into the life of every sinner a still small voice or a great threatening danger, which oftentimes heeded leads to a life of usefulness and service to fellowman.

Here is The Independent's story:

The Rev. Q. C. Davis, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Albemarle, N. C., who with his distinguished brother Judge J. Warren Davis of the U. S. Circuit court of Appeals, of Trenton, N. J., is conducting a revival in their old home church at Berea, near Elizabeth City, this week is a man of many interesting parts.

How the Rev. Q. C. Davis became a minister is an interesting story, known to but few of his old boyhood friends in this county. Dr. Davis wanted to be a surgeon and might have been just a plain farmer the rest of his days, but for the fact that he went swimming one Sunday morning. It was a second Sunday morning in June 1887. A companion with whom he was swimming became exhausted and cried for help Mr. Davis went to his rescue; the drowning man threw both arms around his neck and both went down.

"The dead weight of the other man was too much for me," says Dr. Davis, "and when I realized that we were both about to drown my whole life flashed before me. I thought of the old church back at Berea and recalled that it was then about the hour of service in the old church; I thought how much better everything would have been had I been at church that morning instead of in swimming. And then I cried out to God to help me; instantly the man who was dragging me down released me and both of us were saved.

"Now when you're in a tight place like that and call on God to help you and help comes that instantly, you can't help hitching up the thing with God. It gave me something to think about and I thought seriously about God for the first time in my life; I thought it was up to me to do something for God."

Dr. Davis tells how he began to organize prayer meetings and other religious services in the neighborhood and of his beginning to win souls to Christ. Then he found a way, although married and the father of three small children, to go to Crozer Theological Seminary at Chester, Pa., where he was educated for the ministry.

Dr. Davis has seven children now, all grown and all successful men and women. How he educated these seven children on the small salary of a Baptist minister without ever going in debt more than two or three hundred dollars at any time, would make a story in itself. Here are how his seven children have panned out:—

The first, Rev. Floyd P. Davis is pastor of a Baptist Church at Chesterfield C. H., Va. The second, Q. C. Davis, Jr., is a member of the Norfolk county (Va.) bar and has served his county four terms in the Virginia General Assembly. The third son, Dr. Wm. Henry Davis is Profes-

sor of Greek in the Southern Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., and the author of theological text books in use on two continents. The fourth son, J. Vernon Davis, of Washington, D. C., is Vice President and General Manager of the Washington & Old Dominion Railway and probably the youngest vice-president of a standard railroad in America.

There are three daughters. Miss Rose May Davis is a graduate of the University of Virginia and in a class of 130 applicants for license to practice law in Virginia two years ago, was the only one to make 100 points on the examination. She is now Professor of Science in the Baptist College at Gaffney, S. C. A second daughter, Miss Emma Elizabeth Davis graduated with honors at Trinity College, N. C., but put aside her ambition for a professional career by marrying Dr. R. H. Holden, of Durham. The youngest daughter, Miss Marie Davis graduated at Trinity last June and teaching in the public schools of Albemarle this fall.

MRS. JOHN SMITH.

Nell Battle Lewis in News & Observer

The window of the room in which I work in the mornings commands the head of Fayetteville Street, and is a good vantage point from which to view excursionists coming to Raleigh, who naturally make for the Capitol as one of the "sights." Despite the fact that I can't imagine Raleigh or any other North Carolina town as the Mecca of a sensible excursion (assuming there are such) the excursionists are very interesting folks. They always appear to be from the country somewhere and to be bedight in Sunday clothes especially for the occasion. They come in whole families in which the baby in arms is the chief excursionist of them all. In family groups, they make their way slowly up to the Capitol with the father in the lead, the mother a step or two behind him, and the children everywhere.

Always that country woman plodding along with dragging steps behind her husband, invariably carrying a baby and usually with another small child hanging to her skirts, holds my attention with a sort of terrible fascination until the family procession is out of sight. Speaking of war, I tell you the sight of her clumsy and dispirited figure, distorted from child-bearing, bent from drudgery, makes me wish passionately to rush to war against whatever it is that has made her thus. It makes me want to cry and fight. John Smith is nothing to me compared to Mrs. John Smith. Looking at her makes the bragging of this State strike hollow on my ear. There are hundreds of her in North Carolina, hundreds of country women living lives of monotonous and weary drudgery, lives joyless and without beauty in which an excursion to Raleigh is an event. While this is so, how does this State dare to boast!

The person in North Carolina who I think, is doing most for such women is Mrs. Jane McKimmon.

THE OLD HOME CHURCH AND THE OLD HOME.

Editor Mebane in Catawba News.

No man ought ever to become too busy or to think himself too big or too much of anything—to go back to his home church and his home, the place of his birth and his childhood.

It was the blessed privilege of the writer on Sunday, September the 7th, to visit the Mount Hope church in Guilford where the friends of the community had arranged a Home Coming for those who had once lived in that section as well as for those now living there.

There are places in the world that ought to be sacred to every person —the place of his birth and the place of his spiritual home, are two of them.

For a man to go back to the spot where he took the vows of the church, to meet and mingle with those who were his associates of his childhood—to find that many of them have passed over on the other side. To stand where he stood forty or fifty years ago—to hear of those who have lived well and died well —to hear of others who have made failures of life whose careers brought sorrow and tears to their parents and friends—to stand by father's and mother's graves and take off your hat in humble gratitude thank God for what they did for you, for what their life and all has meant to you—and then go to the old homestead and walk into the room where you were born, to examine the spot where you knelt at mother's knee and said that beautiful prayer after her: "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc.—to go down to the old spring and find the pure water still flowing as it did in your childhood days—to have all this experience in one day is something worthwhile in the life of any man or woman.

We hope that other communities that have not yet originated this custom of home coming occasions will do so. It is something worth doing. It will make better men and better women of all those who will take the time to go back home and get a fresh glimpse of their childhood days and mingle with those who still are in the flesh and to learn of those who sleep beneath the sod. The one central figure that towers above others in the Mount Hope section for a period of half a century, was Dr. George William Welker, who came to North Carolina from Pennsylvania as a young man to become the pastor of the Reformed churches in Guilford and Alamance counties.

Dr. W. T. Whitsitt and Judge W. P. Bynum, of Greensboro, gave two splendid historic addresses on this occasion. Both of these gentlemen are among the best, if not the best informed men on the early history of North Carolina— and it was the privilege of the writer to call on them to write a history of North Carolina, one that will give real history of the State and not do, as some so called historians, write to glorify some few men whom they personally admire—the historian should write

facts as they are, let the reader decide who deserves the glory.

Judge Bynum said he would make Whitsitt do the writing, but that he would help him in making up the record. We hope it will be done. Judge Bynum has possibly the best collection of books of any one citizen in the State. He not only has the books but he has the information in his mind such as few men have—and is therefore well qualified to help if he will not himself write the history of North Carolina. A history written by these two gentlemen would be a real history and would contain much truth that the young student of today can not find in our so called histories of North Carolina.

See the account of the Mount Hope meeting as found in the paper written from Gibsonville.

A farmer of Rowan was in Salisbury yesterday and stated that he desired to get a permit to make some of his apples into cider and vinegar. He has a world of apples rotting on the ground, what ought to be hundreds of dollars worth, and his last thought is to turn a few into apple cider and apple vinegar. "I wonder," he declared, "if a fellow has to get a permit to kiss his wife?" He likely has to get her permission, for the women folks have fallen on some rather funny ways of recent years.—Salisbury Post.

OLD TRINITY'S CORNERSTONE.

By George B. Craven in Greensboro News.

The cornerstone of the old Trinity college building just razed and on the site of which a new and modern high school building is being erected was discovered by workmen at the northeast corner of the old part of the building. There were two pieces of stone, an indenture having been made in one and the other placed flat upon it and was located at the bottom of the foundation.

The contents consisted of the proceedings of the grand lodge of Masons of North Carolina held in December 1849, a Bible printed in London and on the face of which was pasted a piece of paper on which something was written in the handwriting of Braxton Craven but which could not be made out, and a copy of the "Greensboro Patriot" dated July 21, 1853. The paper was so nearly dissolved by moisture that only small pieces could be read. An advertisement of "Normal College, Randolph County, N. C." was as follows: "Rev. B. Craven, A. M. President and Professor of Ancient Languages and Lecturer in Normal Training; Wm. Mc. Robbins, A. B. Professor of Mathematics; Rev. A. S. Andrews, Professor of English Literature and Natural Science. This institution is situated on the highlands in the northwest part of Randolph County and offers every inducement to those who desire a healthy and retired position. No public collections distract the attentions of the students, and no fa-

cilities entice them to vice; but the morals and habits are as secure here as in the most respectable families. The course of study is about the same as in the best and oldest colleges. Those who wish to prepare for teaching will be thoroughly trained for that pursuit and will, if deserving, receive distinction not awarded at any other institution. The entire expense per session varies from $35 to $45. H. B. Elliot, President of Board of Trustees.''

Another advertisement found in the paper is ''Greensboro Female College. The next session of this institution will open on Thursday, 28th July—Arrangements are in hand to give greater efficiency to all the departments—A large adition has recently been made to the apparatus illustrating the lectures on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy which are as ample as the courses usually delivered in male colleges. Board (including fuel, lights, washing, etc.) and tuition in all the classes, $70 a session, an additional charge being made of $20 for music, $20 for oil painting, $5 for drawing, and $5 for ancient or modern languages. Charles F. Deems, President.''

An interesting advertisement in this day and time, but having no bearing on schools or colleges appears in the paper as follows: ''Negro for sale—I shall sell, as agent of Ruth and Jane Wiley, on Tuesday of August court, (the 16th), a likely negro girl, aged about 14 years. Terms made known on the day of sale. Robert Hanner.''

The chief news feature found in the paper was the story of a debate in Congress between John Randolph and Henry Clay.

The old Trinity college building which has been torn down, was in two parts. The ''old building'' as the old part has been known all during my time, was erected in 1853, and it was from under the corner of this building that the cornerstone was taken out today. The new part of the building containing the chapel which many speakers have declared was one of the best in the country for the speaker and the hearer, perfect in accoustics, ventilation and arrangement, was built in the seventies and first used for commencement of 1875. The building was so well constructed that it would have stood for years to come but its usefulness had been outgrown and while it is not to be doubted that it served its purpose a new and modern building is better suited to present day uses.

Among the papers of Braxton Craven is one showing that the building committee (for the new part of the building) reported on October 16, 1860, that a resolution had been passed ''that the contract for the new building be awarded to P. W. Holt, of Warrenton, which he undertakes to execute, according to specifications, for the sum of $14,000.'' The breaking out of the war stopped the building project and it was not undertaken again until 1871 when a fund of $10,000 was requested of the conference, (the college having been turned over to the conference in 1851) and machinery was put in motion to raise enough money for the new building. This was a big undertaking in those days and the money came in slow, according to the records. In 1874 Braxton Craven reported to the trustees that ''the whole

cost thus far is about $11,000. To meet this I have borrowed $5,675. I have received from agents and other donations $2,600.'' The plans and specifications were drawn by Braxton Craven and he ordered and inspected all the materials and superintended the construction.

Finances for schools in those days was a big problem, as it is a big problem in the present time, but they did not talk in terms of hundreds of thousands as we do today when a bond issue can be floated and the money come in hand in a few weeks time. Teachers possibly are yet poorly paid in camparison with the training necessary and the work to be done, but here is what they got back in the sixties and seventies: Braxton Craven as head of the institution was ''guaranteed'' for the first year $200. From 1870 to 1878 the average salaries actually paid were President Craven $737.10; Professor Ganaway $719.10; Professor Carr $733.84; Professor Johnson $773.27; and Professor Pegram for three years as tutor $488.87.

In 1877 the treasurer's report showed the following facts: From 1866 to 1876 the average number of matriculations was 156; gross annual income $6,000; losses $340; gratuitous tuition $620; for the whole time, deaths 4; expulsions 4; conversions 332. From the first, a period of 34 years, the statistics are as follows: Losses $6,060; gratuitous tuition $11,-300; deaths at college 13; expulsions 25; conversions 1,157. The whole number of graduates up to 1877 was 198; of these 78 received A. M.; 34 lawyers, 13 physicians, 28 preachers, 25 teachers and professors in colleges. Of these 13 were killed in the war; 15 of the graduates were members of the North Carolina conference, and 36 (being over one-fifth of the whole conference) were educated in whole or in part at Trinity.

The first professors were: Rev. A. S. Andrews, D. D. 1851 to 1854; Hon. W. M. Robbins, A. M., 1851 to 1854; L. Johnson, A. M., 1855 to 1877; J. L. Wright, A. M., 1855 to 1865; W. T. Ganaway, A. M., 1857 to 1877; O. W. Carr, A. M., 1863 to 1877; Rev. Peter Doub, D. D., 1866 to 1870; W. C. Doub, A. M., 1867 to 1873; J. W. Young, Esq., 1864 to 1865; Rev. W. H. Pegram, 1865 to the present. (Rev. W. H. Pegram, whose wife was a daughter of Braxton Craven, is still a member of the faculty of Trinity college.)

Of Braxton Craven, founder of Trinity college and loved by every student who ever came under his guidance, it has been said that no man ever possessed such a faculty for controlling students as he. The reason for this has often been facetiously given that Dr. Craven impressed upon every student two facts: first, that Dr. Craven was the greatest man in the world, and, second, that the particular student was the next greatest.

Perhaps the best estimate of the kind of man he was may be found in an entry in his diary under date of January 11, 1871: ''I do not see how we shall succeed, but somehow I believe we will. The God of my boyhood will not forsake me now.''

News space that used to go to the rube that blows the gas now goes to the boob that steps on it.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

CLARENCE POE ON THE NOMINEES.

Dr. Poe, in a late number of the Progressive Farmer, makes the following estimates of the candidates of the three parties for the high office of President.

This year, as in 1912, we have a really three-cornered fight for the Presidency, and in many respects the candidates are not unlike those that the three parties then presented. Mr. Coolidge holds the same political philosophy that Mr. Taft then held, Mr. LaFollette takes practically the same position that Roosevelt held in 1912, but goes further; while Mr. Davis is standing practically where Wilson then stood, but is a less effective moral crusader than Wilson was. It may be well to repeat what we said three months ago as to the relative positions of Coolidge and La Follette as follows:—

"LaFollette profoundly believes that powerful corporations, millionaires, and multi-millionaires are using the government of this country to get special privileges; that they have not only piled up enormous fortunes at the expense of the masses but are constantly seeking to further enrich themselvse at the people's expense. The greatest duty before America, in his opinion, is that of stopping this tendency. Hence he is a foe of organized wealth, or a so-called 'radical.'

"President Coolidge, on the other hand, believes that for the greatest prosperity of a nation, it is necessary to encourage and protect great 'captains of industry,' the geniuses or master minds in manufacturing, commerce, and transportation, and to protect the great organizations of capital with which they carry out their majestic ambitions and wage industrial battles along their far-flung battle lines. It is Mr. Coolidge's belief that while such men and such organizations develop much wealth for themselves, they also develop much for other people. Hence he is a friend of wealth or of the established order and hence a so-caalde 'conservative.'"

How shall we classify Mr. Davis? He is not a "radical" like LaFollette, nor a "conservative" like Coolidge, but a moderate Wilson "progressive." He does not believe in destroying or oppressing big business, nor yet in pampering or favoring it, but only in seeing to it that it does not get special privileges from the government nor use unjustifiable methods of throttling competition or raising prices. He also differs from both Coolidge and LaFollette in his fierce denunciation of the protective tariff. Such a tariff Coolidge warmly defends, and LaFollette rather ignores, while Davis emphatically declares it the greatest foe of agricultural prosperity, because the Western farmer must sell his wheat and the Southern farmer must sell his cotton in a "world market" where the tariff cannot help them, while they are compelled to buy manufactured goods in a "home market" in which a high protective tariff increases prices on everything farmers buy.

"FESSOR" THOMPSON.

By J. D. Raymond in Greensboro News.

In a secluded grove, not far from the central part of Alamance county, separated from the good roads and bustle of life by red hills and thick woodlands, lies an oldfashioned farm house. The ttorch of life in this home has, for the last few months, been burning low—very low. A grim battle with death is on. The defendant in that struggle is J. A. W. Thompson, known throughout the county and other parts of the state as "Fessor" Thompson.

Mr. Thompson was one of the early settlers of the county as well as one of the early students. Born in 1853, he has spent his entire 71 years in and near Alamance.

His early ambition was to be a Preacher of the Gospel. He felt the call early and it continued through his life. He says, today, that his greatest mistake in life was the failure to answer that call. The same mistake that we all make. He finished school at Bingham academy, at Mebane, and decided to teach school for a year, before taking up his life work. Then, like many of us, he failed to quit. That year sped by and brought up, with miraculous speed, others in its wake, until 50 years of teaching fled by.

As a teacher Mr. Thompson is known throughout this and the adjoining sections. Scores of sons, fathers, and even grandfathers, have been to school to him. Pupils far and wide respect him for his Christian qualities, and his unswerving policy of "Spare the rod and ruin the child."

He, like all teachers, received, wherever he went, plenty of the current criticism. Yet he, unlike others, received the most of his for overmuch spiritual work. Daunted in his Ministerial aspirations, he seems to have accepted the school rostrum as a second pulpit. Long hours he spent, talking (preaching the pupils called it) to the children, pointing out their evils, lambasting their waywardness, urging them toward God and rightousness, trying to instill into their souls an ambition for the better things in life and a desire to be real men and women. This, of course, brought down on him, especially by the evildoers, the criticism of wasting the school hours, etc.

As the years sped by, Mr. Thompson taught in schools of all kinds and in all places. During that time he was principal at the old academy of Siler City. It seems that he had there a following, a few of whom, at least, were more wayward even than the ordinary. The result was that he spent still more time in pointing out to them the "Right and narrow way." Among the worst of these pupils was one J. J. Vickers, a breaker of all laws and one who evaded and laughed at all efforts for reform.

Another handful of years, 35 to be exact, passed by during which the various pupils drifted out to the battle of life and the professor, weighted down and nagged at by old age and the cares of life, could teach no more. He, thus, settled

down at the above mentioned farm-home for a quiet life.

Then a few months ago, the passing postman dropped into his mail-box a letter with strange earmarks. The letter, postmarked, Brunswick, Ga., was torn open and the contents were even more surprising. It came from the old pupil, J. J. Vickers.

Mr. Vickers went on to explain how bad he had been in school and during his youth. He left school early, drifted out into the world, and went from bad to worse. Then as he grew older those talks and warnings of the old teacher began to come back to him. They stared him in the face during the dark hours of the night. And as time passed they became more and more haunting. Finally he decided to take the old teacher's advice, gave up his evil ways, and started out to be a man.

Success came down on him with a rush. He attained wealth, honor and respect, and became one of the leading citizens. Yet during all these years, he continued to think of his teacher. He went on to explain how all his wealth, and honor was due to the professor's influence, and ended by inviting Mr. Thompson out to visit him. He wanted his family to meet the man who had made him, he explained.

Mr. Thompson felt highly pleased, sent back his thanks and regards, and continued on his farm. In a few days the postman stopped again. This time he left another invitation plus a fine leather suitcase and a fifty dollar check with which to pay exenses.

This was more than the old gentleman could stand. So, he hied himself to the train and was soon in Georgia. There, he was received like a kind father. They kept him for a week, taking him out on trips and gave him the time of his life. Then they sent him home, loaded with gifts and rejoicing.

Yes, the flame of life is burning low. The above sketch is only a drop in the great river of life's work of a man whose work is done. Let us forget not the work, much more the worker.

EDUCATING, THE BIGGEST BUSINESS.

Taxation in this county is an open book. The citizen can very readily find where his taxes go. For 1924, 63 cents of the tax rate of $1.15 will go for the maintenance of the public school system. Education is costing a lot of money, many will reply. Indeed it is, but it is the chief problem of Davidson County. It touches more people than any other function of government. The children are the biggest asset of the county, for they must be depended upon to preserve our nation and keep it in its rightful place among the nations of earth.—Davidson Dispatch.

THE RAINBOW COTTAGE

By Ethed Owen.

It was a very tiny house, in a rather obscure suburb, but there was brightness and charm about it that some of the larger houses lacked. On this particular Saturday, with the sun shining in its full glory lighting up each window pane as though trying to find way for the sunbeams to steal into the interior of so charming a domicile, Helen Cresston thought it had never looked so charming. She chuckled as she went up the tiny path to the door, and murmured to herself:

"Here's where I catch Janey. She'll never expect such a busy business woman as myself to call on her at ten o'clock on Saturday morning, and she will probably be up to her ears in work."

She did not ring the front door bell, but skirted the house by way of the tiny path that ran around it, and an exclamation escaped her lips:

"Well, of all the pictures!" she exclaimed. "Here am I expecting to catch you in the midst of your house work and give you a complete surprise and perhaps a little help, and here you are calmly painting away like a successful artist. I hope you haven't left the breakfast dishes in the sink."

Janet Gray jumped up with a smile of welcome. "Helen Cresston, whatever are you doing here at this hour? Not but what I am glad to see you. I am delighted beyond words, but to think of you leaving your desk on a Saturday morning to come out here —it is inconceivable."

"Haven't seen my desk this morning," Helen answered laconically. "I've worked like a Trojan this week. Three nights I worked until after nine o'clock. Don't you notice how pale and wan I am looking? So this morning I just decided to come and look you up and spend a day in your charming company and get some of the crusty business woman out of me, and just be a schoolgirl again."

Janet laughed. "Why to hear you talk, you would think you were a regular old lady. Just remember, it is only a year ago since we received our precious sheepskins. And you, in that short year, have become a successful business woman, while I am just a housekeeper, with aspirations."

"And why have I become a successful business woman?" Helen demanded. "For the simple reason that I have a brother who conceived the idea that he could make a success of the greeting card business, who started in for himself, couldn't pay an office assistant a salary and so won the sympathy of his poor little sister, who worked for love until sufficient money began to appear on the horizon to make both ends meet and leave a little left over for clothes, food, etc."

"But it took two very clever young people to make a success of that business," Janet laughed. "You know, Helen, it must be an awfully nice feeling to know that you are actually contributing something to the business world. You know sometimes I just think I'd like to run away and

carve a career for myself."

"You cut out that career business," Helen responded. "You have one of the biggest careers that any girl could have. Just think what that dear father and brother of yours would do if they had to live in boarding houses, and didn't have this darling place to come to every night. You know that's one thing that Bob and I are getting awfully tired of—boarding. That's why I inflict myself upon you so many times when I take a little time off. Your home-made biscuits and apple pies would make me leave the city any time. You may have aspirations to be an artist, Janet, dear, and as far as I can see you do what most artists don't do. You live your art. And when you do that with your aspirations, you may make sure of one thing and that is, that you are a SUCCESS."

Janet laughed. "You always do me good Helen," she went on. "Whenever I get blue and discouraged, and feel as thought I am just beating time, you come along like my good fairy, dust all the cobwebs out of my brain and make me feel that I really am doing something worth while in this old world."

"Worth while!" Helen demanded. "Home-making carried out as you carry it out, Janet is a living poem. I'd give up my business success any day for that, the only thing is that I probably have helped my brother more in this instance by standing shoulder to shoulder with him than I could have by staying home and cooking his meals, for I should have probably ruined the business in that event, for you know, Janet, what a sorry cook I am."

Janet laughed as she replied, "But speaking of poetry and apple pies, if you don't object to eating apple pie in the morning, I'll give you a piece of one I have just baked."

"I have just been waiting to be invited," Helen replied, "and if I am real good I suppose you might give me a second piece."

"You mean if the pie is real good," Janet retorted.

They looked like two very young and happy schoolgirls as they chatted over their coffee and pie on the top of Janet's kitchen table.

"I have an idea," Janet said suddenly. "Let's have a week-end party. I'll phone Bob and tell him to come right out here when he closes the office and plan to stay over the week-end. And then this afternoon we will all go off for a tramp. It will do Bob good to get out in the woods for a while, and perhaps he will enjoy a game of golf with Fred. He can use father's clubs. Would you like that?"

"Would I like it?" Helen exclaimed. "Why ask a question to which you know the answer. Better call Bob right away before you change your mind."

"I won't change my mind." Janet started towards the telephone as she spoke. "I enjoy parties as much as any one, and it seems a long time since we have had one."

"Bob says he will close up and come now." Janet's face was flushed with pleasure. It made her very happy to know that her friends enjoyed coming to her home for these little week-end parties that she succeeded in arranging impromptu, as it were.

"Janet, you're a life-saver," Bob called as he came up the porch steps. "Helen deserted me today, and I had just about made up my mind to give way to a good stiff dose of the blues when that merry little telephone on my desk tinkled and your charming voice came over the wire."

"Bob, you're a flatterer," Janet laughed.

"Never was more serious in my life," he protested. "I don't blame Helen for bolting and running off to you every once in a while. This place is a sure cure for the blues."

"And Janet's cooking has no equal," Helen continued.

"Selfish mortal," Bob reproved. I've tried to make an artist of her, Janet, but she is too material."

Helen's eyes sparkled with mischief. "But how will you classify Janet, Bob? You see she is an artist who makes material things artistically. I've had some apple pie this morning that would equal any picture that was ever painted."

"Oh, Janet only plays at art," Bob went on. "She's a real homebody.

"That's it," Janet simulated tears in her voice. "Just because I am doing my duty like a good daughter and sister, nobody gives me credit for being able to do anything else. Once upon a time I thought I would be an artist but fate decreed otherwise, and now nobody ever gives me credit for having the ability."

"Ability," Bob laughed. "Say, you have the ability to make a success of anything you undertake."

"And what I shall undertake just now with the hope of making it a success is lunch for everybody." Janet jumped up. "Father and Fred will be home on the next train, and I want to have things ready by the time they get here. Make yourself at home, Bob; Helen is going to come with me."

"And learn the gentle art of domesticity," Helen grimaced at her brother as the two of them went into the house.

The week-end was just about as perfect as four young folks and one elderly young man could make it. Bob had beaten Fred on the links to his great elation. They had tramped like five children and had a picnic lunch in the woods, so when Helen and Bob reached their office and started in the new week they were feeling very much rested and gloriously young and happy.

"What are you dreaming about, Helen?" Bob asked, as he saw Helen gazing into space, with papercutter suspended in the air.

"I was just thinking, Bobbie dear," she said slowly, "how lovely it would be' if you and I could get a little house out near Janet and really have a home. Aren't you tired of boarding?"

"Well, now that you ask me, I must confess I am," Bob replied. "But you couldn't keep house and come in to the office every day. And, Helen, I couldn't get along without you here. You are worth any two men to me."

"And besides you wouldn't want to take any chances on your digestion with me as chief cook, would you?" she answered. "But, seriously, Bob, we have had a pretty successful year, haven't we?" He nodded. "Well, if we have another year like this we

wouldn't need to worry, would we?"

"We'll be on our feet good and proper by then," he replied.

"Well," Helen suggested, "in that event, wouldn't it pay us to have a home of our own, and if we can get a good housekeeper that really would appreciate a home, wouldn't it pay us in the end to engage such a woman to sort of take care of us?"

"That would be great," Bob replied. "Do you think we can do it?"

"If we want to hard enough, we can," Helen answered. "I'll talk to Janet about a house this very afternoon, and she can keep her eyes open. We will only want a tiny one like hers."

"And now to work." Bob began to tackle the mail on his desk very vigorously.

All was quiet in the office while each attacked the pile of mail on their respective desks, when suddenly Bob let out a groan.

"Oh!" he ejaculated. "I thought we were too happy for it to last very long. Read this, Helen."

This proved to be a letter from the artist who had been making their designs for them since they had started in business. The letter was very brief, simply stating that he was very sorry that he would not be able to continue making designs for them, as he had just been offered a big contract with a large company which would restrict his designs exclusively to that company. A look of consternation came over Helen's face.

"And there go our dreams all smashed to bits!" There were tears in her voice. "We will never be able to get an artist at this season of the year, and most of them charge so much we wouldn't be able to pay their prices. Whatver in the world will we do, Bob?"

Bob's face was grim. "He might have given us some notice. As it is he simply leaves us in the lurch, at a time of the year that means everything to us. What we are going to do I am afraid I don't know."

When Helen saw Bob thoroughly discouraged, she always braced up, and so she said cheerily:

"Well, we don't cry over the spilt milk yet. Perhaps we can save a cupful. We will just get the work in hand done and then see what we can do. There seem to be quite a few orders in the mail, anyway. That's at least encouraging."

"But our new line. How can we ever make that without an artist?"

"That's our problem," Helen answered. "We've solved problems before that seemed almost as hard as this one. We'll both have to put on our thinking caps and see what results we can get. We've got a little time yet, you know. And we have fought too hard all along to make our business a success to let any artist down us."

The next few days were hard ones. Bob persisted in being blue, and Helen found it mighty hard work to keep cheerful. She tried her best to be cheerful when with Bob, but she spent many hours of the long nights worrying. They had gotten in touch with several artists, but they were all under contract or had more work than they could turn out. In a fit of the blues when writing to Janet, Helen poured forth the whole sad tale. She didn't mean to convey

quite all of the hopelessness that she felt, but Janet knew Helen and read more in her letter than Helen intended her to read.

And Janet wrote Helen a cheery little note and told her to come out for the week-end again and forget such a thing as business worries.

"It seems like imposing on good nature to go out there again," Helen said meditatively as she read the note to Bob. "But Janet says she will not take 'no' for an answer, and I do dread spending this week-end in town, don't you?"

"I sure do," Bob responded. "Lets forget our worries and go." And somehow both of them seemed to work much better with the thoughts of the week-end ahead of them.

Janet, too, was looking forward to their coming, for her little head had been busy, and she smiled rather wisely to herself once in a while on that Saturday morning as she went about her little kitchen and planned all sorts of delicious dishes for her family and guests. Janet was an artist in her home-keeping. She knew just how to take care of people and make them feel a complete contentment when they entered the door of her little house. And Janet had been busy all week, but she wasn't quite ready to let everybody know just how busy she had been.

She went to the station to meet her friends, and they went the longest way round to get home, over field and brook, and never once kept to the road. And it did the all good.

After supper that evening they all sat on the porch and talked of everything from "cabbages to kings" as Helen put it. Suddenly Janet said:

"Bob, would you like to see my studio?"

Bob laughed. "Would I like to see it? Didn't I help you with the dishes in your studio this evening?"

Janet returned the laugh. "No, seriously, Bob; I really have a studio all my own. It is only up in the attic, but in spite of that fact it is rather comfy. And then, you know, all artists work better in attics."

"The artist I know by the name of Janet is a superb artist of the kitchen," Bob answered lazily. "But lead me to your attic."

All of them followed Bob and Janet as they led the way, but when they entered the little attic studio, and Janet switched on the lights, Bob gave an exclamation, and went quickly across the room. Across one side Janet had stretched some green material, and on this was displayed a number of sketches. Helen was not slow to follow Bob. Their trained eyes had made a quick discovery.

"Janet, what does this mean?" Bob exclaimed excitedly.

"Well, to tell the truth," Janet confessed, "it was an endeavor to help some very dear friends of mine out of a difficulty. I have a few ideas in my head, you know, besides ideas of designing icing on tops of cakes, and so I just worked out a few suggestive designs for cards that would be suitable for the various seasons of the year. If you see anything that you can use just help yourself, and you can have them with my love."

"But, Janet," Helen continued, "these are wonderful. Bob, do you realize how absolutely dense we have been? Here is Janet, one of our

best friends, with all of these unique ideas in her head, and we never once thought of her in connection with our business. Janet has always meant home to me.''

''But shouldn't home and business be very closely linked by those who love,'' Janet asked softly.

''Home and business is going to be linked this time,'' Bob said, ''for I am going to offer Janet Gray a contract right away to design exclusively for the Bob and Helen Company. We'll talk terms later. Just now I want to link you up tight with us. Will you accept?''

''Will I accept?'' Janet laughed. ''I have only been waiting for you to discover that I could help you, and yet you never seemed to think of me as an artist.''

''Well,'' Bob said sheepisly, ''I guess your artistic pies always made such a hit with me that I never thought of your paint creations.''

''But,'' Janet retorted, ''I might be able to design a few plum puddings for you almost good enough to eat.''

They were all so happy that they just laughed and talked all at once, until Mr. Gray, who had been standing to one side beaming on them all, said:

''May I have a word?''

''A hundred,'' the almost chorused.

''I just wanted to say that I have been rather keeping my eyes open here ever since I heard Helen longing for a little home near Janet, and I think I have found just the house for you. Do you remember that little green and white cottage about half a mile down the road? Well, that was put on the market a few days ago, I bought it. I'm rather particular who lives in that house, and so, if you and Bob, Helen, will become my tenants, you will be doing me a great favor.''

It was all so sudden that tears filled Helen's eyes. Mr. Gray understood, and simply put his arms about the young girl and said: ''I'll say 'yes' for you.''

''And I know just the housekeeper for you,'' Janet continued. ''There's a little woman in the village who has been sewing for me and she boards. She would take good care of you, and it would mean a lot to her to have a home.''

''Whew,'' Bob almost grasped, ''the fellow that said it was always darkest before dawn knew what he was talking about. It seems to me as though the rainbow after our stormy time is the loveliest that ever shone.''

''That's an idea,'' Janet said demurely. ''I'll make you a rainbow design that will be a winner.''

''And we'll call our home 'The Rainbow Cottage,,'' Helen said dreamily, the look of happiness supreme in her eyes.

Happy the man who can endure the highest and the lowest fortunes. He, who has endured such vicissitudes with equanimity, has deprived misfortune of its power.—Seneca.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr.

The boys are being vaccinated for the prevention of typhoid fever.

§ § § §

John Kemp is spending a few days with his people in Lenoir.

§ § § §

Albert and Frank Hill are spending a few days with their people in Kinston.

§ § § §

Miss Hattie Fuller, one of the matrons, is spending a few days in South Carolina.

§ § § §

Miss Kate Lattimer, of Pagelend, S. C. is visiting her aunt, Miss Mary B. Lattimer.

§ § § §

Hugh Moore has returned to the institution after spending a few days with his people in Ansonville.

§ § § §

Garland McCall and Dan Taylor are spending a few days with their people in Lenoir and Kinston.

§ § § §

Mr. T. L. Grier and some of the boys have been repairing the old stoves for the cottages, for winter use.

§ § § §

On account of the bad weather the boys have been staying inside and cleaning the cottages thoroughly.

§ § § §

The total number of farm products for home use were as follows: Watermelons 3365, cantaloupes 7818, tomatoes 14797 lbs. and 130 tons of silage.

Mrs. C. R. Reid and son, Raymond Wilson Reid of Knoxville Tenn. and Miss Lois Reid of Rocky River are visting Mrs. J. G. Hudson.

§ § § §

The work shop boys have been repairing the locks in different cottages, the boys doing this work are Lambert Cavenaugh and Harvey Cook.

§ § § §

Mr. L. L. Duckett, manager of the Kingsport Times, of Kingsport, Tenn. is visiting his mother Mrs. Olivia K. Duckett.

§ § § §

The boys who were visited by relatives last Wednesday were: Lester Norris, Van Daud, Lester Love, James Caviness, Sam Ellis, Bryon Ford and Edwin Baker.

§ § § §

Three of the work force boys have been promoted, Floyd Linville and John Tomasin have been placed in the shoe shop and Hurley Way has been placed in the bakery.

§ § § §

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, pastor of the Reformed Church, at Concord, conducted the services last Sunday afternoon. He took his text from Hebrew 11:1 and he made a very interesting talk which was enjoyed by everybody.

§ § § §

Hoke Ensley was paroled last week by Supt. Boger Ensley was a week by Supt. Boger. Ensley was a has made a good record at the school and we hope he will do the same at home.

WESTERN

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 27, 1924 No. 45

HUMANIZING KNOWLEDGE.

Let anyone review what he has learned in life. He will find that his effective and living knowledge has come in the most informal and seemingly causual manner. It has crystalized about unexpected nuclei. Chance happenings have aroused interest, and interest has bred curiosity, and curiosity has begotten learning. Most of what passes for learning is a kind of pitiful affectation. The student says, "I have had" Latin or chemistry, or "I took" science or literature. All is safely in the past or the perfect tense, as if it were an attack of pleurisy or a boil.—James Harvey Robinson.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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THE CHIEF AMENDMENT RECEIVES LITTLE NOTICE.

We go along in a go-lucky manner in the campaign now on in North Carolina, having lost sight of one of the most important issues of the campaign, by emphasizing matters that the people are by no means convinced are paramount.

It is generally conceeded that legislators deserve and are entitled to a remuneration that will at least enable them to serve their people and leave Raleigh without borrowing money with which to make a decent getaway from the capitol. It is claimed by some that the question of voting bonds to establish port facilties and operating ships is of most vital importance and there are other questions to be decided by the people at the coming election which are regarded in certain quarters as most vital in the affairs of the people; but there is one that the business men of the state regard as the paramount subject for the consideration of the people. This is the amendment looking to the authorization of and the proper manner of creating a sinking fund to meet the enormous issue of bonds when they fall due.

A high state officer, in whose ability to safeguard the finances of the state everybody has the most explicit confidence, regarded the extraordinary session of the legislature as necessary—in fact the only real good reason for its assembling—to protect the credit and standing of the state, now and hereafter. If the view be a correct one, it appears that some one in authority should lose no time in bringing this most important subject to the serious

consideration of the voters of the state. As a general thing the addition to or changing of the constitution heretofore has not proved a popular thing, and it would be most unfortunate if this particular amendment should fail in receiving the endorsement of the people at the coming election.

* * * * * * * *

GREAT HEARTS.

That Durham boy, who has won the confidence and esteem of the firemen, now knows in a practical manner what brotherly love is. A dispatch out of Durham gives this fine, little human-interest story that we wish to pass along:

> Tears of gratitude trickled down the cheeks of young Brack Cox, 14 year old telegraph messenger boy here, when members of the Durham city fire department presented him with a bicycle, after his own bike had been stolen. Young Cox, an orphan, has been forced to shift for himself, and when the manly, upstanding little chap lost his bicycle, he was left with almost no means of making a livelihood. A collection was taken up by the firemen, and after it had been augmented with several donations from local business men, it amunted to $55. A brand new wheel was purchased and presented to the lad.
>
> The youngster is an exceptionally bright boy, attending school and studying during school hours and working in the afternoon and at night.
>
> Presentation of the bicycle was made by John L. Miller, secretary of the North Carolina Firemen's Association, who happened to be on a visit to Frank Bennett, local fire chief.
>
> When the tears came in the boy's eyes, "Big Joe" Johnson, well-known local fireman, said: "Don't forget, kid, you'll get five silver dollars every time you get on the honor roll at school."

* * * * * * * *

AN ESSENTIAL OF EDUCATION.

In the Statesville public schools the study of the Bible, the book of all books, has been made a part of the course of study. Prof. Gray, the superintendent, regards a knowledgs of the Bible as one of the essentials of a well-rounded education.

Prof. Gray very properly contends that the ideal place to teach the Bible is in the home, in denominational schools and in the church; but since these organizations are failing to reach the majority of the children, it becomes

necessary to teach the Bible in the public schools or else permit our children, as a general thing, to plead ignorance of the Book from which so many classic writers received their inspiration. No education is complete without a knowledge of the outstanding facts of the Bible.

There are today not many family altars in operation; parents in a measure are depending on the Sunday Schools to give their children the rudiments of a Bible knowledge, and what can be accomplished in thirty minutes fifty-two times a year—just twenty-six hours in a whole year to the study of Bible truths—towards giving the child a Biblical knowledge?

It is gratifying to know that the Bible course introduced into the Statesville schools at the beginning of the present session is proving popular with pupils and parents. The course covers two years in the high school department and is entirely elective, none take it except thos who request that it be substituted for other branches. It is reported that before the first month of the school term had passed, the enrollment in the Bible course had reached one hundred.

* * * * * * * *

WHAT A TERRIBLE TRADE-MARK ACCOMPLISHED.

Thirty years ago and since there appeared in hundreds of newspapers in the South a patent medicine advertisement of a chill tonic that, starting in a small way like Gowan's Pneumonia Cure (the Slough Greese remedy simply patented,) made the little, inexperienced company immensely rich. They adopted a most terrible trade-mark with which to attract attention to the remedy for chills.

It will be recalled that the design used to accomplish this purppose was a picture of a hog, fitted up with the face of a human. The use of this terrible design brought so much business to the corporation that it made millions of dollars. Just the other day, the man whose name the chill tonic bore celebrated the achievement of tearing down the old famous Battery Park Hotel, leveling the mountain on which it stood and overlooking all the surrounding country, and the erection of a modern and magnificent hotel. The whole or a great part of Asheville turned out to do honor to the man, who made this accomplishment possible.

Besides this large holding this patent medicine man owns thousands of dollars worth of high priced real estate in the mountain city. And not many years ago he was poor, and, because people used to have chills and fever, he used his head in throwing on the market a preparation that appealed to the

sick, by which he amassed a great fortune. It may be seriously doubted that all this development would have been possible except for the hog-with-human-face embelishment of the advertisement that called the suffering public's attention to Grove's Chill tonic. This is no advertisement. It merely applauds the success of a genius, who knows how to reach the public and to become rich thereby.

* * * * * * * *

ADJUSTMENT.

(Selected.)

Most of the troubles we meet would lose their annoyance if we could adjust ourselves to them. It may not be a different path we need so much as better shoes on our feet. Possibly the task assigned us is not too hard; maybe using our hands more carefully would make it easy. It is not the distance we have to go that makes us late as often as our slowness of motion. Adjusting our gait to the time and the miles would bring us through on time. Quarrels and prolonged disputes just happen because somebody failed to adjust an idea, a desire, a plan, with proper recognition of another's right to reach conclusions and set forth propositions. The fact is that half the struggles that wear people out would be met and put aside without counting them severe, if they always found delight rather than disgrace, blessings rather than burdens, in their taxing tasks. Some go down helplessly under grief, others with equal cause for grief adjust themselves to face it and come through its poignancy apparently unscathed. While they suffered as deeply they adjusted their powers to the suffering, mastering it rather than being its slave. There is an easier way for the passing hours, but it proves far harder in the end.

"Square your shoulders to the world!
  It's easy to give in—
Lift your chin a little higher!
  You were made to win.
Grit your teeth, but smile, don't frown,
  We all must bear our bit;
It's not the load that burdens us down
  Its the way we carry it!"

* * * * * * * *

ATTEMPT INJUSTICE.

The failure of the North Carolina general assembly, recently, to adopt the proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution, which provided that no child

under eighteen years of age should be made to work, registered that body among the wise ones.

The supreme folly of this age—folly because it ruins children—is the strenuous study how to make more play possible for the youngsters. More methods of play and recreation call for more time from home and out from under the eye and care of parents, and this is responsible for so many boys getting into trouble. And from the gait set up now, it will not be long before the evil effects of idleness and roaming of the street aimlessly and without any real purpose in mind, other than to satisfy a restlessness, will have its evil effects upon the dear girls.

To rear children without giving them an opportunity to learn something of the practical things of life, such as aiding father in his work, helping mother with her household duties, is the finest kind of an arrangement to rear sorry types of citizen for the coming years. There is no theory about this thing. We have come into a living knowledge in an intimate manner with the folly of turning youngsters loose on the streets and roaming in idleness. Back to the apron-strings for the youngsters and off the streets would mean more substantial and promising young men and women in a few years.

Speaking of the cruelty (?) of working a child under eighteen years of age is touched off beautifully and true to life by a reference made to the subject in a recent number of the Charleston News & Courier, which sees the proposition in this light:

> "So completely and utterly was he shattered and ruined by his childhood toil that today—we can scarcely write of it without shedding tears—he has only achieved the goal of the presidency of a big railroad system. Think of it! Had a law been passed while he was a baby, forbidding him to work until he was eighteen he might now be the champion bottle-pool player of his native village and a cigarette hound of distinction. As a soft-handed cake eater, his life could under such happy circumstances have rounded out into that perfection which all uplifters who favor the proposed child labor amendment to the rightful goal of humanity—if we are to judge by their horror of work."

* * * * * * * *

HIGH PRAISE.

A prominent citizen of the county and one who believes in giving the children every possible educational advantage, calling our attention to the marvelous accomplishment of Prof. Edmundson, about whom Mr. Josephus Daniels interestingly writes in this number, said "Were I a county school official of any county, with the future of so many children depending upon how I

functioned and how I visualized the great responsibility resting upon me, I would be honored to have said of me what Mr. Daniels truthfully said about the county superintendent of Avery county.'' Threats by the ignorant and vicious did not deter the man that was not afraid of losing his job by doing his duty. He saw the light and his sense of a duty armored him for the task.

* * * * * * * *

HE STOOD IT FOR THIRTEEN MONTHS.

A little more than a year ago Mr. Henry Branson Varner sold the Lexington Dispatch. He stood it for a period just beyond a year—longer than anyone supposed that he could stand it. It was announced last week that he had taken over the valuable newspaper property and was again the high boss in the direction of that most excellent publication.

Co-incident with this interesting announcement comes the news that on last Saturday in Alexandria, Va., Mr. Varner was married to Miss Evilyn Pierce, of Jacksonville, Florida. The host of friends of this active business man, who has made a wonderful success, will wish for him good fortune, long life and happiness as expressed in the many congratulations extended him by his friends and especially the craft, with whom he is very popular.

* * * * * * * *

A LADY MAYOR.

The once biggest town—it was so in the years back when we studied North Carolina geography—now has a woman mayor. When the lovable and earnest Jas. H. Cowan died a few days ago in the middle of his term as mayor of Wilmington, the town council quickly and unhesitatingly elected his widow, Mrs. Cowan, to the vacancy. Mrs. Cowan will serve out her husband's term; and the probability is that she will make the City by the Sea sit up and take notice in such a manner that she may be called upon to serve out a term of her own.

Mrs. Cowan enjoys the distinction of being the first woman mayor in North Carolina, and we may just as well prepare ourselves for more of them. Why not a woman mayor, anyway?

A REAL MAN TACKLES A REAL JOB.

Hon. Josephus Daniels spent a time in Avery county, the so-called "baby county" of the State. While there his eyes were opened to a marvelous achievement by a real man, who mangnified his job and manifested a faith in the people, having a consciousness that a responsibility rested upon him. This record, which Mr. Daniels so vividly describes, should prove an inspiraton to the very timid and the contented ones who are charged with the responsibility of giving to the rural child a square deal, fitting him and her for the grave duties of intelligent citizenshp.

As you drive into Newland the first object to attract your attention is the schoolhouse on the hill.

That schoolhouse and the fact that there is not a school district in Avery county lacking an eight months school term tells the story of Prof. Frank Edmondson. Almost always you can trace back to the wise zeal of some one man or woman, or a few, the foundation of everything that endures. Somebody must envision the great idea, must live it and make sacrifices for it. Avery county is as contrasted with counties in Central North Carolina, sparsely populated. Much of its land is mountainous, though its valleys are rich and beautiful. It has no industries that pay large taxes, so that, having eight months schools in Avery county, means that the people themselves of small property holdings must pay the main cost of them. Natural people do not love to pay taxes. Even for good purposes they are slow to rush up to the sheriff's office, and, with a glad and smiling face, hand over the money to be spent for public purposes.

The youngest county in the State, Avery, sets an exampple of solid foundation in its educational work that many of the larger and richer counties might imitate. Travel where you will in North Carolina and it is rare that you will find in any one county that all its schools have an eight months term, but I am told such is the case in Avery. What is the explanation?

The explanation is Frank A. Edmondson. He came to this county some years ago and made a survey of its educational system. It was a new county. Perhaps he and the progressive citizens of Avery who stood with him (and there are many of them who did though there were others that were not so progressive) thought that a new county ought to make experiments. At any rate, the plan of having an eight months school all over the county and other methods of progress were set in motion and overcame much opposition. The policy which saw that the county could not prosper in a large way unless its children were educated succeeded. The fine building in this little town of a few hundred, sitting on a high hill, is a symbol of the faith of the forward looking parents of Avrey county, plus Frank Edmonson, and when I say plus Mr. Edmonson, I mean to set him down as an outstanding figure in the big development in the newest North Carolina county. I may truly say that Edmondson in Avery county, and Charles

L. Coon, of Wilson county—one in the mountain section and one in the eastern coastal section—have probably done more to revolutionize education than any two county superintendents in North Carolina. In saying this, I do not mean to pick out these two men, for I have no doubt there are others whom I do not now recall to mind whose work has been quite as commendable, but when Mr. Coon undertook to revolutionize the work of education in Wilson county, he could not have succeeded if he had not had a tenacity of purpose, linked with a vision that caught the imagination and secured the co-operation of those parents who put the child above everything else. Indeed, the man who does not put the child above tax and dollars and business and trade and roads and everything else fails to see the real big thing that must be first achieved in North Carolina before the State can enter into a large development.

"But Mr. Edmondson did not have easy sailing," said a citizen of Newland. "There were plenty of people who did not see ahead and did not co-operate with him and there were loads of old timers who said that this newcomer could not carry through his plan for an eight months school. But when he got to the fathers and mothers it was carried through and it stands as a monument to what North Carolina people are doing who are under leaders of vision." My informant went on to say that Mr. Edmondson was not so very popular and there was a movement to get him out of office. I do not know whether he saw what was under way or not, but when some people, whose plan it was to get another superintendent, thought they were about to "get him," he suddenly resigned. Then those who had been wishing to supplant him said "these new-fangled ideas did not go." They woke up, however, to find that Mr. Edmondson had been kicked upstairs and had been promoted to a position of importance in the office of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction where he is now doing a fine work.

But if Mr. Edmondson was not generally popular when he was consolidating districts, the attitude has changed now because his plan works well and because mountain men respect a man who is not afraid. In the days when there was much apposition to the consolidation plan, Mr. Edmondson received an annoymous letter containing a picture of a skelton with a noose around its neck and a hole under the heart. These words were written: "Unless you let us have our district and vote off the tax this is what will happen to you."

It was a hard contest and the local taxes voted by the districts were not accepted. The county commissioners opposed the new policy, and allowed a rebate to every taxpayer on all the taxes in the local tax districts. But this did not last long. Mr. Edmondson led to prevent the refund, and now the people would not go back to the old system.

Perhaps nothing better illustrates how Mr. Edmondson managed finances for schoolhouses than this incident: One day a man, who had been arrested and convicted for fighting and been fined went right from the magistrate's court to see the superintendent of schools and said: "Schoolmaster, I have just contributed $10 to the public schools. See that the children get

the money.'' Ten dollars was the amount of the fine. In Avery and other counties some years ago the fines, which by law go to the school fund, were not always so applied. Magistrates did not always make report of the fines collected and send the money to the county treasurer. In the year before Mr. Edmondson took charge of the Avery county schools only $150 of fines and forfeitures were turned into the school fund in this county. In the last year of his incumbency the amount was $7,000. This does not mean that the people fight and pay fines to help the schools. It does mean that crime is detected more than formerly and those guilty are fined. ''Those who dance must pay the fiddler'' and the money helps to educate the chilren. The total school fund in Avery is not large compared with rich counties, but in eight years it has increased from $18,000 a year to $48,000.

FATHER OF ALL.

By Douglas Mallock.

To be the father of my son
  Is not enough. I must be more
God has not given me but one—
  A thousand children pass my door,
And I, the old, the wise, the tall,
  Must be the father of them all.

I never thought a lot of love
  That always only loved its own.
We never find the boundaries of
  The love of God that we have known,
  And surely chilren should not find
That only to our own we're kind.

All boys look up to all of us,
  And, by example, we shall mould
The sons of other fathrs thus—
  By ev'ry tale that we have told,
By ev'ry deed that we have done,
  Each father of his neighbor's son.

I pray you, be a dad to mine
  When I, his dad, am far away,
Forever let your light so shine
  No father's son will ever stray—
For we, the old, the wise, the tall,
  Must all be fathers of them all.

HARKING BACK.

By Morrison H. Caldwell, Police Justice of Concord.

When I read Dr. Herring's article in The Uplift reciting his woes and tribulations upon the occasion of his invasion of the little village of Concord forty-two years ago, I realized as never before that I too am growing old. It is now forty years since I came one August afternoon to Concord to "view the landscape o'er," and get acquainted preparatory to a contemplated law practice in the county of my nativity.

Texas was calling loudly to me and I often try to picture how different my life would have been if I had yielded to my first impulse to hit the trail for the golden west. However, I cast my lot with the Concordians, who, take them up one side and down the other, are among the best to be found anywhere. As proof of my sincerity I need only say that I left Concord once for the great Northwest but I just had to come back. I left Concord again for the mighty city of New York and again I had to come back to dear old Concord, and here I am today.

If I were asked as to my impression upon arrival in Concord I should tell the following story: Like my good friend, Dr. Herring, I was ushered into Concord by the veteran bus driver, George O'Daniel, but I made my debut before darkness had overwhelmed the little village like a garment and I was delivered in safety on Spring street where my good friend, Frank Mills, now lives. I had the good fortune to escape the hotel rats which played such havoc with Herring's Sunday-go-to-meetin'-breeches and came so near to putting him out of business, inasmuch as my old school-teacher, Mrs. R. S. Arrowood had invited me to board with her. I also missed the cordial welcome of the then famous host of the American hotel, H. McNamara, whose personality was as prominent as the "man at the square."

I recall that the next morning I went up street and the first Concord man I met was Mr. John A. Kimmons, who at that time kept a grocery store on the corner where the National Bank now stands. I also remember with gratitude that Mr. Kimmons was the first client who ever paid me a fee. He is now the only living man in Concord who was in business for himself in 1884, unless my recollection is at fault. The next man I met was "Brother" McNinch, smoking a long-stem pipe and who had a smile of welcome that made me feel that I had at least one friend in town. Here I met Dr. Chas. M. Payne, the beloved pastor of the Presbyterian church. He and McNinch were as devoted to each other as Damon and Pythias, and no preacher ever had a more loyal or helpful co-worker than was this same Amzi McNinch, the man to whom McKinnon church owes a debt of lasting gratitude, inasmuch as he was its real founder.

Dr. Payne introduced me to the Cannons & Fetzer crowd. That meant the two Cannons, David F. and James W. and Pent Fetzer, the members of the firm, and the two book-keepers, John C. Leslie and H. I. Woodhouse.

I was impressed with the way they did business. Mr. David F. Cannon seemed to me to be the boss at the establishment. He stood around in the store and talked to everybody that came in, while James W. Cannon was buying cotton on the outside and Pent Fetzer was selling clothing in the rear. I was told by Dr. Payne that Johnny Leslie and Irvin Woodhouse were two of the best boys in town, and in the after years they both have justified Dr. Payne's estimate of their high characters.

Early in September I got my license to practice law and I rented from the late G. W. Patterson the very office in which Dr. Herring made his start. It was next door to the offices of the late Col. Paul B. Means, who at that time was running for the State Senate and had quite a following among the prominent men of the county. The Colonel was much more interested in politics than in his law practice. While waiting in this little office for the clients to come, I came in contact with many of the friends and campfollowers of Col. Means.

I shall never forget a dismal afternoon when I was almost discouraged as Herring at the outlook. After knocking repeatedly at Col. Means' door an old woman came to my door, walked in and proceeded to "make herself at home." I was not interested in her line of conversation and yawned unitentionally in her presence. Thereupon she gave me one of the worst knockouts I ever received. Placing her hands upon her hips and gazing intently into my face for a full minute she said: "Young man, I know what's the matter with you. You're liver-growed, that's what." I demurred but with evident embarrassment for she continued: "O yaas, you needn't say you haint fer I kin tell by the color o' yore eyes that you air jes nacherly ruint, but I kin cure you ef you'll git some o' my roots an' yarbs." I told her I had important business with Col Slough, the sheriff, and I went down the stairs as fast as Nev Fetzer got down the stairs from the New South Club the night of the earthquake.

That same winter while Col. Means was in Raleigh, in attendance upon his legislative duties, another friend of his called to congratulate him. I first saw this old fellow as he trailed up the middle of the street behind a little one-horse wagon with a lot of fat "lighturd" by which token I knew he was from Stanly county, for be it known that in those days Concord was a great trading point for the people of Stanly county who camped in our back lots at night. Presently this old fellow appeared at the Means office and upon being informed that Col. Means was still in Raleigh, he proceeded to deliver the following discourse: "What mout be your name? Wall I jas cum up to see Paul. I was down to the lick (Big Lick) tuther day and sum of em was er tellin as how some fool down thar at Raleigh was er tryin to put a tax on de dogs. An' dey sayd as how Paul stood right square by de dogs, so I lowed I'd cum in an' tell him dat we was all fer him."

These experiences led me to change my office and I moved down to the little office that stood where now stands the City Hall. Will Johnson had been running a restaurant and fish emporium in the building prior to my occupancy. I had a big law

sign painted and hung over the street in front of my door this strange devise

"M. H. H. CALDWEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW."

But I was not to escape from the gentlemen from Stanly as witness the following incident: One afternoon as I sat in a revolving chair I heard the tread of heavy feet and expectantly turned to welcome those clients. "Say, Bud, git us up some fish quick." In amazement and indignation I rose and towered to my full height, not in sections but all at once. In fact, I suspect I really stood on tiptoe to impress them with my dignity. In my most earnest and far-reaching tones I exclaimed: "What do you mean? Are you drunk? This is no fish stand—no restaurant." The spokesman, who had left the door open, stepped back to the door and casting a look at my law sign, apologized in this fashion: "Waal, sir, ef I didn't make shore that thing thar sayd: "Meals at all hours."

My friend, Dr. Herring, was then just across the street on the corner where the skyscraper now stands. The doctor also had his troubles with some of his out-of-town patients. One day the whole down-town section from the Lutheran church up to Billy Cook's store was aroused by blood-curdling yells coming from the inner office of Dr. Herring. A woman was having a tooth pulled. When about twenty of us arrived on the scene, we saw without doubt two of the ugliest faces we had ever gazed upon up to that moment. The woman was sputtering and spitting blood and screaming to beat the band and our friend of the philosophic Sampson-blue strain was the most disgusted mortal I ever saw. When the doctor reads these lines he will still grit his teeth at the memory of that hysterical scene.

Among the unique characters of forty years ago in Concord were the following: Dr. Dan Fink; Jim Long, auctioneer; John M. Long, ex-mayor, a brilliant but erratic lawyer; and Tom Eagle. Out in the county were the famous weather prophet, John McAnulty; the strong man, John Means; and many other citizens of strong personalities and striking individuality.

I soon discovered that Cabarrus in the realm of politics was in a class by itself. The claims to office were original oftentimes. I recall that one man claimed an office because he had lost money by the purchase of Confederate bonds and thought the people should give him a county office to pay him back. Another was a condidate for sheriff and in his platform agreed to spend all his spare time teaching the children of the county English grammar.

Soon after my arrival in Concord I was importuned by the late P. B. Fetzer to act the part of Bluebeard in an entertainment for the benefit of the church. I did not have the nerve to decline to sacrifice myself on the altar of the church hence I submitted with fear and trembling. My costume on that occasion was a make-up that some of our moving picture directors would pay good money to secure. I never saw the original Bluebeard, of course, but I feel safe in saying that he never in his wildest moments surpassed the ferocity which I assumed as I grasped my victim by the hair. It was well worth the price of admission, which to be entirely can-

did I believe was only a quarter!

My next theatrical venture was in a play produced in the courthouse by a company of Concord society young folks. Miss Florence Slough was the heroine and John Bell Sloan the hero. I played the paprt of Montana, the cowboy and miner father of the heroine. Of course I was provided with a white beard and my voice was aged with emotion and the responsibilities of parenthood. Henry Ritz was stage manager. He built the stage on top of the railing on the bar. He also painted the stage scenery and that drop-curtain I can still see when the sky is clear and the sun shining! That closed my dramatic career. I knew when I had enough.

This picture of how Concord amused itself forty years ago would not be complete without a reference to the Vesper Club organized soon after I came to Concord. I was chosen editor of The Vesper Chimes, a weekly written publication of the proceedings of Concord's "Smart set." Our friend, Dr. Herring, had by this time developed into a regular society man, for he was the very life of the Vesper Club. His huckleberry diet in youth back in Sampson caused him to scintillate and scatter sunshine. This Club has to its credit the mating of three of Concord's happiest couples, honored and outstanding families in the community.

I was about to forget to relate that when we had our amateur theatrical we sent Peter McGhee, a notable colored celebrity, all over town ringing a bell and calling out in clarion voice his own unique and original description of the characters in the play. His performance of his important duty invariably brought the housekeepers to their front doors. (Housekeepers in those days were to be found at home.) No modern department store advertiser ever managed to reach the population as we did with our peripatetic proclaimer, Peter McGhee.

The youth of the town, I fear, with their modern means of amusement and recreation, will never fully realize what joys and pleasures fell to the lot of the now gray-heads and matronly matrons, who made up the young, social life of the little village of Concord forty years ago. That they may know something of those days, is the occasion of this frank confession.

There is not a lazy bone in the body of a man who cultivates four acres year after year to make a bale of cotton. He is a spendthrift of his time and wasteful of what little property he has. Of course, such a man has very little property to waste.—Progressive Farmer.

A WOMAN'S LETTER FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. H. E. Monroe in The Lutheran.

The Prospect

as it seems at the capital of the nation. Things seem so divided that at this point it looks much as if the matter of who shall be President and Vice-President may have to be referred to the House of Representatives, and it is worth reviewing our history to know just what would occur then. It is now 135 years since George Washington was elected President of the United States. In that time several serious troubles have occurred. The first one was between Jefferson and Burr. Hamilton, in a great speech, said: "It is better the country should fall into the 'fangs' of Jefferson rather than those of Burr." (See Elson's History of the United States, p. 372.)

The next trouble came in 1824 when there were four candidates in the field, Jackson, Adams, Crawford and Clay. In the fall election none received a majority of the electoral vote so the election was referred to the House of Representatives. Do take notice that either of the three men now before the country would make a good President of the United States. The twelfth amendment of the Constitution authorizes this solution of the difficulty and although Jackson had the most votes of the four candidates yet the House elected John Quincy Adams. Adams served only one term as President. (He was afterwards elected from Massachusetts a member of the House and served about seventeen years as a most useful scholarly man in the House—and virtually died in the House of representatives. Though Mr. Adams was a very superior person, his manners were cold and formal and he was not re-elected. Jackson had a triumphant succession to the Presidency. We had no unusual trouble then till 1876, when the disturbance arose between Tilden, of the Democratic Party, and Rutherford B. Hayes, of the Republican Party. I was present at the Republican Convention at Cincinnati as a writer for the Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette, but sat with the Representatives of Kansas, most of whom at that time were my personal friends. I heard Robert Ingersol make his famous speech naming James G. Blaine as the candidate of the Republican Party. He called Blaine the "Plumed Knight" of the Western Continent. After that little burst of eloquence what seemed like the whole convention rose to its feet and yelled and cheered like mad.

Lawyer Webb, of Kansas, sat next me. I had over my shoulders a little red silk shawl. He grabbed that and waved it for fifteen minutes, shouting for Blaine in the enthusiasm of the hour, but eventually it became plain a new man must be chosen and after many hours Rutherford B. Hayes was nominated. At the same time Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, was the nominee of the Democratic Party and at the election in November received 184 electoral votes against 163 for Hayes, but there

were disputed votes in South Carolina 7, Florida 4, Louisiana 8, Oregon 3. What we call the carpet-bag regime was yet in force, and those Southern votes were so managed that it appeared Hayes was nominee. Of course the political feeling ran high, and to me it seemed we were near civil war, when Congress passed a special act creating an electoral commission which was to consist of five members of the Supreme Court of the United States, five members of the Senate and five of the House, hoping to get a body that would do absolute justice without regard to party and that commission voted 8 for Hayes and 7 for Tilden. If Mr. Tilden and Sam Randell, of Pennsylvania, at that time Speaker of the House, had not been men of unusual poise, civil war would surely have been precipitated at once, but these two men regarded the prosperity of the country as worth more than the Presidency, although they and nearly all Democrats believe even to this day that Tilden was really and truly elected to be Chief Magistrate. But the affair worked out well for the South as it drew Northern sympathy to them, all United States troops and carpet-baggers were withdrawn, many families went South to live and the country has been more one country than before so that now many laws have been changed concerning elections and we hope integrity is the desire of the leaders even before success. Mrs. Hayes was the first woman in the White House who did not offer wine even at receptions and she avoided decollette costume and dresssed more modestly than any woman in the White House before or since. To this day, no Republican and Democrat can talk of that electoral commission without almost instantly showing temper which tells a good deal. All the above history would indicate that although the disputed election is due in the House, yet Congress may find some other solution.

O Squash!—My Sweet Potato: Do you carrot all for me? My heart beets for you. You are the apple of my eye. If we cantaloupe, lettuce marry. We will be a happy pear.

OUR THREE BILLION DOLLAR DAIRY INDUSTRY.

By Earle W. Gage.

The American dairy cow is the most productive animal in the world. Thirty million diary cattle, on 4,500,000 farms, produce more than three billion dollars' worth of food for man. From the time the first cows were landed on American soil, at Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 1525, there has been a steady, rapid increase in the development of the American dairy industry.

We little appreciate the great debt we owe to the queenly cow. During the Dark Ages of savagery and bar-

barism, we find her early ancestors natives of the wild forests of the Old World. As the bright rays of civilization penetrated the darkness of that early period, and man called upon the cow, she came forth from her seclusion to share in the efforts that gave us a greater nation and a more enlightened people.

For 2,000 years the cow has revealed her allegiance to man, responding nobly to all that was done for her. In 1493, when Columbus made his second voyage to America, the cow came with him—and from that time to the present day she has been a most potent factor in making our country the greatest nation in the world.

Her sons helped till the soil of our ancestors and slowly moved the products of the soil to market. They went with man into the dense forests of the New World, helped clear them for homes, and made cultivation possible for coming generations—and when the tide of emigration turned westward, they hauled the belongings across the sun-scorched plains and over the mountains to new homes beyond.

Thus, the cow has become man's greatest benefactor here in the United Statets. Hail, wind, droughts and floods may come, destroy our farm crops and banish our hopes, but, from what remains the cow manufactures the most nourishing and life-sustaining of foods.

The good dairy cow will produce much more human food from the same amount of feed than will the beef steer. She converts rough forage, unfit for human food, into milk, a food absolutely necessary for the growth of children and the health of adults. Experiments have shown that growing animals cannot live without the stimulating elements found abundantly in milk and its by-products.

And the dairy cow is the great conserver of our soil fertility, upon which depends the present and future supply of the nation, and the prosperity of the people. One ton of wheat sold by the former represents a loss of more than $8 worth of soil fertility. In other words, the farm supply of essential fertility has been decreased that much. One ton of butter, on the other hand, contains less than 50 cents worth of plant food, which means that the land has suffered $7.50 less than with the production of the ton of wheat.

Milk is nature's complete food, and it is a notable fact that the peoples of the world who are the heaviest consumers of milk and dairy products are leaders. The American cosumes 50 gallons of milk per capita per year. The quantity of butter consumed is also increasing, having reached 16.1 pounds per capita, or an increase of 10 per cent in a year.

Although the American people are large eaters of butter, compared with Europeans peoples, they consume a relatively small amount of cheese. The consumption of cheese is about 3.8 pounds per person, while in some European countries it is four and five times this amount. As the average American cow produces about 4,000 pounds of milk per year, this makes nearly 1,000 pounds available for each person, in the form of milk or some of the various products of milk.

Cows were part of the necessary equipment for establishing permanent settlementts in the New World.

The same cows produced work stock, beef, milk, butter and cheese for the settler and his family. As commerce and manufacturing developed villages and towns became too large to be supplied by the "family cow," trade developed a demand for butter and cheese to provision ships, to supply the West Indies and the needs of the continental colonies not producing enough for their own use.

The date when the first cattle were permanently established in the United States is still in doubt. Cattle were landed at Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 1525, and produced what were later known as "Texas" cattle. It is definitely known that cattle were landed at Jamestown, Va., in May, 1611, and that one bull and three cows were landed at Plymouth, Mass., in 1624.

In the American west there is no authentic history as to the first cattle, but the friars at the various settlements had large herds at an early date. These early herds were not well cared for either as to proper feed or shelter; however, they continued to multiply and spread over the country.

The export statistics of 1790 furnished the first definite measure of the productivity of dairying in the United States. These figures indicate that the New England states, New York and Pennsylvania were producing considerable amounts of butter and cheese in addition to what was consumed at home. Other states contributed small amounts, which in 1790 permitted sending abroad 670,000 pounds of butter and 145,000 pounds of cheese.

By 1790 a few cities had become large enough to furnish markets for large amounts of butter and milk. New York had a population of 33,000, Philadelphia 28,000, and Boston 18,000. After the War of 1812, manufacturing and commercial centers grew rapidly along the Atlantic coast. Butter and cheese production developed in the back country as transportation developed. The opening of the Erie canal and other waterways connecting the Great Lakes, encouraged the development of dairying for butter and cheese in New York, Vermont and Ohio.

The census of 1840 reportted the value of our dairy products as $33,787,000, or less than the present-day value of the dairy products of Iowa, reduced to the same monetary basis. The decade of 1840-50 witnessed the opening of railroad transportation of milk. The first shipment recorded was made as an experiment in 1842 from Chester, N. Y., to New York City, and proved so satisfactory as to open a new era in food distribution which has expanded to enormous proportions in this age.

The factory production of cheese developed earlier than the factory production of butter, due to the fact that the early pioneers made their own butter at home. Condensing milk had been in an experimental stage since 1800, but it was not patented until 1856. Milk powder was first made in 1810, although it was not until the recent war that its manufacture became extensive.

The improvement of sanitary conditions on diary farms has been amazing. Comfortable, sanitary stables are the rule rather than the exception; cattle diseases have been carefully and vigorously combated, efficient dairy machinery has been developed, and cleanly methods are widely ap-

plied.

The discovery that heat would kill harmful, disease-producing bacteria in milk led to the widespread application of pasteurization, in which process milk is heated to 145 degrees, F., and held at that temperature for half an hour, this being known as the "holding process." Pasteuriazation has become one of the greatest safeguards of our modern milk supply. It has also greatly aided in the manufacture of dairy products of higher grade. The delivery of milk in sterilized bottles has eliminated many of the objectionable features of milk distribution.

The extension of refrigeration and transportation facilities has enabled the dairy farmer to ship milk greater distances and insure the manufacture of more satisfactory products. This improvement in quality has resulted in an increase in the consumption of dairy products, due to their uniformity, greater safety, and increased palatability. Milk is now shipped more easily 500 miles from farm to city than it could be handled 50 miles a century ago.

Dairy farmers are realizing that the stability of the industry rests largely upon the economy and wholesomeness of highgrade milk and cream. This is reflected by the rapid trend toward higher degrees of sanitation wherever dairy products are produced or handled.

In the days when dairy farmers were able to sell their milk to local consumers, the problem of marketing dairy products was not a complex one. But in these days when the milk supply of the New York City consumer comes daily from central and northern New York, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey and Pennsylvania; the Wisconsin dairyman markets his milk in the form of cheese through some retail store, possibly in Texas; and certain periods of the year Pacific coast butter finds a market along the Atlantic seaboard, some idea of the changes which have taken place in marketing methods may be gained.

Along with the growth of cities has been a like developement in the size and extent of the dairy industry, and the manifold changes which have taken place in marketing and distribution have not occurred without the introduction of many difficult problems.

The increasing demand for milk by rapidly growing cities and the development of distant producing territories have revolutionized modern dairy transportation methods. Milk being a perishable food product, is one of the most difficult to ship from place to place. Produced over widely distributed areas, often in small quanties, it must be transported daily to the very doorstep of the city consumer. The service must be regular and rapid. Delays mean deteriorated product. Futhermore, milk must be kept cool or it will sour quickly and become unsuitable for use as fluid milk. A common method of keeping milk cold in transit is by means of a refrigerated car containing cans af milk covered with blocks of ice.

One of the later developments in milk transportation on a large scale is the tank car. These tanks are either inclosed in cars or are separate units, several to the car, wheih can

be removed by derrick and placed on trucks for hauling to the city plant, to be bottled, made up and distributed.

These railroad tank cars, as the motor truck tank trucks, are built on the principle of the vacuum bottle, and milk may be held at a given temperature for several hours, saving the cost of cans and the extra freight.

Highways are used in the distribution of almost every gallon of milk consumed in this country. This is true, whatever form of processing the milk passes through before it is ready for consumption. Many of our larger cities are now receiving the greater portion of their milk supply exclusively over the highways without intermediate rail shipments. Cincinnati, with a daily consumption of 190,000 quarts, receives less than 3 per cent by rail. Kansas City, Mo., with a daily consumption of 133,000 quarts, receives 75 per cent of its supply by motor trucks. Atlanta, Ga., receives about 90 per cent of its daily supply by motor trucks. A net work of motor truck routes delivers 65 per cent of Milwakee's 120,000 quarts of milk each day.

That milk and many by-products may be marketed most advantageously, co-operative organizations of dairymen have sprung up all over the continent. The largest number are found in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa, while the Dairymen's League, which supplies New York markets, comprises nearly75,000 eastern farmers, being the giant among these agencies.

The league has acquired the ownership of several country and city milk plants, and has entered into the manufacture and distribution of condensed milk and ice cream on a large scale. Surplus milk is also made into butter, cheese, powdered milk, evaporated milk, or such other products as markets make most profitable to produce. The association also sells the product of its members to milk dealers and others wherever such buyers maintain buying and receiving stations.

Ice cream is the universal dish of America, the cow contributing to the basis of this food product. Our annual consumption now is more than 3,450,000,000 pounds, valued at $1,500,000,000.

As an indication of the productive quality of the modern dairy cow, Prof. Larson, of South Dakota, points out that it is conservatively estimated that an average good cow will convert three tons of hay and one ton of grain into 300 pounds of butter, 6,500 pounds of skim milk, one calf and six tons of farm fertilizer in eight months time. At present prices, this means a total of nearly $200 worth of products.

"According to investigation," advises Prof. Larson, "a dairy cow will recover for human food about 25 per cent of the dry digestible matter consumed, a hog about 15 per cent, and a steer only 3 per cent. This, together with the fact that a good dairy cow will return $2 worth of produce for every $1 worth of food consumed, should cause farmers to carefully consider the various phases of modern dairying.

"The products of a dairy cow can be anticipated and realized with a greater degree of surety than in any other one phase of farming. A mature crop of grain and a high price for the same may be anticipated, but sea-

sons and conditions of market may be unfavorable to the realization. Feed for cows, and a good, steady market, are as sure as anything can be in this world of production.

"The returns are also quick. The feed may be fed to the cow and the product realized on, even during the same day. This avoids credits at the store and in the banks. The dairyman is independent and is able to pay his debts as fast as he contracts them, while farmers raising the usual-farm crops are forced to wait sometimes a year for a cash income."

One of the reasons for the present leadership of the United States in the dairy world may be accounted for as a result of the campaign which the Department of Agriculture and various breeders' associations have been conducting for the past decade to do away with the "scrub" animal and replace it with the efficient pure-bred.

The average production of a scrub cow is 3,000 pounds of milk a year, while the pure-bred gives anywhere from 7,500 to 30,000 pounds of milk. It is easy to appreciate how a farmer keeping only half as many good cows can easily produce more than twice as much milk as many scrub cows could give in a year, and how this same farmer would reap the additional profits and thus be benefited.

Nearly 20 per cent of all food consumed in the United States comes from the dairy cow. The dairy industry represents an investment of more than $9,000,000,000.

EFFICIENT EDUCATIONAL METHODS.

Oxford Friend

Newspaper dispatches say that one-teacher schools are disappearing in Kentucky at the rate of nearly seven a week. Probably that is overshooting the mark, but it is easy to believe that larger schools are supplanting the little antiquated schools of "Old Kaintuck"; are rapidly giving way to better systems. That is what is taking place over the country. An older generation has bitterly fought the innovation. Romance and pocket-books have not taken kindly to the idea, but practical commonsense and a vision of future good is carrying the day.

The public school system is far from being perfect. It is in process of development, but it is set in the right direction. The growth is sure and steady. When one considers how poorly has been the educational system in the past and looks at it today it is impossible to have any other feeling than that of satisfaction and pride. The American educational institutions are the most efficient in the world; nowhere else is the child of the masses, no less than the child of the more wealthy classes given such a fair chance.

Formerly there was lack of opportunity. Now it is the other way. Public sentiment has not been developed to the point where full advantage is taken of the opening. The

proper support is not given the public school system. Some people, because they think they are taxed too much, others because of propaganda purposely directed against the schools, backfire and actually try to discredit what is being done to educate all the people.

The little one-teacher school has been made one of the main arguments of agitators attempting to make people dissatisfied with public schools in rural districts. Yet in spite of opposition consolidation is taking place every day. It works. If in North Carolina, for instance, an attempt were made to break up consolidation where it has been operation any length of time and bring back the small schools an upheaval would take place. Among the number to fight such a contingency would be many of those who originally fought with bitterness the work of consolidation.

Schools are getting better every year. The people see the improvement taking place. They are suporting the educational system better and the results are plainly to be seen. The situation will not be as it should, however, until all the people unanimously give the system the best support of which they are capable. The school is the country's greatest institution; its condition largely determines the condition of the country as a whole.

"HE AIN'T HEAVY."

By Roe Fulkerson in the Kiwanis Magazine.

At times I wish this page was illustrated. I want you to see a picture that I am going to try to paint with words. First let me recall to you how a crane's knees look; how knobby they are when compared with his slender legs? We see the same structure in young calves, colts and boys around twelve or thirteen. Their joints seem to grow out of all proportion to the size of their legs and it makes them look weak, awkward and wabbly on their pins. A small boy I want you to visualize was in this stage of development. His short Boy Scout knickers and his rolled-down stockings showed him a spindly and physically weak lad.

He was carrying a baby; one of those fat squashy babies. It was all full of wrinkles and dimples, and where he squeezed it, his arms sank as if he hugged a toy ballon. The baby's head lay over his shoulder and it cooed, blew bubbles and was quite happy as it dribbled down his back. The boy was staggering towards a neighboring park with it when I met him. It was such a big load for such a spindle-shanked boy that I thought of a small tug warping a big liner into its dock or a small ant dragging a big grub home to his hill.

"Pretty big load for such a small kid," I said as I met him.

"Why, mister," he smiled, "He ain't heavy; he's my brother."

I belong to more lodges than Heinz makes pickles. In every one of them we work beautiful degrees intended to impress the great lesson of the brotherhood of man. But not one of all those degrees ever made such an

impression on me as that remark—"He ain't heavy; he's my brother." I have heard the greatest pulpit orators of the day and attended the meetings of some of the world's greatest revivalists. These eloquent educated teachers have expounded the laws of God and praised the universal brotherhood, but none of them ever moved me as that snub-nosed kid with his matter-of-course answer, "He ain't heavy; he's my brother."

Hard-boiled, business men join KIWANIS clubs. The mellowing influence of the brotherhood in our organization changes them from cold, calculating men, almost machine-like in their eternal digging for the pile of dollars which they try to accumulate, to warm enthusiasts of our under-priviledged child work. But we who have to be educated gradually to become human again have missed the biggest thing in life which this simple, unaffected boy had growing in his heart.

"He ain't heavy; he's my brother."

Would we could feel it as strongly as this little codger. We, too, have to carry the burden of some of our fellowmen. We, too, have to struggle along the up-hill path of life with some of the other fellow's weight on our own, spindling legs. And all of us fret and quarrel a bit at the weakness of the other fellow we lug along when he can't make his own legs carry him. Some times he laughs when we help him and then we think he has no business being happy while he is a burden on us!

But from this time forth I am going to whistle as I lug him. Underprivileged child assessment a burden? Its a joy!

"He ain't heavy; he's my brother."

I indorsed a note for a good fellow in hard luck a year ago. He has not been able to curtail it. Three times I have renewed it for him, standing sponsor for his honesty in the bank. I know in my heart I have not been as cordial to him when he come in for renewals as I might. I know he is doing the best he can. I knew he is up against it and some day he will pay. But he was getting heavy till I met that kid. Now I feel differently about it.

"He ain't heavy; he's my brother."

My own KIWANIS club has been spending a lot of money on orthepedic work. It costs money. It has never flagged since, with the assistance of a kind-hearted surgeon, we took it up. No one could feel one of those poor, staggering, little chaps on whom we have had operations performed and on whose weak and wabbly legs we have put braces as a burden. But sometimes we call an assessment a burden. But I shall never feel the burden of any such assessments.

"He ain't heavy; he's my brother."

The little speaker made me think what a lucky person I am. I have a couple of cars, a nice new home, a corking wife and a darling mother. I belong to lodges and clubs and have friends scattered from one end of the continent to the other. Money has never come to me in great sums nor do I care to have it. When I think of how hard it is for some people, less lucky, to get it I know I am blessed far, far beyond my deserts.

I'm going to hold my luck. Life

is a lot like a poker game. You can play on for years, filling almost every hand you draw to; suddenly there comes a change and you will hold nothing but an assortment of blasted hopes and bobtailed flushes. Somehow I am superstitious enough to think if my luck is going to hold I've got to be mighty kind and helpful to the other fellows, not so lucky as I.

So I shall try to be more grateful and less grouchy, try to play them a little looser and not quite so close to my chest, try to look around a little more to see if I haven't missed some places where I could drop a friendly dollar or a happy smile which might give some chap a lift. I intended to remember that spindle-legged urchin and if I have set down even the half of his unconscious sermon you also will not forget:

"He ain't heavy; he's my brother!"

THE OYSTER.

A. P. H. in Punch.

The oyster takes no exercise;
I don't believe she really tries;
And since she has no legs
I don't see why she should, do you?
Besides, she has a lot to do—
She lays a million eggs.
At any rate she doesn't stir;
Her food is always brought to her.

But sometimes through her open lips
A horrid little crature slips,
Which simply will not go;
And that annoys the poor old girl;
It means she has to make a pearl—
It irritates, you know;
So crooning some small requiem,
She turns the thing into a gem.

And when I meet the wives of earls
With lovely necklaces of pearls
It makes me see quite red;
For every jewel on the chain
Some patient oyster had a pain
And had to stay in bed.
To think what millions men can make
Out of an oyster's tummy-ache!

A SUMMER SERMON FROM A MOUNTAIN TOP.

By George J. Gongaware, D. D.

"He went into a mountain apart to pray, and when evening was come he was there alone."—St. Matthew 14:23.

Sydney Lanier,

A Southern poet of brilliant talent, has described the Master's being alone in the mountains. These are his impressive words:

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent,
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him
The little gray leaves mere kind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last
When out of the woods He came.

With a Prayerful Effort

to comprehend the meaning of the Master's going apart to pray and with an earnest endeavor to imitate His example we send you this message, dear friends, that you may know our purpose in going into the mountains. The Master was not alone there, for the Father was with Him, nor are we alone here for the Saviour of men is with us, and it is for His more valiant service that we are here endeavoring to catch new visions and gather additional strength. There is solitude here but not loneliness, for never was there such companionship as one finds in the stillness of God's great cathedral. It is a great mistake to suppose that religion is found entirely indoors. Truly God dwells in temples not made with hands. He is found in the Church in an especially effective way through the ministry of His Word, but he is also to be found by the devout worshiper in the mountains, in the fields and by the seaside, yea, and on the streets of the city if men but open their eyes to see and have their ears attuned to the voice of His presence. we must learn to read our ritual in the faces of men and intone it with the heart, and emphasize it by the voice of earnest testimony, and exemplify it in deeds of loving kindness.

A Charming Feature

of this region is found in the beauty and variety of its trees. The psalmist sang of the vigor and charm of the godly man under the image of a tree—"He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water." How full of promise is a tree! What a mystery, its growth! With unerring instinct it reaches out with roots and branches and finds what it needs to sustain life and to produce fruitage and bless the earth. How it responds to the seasons and to human environment! Have you ever planted

and watered a tree and learned little by little how truly it is a thing of God? Have you read the unique and sober lines of Joyce Kilmer?

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet, flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me
But only God can make a tree.

There is No Promise
of any fruitage or happiness to the man who is godless. Neither nature nor Revelation gives any assurance of blessing to the man who puts God out of his life. There is no rebellion in nature. Only the human heart dares to defy the divine will, but no man divorced from God can live a right life. The student of the laboratory who announces such a possibility had addled his brain by the fumes of his experiments. Man was made for God, and the soul of of man can know no rest until he finds Him and rests and reposes in Him. The man who knows and loves God and walks with Him it is who "shall be like a tree planted by the river of water."

Only they find God in the woods who have Him in their hearts. Only they keep tryst with Him in the mountains, in the fields, by the seaside and on the mighty deep who have already learned to make their own souls His sanctuary. We meet God in the mountains only when we go there for that purpose. "Tongues in trees; books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything"—this is true only to the devout believer in the God and Father of our divine Redeemer. Here one may hold an interview with self, with life, with truth, with beauty and with God, and hear an inarticulate, unfathomence of the infinite. Here God appears as the supreme reality to be recognized and received.

GOING TO SCHOOL IN PANAMA.

By Priscilla Leonard.

From May to December, the boys and the girls in Panama often go to school in the rain, for it rains almost every day. Sometimes it pours in torrents. One day six inches of water fell in two hours, like one continuous sheet of spray.

Because it rains so hard and because it is so hot, the junble grows up overnight, and the children in the country find it hard to keep open the paths to school. If they are neglected during vacation, no path is left through the thorny tangles, which swarm with beautiful birds and troublesome insects. The Canal Zone, however, has been cleared of all dangerous animals, so that there is no peril in the thickest jungle.

Now and then three are earthquakes

in Panama, but they are small and do no harm. There never has been a severe earthquake shock; and no one seems to mind the little tremblings that happen occasionally. No pupil ever need stay home from school for fear of an earthquake.

Uncle Sam owns the Canal Zone, ten miles one way by fifty miles the other way, and he gives all the children free schooling. There are more races represented in the Panama schools than there are in one place anywhere else in the world. Seventy or more different lands are represented in the population. A French child may sit next to an Arabian child, or an English boy may sit beside an Ecuadorian.

There is only one real difference between the children, and that is whether they belong to a "gold" or a "silver" family. The Government pays its highclass white employees in gold, and the rest are paid in silver. The "gold" children have the best of evreything. The "silver" children, who mostly are Negro or Asiatic, do not seem to mind that, as they are content with what they have for there is enough and to spare for every one in this rich, tropical country.

Schools are a rather new thing in Panama—that is, free schools with good teachers. In the old schools every child studied and recited out loud at once, so that the noise was like that of a sawmill in full blast. The American schools in Panama are like the schools at home, except for the queer mixture of pupils from all parts of the world. A bright boy or a bright girl has a good chance of reaching a Government position.

The children live in houses that are darkened to keep out the hot sun, and screened to keep out mosquitoes. There is a big courtyard or patio inside, and the rooms open out on this, and not on the street. A fountain often plays in the patio, and ferns, flowers, big broad-leaved bananas, and palms make it very pretty.

Every Panama child learns two things—that mosquitoes are hatched in standing water, and that they breed the germs of yellow fever. So no water ever stands stagnant in or around the house or yard, and kerosene is used so much to keep down the insects that very few flowers are seen in the tows. The jungle is full of gorgeous blossoms, and there are seventy-five kinds of orchids.

Every girl and every boy in Panama may have a parrot or a monkey or both, for the jungle is crowded with them, ready for the taking. The parrots are as gay-colored as the orchids, and the monkeys can do everything but talk. The Panama children usually have a small menagerie in the patio, and sometimes, like "Mary's little lamb," a pet monkey goes to school, and is turned out just as was Mary's lamb, for a monkey is the most mischievous pet in the world and can upset any schoolroom.

CALL STACEY WADE.

It seems there is no possible way of providing absolute legal protection for suckers.—Greensboro News.

TO THE BOLD THE BATTLE.

News & Observer.

Stories of men who have achieved greatness by study, patience, perseverance, and other admirable virtures are so frequently and constantly told that we are scarcely impressed by them. We know well enough the struggles of Columbus, of Cromwell, of Lincoln; they are ever before us, to give new heart in weakening moments.. We know that the ladder of success is steep and long, and that it must be ascended round by round—barring the capricious intervention of Luck.

Is there anything to be said for the man who has endeavored to clmb this difficult ladder, and failed, time after time, round by round, and now, when it is too late to hope for a high place, finds himself at the very bottom, Is there anything to be said for him who has fought in the face of overwhelming circumstances, against whatever odds that confronted him, and lost?

The bravest fight is not always put up by the hero of the battle. It is far more heroic to keep on fighting when the soul is quaking with the fear that comes when all hope is gone, than when inspired by confidence of victory. A coward fighting is something wherein there is not a little nobility, for he is not only struggling against the antagonist, whatever it may be, but he is fighting a more bitter and relentless enemy, the physical and mental fear which was born within him. Everything that has been gained has meant to some one, and often to many, a loss; to every winner there is at least one loser. Is there nothing, then, to the loser but his own mortification? Not a word of cheer, no hint of praise?

There is a form of satisfaction in the endurance of pain, no matter how severe it may be; likewise, there is a certain grim pleasure in fighting a battle, though the outcome is sure and absolute defeat. For life is a battlefield—it has been so often said—and the most manly man joys in the battle, not for the sake of the plunder which comes to the victor, but for the battle's own sake. The fight's the thing; and he who fights the hardest and endures the longest is deserving of the highest praise, though at the end he may be a wreck, a failure, with nothing in his hands but the bloody and battered sword-blade with which he fought. It is not the reward, it is the effort; not so much the succeeding or failing, it is the trying. "Go on forever and fail, and go on again." In that powerful line Stevenson threw more inspiration than can be found in any story of struggle and triumph that you might think of. Every day of existence brings forth struggle—against your own contradictory will, against the stifling bonds of chance, against the many beings with whom you are competing. The man to be most admired is the one who accepts the challenge of life, and rushes into the conflict, knowing that his innate resources are too feeble, and that he will never see the finish.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr.

Miss Elizabeth Young is visiting her mother, Mrs. Pearl Young.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Flossie Day, of Concord, is visiting her Brother, Mr. J. M. Day.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Herbert Poteat is spending a few days with his people in Salisbury.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Vernie Goodman is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. B. Goodman, at Mooresville.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

James Alexander, a member of the the fifth cottage, is spending a few days with his people in Charlotte.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys did not go to the ballground last Saturday on account of bad weather.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Some of the boys were taken to Charlotte Monday to have their tonsils removed.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The new stoves for some of the Cottages have arrived at the school and will be installed at once.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. C. C. Myers, of Concord, conducted the services last Sunday afternoon.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Floyd Linville, a ?member of the fourth cottage, was paroled last Saturday by Supt. Boger.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The vaccination for the prevention of typhoid fever was completed at the school last Saturday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Garland McCall has returned to the institution, after spending a few days with his people in Lenoir.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Training School band was reorganized last Monday morning. Mr. Paul Owensby, of Kannapolis, has taken charge of this department.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Moody Parker a member of the fifth cottage was paroled last Thursday, by Supt. Boger. And we wish him sucess at home.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. W. W. Johnson and family have returned to the institution after spending a pleasant vacation. Miss Eva Oglesby has been teaching the eighth grade during Mr. Johnson's absence.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys who were visited by relatives last Wednesday were: James Davis, Jack Stewart, Lester Morris, Howard Riggs, Brevard McLendon, James Robinson, Hunter Cline, and Obed McClain.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Boger Literary Society, of the seventh cottage, held its meeting last Wednesday for the election of officers, which was as follows: Donald Pate, President; James Davis, Vice President; Garnie Hawks, Corresponding Secretary; Lambert Cavenaugh, Recording Secretray.

WESTERN

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 4, 1924 No. 46

A HARVEST SURE TO FOLLOW.

Thoughts and deeds like seeds grow, and they will bring forth their harvest of good or evil. This reminds us of the statement of an observing traveller:

"As I sit in the lower dining-room of the splendid vessel carrying me back to America I see barrels being rolled through from one room to another. They remind me of the barrels I used to see in the states by the hundreds, but see there no more. The contents of these barrels come on the table at regular meals and young men and maidens drink thereof. The story is an old one, but does not change very much. One could wish the wish that deepens into the fervent prayer that no bad consequences would result. But it is dangerous to tamper with the laws of nature. Not one of these young people thinks he will become a slave to that of which he is master now. The tears we shed now are the results of what we looked on as trifles years ago, but now has become powerful. We must cure the disease if we would prevent the collapse."

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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AUTUMN IS LIKE A QUIET CHILD

Spring throws herself upon the world,
  A happy child with beaming face;
But Autumn is a quiet child
  Who moves with stately grace.

The Spring demands your love, but Fall,
  Too shy and wistful so to woo
Your friendship; waits—but after all
  She wants it, too!

In every leaf with gold aglow,
  In bare, stark bush and golden tree,
The Autumn whispers, pleading, low,
  "Be friends with me!"

—Classmate.

BROUGHT FACE TO FACE WITH A CONDITION.

Those counties in the state that have enjoyed the services and legislation of school officials that are in sympathy and in tune with the educational spirit that has been manifest in the state for a period of years, will have but little trouble to meet the demands of State Supt. Allen, who has called county school officials "to books."

By way of the Lenoir News-Topic, it is learned that Caldwell county is not

disturbed by this invoking of the constitution and law, by Mr. Allen, because County Supt. Moore makes note of the fact that his board had caught the spirit of giving the rural child what he deserved and had prepared for this demand of the school law. He cited the fact that his board had provided for high school instruction for all pupils having completed the seventh grade, having paid to the high school authorities of Lenoir last year seven hundred dollars as tuition for pupils for miles round-about the town of Lenoir.

Mr. Moore continues by saying that at convenient point in the county there are facilities for taking care of all the rural children in the county in the prosection of their studies in the high school course.. This is more than some other counties in the state can claim; and such counties have a proposition before them in overcoming procrastination and the effects of a do-nothing policy.

The News-Topic in calling attention to this matter that Supt. Allen has impressed on the several county superintendents in the state, comments as follows:

"High school instruction for not less than six months must be provided for every child in North Carolina, no matter what remote or isolated section of the county he may live in, declared State Superintendent A. T. Allen in a letter received yesterday by County Superintendent Y. D. Moore. Discretion is allowed in the manner in which it is provided, but none in providing such instruction for every child.

Hundreds of children every year complete the course of instruction in elementary schools where there is no high school available, and in many counties there has been no provision made for their further instruction. Teaching of high school subjects in elementary schools is not provided for. Mr. Allen finds that hundreds of children have dropped out of school after finishing the seventh grade because there was no high school to attend.

Citing the decisions of the Supreme Court, the constitution and the Consolidated School Code of 1923, Mr. Allen directed the county boards of education to make provision for all children in their counties in making up their school budget for the year, and in organizing their schools for the coming session. Just how they will go about it he leaves to their discretion, but he will insist that they go about it.

Counties that have advanced in the work of consolidation of their schools will have little difficulty. They have available schools where high school instruction can be given. Counties that have not yet developed consolidation, depending largely on one and two-teacher schools, will have greater difficulty in providing instruction."

* * * * * * * *

THE CABARRUS-STANLY SANITORIUM.

The suggestion that THE UPLIFT made relative to the establishment of a

sanitorium for the treatment of the indigent tubercular by Cabarrus and Stanly counties in a joint institution, has been most favorably received by leading citizens of both counties. This attitude is not surprising for our people are coming into a most intimate knowledge that it is blessed to give that it is a higher duty to give than to receive.

Elsewhere in this number is an expression of the Albemarle News-Herald, which sees in the proposition a bounded duty we owe to these unfortunates in the two counties. The Albemarle Press discussed the idea in most favorable terms, carrying along with it expressions from several of the leading and oustanding citizens of Albemarle. What The Press had to say will appear in our next issue.

From a financial standpoint this is not a big undertaking, but in the matter of health and life, for the afflicted and all of us, it is one of the biggest propositions that could engage a forward-looking people, in whom the spirit of fellowship and brotherly love is conspicuous.It is in mind to put this whole matter into a tangible shape, outlining the whole scheme in a business-like manner, and submit it to the public for its serious consideration and the public's approval if the idea develops into what is now believed a feasible and practicable undertaking.

* * * * * * * *

WEATHER.

How many men can pass others in a day without making some remark relative to the weather. In the Summer we are accosted with "isn't it hot?" In the Winter, "my, isn't it cold?" And for the past week or ten days the chief subject of conversation has been the rainy spell.

On this subject the Salisbury Post comments as follows:

> "Weather is the finest thing in the world to start conversation with. Without weather we would have little to encourage intimacy with the fellow next to us; little to complain of in which all could join us with equal interest and soliticitude."

* * * * * * * *

WASTING MONEY.

United States Senator Overman delivered a political address in Lexington on last Saturday. Senator Overman is a stickler for State's Rights, and in this he deserves the approval of all of us. He laments the growing centralization of government at Washington, inch by inch taking away from the states much of the power that should remain with them.

This centralization means more office holders, clerks, lacky boys, copyists,

stenographers and what not. As proofs of this Senator Overman is quoted as having said that there are now 175,000 more federal employes than there were in 1915, and that the cost of salaries has been increased $168,000,000.00.

This condition the senator termed "an oblgarchy of office holding." Reverting to Senator Overman's speech, a North Carolina paper, after commending Mr. Overman's views, thought that the tendency towards an increase of office holders was reaching and taking hold of many of the state governments. It is a fact that a public officer cannot turn off as much work as he could when he was a private—on the principle that the government has to pay more for a given piece of work than a private individual could have the same done.

* * * * * * * *

MORE DEADLY THAN TYPHOID FEVER.

Ben Dixon MacNeill in Sunday's News & Observer makes out a clear case against the Tar Heel automobile driver, who has to his credit a more deadly record than typhoid fever in the state. From the records MacNeill finds that during the past six months the auto driver has killed 111 people, injured 1,728 people with his car, and destroyed during each of the months $250,000 worth of autos.

We got used to horrors during the great war: thousands being killed in a single battle; ships galore being sunk with their precious loads; and murder rampant everywhere. We are prepared to read daily with just a passing thought where cars turned, killing the occupants; where collisions occurred, killing or wounding the occupants; where the driver tried to beat a moving train and failed in his race—all these have not been sufficient to put into the Auto Driver a sense of fear or a consideration for the safety of others.

This thing—this murderous record—connot, must not, continue, or else we lose our proud position among the peoples of the earth.

* * * * * * * *

THE SELECTION MADE.

Th commisssion, whose duty it was to select the five North Carolina Confederate Generals whose figures are to be carved on Stone Mountain, the patriotic preservation of the outstanding figures in the great struggle of the 60's, has definitely concluded its work. The five selections are: Generals R. F. Hoke, D. H. Hill, Stephen D. Ramseur, William Dawson Pender, and J. Bryan Grimes.

* * * * * * * *

A correspondent, the Rev. C. S. McClelland, of Canton, contributes an in-

formative article to the Asheville Citizen about what he terms "Northern Civil War Songs." It is indeed engaging, but the fact that the scholarly writer persisted in calling that great struggle by "Civil" seemed to indicate that he had not long dwelled south of Mason's & Dixon's line. Otherwise splendidly written accounts of the recent Confederate Reunion, in Charlotte, were marred by the splendid writer in overworking the term "Civil War" for "The War Between the States." It's a wonder that Col. Boyden, who was very much present and active in the meetings, did not make note of this offensive designation of the great struggle.

* * * * * * * *

Ma Ferguson is holding her own gracefully and successfully. Some Texas sore-head, smarting under the walloping sister Ferguson gave his crowd in the Texas primary, sought to secure an injunction to keep her name off the official ballot. The lady won before the judge. Texans may just as well get ready to enjoy a woman governor.

* * * * * * * *

Current history: There was a fine, big frost on the wood piles and chicken coops in Cabarrus county on the morning of October 1st, 1924.

A "TURNIN BOARD" IN NORTH CAROLINA.

We are taking the liberty of reproducing a note from Mrs. J. C. Gibson, who is ripe in a knowledge of state affairs and who enjoys the humorous side of a proposition.....Mrs. Gibson's revival of the story which really took place down in Onslow county, now that we are facing more or less doubt as to just how we are to get our next president of the United States, will be relished by those who believe in retribution, especially in the realm of politics.

"Dear Mr. Cook:

The letter of Mrs. Monroe in the last number of The Uplift recalls an incident you may like to read. It was told to my brother, Richard Puryear, by a gentleman who lived in Onslow county, where it occurred. At the next election after R. B. Hayes (familiarly known in the South as "Returning (R) Board (B) Hayes) was inaugurated, this county went democratic by a good majority. It was an undisputed fact that there were more republicans, mostly negroes, than democrats in the county.

It seemed to the government in Washington that something ought to be done about it. A commission of supposedly capable men was sent down to investigate the election. After several days of ineffectual effort to discover fraud, an old negro man was called before the investigating board. The first question was, "are you a republican?" "Yes, boss, I voted—all us niggers voted."

"Don't you think there are a great many more republican voters than democrats in this county?"

"Yes, boss, I knows dey is."

"Then how is it that the county goes democratic?"

The old man hesitated, took off his hat, scratched his head thoughtfully, then said, "well, boss, I low it must be jist dis away—sence them gemmens up in Washington set up a turnin board, dese gemmens down here done set up one too."

The result of the "turnin board" in North Carolina was the same as that in Washington."

There is need of this family feeling and spirit in all our congregations, and it should be cultivated much more than is the case. "You have the cream of society in your congregation," said some friend to a pastor of a rich and socially exclusive congregation. 'No," was the answer, "I have the ice-cream of society." That spirit in a congregation will kill its influence upon people in any community. It is a great hindrance to the very type of evangelism which is a congregation's chief asset.—Selected.

EDGAR ALBERT GUEST, THE PEOPLE'S POET.

By Viola Thompson Hovermale.

Edgar Albert Guest, Eddie Guest, as he is commondly called, is probably closer to the heart of the great mass of American people than any other living poet. Millions of persons daily read his clean, cheery verses, which are syndicated by one hundred and fifty representative newspapers. As a lecturer, he is one of the best drawing cards on the platform. Thousand of people have heard him give a series of readings from his own poems, and you can hear Mr. Guest by radio fram many broadcastinng stations.

Mr. Guest was born in England in 1883, and lived there until he was ten years of age, when his family moved to America and settled in Detroit, Michigan, where he still makes his home. As a boy, he used his spare time to his advantage working in a drug store after school hours and on Saturdays for the handsome sum of a $1.50 a week. That first winter, he bought all his own clothes, which taught him to appreciate hard-earned dollars.

In the American Magazine his article, "What I Owe the Other Fellow," gives the spirit of the man towards his fellowmen. He has climbed the ladder thus far by the help and influence of the other fellow, to whom he gives much credit. He says that no man can be a self-made man. There is no such thing as solitaire in the game of life. To be a great leader a man must be a mixer, and must have followers. He must have friends, and be worthy of them.

While a clerking in the drug store, one merchant, one banker, and one newspaper man were contributing to his life. His course in life has been determined in a degree by the man who spoke first of his talent, and to the newspaper man who spoke first for his talent. He became associated with the "Free Press" of Detroit at the age of twelve. as an office boy, caring for the baseball score board, and there is where the other fellow took an active interest in him. "I have had my share of trouble," he says, "but never have I been in a pit from which I had to struggle out a alone; from that time on, I have always had friends ready to help me."

As a boy, he gathered information from all those he met, the janitor, the patrolman, minister, in fact from every person small or great.

His First Verses

Eddie Guest always had an ambition to do creative work. His first attempt was a bit of dialect verse. This first little poem was printed in the Free Press with the proud author's name signed. The courtesy of his editor inspired the boy to try to write more verses.

From the first, his poems have attracted attention through daily "column" on the editorial page, which he keeps up to this day, under the name "Breakfast Table Charts." The colunm is filled with epigrams, ancedotes, verses, and what not. He has made it a regular habit to write a poem every day for the last ten years.

Mr. Guest was helped in publishing his first book by encouragement of his brother, who gathered together all of his poems and established a small print shop in the attic of his brother's home. Working night after night, they set up eight pages at a time, taking them to the printer. In this way his first book was printed. This first book was published in 1910, and while it did not make him rich, it opened the way for the other books. He now has 150,000 poems in circulation, and more are added from day to day.

His Philosophy Of Promotion

Mr. Guest's education in school was limited, but in the school of experience it has been broad. From office boy up, Mr. Guest has associated with eminent people. He was an unusual boy, and the editor and everyone took an unusual interest in him. His advancement is pictured somewhat in his poems, "Promotion."

"Promotion comes to him who sticks
Unto his work and never kicks,
Who watches neither clock nor sun
To tell when his task is done;
Who toils not by a stated chart,
Defining to a jot his part,
But gladly does a little more
Than he's remunerated for.
The man in factory or shop,
Who rises quickly to the top,
Is he who gives that can't be bought:
Intelligence and careful thought.

"Promotion come to him who tries
Not solely for a selfish prize,
But day by day and year by year
Holds his employer's interests dear.
Who measures not by what he earns
The sum of labor he returns,
Nor counts his day of toiling through
Till he's dones all that he can do.
His strength is not of muscle bred
But of the heart and of the head.
The man who would the top attain
Must demonstrate he has a brain."

Friendships

Mr. Guest has many friends in Detroit. He knows the policemen, bankers, street car conductors, newsboys; and everybody knows him. Wherever he makes an acquaintance he makes a friend. He has a poem on "Friendships That Are Eternal."

"Who once has had a friend has found
The link 'twixt mortal and divine;
Though now he sleeps in hallowed ground,
He lives in memory's sacred shrine;
And there he freely moves about,
A spirit that has quit the clay,
And in the time of stress and doubt
Sustains his friends through the day.

"No friend we love can ever die;
The outward form but disappears;
I know that all my friends are night
Whenever I am moved to tears.
And when my strength and hope are gone,
The friends, no more, that once I knew,
Return to cheer and urge me on
Just as they always used to do.

"They whisper to me in the dark
Kind words of counsel and of cheer;
When hope has flickered to a spark
I feel their gentle spirit near.

"Death does not end our friendship true;
We all are debtors to the dead;
There waits on every thing we do
The splendid souls who've gone ahead.

To them I hold that we are bound
By double pledge to be fine.
Who once has had a friend has found
The link 'twixt mortal and divine.''

Mr. Guest makes no claim to profundity, assumes no lofty attitude for a doubtful distinction of being different. He has clean morals, and it has been said that he never wrote a line htat father had to skip when reading it to the family.

His family consists of his wife Nellie, two girls, Marjorie and Sylvia, one boy, Edgar, Jr., who is called Bud. He has written a poem on ''My Job as a Father,'' in which he says: ''If I don't help my Bud to grow up right, I'll call myself a failure; no matter how much money I make or how big a reputation.'' A part of his job is to play with Bud. He may be busy on his job of writing verses and articles the job at which he makes a living, if Bud says, ''Aw, gee, you are always working when I want to play,'' that settles it. The forty-year-old father limbers up his knees and gets down to the biggest job of his life, which is being a comrade to his boy.

One of his poems is entitled,

Father And Son

''Be more than his dad
Be a chum to the lad
Be a part of his life
Every hour of the day;
Find time to talk with him,
Take time to walk with him,
Share in his studies
And share in his play;
Take him to places,
To ball games and races,
Teach him the things
You want him to know;
Don't live apart from him,
Don't keep you heart from him,
Be his comrade,
He's needing you so!''

Mr. Guest is small of stature, swarthy of complexion, has black hair a smooth face, and an all-embracing smile. He has been offered alluring slaries, but he chooses to make Detroit his home and still be a free man to a certain extent.

Mr. Guest plays the game for the sport of it, as his friends say. He is no star player, therefore most of his time is spent in helping someone. One night he made the mistake of delivering an after dnner speech, and as a result he has not spent many evenings at home. which he regrets.

Mr. Guest is also a humorist. He was president of the American Press Humorist in 1913, and made for himself a name that will go down in history.

He felt the sorrow of the American people when he wrote the poem on James Whitcomb Riley, in July 1916, when the world lost its poet of childhood. With the death of Riley, people said we would never have another poet who understands the people. Today Edgar Guest has the heart of the American people. He understands the heart throbs of life, and he shares them to a degree that we feel.

He drives the gloom away when he writes a poem like:

Ma And The Auto

Before we take an auto ride Pa says
to Ma, My dear,
Now just remember I don't need suggestions from the rear.
If you will just sit still back there

and hold in check your fright
I'll take you where you want to go
and get you back all right.
Remember that my hearing's good
and also I'm not blind,
And I can drive this car without suggestions from behind.

"Ma promises that she'll keep still,
then off we gayly start,
But soon she notices ahead a peddler
and his cart,
You'd better toot you horn, she says,
to let him know we're near.
He might turn out! and Pa replies:
Just shriek at him, my dear.
And then he adds: 'Some day, some
guy will make a lot of dough
By putting horns on tonneau seats
for woman folks ot blow.

"A little farther on Ma cries: He
signalled for a turn!'
And Pa says: Did he? in a tone that's
hot enough to burn.
Oh there's a boy on roller skates!
cries Ma, Now do go slow
I'm sure he doesn't see our car. And
Pa says: I dunno,
I think I don't need glasses yet, but
really it may be
That I am blind and cannot see
what's right in front of me

If Pa should speed the car a bit some
rigs to hurry past
Ma whispers: 'Do be careful now.
You're driving most too fast!'
And all the time she's pointing out
the danger of the street
And keeps him posted on the road
where trolley cars he'll meet.
Last night when we got safely home,
Pa sighed and said: 'My dear
I'm sure we've all enjoyed the drive
you gave us from the rear!'

IN HIGH GEAR.

This is the motor age. The American people are on wheels. There has been a new application of gas. That which has through the ages been employed as a substitute for ideas, has become a substitute for the horse. The speed in travel has thereby been increased seven fold. This should give more time for self-culture, for lives to be broadened and enriched by travel, and for people to enjoy more fully the privileges of home life. But the very reverse is too often the case. People race hither and thither, like some bewildered animal, but too no profit. Many of these aimless wanderers after pleasure do nothing but burn gas, and increase the rattle in their car and in their own heads. It is amazing how people will persist in abusing their blessings. Why not have common gumption enough to use an automobile and not make it an agent for the demonstration of your own folly?—Christian Advocate.

MARY PATTON'S POWDER.

Shelby Star.

In connection with the celebration at King's Mountain on Tuesday October 7th of the battle of Kings Mountain, a story has been unearthed by the Carter County Banner of Elizabethtown, Tenn., telling of Mary Patton who made the gun powder for Sevier, Shelby and Campbell that won the battle, killed Ferguson and turned the tide of the Revolutionary war into American independence. The story of Mary Patton is interesting because she is the grandmother four generations back of Mrs. G. E. Goforth of Shelby R-4 and is told by T. Y. Patton a great grand-son as follows:

This is written relative to John and Mary Patton. John Patton was of Scotch Irish descent. He came to America from Ireland when he was a young man, 1765. Landed at Carlisle, Pa. Served as a soldier during the Revolutionary war.

Mary Patton, her maiden name was McKeehen, was born and reared in England ot young womanhood. By and by she came to America, landed at Carlisle, Pa. After some time she, Mary McKeehen and John Patton married and made their home at Carlisle, Pa.

Under the laws of England of that day boys and girls had to learn a trade. So she, Mary Patton learned the trade of powder making.

The Taylor's Side of the Story

Nathaniel Taylor got to be a brigadier of the Revolutionary war. In his rambling around he came across a young lady by the name of Polly Patton at Carlisle, Pa., she was a first cousin of John Patton. They had a few skirmishes and both were captured. They mutually agreed to make a prison camp by the may of matrimony. So the camp was located in Carter county Tenn. The Taylors before marriage had entered a boundary of land near the mouth of Buffalo creek and surrounding vicinity.

By his marriage he, Taylor, found out by his wife that Mary Patton knew the art of powder making. So Mr. Taylor persuaded John and Mary Patton to sell and come to Tennessee. They sold their possesions and took the price in continental money and lost out. Mr. Taylor built the house or mill to work in. The mill as it was called was built near the mouth of a branch called Powder branch. Mary Patton for many moons made powder at the same place after the war was over. Tradition has it she furnished Sevier, Shelby and Campbell 500 pounds of powder to take to Kings Mountain and never received any pay for the powder she furnished.

It is said the powder she made won the day; hence our independence.

The officers mentioned above met at Sycamore Shoals with their men to begin their march to Kings Mountain, and the outcome of the march and what they did at Kings Mountain battle has been a matter of history for many years.

This story was handed down from a grandson whom Mary Patton reared, too, with S. E. Patton from childhood to manhood. He worked with and helped her in the making of pow-

der. She made powder a number of years after the death of her husband. She made and carried powder across the Blue Ridge mountains before there was a road save a cut-out or by-path. She did this to meet the horse races of North and South Carolina. She sold her powder for one dollar a pound.

Her life was a very active one. She lived the greater part of the time in this county on a farm now owned by James Moffeth, Esq., at the head of Powder branch.

She died on the head of Tole branch December 15, 1836. Age 85 years and was buried in S. E. Patton graveyard. John Patton's age and date of death is lost.

"IT CAN."

There's a thousand 'can't be doners'
  For one who says 'it can.'
But the whole amount of deeds that count
  Is done by the latter clan.
For the can't be doners grumble
  And hamper, oppose and doubt,
While the darling man who says 'it can'
  Proceeds to work it out.

There isn't a new invention
  Beneath the shining sun,
That was ever wrought by the deeds or thought
  Of the tribe of 'Can't-be-doners.'
For the 'Can't-be-doners' mutter
  While the 'Can-bes,' cool, sublime
Make their notions work, till others smirk
  "Oh, he knew it all the time."

Oh, the "Can-bes' clan is meager,
  Its membership is small
And mighty few see their dreams come true,
  Or hear the trumphet call.
But it's better to be a 'Can-be'
  And labor and dream and die,
Than one who runs with the 'Can't-be-dones'
  Who haven't the pluck to try.

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

Asheville Citizen

Much has been spoken and written of "the perfect gentleman" and "the beau ideal of Southern gentleman." He has been limned in prose and pictured in poetry. He has been described as tall and dashing, thickset and dignified, blond and brunet. But all that loses interest, now that we have discovered him in real life. We found him in a brief paragraph in a news story in The New York World, and, more interesting still, he is one of the big men of the day. Regard! Mr. Bernard Baruch, of New York, originally of South Carolina, beloved by Woodrow Wilson, and the beau ideal of Southern gentleman.

Now for the story. It is the custom of millionaires, captains of industry and society leaders to fume, fret and storm when told that one of their sons is engaged to marry an actress. Their technique of rage at such intelligence has been standardized by ancient usage and many newspaper interviews. Their parvenu habit is to insinuate or declare outright that the famous and talented woman thus linked by rumor with one of their callow offspring is a decidedly inferior person, a dastardly and unprincipled schemer, a Circe who charms the gilded youth to turn his pockets inside out for her inrichment, a plotter bent on blasting the career and destroying the happiness of the boy in question. They have "never heard of the person," or they understand she is decidedly declasses, or they "never heard of such brazen impudence," and they will spend the last dollar of their princely fortune before their son and heir weds the adventuress!

But, says The World's story of Mr. Bernard Baruch's return from Europe: "Asked if his son, Bernard, Jr., was engaged to Lois Wilson, motion picture actress, Mr. Baruch replied, 'Unfortunately, it is not so'."

Was ever a prettier compliment spoken? Did ever a man more thoroughly prove himself a gentleman in so few words? Did ever a knight in old days more gallantly bend the knee to lady publicly? In those five words a lance was taken up for beauty, and challenge sounded to all that wretched crowd of snobs and parvenus who think to sneer at genius and lovliness. To seize every opportunity to give homage where homage is due, to ossume every woman fair and sweet to consider the feelings of others rather than one's own—that is to be a gentleman, a Bernard M. Baruch. Ah, that "Unfortunately, it is not so!" It is fit for a king to wear as the motto of his royal house!

It has brought to our homes the wonders and beauties of nature, in true and vivid form. There is no geographical feature of land or sea upon the globe which has not been faithfully and artistically reproduced by photography and made available for our instruction, enjoyment and appreciation.—John Jay Blair.

WHAT'S WRONG?

Durham Herald.

Sober-thinking men and women are slowly opening their eyes to the fact that there must surely be something wrong with our educational methods. Why do they say something is wrong? Because of the results achieved in the young manhood and womanhood of today. Unless something were wrong, better results would be obtained. That is a condition that cannot be dogged. It is a fact staring the American people in the face today. Newspapers have always been in the forefront advocating more schools and better schools. No proposition looking toward providing increased educational advantages for the boys and girls failed to get the support of the newspapers of the country. But, we are now beginning to hear from those same newspapers, only a few yet, but the voice of protest is gradually swelling, and unless there is a change of some sort looking toward better results, there will be a great volume of protest in a short while. There is a feeling, possibly produced by old-time views and fogyism, that there are too many frills on education and not enough solid matter. In other words, it is like some of the modern dinners, a lot of style and show but little real food. There is not the intensive application to definite subjects, but an apparent effort to cover a wide range, the result being a smattering knowledge gained by the pupils and no practical value acquired.

The Asheville Citizen is one of those newspapers which views with some alarm the tendency of modern schooling. It says.

"We are supporting too much educated idleness. On every hand, in front of every drug store are knots of young men who have gone through their high school or college without learning how to earn a cent. Girls and boys who feel no desire to enter the professions should learn useful trades. Now too many of them drift through the school and college terms paid for by State and parents, informing all who question them that they have no idea what their life work will be.

"Germany compels her young to learn trades. If they are not planning to become lawyers, doctors or artists, they are forced by law to develop themselves as carpenters, bricklayers, painter, tailors plumbers or electricians. And Whatever else may be said of Germany, the fact remains that she is the wonder of the age when it comes to industrial skill and productivity per man. We can take a leaf from her book. The actual compelling of a youth to learn this or that trade smacks too much of the tyrannical for Americans, but public opinion and the national need can be made a powerful force in that direction.

It is also a matter for parents to handle. They have no right to let the State pay for their child's education without doing everything in their power to show the child the necessity of his preparing himself to be of service to his country which is also his benefactor. The moment we have every young man and woman,

irrespective of the means of their parents ready to engage in serious, helpful work upon reaching their adult years, we shall have a vastly more efficient nation.''

''The most uncomfortable feeling in the world is to know you are wrong about a thing and too weak to admit it.''

THE ELETORAL COLLEGE.

By Frederic J. Haskin

All of the minute details for the election of a President of the United States, by the electoral college, were not worked out at one sitting. In fact, the statute regulating the casting of the votes, the methods of making returns, and the system of counting, dates only from February 3, 1887. The necessity for this law became painfully apparent in 1877 when both Rutherford B. Hayes and Samuel J. Tilden claimed the election, an issue finally decided by the extra-constitutional Electoral Commission by a strict party vote of eight to seven in favor of Hayes. Following this mandate the two Houses of Congress counted 185 votes for Hayes and 184 votes for Tilden. As the Senate was Republican and the House Democratic, no joint assembly could have agreed on the count.

When the two Houses meet, according to the present law, the votes of the States are read in alphabetical order. In earlier times the roll of the States was called geographically, New Hampshire being first. Two tellers already have been appointed by the Senate and two by the House. The President of the Senate opens the return from each State and reads it. When it has been so read it is open to objection in writing signed by at least one senator and one representative. If such objection is made, no debate is in order, but the Senate retires to its own chamber. In each House two hours are permitted for debate, each member being limited to five minutes.

If the two Houses agree in their determination respecting the disputed vote, the concurrent judgment shall stand and the votes be counted accordingly. But if they disagree, then the votes given by that set of electors certified to by the Governor of the State are to be counted.

As a matter of fact, such disputes have arisen and have yet to be settled. 1857, the electors in Wisconsin were prevented from meeting on the appointed day by a terrific snowstorm. They met the next day. When the time came to count the votes—the Wisconsin men had voted for Fremont and Dayton—objection was made. There was a wrangle and the Senate withdrew, debated the question two whole days, and never did go back to the joint session. But James Buchanan was sworn in because the Wisconsin vote, whether it was counted or not, did not affect the result.

In 1881 the electors in Georgia made a mistake and met on the wrong day. The Georgia vote, cast for Hancock and English, made no

difference in the result. The total was announced as being so many for Hancock, if the Georgia vote be counted, and so many if the Georgia vote be excluded, the making of a precedent thus being avoided.

Arkansas Had No Seal

In 1873 the electoral vote of Arkansas was rejected by Congress because the returned certificates bore the seal of the Secretary of State, instead of the great seal, the State not having secured one up to that time.

There is a great deal of law on the subject of the electors and their votes, but there is not one word in any law to bind the action of an elector in casting his ballot. He may vote for whomsoever he pleases. The risk is his. In 1820, when it was apparent that his action would not affect the result, one Monroe elector changed his vote for John Quincy Adams so that George Washington might go down in history as being the only President elected by a unanimous vote.

The people are permitted to vote for electors only by the grace of the State legislatures. If, prior to the last session, Governor Smith had seen fit to call an extra session of the New York legislature, and if that legislature had enacted a law providing New York's electors be appointed by the surrogate of Schoharie County, that law would have been binding and the people of the most populous State in the Union would have had no voice in the election of President Harding.

What would have happened to Governor Smith and the legislature is another question, not altogether of legal variety.

In the early days of the republic, electors in most of the States were appointed by the legislatures. This plan was unpopular from the first, and State after State gave the people the right to choose their own electors, until in 1828 the only State clinging to this method of legislative appointment was South Carolina, which persisted in that plan until 1860. Since the War Between the States the only instance in which legislatures appointed the electors were Florida in 1868 and Colorado in 1876.

It is interesting just now to recall that in 1796 the legislature of Tennessee provided for the appointment of the three electors of that State by naming in a statute a number of persons of property who were to select the electors in their respective districts "so that the election might trouble the people as little as possible!"

This is quie a contrast from the election in this year of our Lord! There mya be trouble in plenty for people this November.

There are as many members of the the electoral college as there are members of both Houses of Congress, 435 plus 96, or 531. To be chosen President of the United States a candidate must receive a majority of the votes in the electoral college which is 266. It is possible, therefore. in the elecetion this fall, that by carrying even one single State, La Follette will make it impossible for either Coolidge, the Republican nominee, or Davis, the Democratic standard bearer, to secure a majority in the electoral college. Such a result, of course, depends upon what would be practically a tie between Coolidge and Davis.

LaFollette Strength Unknown

It is possible, also, that LaFollette will carry more States than one or the other of the candidates of the major parties, and thus receive more electoral votes than one or the other of them.

This happened when Roosevelt led a third party movement in 1912. Roosevelt carried six States and received 88 electoral votes, while Taft, the Republican candidate, carried but two States and received only 8 electoral votes. Wilson, the Democratic nominee, carried all the other States and had 435 of the 531 votes in the electoral college

Thus it is seen that Roosevelt's running merely had the effect of insuring Wilson's election by an overwhelming majority of electoral votes. In the popular vote, Roosevelt also ran second. Wilson became President although he did not receive a majority of the popular vote, the aggregate of the Roosevelt and Taft vote exceeding Wilson's total.

The question is frequently asked as to what States LaFollette must carry in order to bring about a deadlock in the electoral college and throw the election of the President into the House of Representatives. As I have said, he might do this by carrying only one State. His own State of Wisconsin might suffice. It depends entirely upon how evenly Coolidge and Davis are matched in popular strength.

It is entirely a matter of guesswork to say what State or States LaFollette will or should be able to carry. There is no knowing whether he will develop the popular following that Roosevelt commanded. Roosevelt undoubtedly was more popular in 1912 than LaFollette was, but there is no means of knowing until the votes have been cast whether LaFollette is as popular in 1924 as Roosevelt was in 1912.

As to whether LaFollette's candidacy will hurt Coolidge more than it will Davis, that is also entirely a matter of speculation at this time. One thing is reasonably certain, the presidential contest this year is fraught with more interesting possibilities than any the country has witnessed since most of my readers were born. The result may have a far-reaching effect upon our political and governmental structure.

Our ancient and honored system may hold together, to carry us forward in an orderly way, or it may break down and bring chaos.

THE JOY CHILDREN BRING.

It is the hobby of Dr. Laura Turnau to collect children. She is a welfare worker in Berlin, and her house is constantly filled with little boys and girls for whom she finds homes. "It is a wonderful recreation from the cares of my professional work," the doctor said, "to come home every night with two or three new children tagging at my skirts."

STANLY-CABARRUS SANITORIUM.

Albemarle News-Herald.

Editor J. P. Cook, of the Uplift, Concord, carried an interesting editorial in his publication last week entitled: "An Opportunity and a Duty." The article dealt with the question of Stanly and Cabarrus Counties building a sanitorium for treatment of Tubercular patients and proposes that the old Misenheimer White Sulphur Springs property be used for that purpose. Editor Cook points out the grave need of such a sanitorium and in order that our readers may have advantage of his viewpoint we carry the article in full elsewhere in this issue.

The News-Herald would be very glad to see this proposition put across. As Mr. Cook suggests, the State Sanitorium for treatment of tuberculosis is now full. We know personally of two or three patients, one of whom is a Cabarrus County man and two of whom are Stanly residents whose trouble has been diagnosed as active tuberculosis and yet they have absolutely no hopes of being able to get admision into the State Sanitorium within the next four months. Every one who knows anything about the nature of this dreadful disease will know that a delay of four or five months from the first developments of the disease might mean certain death to the patient. If Stanly and Cabarrus had a sanitorium of their own where patients could be sent for treatment these and possibly many others could immediately enter and no doubt be well on the way to recovery at the end of five months. We do not know whether the County Commissioners of the two counties under the general law would have authority to appropriate funds to purchase and maintain a Tuberculosis Sanitorium, but if not we believe it would be a good idea for the representatives of the two counties to ask the General Assembly to pass an act authorizing such action. It's an awful thing to thing about a person gradually wasting away and dying of a disease that is curable, because such person may not have sufficient funds to pay for treatment, or because all hospitals for the treatment of such cases may be overcrowded. The building of such an institution would not only be a boon to the persons afflicted with the disease, but would be a protection to the general public, because as Mr. Cook in his article suggests, there are many who are afflicted "who are abjectly poor and many of them ignorant, not knowing how to care for themselves or their duty towards others. Thus the dread disease is spread and innocent victims are the result." We hope that the thinking people of Stanly county will take this matter under serious consideration without further delay.

"Three things commonly demand silence: The shortcomings of others; the petty troubles that cannot be helped by telling; and the unkind speeches that are not worth a reply."

HORSES THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY.

Various factors contribute to make the Hotel Des Invalides a frequent center for tourists in Paris. Daily, great crowds go to visit the tomb of Nepoleon and the galleries of the museum where relics of the celebrated Corsican are displayed. In a corner facing the emperor's field tent there stands a white horse who is proud to wear the royal "N" branded on his flank.

It is easy to imagine that the favorite mount is waiting for the small, powerful figure of his master to appear and be carried down long lines of men cheering their general. There are many intimate souvenirs in the room but the faithful little stuffed horse dominates from all It is quite as though he willingly assumed responsibility for his master's possessions until their owners return.

It is possible to discover numerous examples of the devotions of such intelligent animals who have aided in the making of history. Frequently their names are preserved to us.

Plutarch tells us that Philonicus, the Thessalonian, brought to King Philip of Macedonia a horse, offering to sell him for thirteen talents. Philip was impressed with the horse and went into the field to try him. The horse proved so unmanageable and so vicious that no one could come near him. He would not so much as endure the voice of any of Philip's attendants. His owner was about to lead him away as wholly useless and untracable. Philip regretted giving up the superb beast, the black mark on whose white forehead was shaped to suggest the name Bucephalus, or Bull's Head.

Alexander, who stood by, exclaimed, "What an excellent horse do they lose for want of address and boldness to manage him."

Philip was inclined to be annoyed at his son's outspoked criticism. "Do you reproach," he said to him, "those who are older than yourself as if you knew more and were better able to manage than they?"

"I could manage this horse." Alexander replied, "better than the others do."

"If you do not," said, Philip "What will you forfeit for your rashness?"

"I will pay," Alexander answered "the whole price of the horse."

At this the entire company laughed and the wager was settled among them. Alexander went up quietly to the restless animal and stroked him for a few minutes with a gentle hand. As he did so he noticed that the horse was afraid of his own shadow dancing on the grass before him. Turning the frightened creature with his face against the sun. Alexander leaped lightly to his back and, using every means to soothe him, gently brought him under control. Presently when he found him free of rebelliousness and impatient for the course he let him go at full speed, inciting him in a commanding voice. Philip and his friend followed rider and steed with anxious eyes. Seeing the youth ride back triumphant they all burst into acclamations and applause. Philip embraced his son

and exclaimed, "Oh, my son, look thee out a kingdom equal to and worthy of thyself—for Macedonia is too small for thee."

Bucephalus and Alexander soon became fast friends. As a good general in his father's campaigns, Alexander, mounted on his spirited charger, was a figure calculated to inspire the courage of the Macedonian armies. The assassination of Philip brought a kingdom to the young warrior and with the ambition to spread his dominion into the Greek world. With forced marches he hastened to Thebes and by a surprise attack assured quiet in Greece. In the spring of 334 B. C., his restless courage carried him into Asia, then into the heart of the Persian empire. Alexander's later conquest took him into northern India.

Once the horse Bucephalus was taken prisoner by the barbarians against whom Alexander was fighting. The concern shown by the great soldier was so serious that his favorite was returned to him. This famous horse died when he was thirty years of age of a wound received in battle. Alexander mourned his loss as that of a dear friend and built a city as a monument to his memory.

To Copenhagen, the favorite horse of the Duke of Wellington, there belongs likewise the distinction of valor in battle. He is credited with having carried his owner in safety through ten hours of the most severe fighting at Waterloo. Unlike Bucephalus, he did not die in battle but lived to a peaceful old age.

There is no record that Copenhagen enjoyed such regal luxury as did Swift and Spurred. On a famous pair belonging to a Roman emperor, These two horses lived in marble stall. Their ivory managers contained almonds, raisens, and other delicacies suited to the fastidious equine palate.

The biographers of America's famous generals do not neglect to pay tribute to their favorite mounts. Paul Ford tells us that Washington was from boyhood very passionately fond of horses. When he was but seventeen he owned a horse. Jefferson said of him that he was the best horseman of his age and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. His diary shows that he sometimes rode sixty miles a day.

John Hunter, in a visit to Mt. Vernon in 1785, writes that he went to see Washington's famous race horse, Magnolia, a most beautiful creature. A full-length portrait of Washington mounted on Magnolia was made on copper by a famous artist from Europe. During this visit Mr. Hunter was shown the stables, where among an amazing number of horses he saw Old Nelson the twenty-two years of age. Old Nelson had carried the General through almost the entire war. Next to him was Blueskin, another famous horse. During the fighting, Blueskin was not the favorite because he did not stand so well as Old Nelson. We are told that Washington broke his own horses and was a bold as well as excellent horseman.

Like Washington, General Grant was a celebrated horseman. When Grant was at West Point in 1840 a queer lot of horses were furnished the young cadets. One of most dif-

ficult to manage was a big raw-boned sorrel named York. He had a trick of rearing and tumbling over backwards, which proved most disconcerting to the majority of would-be-riders. The rest at last decided that they could do nothing with him. Young Grant, however, said quietly that he thought the horse could be ridden and proceded to show how. No matter what the brute would do except lie down and roll over, Grant stuck to him like a burr. He broke him of rearing by a well-directed tap or two with the butt of his pistol between the ears. Then with inexhaustible patience he began to teach the horse better manners.

"He'll kill you some day," said a classmate.

"I can die but once," is reported to have been Grant's answer.

York soon became known as Grant's horse. When Hersberger, who is described as the pompous type of officer, took control in 1843, he speedily saw that Grant was the most accomplished rider and trainer in the class. Wisely he left him to his own devices. The result is an old story probably best told by General James B. Fry in his "Reminiscences." Grant in his "Memoirs" never so much as mentions the incident. General Fry says:

"The class still-mounted was formed in line through the center of the hall. The riding master placed the leaping bar higher than a man's head. Then he called out "Cadet Grant." A clean-faced, slender, blue-eyed young fellow weighed about one hundred twenty pounds dashed from the ranks upon a powerfully built chestnut sorrel and galloped down the opposite side of the hall. As he turned at the far end and came to the stretch at which the bar was placed the horse increased his pace. He seemed carefully to measure his stride for the great leap which was before him. Then, lightly, he bounded into the air carrying his rider as if man and beast were welded tother."

Professor Copee's descripition of York and his method of leaping adds to the fame of the horse and of Grant's skill in riding him. It seems that in taking a high bar York never did to from the stride as did other horses. Rather as a cat leaps he crouched first then bounded upward. This odd leap is considered the most difficult of all to perform and for the rider to sit either gracefully or securely. For many a year the method and record of Grant and York stood unmatched at West Point.

Like his generous conqueror, we are not surprised to find Robert E. Lee, too, was a lover of horses. Indeed a very real part of Lee's life in the army had to do with horses. He had a number during the course of the war. His mare Grace Darling that he had ridden during the Mexican war was too old for active service. When Lee left Arlington this mare was sent to the White House.

Of all his horses Lee himself considered Richmond the most beautiful. Richmond was a big bay, the gift of the people of city whose name he bore. Ajax was a large sorrel which Lee considered too tall and therefore rode but seldom. In 1862 General Stuart gave Lee a quiet little sorrel named Lucy Long, who became a favorite. At one time this horse was stolen but was later recovered and lived until 1891.

The best known of all Lee's horses was Traveler. One writer has said that Traveler was almost as well known as his master. Sheridan called Traveler a "chunking gray horse." Lee himself has described Traveler in a leter to an artist friend. His terms are indicated of the love he bore this famous horse:

"If I were an artist like you I should draw you a picture of him, representing his fine proportions, deep chest, strong back, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane. Such a picture would inspire a poet whose genius could depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat and cold, and the dangers and sufferings through which he has passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection, his invariable response to the wishes of his rider. But I unfortunately am no artist and can only say that he is a Confederate gray. I purchased him in 1861 in the mountains of Virginia. Ever since he has been my faithful follower. He has taken me to Georgia, the Carolinas, and back to Virginia. He carried me through the seven days of battle around Richmond, at Sharpsburgh, Fredericksburg the last day at Chancellorsville, and finally to Gettysburg and back to the Rappahanock. From the beginning of the campaign in 1864 at Orange till its conclusion around Petersburg, the saddle was scarcly off his back. With almost no rest he passed through the fire of the wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and across the James River. He was in daily requisition in the winter 1864-65. In 1865 he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox Court House. You must know what a comfort he is to me in my present retirement."

At the Second Manassas, Traveler grew so spirited that jumping suddenly he hurt both of Lee's hands, breaking a bone in one of them. Lee was never able to hold the reins in the same way again. He and Traveler were devoted to each other and were separated only by death.

Henry S. Randall in his biography of Thomas Jefferson, devotes considerable space to the great statesman's love of fine horses. He tells us that in his younger days Jefferson, was most finical in his treatment of his mounts. When his saddle horse was led out, if there was a spot on him that did not shine as faultlessly as a mirror, he rubbed it with a clean pocket handkerchief. If it became soiled the groom was severely reprimanded. Jefferson's decided preference was for the Virginia race horse; he did not ride and was scarcely willing to drive any other. He usually kept half a dozen brood mares of highest quality.

Of Jefferson's horses the fleet, the fiery, but gentle-tempered Eagle was the favorite. Jefferson rode the Eagle when he was so feeble that he required assistance to mount even from the terrace which was on a level with the horse's back. Yet this animal was so spirited that when a young kinsman of Mr.Jefferson rode him to meet Lafayette at his visit to Monticello in 1825, the brave old horse became ungovernable. Excited by the sound of drums and trumpets,he bounded in the air so that his young rider was glad to dismount and retire.

On one occasion when Mr. Jeffer-

son was old and decrepit, Randall tells us that a messenger arrived to tell him that a grandson had met with an accident and lay seriously injured at Charlottesville. Jefferson was more than usually feeble. Despite his familys entreaties, he directed that Eagle be brought to the door. The moment he was in the saddle he struck his noble mount who bounded forward at full run. His family held their breath with suspense, expecting that he would draw the bridle at the "notch" where the mountains began to descend abruptly.

But the clatter of hoofs from the rocky pass told the anxious listerners that the fearful race had continued. Eagle and his rider swept by the returning messenger like an arrow, reaching Charlottesville in a time appalling to the courage of the boldest rider in Virginia.

When Mr. Randall visited Monticello in 1851, his guide was an old slave who had belonged to Mr. Jefferson for forty-five years and who possessed a strong attachment for horses. The old retainer pointed out a pass, or rather rough trodden course, on the side of Carter's Mountain. It was by this route that Eagle had spirited Jefferson away when a detachment of Tarleton's dragoons were sent to capture him. The old man was eager to assure the visitor, "It was not until the white coats (such as Tarleton's cavalry wore,) were climbing the mountains that Jefferson had ridden away."

Andrew Jackson, too, was a lover of horses and an excellent rider.

When we read such instances of the devotion of master and horse, the portrayal of the horse in art as the symbol of courage and generosity seems more appropiate. In a horseless age the only way for the horse to attain fame is on the race track. The papers, some time ago, told of an old fire horse, displaced by the motor truck, who ended his life as though in despair at his uselessness. There is something a bit majestic in this supreme protest against the passing of an age when his brotherhood was instrumental in the making of history.

A woman who, like Ceasars wife, is above suspicion, has no reason to proclaim the purity of her life. To do so would be like calling out horn and drum to herald the shining of the stars. When a man proclaims from the housetops, "I am honest," or "I tell the truth," or "I am a gentleman," or "I am no coward," the time has arrived to inquire carefullly into that man's character. For there is an effort, it may be an unconscious effort, to deceive the public and at the same time to deceive himself. Of him who was the embodiment of all virtures it was said, "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street." When a man tells you he is honest, get a fresh grip on your purse; when a man proclaims his truthfulness, call for a witness; when a man asserts that he is a gentleman do not take that gentleman for a model; when a man boasts that he is no coward, know that you are looking into the face of one. For these virtures, like lighthouses, fire no cannon.

—Christian Advocate.

EDUCATION.

How many glittering generalities are recorded in its name. Was not Nero educated? Yes, but not in moral conscience and righteousness. Was not Benedict Arnold educated? Yes, but he had very little sense in patriotism and conscience. Was not the late German emperor educated? Yes, in art, science, literature and even in theology. But few criminals outcrimed him in human history. We have arrived at a time when the word "education" must be definitely qualified. Of what kind is it? What is the student going to do with his sharpened weapons? Is he going to wreck a bank? Is he going to hold up a train? Is he going to set fire to a city? Is he going to murder his neighbors? Is he going to dynamite a great news plant that asks for a square deal in the labor world?

What does it mean to be "educated?" Let some dictionary man speak out. Let some university president tell us whether it means to respect the Constitution of the United States, or to sneer at certain parts of it which you do not personly like. The supporters of our schools, colleges and universities have a reason and a right to ask the presidents and instructors in these institutions what they really mean by education. We know the etymology of the word. We must have something better than that. We know it means "lead out," "lead forth." But Chicago and the rest of the country are asking now with a new emphasis, "What is it that the university is going to lead out—a moral idiot or a sane citizen with a conscience." If sensible men are to be asked for millions to endow the Chicago and other schools these men are going to ask with fresh interest and emphasis, "what sort of citizens are you going to train in your university? Are you going to lay more stress on chemistry then you do on Character? Are you going to fan the central fires of the universe called God and the human conscience or are you going to have sneering professors who make light of these everlasting verities? The men who give money to educational institutions have a right to ask these questions. And it is their duty to demand a satisfactory answer.—Selected.

SOME WISE INSECTS.

By Roy Temple House.

The debate as to whether animals reason is certain to end in a deadlock, with both affirmative and negative still exactly as sure of their ground as they were before the debate begain. Most of the difference is due to a failure to agree as to what constitutes reasoning. The thought processes of all the lower animals seem, it is true, to be infinitely simpler and less varied than those of men; but observers are constantly rioting evidences of surprising cleverness in the denizens of field and forest, and more especially in the tiny, active folk we call insects.

The French scientist, Alphonse

Labitte, saw a wasp chase a big gad-fly and finally catch it. But the fly was heavy, and dragged the wasp to the ground. Victory, however, finally declared for the assailant, who at last succeded in driving her mandibles into her victim's head and killing it; but she discovered when she undertook to fly away with her booty, that the wind was blowing too strong for her to carry it. After a number of futile starts, she finally laid her burden down, and proceeded to cut off the dead fly's wings. When this was accomplished, the surface exposed to the wind was so decreased that she no longer had any trouble in carrying her prey away.

Another remarkable case of insect resourcefulness was the procedure of a colony of bumble bees, who had built mud pillars to hold up a gallery of their nest, which lay along the ground. A heavy rain wahed the earth away from about these pillars, which begin to lean and threatened to fall. The big fellows buzzed a while in council, then went to work and built out flying buttresses from each pillar, propping them up in exactely the fashion a human architect would have advised.

Unlike some humans, insects in general resort to murder only when driven to it by the necessities of the larder. Thus the young of the digger-wasp seem to thrive especially well on the flesh of crickets. A certain mother digger, according to the record of an observer, sallied out to find food for her children, and met and attacked a cricket much harder than herself. The two clinched and rolled over and over, till the cricket was finally subdued. The dogger-wasp had had the discretion to turn herself in the opposite direction from that of the cricket, so that she was able to hold the larger insect's formidable thighs while she plunged her stiletto into its neck. If she had not taken this position, she would never have been able to conquer the cricket.

The cicindela beetle, who is particularly fond of ants, adapts her procedure to the size and strength of the ants she attacks. If she has to do with one of the larger varieties, she waylays a line of them and waits till one of them falls out of line. Then she is on the little thing like a flash; but if she does not succeed in killing it instantly, she drops it and runs, for she knows that she is no match for these determined little bulldogs of insectdom who, when they once get hold of an antagnists with their terrible mandibles will die before they will release hm. If she chances on a line of little ants, on the other hand, she shows no such caution but appropriates one or more without regard to the protests of the others. It is the danger from such marauders which is no doubt partly responsible for the habit which ants have of moving about everywhere in close, cautious files.

This same cicindela has invented a very origional style of trap for catching small insects. She digs a hole several inches deep and blocks the entrance with her body. As soon as an incautious pedestrain steps on her, she gives way and

falls to the bottom of the hole, carrying the unwary passer-by with her.

The philantid wasp will catch a bee and throw it over her back, where it will try in vain to sting through her armor. At her leisure she will then pierce it in the neck in such a way as to leave it in a state of coma. Then she will return to her hole, put down her unconscious victim, and lay an egg beside it. When the egg releases a larva, the newcomer finds his food supply ready at hand, supply and toothsome. Similarly, the bembex wasp, who is slow on the wing, is shrewd enough to disable much more agile insects by slipping up to them when they are feeding, and stabbing them so as to produce anaesthesis and paralysis. Man has thus far found no such method of keeping meat in perfect condition for indefinite periods.

The complex civilization of ant colonies has long been a matter of admiring study. The little beings wage regular wars, with advance-guards and reserve troops. The best fighters are carried to battle on the backs of others, to keep them fresh for the fray. The wounded are carried off by special ant-ambulancers. There are armistices, alliances, sieges, abducsions surprise attackes, ruses and manœuvers of all description avecutions, treaties of peace and what-not. Darwin considered the brain of the ant the most marvelous particle of matter in the universe, and hesitated to except even the brain of man.

Various sorts of wasp and bees live in holes which they bore into trees or posts. An Englih naturalist watched an doynerous wasp dig her home in a wooden upright. She would crawl in and back out a moment later, bringing a mouthful of sawdust, spuit out her load and run back. She made sixty-one such trips in eight minutes, and at the end of that time she came out more deliberately with an air of relief, and kicked the residue out of her mouth with one of her hind feet, like a dog dislodging a bone from between his teeth.

Two megachile bees have been watched by various observers quarreling over the possession of a nest, but they appear to follow scrupulously a code of honor in such conflicts. If the assailant finds his enemy in possession, he will first try to dislodge him by kicking at him. Failing in this, he will call him outside and the duel will go on in the open air, each trying to fly over the other so as to strike him from above. Sometimes they will come together so forcibly that both will fall to the earth, apparently stunned. Each will try desperately to get hold of the other's legs and overturn him, like two catch-as-catch-can wrestles; but the most remarkable feature of the case is that in such arguments they never use their deadly stings. These are weapons to which no gentleman-megachile will resort in an argument with a brother megachile. It is believed that these quarrels always occur over a nest which some third party has deserted, and that one megachile never attempts to dispossess another from a nest which he has built.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr.

Aubrey Weaver is visiting his people in Wilmington.

† † † †

Junius Matthews has been placed in the shoe shop.

† † † †

The boys are all glad when writing day comes, for every boy gets to write to his parents.

† † † †

New Sunday School quarterlies were given out among the boys last Tuesday night.

† † † †

On account of bad weather the boys have not gone to the ball ground for three Saturdays.

† † † †

Paul Camp and Robert Ward are visiting their people in Asheville and Roanoke Rapids.

† † † †

The band is progressing rapidly under the instruction of Mr. Paul Owensby.

† † † †

Presley Mills formally a member of the institution paid the school a visit last Wednesday morning.

† † † †

Herbert Poteat has returned to the institution after spending a few days with his people in Salisbury.

† † † †

The boys were surprised last Wednesday morning when Mr. Boger ordered that the shoes be given out.

The boys who were visited by relatives last Wednesday were: Lester Morris, Clyde Hollingsworth and Leonard Atkins.

† † † †

Miss Vernie Goodman has returned to the institution, after a two weeks' vacation with her parents in Mooresville.

† † † †

Albert and Frank Hill have returned to the institution, after spending a few days with their parents in New Bern.

† † † †

Charlie Martin, formerly a boy at the school, now in the Navy, stationed at Hampton Roads, Va., paid the school a visit last Sunday.

† † † †

Several jobs have been printed for firms in Charlotte. One for Hardaway Hecht company and the other for the Rosner Sales agency.

† † † †

Rev. Lawerence Little, pastor of the Protestant Methodest Church, of Concord, conducted the services last Sunday afternoon. He made an interesting talk and it was enjoyed by everyone.

† † † †

Mr. J. T. Bostic one of the night watchmen is spending a two weeks vacation with his people in Laurinburg. During the absence of Mr. Bostic Mr. Hatem Talbert will have his job.

The Boger Literary Society held its meeting last Monday evening, the debate for the evening was resolved that Education is of more use to mankind than money. It was decided by the judges that the affirmative side won 2—1

The Goodman Literary Society held its meeting last Monday evening. The debate for the evening was, resolved that the country life is more healthful to mankind than city life. It was decided by the judges that the affirmative side won 2—1.

Student—"Has not fortune ever knocked at your door?"

Beggar—"He did once, but I was out. Ever since, he has sent his daughter."

Student—"His daughter, who is she?"

Beggar—"Why, Miss Fortune, of course."—Beanpot.

WESTERN

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 11, 1924 No. 47

WHAT ONE HOME DID.

After a commissioning service, a few months ago, the eager-faced father of the young missionary came forward and earnestly said: "I have awaited this day for years." In a conversation with the pastor, we learned that three children had been entrusted to this home, and had been consecrated to the Lord as earnestly as Samuel of old. The oldest boy ministers to an influential congregation, the second son responded to the clarion call of Foreign Missions, and the third son is a prospect student of the ministry. While in college the financial requirements were so many that the dairy of the small farm was practically depleted, without a murmur or complaint. The boy, arranging to go to the foreign field, realized that the parents were rapidly approaching that period of life when they should be having it just a little easier, but because of the sacrifices so willingly made that their children could be educated for the Master's cause, this would be impossible without assistance. This devoted son offered to forego the career of his choice and his prayers, but the noble Christian mother and father firmly refused this expression of devotion, saying: "We have never been accustomed to much. God will take care of us." After the services, when we called at that humble home, these saints of the Lord said: "We cannot show you blood stock, but we can show you fine boys."—Mrs. Sidney R. Kempner.

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The Uplift

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OUT IN THE FIELDS WITH GOD.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields, along the sea,
Among the winds at play.
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may pass,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

THAT THE PUBLIC MAY KNOW.

There is coming out from the Department of Education at Raleigh a semi-monthly publication, called "State School Facts." This is a contribution by State Supt. Allen of facts that throw light on what is being done down in the

several counties. It is valuable in showing to the people just what their school officers are accomplishing and how they are treating the responsibilites that rest with them.

The second number of School Facts deals with the scholarship of teachers of city schools and rural schools and a comparison between them. Elsewhere in this number we are reproducing what Mr. Allen finds in the comparative ranks of the several counties. It is food for thought and serious consideration. Durham county holds first place; Cherokee, the last place. How does your county rank is a matter that concerns every citizen in the counties.

Our home county does not occupy a proud position in the showing of counties. Why is Cabarrus county's rank in the qualification and preparation of her rural teachers way down the list, four points lower than in the immediately past year. Who is responsible for this condition? Not the public, which discharges it obligations—is not this humiliating record to be placed elsewhere? If so, where?

Why is Stanly 47th in the list, while Cabarrus is 72; why is Iredell 56, while Cabarrus is 72; why is Rowan 61, while Cabarrus is 72; why is Mecklenburg 6, while Cabarrus is 72; and why is Union 34, while Cabarrus is 72. These are natural questions that the Cabarrus fathers and mothers of rural children have a right to know. They feel that their children are just as worthy as the children in the surrounding counties.

There is a reason for this inequality, and somebody is responsible for the injustice.

* * * * * * * *

FUNDAMENTALLY WRONG.

Two positions in the direction of the public school system of North Carolina is fundamentally wrong, and many of the leading educators are beginning to realize the defect, for such it is.

The first lame spot lies in the requisite for two teachers. There are many one-teacher schools in the state, especially in those counties where indifference in administration has prevailed. Long since reliable and trust-worthy educational leadership has vetoed all one-teacher schools and declared them antiquated and inefficient. The law, as now written, makes so many enrolled pupils as the qualificaction for a two-teacher school. This is fundamentally wrong. The number should have nothing to do with it, except in the cost feature.

A school having enrolled just twenty pupils may have every grade up to and

including the seventh represented. A teacher in said school has greater burdens and is less effective than if she had thirty or even fifty pupils enrolled, provided they covered just three or four grades. The proper and correct governing feature for a two-teacher school should be the grades represented by the student body, and not the enrollment. This would precipitate an extra cost, it is true; but it would eventually force laggards in school officialdom, by public demand, to intelligently provide for consolidation of districts, which has been tried out in counties enjoying the services of capable and efficient officials.

But the greatest defect is in the basis of compulsory school attendance. All people have come to recognize the necessity for an educated citizenship to guarantee the success and prosperity of a republic. Education is at the foundation of citizenship. The purpose of attending school is to be educated. Yet this is not emphasized. The law compels an attendance on the basis of years, and where there is a lack of intelligence at the home base many a child may black the board in a kind of school attendance and get by with it, until he reaches the age limit, (fourteen years,) but such a school attendance may not and too often does not accomplish the purpose.

If the law required the attendance of the child until it has completed the seventh grade, and not simply being enrolled in school until it reaches the age of fourteen, there would in the very first year be noticed a wonderful increase in the efficiency of our public schools, in punctuality, interest and application. The goal to be reached is not the age of fourteen years, as the law now make it, but it should be the completion of the seventh grade.

Of course, the maximum age that the state undertakes to give free education, is to 21 years and we feel that in surveys, made by some imported scientists wherein an enormous feeble-mindedness is made to appear prevalent, it is probable that there are some who would never be able to negotiate the seventh grade. But a provision could be made to single out these unfortunates and give them a reasonable means of escape from the requirements of the law.

The state, through its public schools, is not expected to do the impossible—furnish brains to the pupils. Her high and worthy aim is to furnsh proper facilities and competent teachers—for what? Certainly not to entertain in loose manner the children of the state, playing at being educated, until they reach the age of fourteen; but her duty and purpose is to lead them, carefully and effectively, until they have completed the seventh grade—reasonably educated. The aim is learning, not age. This thing of simply compelling the

child to be enrolled in public schools until it reaches the age of fourteen is all bosh and fundamentally wrong. It is holdng up the wrong flag. Make accomplshment, achievement, the target.

* * * * * * * *

OBSERVED IT WITH FRIENDS AND A BARBECUE.

On last Monday, Charles Westbrook Hunt celebrated his 65th anniversary with friends and a barbecue, at his unique home out from Charlotte five miles on the Statesville Highway. His premises were crowded with automobiles, having brought choice friends from Charlotte, his neighbors and from various parts of the state.

Behind his home is a romantic spot, decorated with tall pines, native shrubbery with a touch of autumnal coloring in a riot profusion and myriads of birds twitting their little stories in unison with a perfect Indian Summer day —here one hundred and fifty of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt's special friends had assembled to congratulate the ex-newspaper man on his safe arrival at an age that makes him glad that he is alive, enjoying the companionship of a charming helpmeet and reveling in the possession of hundreds of warm friends, drawn to him in every quarter of the state by his sterling integrity and big heartiness.

At this spot, after a cordial and frank welcome by Mr. Hunt, a response by Mr. M. B. Spier and an appropriate toast to the host and hostess by a devoted lady friend, that happy party of men and women, when Rev. L. D. Thompson had spoken a meaningful grace, helped themselves to their very limit on the choicest barbecue from near-by pits, of source attuned with proper accessories (none of which did violence to the much discussed brother Volstead.) It was truly a feast of good eats, fine fellowship and future hopes.

This is an annual affair these good people pull off, and it is of record that none who have ever attended one of these annual functions of good cheer, hearty congratulations and bounteous eats, have ever died—two invited friends failing to arrive on a former occason have gone across the river. Wishing the host many happy returns of the celebrated day, the feasted friends quitted the romantic spot with a determination never to fail an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Hunt to their hospitable house by the roadside.

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MANIFEST INJUSTICE.

A further examination of the exhibits given by the second number of School

Facts, which the department of education is sending out, reveals an inequality of opportunity that cannot be justified by any manner of reasoning.

It is true that school terms are longer in the city schools than in rural ones. There is a reason for this—in the cities there has been a leadership that brought about facilities and means of maintaining longer terms; this leadership in most counties has been lacking. The rural citizen has been awaiting the interest and effort of the head of the school system to show the way, to take the lead and to arouse the people to action. This requires ability and energy of a leader that must have the confidence of the public in his judgment and capacity.

But can anybody successfully maintain that a town or city child deserves better educational advantages than a rural child? The idea is most repulsive; yet we sit idly by and permit the grossest inequalities to obtain without serious effort to remedy the evil. There are in North Carolina today 12,415 rural teachers, 3,982 city teachers.

Rural schools employ three time as many white teachers as the city schools but—

They have 43 times as many teachers who are not high school graduates, and they have 13 times as many who have training not above one year in college.

In other words, for every non-standard teacher who teaches city children there are 43 teaching rural children.

There is a crying need for leadership. The public, beginning to realize the trouble, is moving to remedy the evil.

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SEEMS ALARMING

It is claimed, according to a statement that comes out from the State Sanitorium, that careful surveys have shown that for every death from tuberculosis there are on the average nine people affceted with the disease. There were 2,545 deaths from tuberculosis in North Carolina the past year.

If these surveys are correct, and there is no reason to doubt them, it means that there are in our state 22,905 people with active tuberculosis, or an average of 229 to the county. It is safe to say that the great majority of these do not know that they are so affected, for it is asserted that the symptoms of early tuberculosis are indefinite. Just think of the danger and menace of of two hundred or more people, so affected, maving about in the average county.

In justice to ourselves, to the innocent and the uninformed, it is high time

we approach this question in a business-like and earnest manner. It is impracticable to care for all these people at the State Sanitorium, a knowledge already reached by several counties in the state, among them Guilford, Gaston, Wake and others, which have provided local institutions for the treatment of tuberculosis.

If two hundred horses, or two hundred hogs, or two hundred cows were known to be affected with a dread disease in any one county, local correspondents would write columns about it, arousing people to serious action to stay the disease.

Measured by our hopes of an eternity and our consciousness that it is not well to live to self, are not the lives of two hundred or more of our fellow citizens of far more value than horses, hogs or cows? This is a vital matter, and appeals most strongly to the thoughtful.

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

On Thursday and Friday the annual convention of The King's Daughters & Sons was held in the city by the sea. Wilmington has entertained larger bodies, who emphasized the fashion side of life, but she never had in her midst the representatives of a finer or more consecrated body of women. These women, without the hope of reward or a craving for notoriety, have for years gone about in their respective communities, doing a kindly service to unfortunate fellow beings.

It was a source of regret that THE UPLIFT man, who counts his membership in that distinguished body a distinct honor, could not be present and catch the inspiration that always radiates from these meetings. Circumstances beyond mortal control made the trip to Wilmington an impossibility. But through the kindly aid of another THE UPLIFT hopes to furnish its readers at an early day a story of the accomplishments of this superb organization of women who labor constantly In His Name.

* * * * * * * *

MRS. BICKETT.

At a joint meeting of the commissioners and board of Education of Wake county, held on Monday, Mrs. Thomas Walter Bickett, widow of Governor Bickett, was elected County Welfare Officer. This matter has been held up since July when Supt. Anderson tendered his resignation on account of ill health.

Mrs. Bickett has the qualities of mind and heart to make an ideal officer

in this field of activity, and THE UPLIFT desires to go on record as congratulating the officials of Wake and the county itself on this election and felicitate Mrs. Bickett at this opportunitty of rendering a great service to her fellows—a service that appeals to the spirit of the splendid woman that she is.

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Having the pleasure of seeing the county weeklies of nearly all the counties in the state, we observe that the great majority of them have published the names of the teachers who are to preside in the several schools of the county. This information was furnished by the head of the school systems. Why do not all observe this admirable practice?

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

(Cleveland Star.)

Rev. A. C. Irvin, dean of Cleveland county preachers, has been forced to retire from the ministry because of failing health, but his labor for the Master extends over a period of 52 years, 49 of which time he was an ordained minister of the gospel. Following such pioneer Baptist Ministers as John Suttle, Drury Dobbins, Thomas Dixon, Milt Webb, and others who laid the foundation for this section of North Carolina to be a predominantly Baptist section, Rev. A. C. Irvin is rounding out a career which reads like the Apostles of Biblical times. From the time he was ordained and served Providence Baptist church in 1875 until he closed his ministerial work at Trinity church this year—49 faithful years of labor in his Master's vineyard, he never once had his mind and heart set on earthly riches, but strove with all the powers of his being to "lay up riches in Heaven.'

Rev. A. C. Irvin.

Never a $1,000 Salary.

In his half century as a pastor, the highest salary any church ever paid him was $250 annually. His lowest annual salary was $40. Most of the time he served several churches, discoursing once a week, and riding miles on horseback to get there with his Bible in his saddlebags and his nightly port in the home of some member. Not a single year in this half century has his pay as pastor of all the churches he served at one time amounted to $1,000 anually, yet he says, "I was amply provided for and richly rewarded." When he lived near old Zion, 6 miles north of Shelby he farmed on week-days and as he plowed he prayed and planned his sermons, but often his day's outline of duties was upset when a messenger came on horseback calling him to minister unto those distressed in body or soul, preach the funeral of some communicant, or unite the lives of lovers. He can't recall how many churches he has organized, how many wedding ceremonies he has performed or how many funerals he has preached in the last half century, but he gets more satisfaction out of the fact that he has administered the ordinance of Baptism to 3,000 most of whom confessed their sins and professed their faith in the Saviour under

his voice from the pulpit.

"Abe" Irvin is perhaps one of the best known men in Cleveland county. After his services in the Confederate army in Company F 34th regiment he came home to help rebuild the desolate South. He soon determined that he could get more satisfaction for himself and his Master out of saving lost souls and building character so at the age of 32 he started preaching. His ministerial work included churches in Cleveland, Lincoln, Gaston, and Rutherford counties and wherever he is known, he is esteemed for his saintly, pious character. He dedicated his life to soul winning and never once did he let the pursuit of other things distract him from the the Kingdom's cause. Although a preacher of exceptional power for one of his opportunities, he had no desire to go to distant fields where the churches were stronger and the pay more remunerative, but was content to labor among his comrades of war days and the generations that followed.

Baptised 3,000.

For many years he was Moderator of the Kings Mountain association which he has seen grow from a handful of churches to thirty or more with a membership of ten thousand. This week the association meets at Double Springs Baptist church and due notice will no doubt be taken of his retirement from the ministry. While he is past 80 and the hairs of his head are white with the snows of many winters, he still has an interest in his churches, the 3,000 he baptised and his comrades of the sixties who are dropping rapidly by the wayside. For a number of years he has been commander of the Confederate post in Cleveland and not many re-unions, state or general, have slipped by without his being there. Since he has retired, he companions with old comrades on the court square (when the weather is fair and in the sheriff's office when unfair) with Anderson Nolan, a member of his company in the war who is nearing 90, "Uuncle Doc" Suttle and O. C. Sarratt.

Churches He Served.

Mr. Irvin served a three year apprenticeship before he was ordained as a minister. His first church was Providence in South Carolina in 1876. In 1876 he went to Zion, one of the oldest churches in the county which he served in all about 24 years. He served at Lattimore in all about ten years, beginning a service with Mt. Pleasant in 1876, which church he served 14 years. After two years at Double Springs he went back to Mt. Pleasant for four years, filling the pulpit at Mt. Zion for ten years, Mount Paran ten years, Sandy Run 17 years, Concord church in Rutherford county was served for 11 years. In 1885 he was called to Camps Creek and Grassy Pond in the edge of South Carolina, each of which he served seven years. At Elizabeth he preached four years and from there to River View in Lincoln county two years, New Hope (Earl) one year; Beaver Dam six years, Double Shoals five years; Big Springs 12 years; Buffalo church in South Carolina three years; Buffalo in this state four years; Carpenters Grove four years.

Tuesday was the 144th anniversary of the Battle of Kings Mountain.

"WE NEED TO TUNE IN."

Rev. J. Homer Barnhardt, D. D., pastor of West Market street Methodist church in Greensboro, is often quoted in the local papers, his sermons being out of the ordinary. He is, to start with, one of the brightest of Cabarrus county products, and has risen rapidly in the councils and esteem of his conference. Last Sunday, according to The Greensboro News, Dr. Barnhardt took for his theme "Radio Activityy, and on this he is quoted as havinig said in part:

With "Radio Activity in Jerusalem" as his subject at West Market Street Methodist church yesterday morning, Dr. J. H. Barnhardt presented impressive evidence of the manner in which words spoken by the Lord in His heaven might be distinctly heard in Jerusalem with the "tuning in" process properly developed.

In the text—John 12:29—some of the people were represented as referring to the voice from heaven as thunder, while others believed that an angel had spoken to Jesus. The voice was the same, that of God, although there were different interpretations. With his heart attuned to catch such divine messages Christ recognized the words as those of the Heavenly Father.

After referring to the marvels of radio Dr. Barnhardt declared that "There isn't anything more wonderful about God speaking in heaven and being heard in Jerusalem than about a woman speaking in New York and being heard in London. The world must quit denying the supernatural or place itself in a ridiculous attitude before thoughtful people."

The pastor found it to be a striking fact that "Jesus' career was attended by occasional demonstrations of sound coming out of the accustomed silence of the firmament, at certain epchal moments of his life." certain epochal moments of his life." at his baptism, to the accompaniment of what seemed to be a fleet-winged dove, the heavens were opened and God audibly proclaimed what men have so assiduously denied in these later days, the divinity of Jesus.

"It is conceivable that many people today may be living in a world rife with potential sound and yet be plunged in perpetual silence as regards the finer, higher things. Our dull ears may catch only the thud of charging engines and shrieking whistles and a melody of coarser, earth-born sounds, while all about us may be the harmonies of heavenly music and we unable to hear them. The miracle of the voice out of the skies is not the fact that Deity besame vocal, but that men's ears were quickened to hear the realities of the still, small voice.

"It is a great principle of life that we hear only what we have capacity to hear, and we judge the whole of life by what we are ourselves. In other words, a man who cultivates a godly character will have fellowship constantly with the eternal, while he who rejects the heavenly companion will never find God anywhere in the universe. The fact is that seeing is more a matter of the mind than the

eye.

"Every day God is trying to speak with innumerable and eloquent voices to people, but often those voices are inaudible because people's thoughts are centered in worldly things. All that we need to hear the Lord speaking to us is to have the delicate instruments of our souls tuned to receive him.

"In life, there are myriads of voices calling to us—business, pleasure, ambition, desire, voices of evil, voices of God. And we who are the children of eternity often play fast and loose with the whole fascinating realm, reaching out and taking the sordid when we might be filling our souls with heavenly harmony from Jerusalem heights. And when once we have connected with the broadcasting station of God (I say it reverently) our lives are no longer beset by waves of lesser desires."

Dr. Barnhardt maintained that the soul, the receiving instrument, needs amplifiers. One of these is prayer by which inharmonious voices are tuned out and the waves of God sweep in. Another is worship through which the storm and stress of life are cleared away.

ITS UNIVERSALITY.

The universality of our Lord's Kingdom was not an afterthought. It was fundamental. Standing on the green hill outside the city walls and there gazing upon the great sacrifice, were men and women of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Asia furnished the material of the cross and the scene of the curcifixion. Africa furnished the cross bearer and Europe furnished the executioners,so that the Son of Man might be known to all the world.

"The gospel enlarges our horizon. It stirs us to greater endeavor. It announces our marching orders to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. If it were less than this, we could not accept it. If that sun yonder does not illuminate and warm all the earth, it is not the center of our system. If there is a place where its warmth does not reach, if there are tides which its power does not move, if there is a locality where its influence does not go, it is not the center of our system.

"Jesus Christ is the Saviour of all mankind. If there were the slightest fragments of our race which he ignored or passed by, if there are any individuals for whom he did not suffer and die, then he is not our Redeemer. He comes as the Son of Righteousness with healing in his wings for all nations of the earth. He is the world's one hope and Saviour—Rev. F. F. Fry, D. D.

COMPARISON SCHOLARSHIP RURAL WHITE TEACHERS.

(State School Facts)

To get a proper setting and to catch the full force of this comparison of the qualification and preparation of the rural teachers of the several counties, according to the statement sent out by State Supt. Allen, Cabarrus county appears in black face type along with her neighbors, Stanly, Rowan, Iredell, Union and Mecklenburg, which are the counties that surround us and have left us behind. What's the reason for this?

Rank	County
1	Durham
2	Currituck
3	Pamlico
4	Wilson
5	Gaston
6	**Mecklenburg**
7	Warren
8	Scotland
9	Hoke
10	Edgecombe
11	Guilford
12	Pitt
13	Vance
14	Granville
15	Nash
16	Halifax
17	Northampton
18	New Hanover
19	Alamance
20	Hertford
21	Pasquatank
22	Orange
23	Buncombe
24	Wake
25	Bladen
26	Montgomery
27	Hyde
28	Gates
29	Polk
30	Franklin
31	Martin
32	Avery
33	Anson
34	**Union**
35	Cumberland
36	Robeson
37	Transylvania
38	Catawba
39	Chowan
40	Richmond
41	Jackson
42	Bertie
43	Greene
44	Camden
45	Washington
46	Rockingham
47	**Stanly**
48	Wayne
49	Davidson
50	Forsyth
51	Pender
52	Tyrrell
53	Rutherford
54	Dare
55	Columbus
56	**Iredell**
57	Lincoln
58	Lenoir
59	Chatham
60	Person
61	**Rowan**
62	Sampson
63	Jones
64	Johnston
65	McDowell
66	Swain
67	Moore

68 .....Henderson
69 .....Carteret
70 .....Perquimans
71 .....Alexander
72 .....**Cabarrus**
73 .....Graham
74 .....Cleveland
75 .....Craven
76 .....Onslow
77 .....Duplin
78 .....Harnett
79 .....Caswell
80 .....Davie
81 .....Yadkin
82 .....Stokes
83 .....Alleghany
84 .....Lee
85 .....Yancey
86 .....Beaufort
87 .....Wilkes
88 .....Burke
89 .....Caldwell
90 .....Ashe
91 .....Haywood
92 .....Watauga
93 .....Clay
94 .....Madison
95 .....Mitchell
96 .....Randolph
97 .....Macon
98 .....Brunswick
99 .....Surry
100.....Cherokee

WALKING IN STEPS FATHER MADE.

It is not the purpose of this paper to take the place of the preacher—and to sermonize its readers, but it can not refrain from moralizing on occasions, as certain events develop.

Last week a son was arrested who had been declared an outlaw. That son was not born an outlaw. The time was when he was an innocent sweet babe in his mother's arms—possibilities in the child to be a power for good in the world.

But by and by that small babe grew into boyhood, the child saw what his father did, that father was the hero of that boy—what that father did was right in the eyes of that boy. Soon the boy grew into young manhood—the time of his life for acting, for action, for doing something. He had before him the acts of his own father. They were the acts of his hero and, of course, he thought it would be well for him to follow in the footsteps of his father.

He followed in those steps, and in a few short years reached the stage where the court declared him to be an outlaw.

Here is our sermon to fathers. Which way will your son go, if he walks in your footsteps?—Catawba News-Enterprise.

WHAT ABOUT THE MODERN GIRL?

The editor of the Elizabeth City Independent says he knows a certain young man who is 27 years old and who occupies a reasonable and high-salaried position with a going concern. He is a serious minded young chap who has the interest of his employers at heart and who is in line for promotion that will step him up into a managerial position with a salary running into five figures. The father of this young man said to him the other day: 'Son, isn't it about time you were looking around for a nice girl for a wife and settling down and assuming the responsibilities of a real man and citizen?''

And the young man said something like this:

''Yes, Father you are right; I have been thinking of marriage; but, Father, you don't know the girls of this generation; girls today are not even the kind of girls I knew before I went to college. Girls generally used to have modesty and charm and gentility; a fellow looked upon girls generally with respect and reverence. I went off to college and didn't see much of girls for four years; then volunteered when we entered the World War and saw service over seas for about two years; of course I didn't see much of girls then. When I came back home with thoughts of girls in my mind; I hadn't thought much about girls or seen much of them for six years. I'll tell you, Father, girls are not what they used to be. What I have seen of girls since I came back from France has just about disgusted me; I'm afraid of them; take the general run of girls to-day and they are silly, frivolous and unnecessarily extravagant when they are not actually immodest, indecent, profane and immoral. I go to dances and hear them curse and swear; I hear them laughing and giggling over smutty jokes; I see them smoking and drinking. And while there are a lot of girls who don't curse, who don't smoke and who don't drink, and who seem to have some respect for themselves, even this class of girls never shuns the other kind and they look upon the wild doings of the bad ones as if they thought it perfectly proper for others of their sex to carry on in disreputable ways. And that's why I haven't married; I'm going to hestate a long time before I give my name and everything I possess to a girl of this generation; I have thought I might go way back in the hills somewhere and pick out some pretty, sensible country girl who hasn't been contaminated by contact with our city kind.''

Then the Independent editor goes on to say:

''This is not a piece of fiction; it is an actual conversation between a North Carolina father and son. I print it that thousands of girls who read this newspaper—silly girls, wild girls, sober girls and good girls—may note how thousands of young men regard their sex today. It is something girls should think about.

''But I am wondering what the young man will find when he goes to the hills for a wife? I am think-

(Continued On Page 18)

WHAT ABOUT THE MODERN BOY?

The young man friend of the Elizbeth City Independent editor, who found himself considerably disillusioned by the girls of the present day when he came in contact with them after about seven years of being at school and war, has struck a responsive chord in "A Raleigh Reader," who declares herself as completely disillusioned in the boys of today. The Raleigh Reader wants the young friend who is quoted in the Elizabeth City Independent to know that she thoroughly agrees with him about the girls, but wants to know at the same time, "What about the modern boys?"

"This is not meant to be, exactly, an answer to the article I read in your Sunday paper taken from the Monroe Jornal, and quoting the editor of the Elizabeth City Independent on the views of a certain young friend of his about the modern girl," she says in a communication to The News and observer. The article simply made a very deep impression on me because I happen to have very much the same views as the Elizabeth City editor's friend, with a few added opinions of the male sex.

"I am what is known as one of those 'sober, good girls,' though I've never been called unattractive and could be otherwise if I choose, and sometimes I do stop to ask myself 'What's the use anyway?' when I see those very girls who 'smoke, drink, swear, and laugh at smutty jokes' gaining all the time in popularity and finally, gaining husband, home, and apparently, happiness. Under these circumstances, it is hard not to be 'one of the crowd.'

"I, too, had a conversation with a friend of mine, who is 'happy though married,' and wants to see me so, very much on the same order as the conversation between the young man and his father, and I said something like this:

"I have reached the age when I should marry, and I want to marry and have a home of my own, but the boys and men with whom I come in contact are not those from whom I would choose a life partner. I hear young men, in my own home, and in the homes of others, make remarks before girls that would have been considered inexcusable ten, even five years ago, and I see things going on around me that fill me with resentment and disgust. I guess I am considered a prude by them, because I won't do the things that many other girls do now-a-days as a matter of course. I have been disillusioned so many times about men, even in the last few months, that I am about to conclude that men are all of a kind —those who have time only for the girl who is known as a 'hot shot.'

"It seems unfair for the girl who is trying to play square to have so little chance. There seem to be certain things now-a-days that a young man expects of a girl, and when he finds that she is not that kind of a girl, he's through with her."

That is what a Raleigh girl thinks of the modern boy, and she wants the young man who thinks "girls are not what they used to be," to know

(Continued On Page 18)

What About The Modern Girl?

(Concluded From Page 16.)

ing of the disillusionment he may find there. Way back in the hills of a mountain county in Georgia the other day I saw one of these "uncontaminated" young things in a mountain cabin. Her hair was bobbed, she wore chiffon hose of a flesh color, chewed gum with her mouth open, and was reading a copy of "True Confessions" magazine."

It means so much, now and hereafter, to avoid indiscretion. Try it.

What About The Modern Boy?

(Concluded From Page 17.)

that this is just as true of nine-tenths of the boys of her acquaintance, and they are considered 'nice boys.'

She says further that must she choose her husband from one of this type, she prefers "the single blessed state" just as sincerely as does the young man of the first story.

"I am wishing him all kinds of luck in his search for a 'nice looking, sensible girl,'" she concludes, "because to find a man just like that is my present aim in life."

GRANDMA'S REVERIE.

Grandma sits and rocks, hands clasped at the close of the day,
And I know by the mist in her eyes that her thoughts are far away.
She sees the humble home of her childhood, with windows that faced the west,
And though she has lived in grandeur, I am sure she loved this one the best.
Grandma dreams of the Knights of valor and truth,
To whom she gave her heart and the worship of youth,
She sees the long years of toil from the day she was made his bride,
As they struggled to rear their children and worked along side by side.
And now they are grown, and have wandered far away,
And Grandpa sleeps by the hillside in the little church yard grey,
And Grandma sits and rocks, hands clasped at the close of the day,
And I know by the mist in her eyes that her thoughts are far away.

Flora Melvin Lewis — White Oak, N. C.

THE CHEERFUL CRIPPLE.

News & Observer.

To establish and maintain a successful mail order subscription agency and to gain and hold thousands of customers through fair dealings and courteous treatment is an accomplishment of which a man, strong of limb and scound of body, might well boast. But for this and more to be accomplished by a young man, spending his life in bed, is rather remarkable.

The story of the success of Upton G. Wilson, "Cheerful Cripple," of Madison, N. C., dates back through a number of years and shows how mere grit and stick-to-it-iveness won a victory well worth recording.

A severed spinal cord with total paralysis below the ninth vertebra has not been sufficient to place Mr. Wilson in the discard. Instead, he has proved by his splendid fight for success, happiness and even life itself, that though a man may be down he is never out until he himself admits it.

"Feeling Fine" He Says.

In the early evening of July 24, 1912, without any warning whatever, Mr. Wilson was shot through the spine and lungs by a cowardly negro, whom he had just discharged for intoxication and disorderly conduct. Paralysis of that part of the body below the wound instantly resulted. Double pneumonia quickly developed and for weeks life hung by a thread, but during all this time and later when his life was despaired of, he never lost courage. When asked how he felt he always replied, "I am feeling fine." He still feels that way.

From the first, surgeons pronounced his case hopeless and after seven weeks in a hospital sent him home to die. But immediately upon reaching home the young man showed the stuff he was made of by beginning to get better, and three months later entered a hospital to go under the surgeon's knife, for prior to this time, he had been too ill for an operation. After careful examination doctors and surgeons again decided that he was too nearly dead to be operated on. Back home again on Christmas Eve he went to try to get strong enough to go through the ordeal of having his broken back mended. Afer three months more of waiting during which time he gradually gained strength, he underwent a major operation. The shattered vertebra was taken care of, and the spinal cord, dead two inches below the injury, was wrapped with a gold wire and put back into position. But while the operation eventually made him more comfortable, it proved conclusively that he could never walk again.

Readjustments Necessary.

Followed months of mental readjustments as Mr. Wilson began to realize that he must spend his life in bed. Finally the "little blue devils," which crept often to his bedside when he first began to cast about for employment suitable for a man whose lower limbs and more than half his back were without any sense of feeling or motion whatever, were conquered, and the "Cheerful Cripple" emerged ready to meet life with a smile. He won his appellation honestly and retains it fairly.

As soon as his strength would permit he began doing something. At first he took a correspondence course in cartooning, for which he had a natural bent, but soon found this too taxing. He must do something else. It chanced that this next something was the soliciting of magazine subscriptions. At first he sold subscriptions for but two or three publications. Results were so gratifying that he widened his activities and eventually began issuing little catalogs offering all of the better known magazines. As a result of careful management, his business has shown consistent growth. He has served more than 50,000 customers and issues from 5,000 to 10,000 catalogs annually.

Through his work as a subscription agent, Mr. Wilson has become known to thousands of people in all parts of the South as the "Cheerful Cripple," and his name is a synonym for fair and honest dealing. He makes it a practice to please his customers regardless of the time and trouble necessary to do so, and places all orders within 24 hours after they are received. His service now covers every periodical in America.

Selling Chewing Tobacco.

At one time Mr. Wilson was very much interested in selling plug tobacco and made many friends among chewers of the weed through his mail order plug tobacco business. He bought the tobacco at wholesale prices and retailed it by mail cheaper than it could be bought in the stores. However, this business soon grew too heavy for him to personally supervise and so he decided to devote more time and attention to his magazine business. Through the mails he has made as active a canvass as any traveling agent, and has been rewarded with many special prizes and cash bonuses for securing subscriptions. His picture has appeared in several publications, especially the Saturday Evening Post, as one of the banner agents.

Today he is a successful, cheerful business man, with an outlook on life that is the envy of his friends Folks like to visit him. Strangers passing through town often stop by for a chat. Friends and strangers alike admire his courage and resourcefulness.

In addition to conducting a subscription agency, Wilson does quite a bit of writing. He is local correspondent for a number of out-of-town papers and occasionally writes feature articles for the newspapers he represents. These usually are of a humorous trend and are widely read and commented upon.

More than a year ago Mr. Wilson was sworn in as justice of the peace for his township. Since that time he has tried some interesting cases of minor importance and has united in marriage quite a number of couples of fond young lovers. He performs the wedding ceremony with all the ease and dignity of a member of the clergy.

Takes Them As They Come.

If he happens to be sitting up when the prospective bride and groom arrive, he proceeds with the ceremony from his wheel chair; but if, as is usually the case, he is lying in bed, he has no difficulty in making the twain one.

Mr. Wilson is a baseball fan and radio enthusiast. During the summer he usually manages to see one

or more ball games a week. He watches from the car in which he rides and follows the game closely. In winter he turns to radio for entertainment and relaxation. Sunday night sermons are his delight.

"The Cheerful Cripple" lives his title. He radiates good cheer and optimism. He is a church worker, often leads in community betterment enterprises, and takes a keen interest in local, State and national affairs. In fact, with the exception that he lives it from bed, he lives a normal, useful life.

He is a confirmed nature lover and never tires of watching the wonders the changing seasons bring. Birds are his especial hobby. Stories which he has written of the feathered friends have attracted favorable comment. About his home are large numbers of many kinds of birds. Even the shy thicket-loving cardinal nests each year in a spot he can see from his window.

Mr. Wilson's latest venture is delivering public addresses from his wheel chair. He has made a number of public appearances, at which he has always held the close attention of his hearers. So far, he has confined himself to speaking at his local high school auditorium. He has also written one very interesting play which has been successfully produced.

On the left side of his bed is his desk at which he works assiduously when lying on the left side. On the other side is his rolling table on which his radio and telephone are within easy reach. Within reach, also, is his little typewriter table which is often in use. Members of the family are awakened many mornings by the click of the typewriter as he writes letters for the early mail or prepares a news article.

A few years ago when there was a keenly felt need for a pastor's home in his community, Mr. Wilson convinced his neighbors that the thing to do was to build one. But there was no funds. Soon a building committee was selected with Mr. Wilson as secretary. Immediately he issued circular letters to the Sunday schools in the State with the request that they send one dollar as a contribution for building the home. With less than $1,000 secured in this way, but still enough for a nucleus, the church members began operations and the parsonage completed in a short time, was housing the pastor and his family in less than six months from the date its chief builder made others of the congregation realize that the pastor must have a home among his people. Prior to this time the pastor had resided in a town some miles away and consequently had been unable to fulfill all of a pastor's duties.

To the young men and boys around him, Mr. Wilson is both pal and adviser; to the older people he is trusted friend; but to all with whom he comes in contact, he is the personification of truth and optimism.

It should be remembered that Upton G. Wilson is much more physically helpless than is the average paralytic. If he sits in a chair or car he must be lifted into it and then must brace himself with hands and arms in order to hold his body in position. Neither his legs nor feet are of any use whatever to him so far as moving himself around is concerned. He is unable to turn him-

self in bed without assistance and is forced to lie on an air cushion to preveunt the congestion that would otherwise naturally cause more serious affliction.

He is most comfortable while lying in bed and does his best work there. He was twenty-three years old when injured and still retains his youth.

"The Cheerful Cripple" is never pessimistic. Warm-hearted, courageous, friendly, he greets the world with a smile and is living proof that life can be usefully and happily lived even though it has to be lived within the limited confines of bed and wheel chair.

When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully, the World, and takes him boldy by the beard, he is often surprised to find it comes off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A CASE OF BUY OR SELL.

By Frederick E. Burnham.

This machine is a genuine trade, sir," declared Ed Parker, speaking to Mr. Willard Stocker, a local grocer, who had called to inspect the half dozen or more second-hand automobiles which were for sale in the modest ware-rooms rented by Parker and Cummings, two young men who recently had pooled their money and entered the automobile business in conjunction with general repair work. "We can sell you this machine for five hundred dollars. It has been run less than ten thousand miles. New it would cost you fifteen hundred dollars. You might say, Mr. Stocker, that just the new has been worn off."

"It is a good looking machine," remarked Mr. Stocker, viewing the car with critical eyes, "and a standard make, too. Suppose you take me out for a little spin. Just a mile or so, for I have an appointment with friends who are to meet me here at twelve o'clock. I am to take them to Pratt's Junction in time to make the twelve-forty-five train for Boston. I want to be back here by eleven-thirty so that in case we do not come to terms I can go to the garage and get my truck."

"We will come to terms all right, Mr. Stocker," laughed Parker, as he rolled back the garage door. "Step aboard and we will be off inside of ten seconds. There's a splendid battery in this machine. All one needs to do is to step on the starter and she starts humming. You don't even have to pull out the 'choke.'"

There was a broad smile on Mr. Stocker's face when they returned to the garage ten minutes or so later. It was very evident that he was pleased by the brief demonstration. As he stepped from the machine he thrust his hand in his pocket and took therefrom his wallet. "I am satisfied, young man," he declared. "Make me out a bill of sale and I will settle with you in full."

Ed Parker chuckled inwardly as he hastily made out the bill of sale. "Jack will be surprised enough when

he gets back and finds that boat gone," he murmured very softly. "That's what I call carrying a deal through with some snap."

The paper having been made out, Mr. Stocker handed Parker the little pile of bank notes, and while the latter was counting the money Mr. Stocker's friends arrived. Parker had little more than placed the money in the safe when Mr. Stocker led the way out to where the machine was standing. Within a minute he and his friends were on their way to Pratt's Junction, fifteen miles distant.

Mr. Stocker and his friends had been gone about ten minutes when Jack Cummings showed up at the garage. There was a wide grin on Parker's face as Jack entered the salesroom. "Miss anything, Jack?" he queried.

Jack took a hasty look about, and the next instant he exclamed: "You don't mean that you have sold that car we got from Johnson?" he yelled.

"Sure thing, Jack. Mr. Stocker, the grocer, bought it. Got five hundred dollars in cold cash. He's on his way to Pratt's Junction with a party of friends, and as happy as a cat with two tails. That's what I call—"

Jack did not stop to hear his partner finish the sentence. He bolted for the street and less than ten seconds later he had started up his motorcycle.

"What's the trouble?" shouted Parker, emerging from the garage as Jack swung into the saddle.

Jack did not answer. Just then he was pulling his cap down preparatory to "eating up the road." Before Parker could repeat the question Jack was off on the road leading to Pratt's Junction. "He will find out what the trouble is when I get back," muttered Jack as he shot down the road at a fifty miles per hour clip. "He knew better than to let that machine go out."

Ten miles from the start Jack sighted the machine he was chasing and a few seconds later he passed it. Near the base of a considerable incline he stopped and dismounted, and with uplifted hands signaled Mr. Stocker to stop his machine. A hundred and fifty feet or so up the rise the touring car came to a stop, only to begin to roll gackwurd an instant later. It had backed less than fifteen feet, however, when Jack trigged the left rear wheel with a stick of cordwood which he had taken from an adjacent pile.

"What's the matter with these brakes?" roard Mr. Stocker.

"They are both out of commission," replied Jack. "That machine needs new brake-linings. If I had been at the garage I would not have allowed you to take it out on the road. That is why I chased you up."

"But my friends here have got to make the twelve-forty-five train for Boston at Pratt's Junction!" exclaimed Mr. Stocker. "It is very important that they get there."

"Mm. well, you had better let me take the wheel Mr. Stocker," said Jack after a moment of hesitation. "I will leave my machine here beside the road."

Mr. Stocker needed no urging and a moment or two later Jack started up the engine.

In order to understand what presently came to pass it will be well at this point to describe the road leading down to Pratt's Junction. The station was located at the foot of a long, steep hill. There was a grade crossing there, and just across the railroad was a sharp rise. It was a macadam road, one of the best in the county. Jack figured on coasting down to the crossing on "second," the same action as a make-shaft brake. The sharp rise on the other side of the railroad would, of course, bring the machine quickly to a stop. The stick of cordwood he had brought along for the purpose of trigging the wheels.

When about halfway down the long hill leading down to the station Jack heard the shrill whistle of a locomotive. Then the automobile was making about twenty miles per hour and was increasing in speed a bit, rather than diminishing.

"The flagman is out!" yelled one of the men in the car. "Can't you hold her back a bit? You can't make it!"

"Open her up to the limit!" shouted another. "Give her the gas! Step on her boy! Step on her! Open her up! Put her into 'high.' Give her the gas I tell you!"

Through an opening in the trees Jack had caught a glimpse of the speeding locomotive with its long train of coaches. He needed no one to tell him that the east-bound express was pounding over the rails toward the crossing at a high rate of speed.

"Open her up you fool!" howled another of the men "Step on her! Give her the gas. You fool, give it to her!"

But Jack did not "open her up," not by considerable. Gripping the wheel, he eyed the road as the machine neared the crossing and the time came, perhaps two seconds before the great engine thundered over the crossing, that he swerved from the highway and the car shot down a slight embankment into a pool of stagnant water, where it came to an abrupt stop.

"Sorry to land you here, gentlemen," remarked Jack, the while as white as a peice of chalk, "but, well, I thought it was the safest move to make."

"Never mind where you have landed us, so long as you didn't land us in front of that express," exclaimed one of the men. "You're a hero, young man. You kept your head and did the right thing when we were howling our heads off for you to do the wrong thing. If you had followed our commands the railroad hands would be picking us up in pieces about now."

Jack waded through the mud and water to solid ground and picking up a length of plank which chanced to be at hand, bridged the way from the machine to where he was standing. It was but a moment or two before all of the men were landed dry-shod. There was no time for the three friends of Mr. Stocker to tarry, however, for their train was about due. Nevertheless, they all three warmly gripped Jack's hand in parting, telling him how grateful they were for saving their lives.

"Well, Mr. Stocker, I guess it's a case of walking back to where my

motorcycle is standing,'' remarked Jack, when the former had returned from seeing his friends off. ''Luckily I have a side-car, so I can carry you back to the centre from there. Tomorrow I am going to try to get this car out onto the road again. When we get up to my place of business I will return to you the five hundred dollars you paid for the car.''

Mr. Stocker proved to be a good walker and within an hour and a half they reached Jack's motor-cycle. Twenty minutes later Jack stopped in front of his garage. Going within with Mr. Stocker, he went to the safe and took therefrom the five hundred dollars which had been paid his partner. This he handed over to the grocer, receiving in return the receipted bill of sale. The while Parker stood just without the office, looking as black as a thunder-cloud.

''I will be in and see you again within a day or two, young man,'' said Mr. Stocker as he was about to go. ''I want to do business with you.''

'' I guess it's about time you and I dissolved partnership, Jack,'' growled Parker when Mr. Stocker had gone.

''I thing so, Ed, too, if this a sample of your business dealings,'' replied Jack, looking keenly into Parker's eyes. ''You knew better than to let that machine go out on that road with the brakes out of commission. As luck would have it, no lives were lost, but it wasn't your fault. I ditched the car in the swamp close to the railroad in order to avoid being struck by the express.''

Parker made no reply and for the the balance of the afternoon he mumbled and grumbled to himself. The following morning he was in just about the same frame of mind. As the morning progressed his anger seemed to increase, and finally the time came that he stepped up to Jack, who was making some repairs on a car. ''It's a case of buy or sell,'' he exclaimed in a loud voice. ''I don't care about having any further business dealings with you. I'll give you just twenty-four hours to raise a thousand dollars. If you can't do it, I will hand you a thousand dollars for your interest in the business.''

''I guess it will be a case of sell on my part, then, Ed,'' replied Jack. ''What money I have is tied up in this business.''

''Do you want to go down with me and see a lawyer about it now?'' questioned Parker.

''Oh, I suppose it will be just as well to go now as tomorrow,'' replied Jack wearily. ''I—''

''Buy, Jack!''

Jack jumped and saw standing close at hand Mr. Stocker, a grim smile on his face.

''I will count it a pleasure to advance you a thousand dollars, Jack,'' continued the grocer, placing a fatherly hand upon Jack's shoulder. ''You will make a success of this business—alone.''

The following day found Jack in business by himself, and somehow he breathed easier now that he had the sole management of the venture. That afternoon he succeeded in extricating the mired touring car and towed it back to the garage. When it had been washed up he found it none the worse for its mud bath. The

ensuing day he put on new brake linings. Before night it was once more the property of Mr. Stocker.

And Jack did succeed in business, which same cannot be said of Ed Parker, who, starting in business for himself, failed within a year.

"COUNTRY THINGS I LOVE MOST"

Here is an exquisitely phrased description of many alluring country things beloved by one Alabama woman reader:—

White pine floors and rag rugs that are like open books,
Old albums full of old-fashioned folk; an ancient clock that struggles to chime, and candlesticks.
Dim attics with rough dusty rafters, where old books and trunks and mice and birds stay,
And the quiet friendly bustling of a rainy day.
Old broken fences covered with vines and drowsy candleflies that have danced all night,
Wise gray-headed dandelion nodding to yellow butterflies,
The sound of far-off bells and wood-chopping before dawn and echoes,
A low fork in a tree and slim maidenly saplings and all trees.
Clumsy, dusty bumblebees that tumble out of hollyhocks and flowers,
Tiny shells that have lost their tenants,
And pure white sand in the bed of a brook, and the pitiful helplessness of a dragonfly in the water
Spider webs in the sun, showing costly, dewy jewels:
Low dainty bushes that robins love,
A path in the woods,
Hollow stumps and holes in trees and tiny blue eggs,
A hickory nut that a squirrel has tasted,
Furry kittens, a puppy's muddy tracks, and little pink sunbonnets,
Smooth round stones, and silky skins that snakes leave;
The rough, dusty touch of elm leaves and the peaceful sight of a bird against a cloud.
Familiar footsteps, and dainty peach blossoms, and the sad, lonesome odor of a bonfire.
Trickling water, and the touch of cool fingers,
The smell of sage and lavender,
Velvety soft moss growing around the roots of trees,
And cool many-scented breezes,
The friendly creaking of an old rocking chair.
And dying moans of burning logs,
Moist brown earth sprinkled with shattered corn tassels,
And the smooth glossiness of wheat straw.
Pink clouds after a storm, and the soft enveloping dreaminess of night, and night sounds, and stars.

Elsie Hope Dillion in Progressive Farmer.

THE DAUGHTER'S VOICE.

(Asheville Citizen.)

"I am a very inexperienced woman. My father ought not to have such a stupid older daughter."

Mrs. Finley J. Shepard, the former Helen Gould, said that while testifying in the litigation begun last week in connection with the $82,000,000 estate left by her father. The beloved Mrs. Shepard, famous the world over for the immensity of her benefactions and the splendor of her character, is of course stupid in no sense of the word. She is, in spite of her modest disclaimer, an unusually able and useful woman. What she meant in the statement just quoted was that her father should have educated and trained her as a girl for some profession or special line of work. In fact she explained that this lack of training had grievously handicapped her in later years in the management of her money and the supervision of the business in which that wealth was invested.

But Mrs. Shepard's self-indictment for stupidity is by no means an infrequent or surprising cry. This country today is full of young women lamenting that their fathers should have such stupid daughters. They have come to boredom in their perpetual and feverish hunt for happiness in the trifling pursuits of the average American girl with money. They have discovered that such things do not constitutte a suitable outlet for their abundance of energy. And they understand instinctively that young energy without a proper outlet is a dangerous engine. The litany of their discontent is: "If I don't find something to do, I'll go mad!"

That is an indictment of their fathers far more than of themselves. The father of to-day is too prone to satisfy his own vanity by using his daughter as a rack for the display of fine clothes and flashing jewels. He likes the incense of the flattery, "Dad gives me everything I want!" He fails to see the pain and amazement with which this same girl will discover in a few years that he has robbed her of a career by neglecting to train her for useful work in the world. Girls are "pointed" for marriage instead of self-support, because their parents forgot that self-support is the surest avenue to a sane and unhurried and therefore happy marriage. The "stupid daughter" is at a discount everywhere.

HAD NOT GONE SIGHT-SEEING AT HOME.

Last week I stopped at a roadside to gather some goldenrod, wild asters, and golden glow. An old resident ambled up to the fence. I said, "The fall flowers are very beautiful this year." He spat, and replied, "Yes, this is the derndest neighborhood for weeds I ever saw." He spat again, and I drove on.—Dr. Holland.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr.

George Howard is spending a few days with his people in Sanford.

† † † †

John Kemp has returned to the institution, after spending a few days with his people in Lenoir.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Paul Camp has returned to the institution, after a short visit with his people in Asheville.

† † † †

Irvin Cooper has been placed in the shoe shop and James Ford in the wood shop.

† † † †

Miss Mable Cloer has resumed her duties at the school, after spending a month's vacation with her brother, in Statesville.

† † † †

Mr. Guy Alexander, one of the third cottage officers, has resumed his duties at the school after spending a pleasant vacation.

† † † †

Mr. W. M. Crook is enjoying a month's vacation. During his absence Mr. D. D. Dalton will teach his room.

† † † †

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Baker, of Nottawa, Mich., visited the institution one day last week. Mr. Baker was formerly connected with the Thorpe Military Academy, at Lake Forest, Ill.

† † † †

George White and Howard Catlett, members of the seventh and first cottages, were paroled, last Friday, by Supt. Boger. We wish them success at home.

† † † †

Rev. C. C. Myers, pastor of the McKinnon Presbyterian Church, of Concord, conducted the services last Sunday afternoon.

† † † †

The boys who were visited by relatives last Wednesday were: James Davis, Louie Pate, Clay Bates, Tom Gross, Jack Steward, Haskell Ayers, Lester Campbell, Richard Petterpher, Lester Love, Fleming Folyd and Sedriet Bass.

† † † †

The Goodman Literary Society, held its meeting last Monday evening. The debate for the evening was: "Resolved That Steam is of More Use to the World Than Electricity." It was decided by the judges, that the affirmative side won.

† † † †

The Boger Literary Society of the seventh cottage, was called to order last Monday evening by Pres. Pate. The debate for the evening was: "Resolved that the Inventor is of More Use to Mankind than the Reformer." It was decided by the judges that the affirmative side won.

† † † †

Generally speaking, friendship is about the ooziest thing there is. Training School folk are well acquainted with it in all its stages.

Nearly everyone who comes into contact with the school, whether because of personal interest or through mere curiosity, waxes enthusiastic. But more treasured than much fine gold are the friends who having come, having seen, and having been conquered, do not allow their enthusiasm to ooze, but instead to cement into a loyalty that is unaffected by time or circumstances.

One such friend lives in North Wilkesboro. Interested at first because of the fact that a son was receiving the advantages of the school, this estimable lady found room in her heart for every boy at the school. When her son left the school there was no cessation of her interest. A widow, and not rich in this world's goods, she sends from time to time not only gifts, but even cash donations "for the boys," all in a beautiful spirit that bears no taint of almsgiving. The last time it was apples —three whole barrels of them. No real live boy can crunch a nice, red, juicy apple without deriving physical and moral benefit, and by the time each boy at the school had eaten something like three apiece they were not only in good humor with the world and all contained therein, but they were all agreed that Mrs. Myrtle Freeland was just about the nicest lady at all. In which opinion they are heartily upheld by the entire personnel of the schcool.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

"A"

Olive Davis, Rodney Cain, Arthur Duke, Chas. Beech, Jno. Keenan, Theodore Wallace, Smiley Morrow, Valton Lee, Donald Pate, Irvin Turner, Will Smith, Lee McBride, Earle Little, Clyde Pierce, Clint Wright, Martin Bridgen, Watson O'quinn, Roby Mullis, Washington Pickett, Thos. Sessoms, Carl Henry, Charles Crossman, Robert Ferguson, Lambert Cavenaugh, Jas. Davis, Floyd Linville, Vaughn Smith, Wm. Miller, Geo. Howard, Charles Blackman, Albert Hill, Everett Goodrich, Jas. Alexander, Earl Crow, Claiborne Jolly, Howard Riggs, J. J. Jones Jr., Vestal Yarborough, Robert Lee, Herbert Apple.

"B"

Haskell Ayers, Walter Cummings, Oler Griffin, Percy Briley, Oscar Johnson, Argo Page, Harry Dalton, Geo. Lafferty, Freed Mahoney, Louis Pate, Will Case, Carl Osborne, Lexie Newman, Sam Osborne, David Brown, Jas. Autry, Elwyn Greene, Mack Wentz.

Room No. 3

"A"

Paul Camp, Jas. Cumbie, Ed Crenshaw, Clyde Hollingsworth, Arnold Teague, Walter Williams, Clifton Hedrie, Clyde Brown.

"B"

Connie Loman, Carlyle Hardy, Ed Ellis, Carlton Hegar, Alton Piner, Lester Morris, Garland McCall James Caviness, Herbert Poteat, James Ford.

Room No. 4

"A"

Clay Bates, Ned Morris, Ray Hatley, Alfred Stamey, Jesse Hurley, Reggie Brown, Pete Ransom, Conley Kirby, Brevard McLendon, Cebern

McConnell, Broady Riley, Adam Beck, Ramond Kennedy, Calvin Forbush, Clyde Trollinger, Fernon Wishon, John Faggart, David Queen, Cedric Bass, John Creech, Clarence Maynard, Herman Hemric, Vernon Hall, John Forster, Bloyce Johnson, Ed. Moses.

"B"

Jeff Letterman, Hunter Cline, Delmos Stanley, Harold Crary, Tom Grace, Roscoe Grogan, Simon Wade, Charles Sherrill, William Hurley, Pearson Hunsucker, Harvey Cook, Roy Lingerfelt, Rex Weathersby, John Kivett, Sam Smith, Jeff Blizzard, Elmo Oldham, Jay Lambert, Vance Cook, Norman Watkins.

Room No. 5

"A"

Lyonel McMahan, William Harmon, Turner Preddy, Van Dowd, Eugene Keller, Robert Sisk, Walker Culler, Maston Britt, Samuel DeVon, Otis Floyd, John Tomision, Larry Griffith, Woodrow Kivett, Ralph Glover, Bronco Owens, David Whitacker, Linzie Lambeth, Elmer Proctor, Cecil Trull, William Walker, Dock Cranfill, John Gray, Howard Catlett, Lamuel Lane, Floyd Stanley, Dewey Blackman, Moody Parker, Will Hodge, Lattie McClam, Fletcher Heath, Parks Earnheart, Andrew Parker, Claude Wilson, Charlie Beaver, Elmer Mooney, Tommie Tedder, Keller Tedder, Robert Sprinkle, J. David Sprinkle, Marshal Weaver, James Long, William Harmon, Lester Lore, Ray Brown, George Lewis, Ben Cameron, George Cox, James Robinson, Al Pettigrew, Lester Matthews, Frank Ledford, Willie Rector, Lee King, Lester Franklin, Elias Warren, Andrew Bivins, Leonard Burleson, Eugene Glass Kenneth Lewis, Lee Wright, John Hill, Claude Dunn, John Watts, Bert Emry Garland Ryals, Carl Ballard, Lawrence Scales, Willie Proctor, Britt Gatlin.

"B"

James Cook, Elmer Proctor, Earl Greene, Toddie Albarty, John Hill, Carl Ballard, Cecil Arnold, Amos Ramsey, Earl Torrence, Earl Edwards, Ralph Clinard, Everett Cavenaugh, Robert Cooper, Lester Lon, Theodore Coleman, Edgar Sperling, Willie Shaw.

The first of all virtues is innocence; the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.—Addison.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 18, 1924 No. 48

ASPIRATION.

"Let us teach the youth not only to acquire, to assimilate, and to appreciate, but also to aspire to be filled with a great desire to be something and to do something in the world in return for what they have received."

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920 at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

Mecklenburg county will hold an election Dec. 9th on a bond issue to build a county hospital for tuberculosis. Wake and all other big counties should do likewise and the smaller counties should unite and provide this necessity and benefaction.—News & Observer.

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

On the 9th and 10th, in the Temple Baptist Church of Wilminngton, the 1924 convention of The King's Daughters was held. The report is that the convention was well attended, practically all the circles in the state having one or more delegates in attendance.

Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Raleigh, who has been the honored president for more than twenty years, presided. Reports from the various circles revealed a year of fine service and activity in the peculiar field that this splendid organization occupies.

In addition to nearly completing payment on the Memorial Bridge, at the Jackson Training School, where this organization in previous years aided materially in the erection of the first cottage home and built outright the beautiful stone chapel, which is appropriately named for Mrs. Burgwyn, and which is admired by the thousands that pass on the National Highway, the King's Daughters have been engaged in building a $6,000.00 chapel at Samarcand, on which a considerable sum has been paid.

The Jackson Training School and Samarcand have all the time appealed to

the interest of this noble order, and it has been a strong and loyal supporter of the two institutions. The pledges made to the latter at the recent meeting give assurances of the success of the undertaking.

On the evening of the 10h, Rev. Thomas P. Jimison, of Spencer, made a most admirable address fitting into the spirit that animates these faithful workers in their glorious work for their fellows. Rev. Jimison is an attractive speaker and the message that he delivered the assembled women encouraged them in their work.

The election of officers, which is an interesting event in these annual meetings, resulted as follows:

President—Mrs. James P. Cook, Concord,

Vice-president—Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham,

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Richard Williams, Greenville,

Treasurer—Mrs. Z. A. Rochelle, Durham,

The Executive Committee:

Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Raleigh,

Mrs. R. C. Lawson, Chapel Hill,

Mrs. R. M. King, Concord,

Mrs. J. C. Kelloway, Wilmington,

Miss Mamie Steele, Rockingham.

Central Council member: Mrs. Thad R. Manning, Rosemary.

The convention was honored by the presence of Mrs. C. G. Burton, fraternal visitor from the Virginia Branch of The King's Daughters. Mrs. Burton, whose home is in Belona, Va., was formerly president of the State King's Daughters of Virginia, and is an enthusiastic worker in the order.

The splendid hospitality for which Wilmington is noted, waxed warmer and warmer from the time lady Mayor Cowan officially turned over the keys of the city to the women in a speech of hearty and true welcome until every delegate left the city. The convention went on record in its appreciation of the marked attention accorded it.

The next annual convention will be held in Salisbury.

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THE WATER IS ALRIGHT.

A telephone message from a well known Albemarle lady the other day informed us of the fact that the water at Misenheimer White Sulphur Springs should not interfere with the proposed movement on the part of Stanly and Cabarrus to build a tuberculosis sanitorium there. The lady stated that there is a deep well right near the old hotel building which

would furnish all the pure fresh water necessary, and that it is free from sulphur or other mineral which might be unfavorable to a tuberculosis patient.

There are more people interested in the proposed joint county tuberculosis sanitorium than we thought when we first made mention of the proposition suggested by Editor Cook of the Uplift. We believe that about all necessary to get the scheme through, would be for some civic organization to get behind it and keep the need of such an institution constantly before the people of the two counties. That there is grave need of a place where persons of the two counties might go for treatment for that dreadful disease, there is no question. All agree that something should be done.—Albemarle News-Herald.

Funny notions take hold of some people occasionally. The Albemarle News-Herald, from which the above is taken, is furnished by a lady with data that overcomes an imaginary objection. For twenty years or more a prominent lady of Concord, suffering froma serious and chronic throat trouble, always spent from two to three months at the said springs annually, and she believed up to her death at a ripe age that the use of this water stayed the disease.

Again, several prominent families from Wilmington spent summer after summer at this place because, as they said, the water and the splendid ozone that flowed freely through the surrounding pines, checked several cases of tuberculosis that had crept into the family.

And again, the former owner, Mr. Alexander Misenheimer, who lived to an advaneved age, had suffered from tuberculosis in his life and it is generally believed that his drinking of the water (sulphur) and living in the splendid atmosphere that prevails there the year around kept him in a fighting trim to whitstand the terrible enemy, if not eradicated altogether, as some believed. There is something invigorating about the atmosphere round about Misenheimer Springs.

Nobody however, is wedded to this location. The point is this and this alone: Cabarrus county and Stanly county owe a pressing duty in the care of their tubercular, who cannot now get treatment and are unable to go where treatment is available. It would be a burden—or apparently so—in each county to render this bounden service to its afflicted citizens in separate institutions; and the suggestion of the two counties joining was in the interest of economy. If the people come to see their duty in this matter and the authorities make this combined fight against the terrible and growing disease in the two counties, the question of location can be settled afterwards to

the satisfaction of the two counties.

The fact remains: We are not doing our full duty towards these afflicted among us; and we are playing with fire—who knows when he will become a victim of this malady, when seeds of it are flying everywhere in the air, and we do not know it. Give the unfortunates an opportunity to regain their health and give them the knowledge how to care for themselves in such a way as not to jeopardise those with whom they associate. This is a bounden duty resting upon an intelligent people that do not live entirely to themselves.

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IT'S A CONDITION.

Even the non-believers in the systems of religion that prevail on earth will give credit to the splendid influences of the Bible upon society and the acts of men. Judges and other judicial officers are cognizant of the increase of crime and a growing dereliction among the young. There is a reason for all this.

Bad examples of the grown-ups very largely influence the acts of the young. A youngster feels that he is approaching manhood when he can pull off a stunt that some grown-up man has enacted. Over one-half of the men you see on the streets or riding in cars have a little coffin-tack hanging from their lips. That appeals to a boy. He wants to do the same thing, and he will sooner or later unless wise teaching prevails. It is illegal to sell cigarettes to the boys under certain ages, yet it is done every day in every community. The dealer, who does this, is a double sinner—he violates the law, and for the sake of a little gain he leads a boy into a miserably bad and offensive habit.

There are places where you can go and see every member of the clerical force, from the manager down, sporting a pipe hanging from his mouth. You need not believe that this does not have its influence upon the young. To see so important a personage as the leader of a large mercantile establishment setting the pace for his force in sporting a sickening and dirty pipe in their mouths almost constantly, gives the practice a standing in the eyes of the young, and the boy is lead to sneak to some fellow that is blind to law observance and there equips himself with a package of cigarettes.

Do you blame the boy? The men who set examples constantly and the man that thinks more of a little profit than the high purpose of observing a law, are far guiltier than the boy. Yet the boy has something to answer and

pay for in the future for having been led into bad habits.

It is far easier to teach truth, order, proper living, up-right conduct to the young by example, than it is to reform a criminal. The officers of the courts have reached this conclusion. Back to the home altars! Let the Bible into the public schools without violating the constitution, as is being done in the Reidsville public schools and elsewhere! And let men come to know that the young are taking note of their conduct and their words.

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THE BOGEY MAN UNCOVERED.

Prof. Chas. L. Coon, head of educational affairs in Wilson, county and city, and who is one of the outstanding educators that has earned every dollar he has received by a faithful and constructive record in the cause, takes note of the few references being made to the cost of books for use in the public schools, and, incidentally, punctures the advocay of free books. Mr. Coon, in analyzing the list together with the costs in the matter, makes clear that a child can go through the public schools up to and including the seventh grade at a cost of less than tweny-eight dollars for the whole seven years, or about four dollars per year.

Mr. Coon points out that this four dollars represents the price of ten dozen eggs on the Wilson market in August, while chickens sell for fifty-five cents a pound, including feet and feathers.

The cheapest thing about one's rearing and educating his children in the public schools is the matter of text books. The clamor of those, who would have the state assume the cost of books, would after getting this bonus, demand shoes, dresses and breeches. The whole business looks like striving to encourage pauperism.

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"KEEPS CIVIC FIRES BURNING."

Prof. M. L. Wright, the county superintendent of Carteret county, in the News & Observer tells a story that is inspiring. He goes down to Atlantic, a town in that county about the size of Mt. Pleasant in this county, and gathers the story of what a people cut off from the world by water with no roads, and with no agricultural advantages surrounding them, and having not even an organized government, have accomplished for their children.

Our readers will want to follow Mr. Wright's story, printed elsewhere in this number. It will give them an insight into the power of leadership that is unselfishly attuned to the good and prosperity of the children, our men

and women of tomorrow, whose standing, capacity and equipment will tell what manner of people were the children of yesterday.

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A REGULAR DRAG-NET.

Federal Judge Yates Webb, in holding court last week in Charlotte, had one matinee after another in dealing with the violators of the prohibition law-The docket seemed to be made up with cases of this kind.

Our own county, due to the activity of the officers, furnished quite a number of the leading characters in the different plays. Some received sentences to Atlanta; others escaped with a fine. It is generally believed that a fine amounts to nothing better than a license. The only cure for those who flaunt their contempt in the face of the law is a prison sentence—and mighty few who are let off with a fine will fail to return to Judge Webb's court sooner or later.

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THE FAIR.

Editor Ed. Keistler, of The Concord Observer, showing a commendable pride and interest in a local institution that, in its first functioning, took the whole state by surprise in that it outstripped every county fair ever held in the state, says in an ambitious issue of what he properly called "the Fair Edition" that "if you will be at this fair, we will all be there."

President Joe F. Cannon, Secretary Spencer and the faithful officers associated with them have built up an institution in our midst that deserves the appreciation of the whole county. The plant is in class A; the conduct of the business is straight from the shoulder; and no effort has been withheld to make it a credittable exhibit of the county's activities along all lines.

Here's hoping the fine weather will smile upon the Cabarrus County Fair, which begins on the 21th and ends on the 25th. And if you be there, reader, we will all be there. Let's make it unanimous. It's an opportunity to see hundreds of our dear friends from Stanly, Union, Mecklenburg, Iredell, Rowan and many other counties of the state, to say nothing of the numerous visitors from beyond the state's border.

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SOUNDS LIKE AN ADVERTISEMENT.

We have run across a little human interest story in the Smithfield Herald, which appears in another column under the title of "How It was Managed."

It reads like an advertisement, but it isn't.

This little story tells of the everlasting influence of a Home Demonstration Agent, who works her job for the good of her clients. Examples similar to this have occurred before in years gone by in the state, but under conditions much more trying, because the world had not yet benefited by the fine services of Home Demonstration agents.

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HONORED BY A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

When Hon. A. W. McLean, the democratic candidate for Governor, was in Concord in the interest of the campaign now waging in the state, he made it convenient to visit the Jackson Training School. The boys felt keenly honored to have a visit from the distinguished citizen and statesman.

The boys were assembld in the Auditorium, where Mr. McLean, after citing the fact that he had heard much and read more about the Jackson Training School, he had to admit he was agreeably surprised in that half of the story had never been told, and that seeing it in action was an impressive awakening. Then he made a clear cut address on the matter of "Character Building." The boys were charmed with the man's presence, and they yet speak with pride in having a visit from such a distinguished gentleman, who clearly manifested a great interest in them and their school.

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CHI-KA-GOU, AN HONORED INDIAN.

Dr. Granville, in another column of this issue, gives a story about the origin of the name of the great city of Chicago and traces in interesting manner the marvelous growth of the "Windy City."

To have begun in 1765, just one hundred and sixty years ago, and now occupying the third place in population of the cities of the world, gives to Chicago a place of honor and distinction. Dr. Granville gives many reasons why this wonderful growth and importance belong to Chicago.

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Tuesday, October 14th: The ZR-3, the big German Dirigible, that is coming to become the property of the United States, according to the radio caught up at Boston, "passes over Flores, the most westerly of the Azores Islands, at 6:30 Monday afternoon." Thousands of people will read this statement of the movement of the great airship without having the faintest idea where the location of the Azores is, but the introduction of Flores into the message drives many more hundreds to their geographies.

SCHOOLHOUSE KEEPS CIVIC FIRES BURNING.

By M. L. Wright in News & Observer.

Situated thirty-four miles from a railroad, a like distance from a telegraph line, and, until three years ago, cut off from any highway communication with the outside world, the village of Atlantic sits upon a high sandy ridge overlooking Core Sound and the Atlantic Ocean. It is one of the fishing villages of the Eastern North Carolina Coast.

Until a decade and a half ago this village ran true to form. Its people were neither harassed by wealth nor overburdened with learning. They lived a quiet and secluded life. Their wants were few and their opportunities were circumscribed both by nature and by social environment.

For real beauty there is no place on the Atlantic Coast that surpasses Atlantic. Along the shore live oaks and yeopon grow in profusion with their branches sloping higher and higher in the direction of the prevailing winds. Further inland are groves of live oaks with spreading branches. The dwelling houses are not located in rows or according to any pre-arranged plan. There were no roads or streets when most of the houses were built. They are set about promiscously here and there, most of them fronting toward the water. This arrangement gives the place a sort of haphazard beauty that could not be obtained with the conventional arrangement common to most villages.

Although there are some eight hundred people living in the village, they have no need for any form of city government or police protection. They have no mayor and no city commissioners. The people thought several years ago that they needed a form of municipal government, and had the place incorporated, electing one or two mayors and boards of commissioners. They later found that this was unnecessary; so the charter has not functioned, in years. The population is made up of peaceful and law-abiding citizens who work for a living. It takes very little governing for this class of people. Police protection is needed for the wastes of idleness and the haunts of ignorance, where inequality of wealth and social condiitions make one half of the population bear malice and enmity toward the other half. But such is not the case in a peaceful, hard-working village like this.

There is no spot on the eastern coast where Nature has been more sparing with her endowments and where the sweat of honest toil offers less remuneration. The land is particularly barren, and good fishing as a long way from home. Although her people are frugal and industrious the accumulation of wealth has been meagre, and at the present time, with a population of eight hundred people, the taxable wealth of the village is less than a hundred thirty-five thousand dollars. Figuring the population at eight hundred, we find a per capita wealth of approximately

one hundred seventy-five dollars, or eight hundred seventy-five dollars for a family of five.

But the real wealth of a people is not measured in stocks and bonds and in fertile fields. It is not measured in tangible assets. It is rather to be found in the moral worth, vision and spiritual strata of its citizenship.

Fish and Prosperity

The main industry of the village is fishing. Thousands of dollars are made each year from the fish, oysters, clams, crabs, and escallops that are caught in the waters of Core Sound. It seems strange that this should be the most prosperous village along the coast in view of the fact that it is most inconveniently located both from the standpoint of fertility of soil and distance from good fishing ground. This is another evidence of the fact that it is possible in many cases for Nature to do too much for us. For man to develop to his full capacity Nature must leave him enough to do to call forth his best physical and mental effort. The men of Atlantic leave home shortly after midnight on Sunday nights during the fishing season and return on the following Friday afternoon. These five days they spend upon the water, turning in their catch from day to day to the fish brokers whose boats ply the waters of the sound. This life on the waters, braving the storm and the weather, produces a type of manhood that knows no fear and recognizes no hardships.

In 1906, Atlantic found itself permeated with a swelling and surging public interest in education, but there was no unity of action among the people, no spirit of co-operation. Each faction had tried to run a school of its own. The Methodist tried to give its people a Methodist education. The Baptist tried to give their people a Baptist education, and each was willing to accomplish its purpose at the expense of the other. They finally came to the conclusion that there was no such thing as Methodist arithmetic, Baptist geography or Presbyterian history. They decided to come together, bury the hatchet and "let down their nets on the other side." No people remain poor who have vision and foresight. No people remain ignorant who have a longing for truth.

At this time a young native of the village by the name of James Norris managed to rally around him the leading citizens of the village. This group of men had a vision of better things for the community and for their children.

Build Own Schoolhouse

In 1905 the State of North Carolina passed a law, providing aid for the establishment of high schools in those communities that would raise locally like amounts for their support. Atlantic had no public high school and it had no building where one could be taught. In order to get the appropriation they must have a building. They went into the forests on a near by island and cut the timber and built a high school building that would have done credit at that time to any community of its size in the State. They voted a special tax of 30 cents on the hundred dollars valuation for its maintenance. This tax was not sufficient for an eight months' school term; so, in order to supplement it, they charged tui-

tion for all pupils in the eleventh grade coming from their own community and for all pupils coming from their own community they also charged tuition for the two additional months beyond the constitutional term of six months. At the same time they made tuition free to all pupils of the county of Carteret living outside Atlantic.

With this organization this high school started on a career that is unique in the educational history of the State. Averaging its enrollment over the years it has run, the school has no thad an attendance of over forty pupils in the high school; and yet it has sent more boys and girls to college within the past fourteen years than any other town in the county, and probably more than the rest of the county combined. Several years since the school began the entire graduating class has gone to college.

The school has turned out within the past fourteen years a hundred fifty graduates. More than a third of these have gone to college. It has sent into the public schools of the State more than one hundred teachers. Half of these are still in educational work either in this or other states. Numbered among its graduates are to be found lawyers, doctors, preachers, merchants, in fact, practically every profession is represented.

It is a fact that an institution is the lengthened shadow of an individual, and we were to undertake to designate the individual who furnished the original inspiration to start these boys and girls of Atlantic on the road to success, we might be at a loss to know just whom to point out. In fact it may be that the inspiration did not all come from one person. This school has had a phenomenal career for fifteen years and it may be that each principal and teacher has contributed his or her part of the inspiration that it takes to go into the making of real men and women. And, too, it may be that all of this inspiration did not come from teachers. A plus pupil at school usually has a plus parent at home. What else can a boy do but win when dad's rooting on the side lines and mother's cheering from the grandstand?

Shadow of a Man

Whether or not we are able to pick out any one teacher or principal of the school and say that he or she is responsible for all of the inspiration that has been furnished the boys and girls of the village, it is fitting that we should mention the name of R. C. Holton, who was the first principal of this school. Mr. Holton went there fresh from the University of North Carolina. He had the fire and enthusiasm of youth and the ballast that is furnished by a srtong and sturdy character.

In 1919 the special tax of thrity cents on the hundred for maintenance of the high school was no longer sufficient for its support, and so an additional twenty cents was voted, making a total tax rate of fifty cents on the hundred. In 1921 when the State began to offer further aid for the establishment of Standard High Schools this village came out for a bond issue for a new high school building, thus increasing the local tax rate to eighty cents. The bond issue was carried without a dissenting vote.

In 1922 a new brick building was erected at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars. This building contains ten class rooms and an auditorium, a library, laboratories and a teacher-training department. Under the efficient management of Joseph W. Hamilton, the present principal the high school was placed on the accredited list of State High Schools in the spring of 1924.

All the material for the new building has to be shipped to Beaufort and then carried a distance of thirty-four miles by water to the site. This makes the process of building very expensive, but at the same time it shows what a people can do without wealth and without conveniences when they make up their mind.

In the fall of 1924 a teacher-training department was added to the school. This department carries with it the best equipment and apparatus to be had for this class of work. It has a trained director, Miss Meriel Groves, who gives full time to this particular department. This work is the equivalent of one year in a standard A grade college and the State Department of Education extends credits for it to this extent.

Until recent years comparatively few people outside of Carteret county knew much about Atlantic. Its principal product was sea food and this was always shipped in the name of the fish dealer. Fewer people still had ever visited the place, on account of its extreme isolation. Ralph Waldo Emerson is reputed to have said that if you make a mouse-trap better than anybody else that the world will beat a path to your door. The world will beat a path to those communities that have something to give back in return.

The First Ford

In 1922 a road was opened to Atlantic connecting it with the county seat, Beaufort, and thus with the outside world. This road had to be built at a tremendous cost over ten miles of tide marsh, by digigng deep cannals on either side in order to get dirt to elevate the road above high tide. In the year 1922 the first automobile rolled into the village.

Steamships could ply up and down the sound, hydro planes and air ships could circle over the village without attracting particular attention, for they wer eevery-day occurrences; but the day the first Ford rattled itself through the sand by the corner of the school building there was no power on earth that could have kept those children in their seats. Atlantic was no longer a lost province.

The high school in the village of Atlantic has been its power plant, and its service lines have gone out into the world in the form of enlightened and educated citizenship. The village ha slived to see the returns on its investment. The bread t at waste cast up on the waters has returned. These people had faith in their children and they invested in them. Every dollar they have spent has paid a dividend. The village is still poor when measured from the standpoint of taxable wealth; but happy is that people that findeht wisdom and getteth understanding, for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver.

We maintain no collectors. Please examine the label on your paper.

A LEADER OF 90,000 WOMEN.

There were in biennial session, at Salisbury, for several days, the representatives of the various missionary societies of the United Lutheran Church in America. Six hundred consecrated women from every state in the union were present, engaged in a service that has in view doing of their part in the evangelizing of the world. It was a body of earnest, intelligent and statesman-like women. There was not a single bobbed-haired woman in the entire assembly.

The Salisbury Post has given very copious and clear accounts of the deliberations of these women. In its reports it gave the following with reference to the remarks of Mrs. Sidney R. Kempner, upon her re-election to the presidency of the organization that includes in its membership over 90,000 *women. Mrs. Kempner said in part*:

"The missionary note resounds throughout the Bible. From Genesis to Matthews we find it wending its way like a mighty river seeking an outlet, until it finally is made manifest in the birth of the Saviour. It is the greatest love story of all time for in spite of sin, unbelief, rebellion and idoltary, God gave his only son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life. Such a gift forever establishes the sincerity of God's love. Christ selected 12 men, and said unto them follow me. The story of missions simply tells how they followed.

The little handful of men was the mustard seen sown in Palestine, but God nourished it until today it is a mighty tree with strong branches touching all parts of the world. This tree grew and spread until the Scots, English, Goth, Franks, Tuetons, Norsemen and Slaves became Christian, and after America was populated Christian communities were established in this fair land of ours. But after 2000 years of effort there we may sleep without the fold so the English, Continental and American churches united in the modern Missionary enterprise. While the churches rejoice in the progress which has been made, yet there are vast areas and many section of the world unoccupied. We need men and women whose hearts will never rest within them as long as there are those without the sheltering care of the gospel message. In India the tide is turning toward christianity. "Educated men and women of India no longer speak in terms of idolattry." One sixth of all the children in the Indian schools are in mission schools. In Japan progress has been rapid in the last 50 years. Text books contain the entire Sermon on the Mount. "China today is trying to be reborn, she is trying to clean up her political life, to reform her social life and to make ready for the coming of a loving Father who will understand and help.

Commerce Placed Before God

Ninety per cent of the population of Africa is reached by commerce, but only ten per cent by the welcome Missionary effort. South America began a new search after God since the war. In this vast territory, a new era is dawning, there is a new

open-mindedness and seeking after God and a desire for new friendships. But Foreign Missionray effort is hampered by conditions at our own doors. There are five and a half million illiterates above nine years of age. Fifty million of the same age not connected with any church. Twenty-seven million Protestant children under twenty-five not enrolled in Sunday School. Missionary effort has always been hampered by a lack of workers.

Service and sacrifice are essential in the missionary enterprise. It calls for vision, for consecration, for sacrifice. Jesus died to win men. He directs us to "Launch out into the deep." God desires to work some great purpose through us. The opinion is ours—to work or not to work.

By our works we shall be known. Friends, we must be more earnest. We should live every day as we will wish we had lived when we stand before the Master when the day's toil is over.

Before these convention days are over, we will rejoice because of our past achievements. It is right that we rejoice, because through love, prayer and devotion we have given not only our money but also our sons and daughters. He is calling for them in non-Christian lands. We can give them to the Master's cause to hasten the day when mankind shall hear the greatest story of time and etrenity.

O love that will not let me go
I rest my weary soul on Thee:
I give the back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

THE COUNTRY'S BOY'S CREED.

I believe that the country God made is more beautiful than the city which man made; That life out-of-doors and in touch with the earth is the natural life of man.

I believe that work is work wherever we find it but that work with nature is more inspiring than work with the most intricate machinery.

I believe that the dignity of labor depends not on what you do, but on how you do it; That opportunity comes to the boy on the farm as often as to the boy in the city, that life is larger, freer and happier on the farm than in town, that my success depends not on my location, but upon myself—not upon my dreams but upon what I actually do, not upon luck but upon pluck.

I beleve in working when I work and in playing when I play; in giving and demanding a square deal in every act of life.—Edwin O. Grove.

WHAT MAKES CHICAGO FAMOUS.

Dr. W. A. Granville in The Lutheran.

The most generally accepted tradition about the origin of the name Chicago is that the city was named after a very well thought of Indian by the name of Chi-Ka-Gou, who was drowned in the river dividing the present site of the city into the North and South sides.

In 1682 La Salle, referring to what is now Chicago, made this prophecy: "This will be the gate of Empire, this the seat of Commerce. The typical man who will grow up here must be an enterprising man. Each day as he rises he will exclaim, 'I act, I move, I push,' and there will be spread before him a boundless horizon, an illimitable field of activity.

A limitless expanse of plain is here —to the east water and all other points land. If I were to give this place a name I would derive it from the nature of the man who will occupy it—ago, I act; circum, all around; Circago."

The srtiking manner in which this prophecy has come true is almost uncanny. Chicago is already the seat of commercial empire for the vast expanse which extends from the Alleghany Mountains in the east to the Rocky Mountains in the west, from the Gulf of Mexico in the south to the the Arctic Circle in the north, an area which is the granary of the world. Situated at the natural crossroads between the industrial East and the agricultural West, the ore-producing North, and the cotton-growing South; possessing the cheapest water transportation on earth and the most complete railway facilities in the world, the phenomenal growth of Chicago was inevitable; it is equally inevitable that she will continue to grow by leaps and bounds. The best students of political and industrial economy agree that it will be only a question of decades before Chicago will lead all the cities of the world in population, and become supreme in commercial affairs as well.

Condensed Chronology of Chicago

1673. Site first visited by white men, namely, Joliet and Marquette.

1765. First white men arrive for permanent settlement.

1804. The first white child born.

1830. Chicago surveyed and platted. First sale of town lots.

1832. First church erected.

1833. Chicago incorporated as a town. First newspaper published The Chicago Democrat. Population 100.

1871. Great Chicago fire. About 100,000 people made homeless and over 300 burned alive. Loss over $200,000,000. 37 fire insurance companies became insolvent.

1893. The World's Columbian Exposition. On the Midway lived more different races of men than probably ever were gathered together before or since.

1924. Chicago passes Paris and Berlin in population. In less than 90 years it takes third rank in size of cities in the world, the two larger ones, London and New York, being respectively 295 and over 1,000 years old.

Over 3,000,000 people live in the

city proper and the number is now increasing at the rate of more than 70,000 each year. An idea of the extent of the metropolitan area of Chicago may be gained from the fact that the suburbs of the city comprise 495 separately named communities, all but a few of which lie outside the city limits. A conservative estimate of the population of the suburbs outside of the city limits is 800,000, making the total population of the metropolitan area of Chicago not less than 3,800,000. Fifty million people, almost half the entire population of the United States, live within a 500-mile (one night's ride) radius from Chicago. At the intersection of State and Madison Streets is the densest pedestrian traffic in the world.

Area

The area of Chicago is over 202.5 square miles, or about 130,000 acres, with a frontage on Lake Michigan of over 23 miles. If all the suburbs are included these figures are more than doubled.

The Park and Boulevard System

The park and boulevard system of Chicago is unsurpassed by any city in the world. Th total park and playground area within the city is over 5,000 acres. There are 207 parks ranging from less than one acre to 542 acres, 85 miles of the finest boulevards connecting the larger ones. There are 72 special municipal playgrounds, 12 public bathing beaches and 60 street-end beaches capable of accommodating 250,000 people at one time. The recreation facilities of Chicago now register an annual attendance of over 40,000,000 visitors.

About 25,000 acres of forest preserves, which is continually being added to, is maintained outside of the city limits. These are natural parks set aside by Chicago for the benefit of its citizens and visitors.

Hotels

Chicago has over 400 hotels with a capacity in excess of 100,000 rooms. Among these the Edgewater Beach Hotel is unique because of its unparalleled location on the North Lake Shore. It has over 1,000 rooms, all outside, each with a bath, and a bathing beach for the exclusive use of its guests. A golf putting course, tennis courts, a playground for children and a 200-car garage under the same roof, are some of its distinctive features.

The New Palmer House, now being built in the loop district, will contain 4,000 rooms and be the largest hotel in the world.

Chicago's convention visitors number over 750,000 annually, 752 conventions meeting in Chicago during 1923.

Weather, Climate and Health

Chicago has a temperate and equitable climate. Lake Michigan moderates the effect of both heat and cold waves and its breezes are very rich in ozone; their effect is bracing and stimulating to body and mind.

The annual mean temperature is 48 degrees and the annual precipatation 33.3 inches. Elevation, 590 to 652 feet.

Chicago is known as the healthiest large city in the world, the average death rate being 11.85 per thousand.

Education

No other city in the country can compare with Chicago in the number, importance of, and attendance at its educational institutions. Chicago,

with Evanston included, has six colleges or universities, nine theological schools, eight law schools, six medical schools, two collegiate schools for business, three dental schools, one independent college of engineering, two hundred and seventy one elementary schools, twenty-five high schools, and a great many private schools and colleges of all kinds and grades.

Thirty main libraries with more than fifty branches and two hundred traveling libraries and deposit stations are maintained by the city authorities. In addition there are many nationally known libraries, art galleries, museums (the Field Museum being the largest marble building in the world) and other institutions of an educational nature which are open to the public.

Religion

Following are the approximate church statistics for the metropolitan area of Chicago:

	Churches	Members	Ministers
Catholic	360	400,000	1,000
Protestant	1,000	375,000	1,200
Jewish	100	45,000	125
Total	1,460	816,000	2,325

Transportation

Chicago is the greatest railway center in the world. It is the terminal of thirty-eight railway lines, including twenty-three great trunk systems. Forty-two per cent of the entire railway mileage of the United States radiates from Chicago. It is the final destination of every train that enters its boundaries, no road running through Chicago. In every twenty-four hours 1,376 passenger trains arrive in and depart from its great passenger stations, carrying over 250,000 travelers.

Encircling the city are over 1,400 miles of railway belt lines connecting 120 large railway yards. 2,500 package cars leave Chicago daily for about 2,000 shipping points in forty-four States.

Thirty feet below the business streets of Chicago are fifty-five miles of electrically operated freight tunnels connecting factories, warehouses, wholesale and retail stores with central district freight stations.

Business

Chicago leads every other city of the world—

As a grain center.

As a produce market.

As an oil distributing center.

In the production of meat and packing house products.

In the manufacture and distribution of farm machinery and implements.

In the manufacture of tetlephone equipment.

In the manufacture and distribution of furniture and allied lines.

In the manufacture of men's clothing.

In the distribution of dry goods and general merchandise.

In the production of household, electrical and gas devices.

In the production of refined petroleum prducts.

In cold storage facilities.

In the sale of merchandise through mail-order houses.

In the manufacture of musicial instruments.

In the distribution of shoes.

In the manufacture and distribution of passenger and freight cars and other railway supplies.

BIBLE IN REIDSVILLE SCHOOLS.

By P. H. Gwynn, Supt.

Millions of dollars are spent each year by the public schools in developing the mind of the child. Millions are being spent in developing his body. Practically nothing is spent to develop his moral and spiritual nature. The possible product of such a lop-sided program of instruction has been strikingly illustrated recently in the characters of Loeb and Leopold who committed murder for sport. The need of moral and religious training in the public schools is freely admitted today by prominent educators and leading business men all over the country. It was to meet this need that the course in Bible study was introduced in the public schools of Reidsville.

Without doubt, the Bible contains the greatest moral truths of the ages, and the expression of these truths is clothed in the simplest and most beautiful terms in the English language. But in attempting to use it as a textbook in the public schools, certain problems arising out of the constitutional guarantees of religious liberty, have to be met and solved. First of all, its study should not in any case be compulsory. In the second place, no one who objects to the study of the Bible in public schools should be taxed to pay for the cost of the instruction. Is it possible, then, to offer this instruction without violating the provisions of the constitution? Experience has shown that it can be successfully accomplished without offering offense to any man, no matter what may be his race or creed. In hundreds of cities and communities all over the United States the Bible is being taught in the public schools; nowhere with more gratifying results than in Chattanooga, Tenn., and it is the "Chattanooga Plan" that we are using in Reidsville. Following are its essential features as we have adapted them to local conditions:

1. The whole program is financed by the churches of Reidsville. Each church interested shoulders its proportional part of the expense. The budget for the work is apportioned and raised by a Bible study committee consisting of one representative from each church in the group. This budget provides for the salary of the teacher or teachers, and for all material necessary in conducting the course. This committee selects the Bible study teachers subject to the approval of the school board and the superintendent of schools. The school board co-operates by offering a room to be known as "The Bible Study Room." Such a method of providing for the financial support of the work avoids even the appearance of taxing members of religious bodies to maintain in the schools a course of instruction to which they are opposed because of the principles of their faith.

2. The course is entirely elective. Any pupil may choose it. Any pupil may refuse it. The choice is left to the will of the pupil, and no pressure is brought to bear upon the individual to persuade him to elect it. Hence, no complaint can be made by those who object, that their children

are forced to receive instruction which does not meet with the approovel of their faith. Credit is offered, however, for the completion of the course in accordance with the rules and regulations of the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges. This offers a very attractive inducement to the pupil to take it.

3. The sole text book is the Bible. The idea is to study the book and let it speak for itself without putting interpretations upon it. The Bible, when properly presented, tells its own great story, and the pupil will get its message if given a fair chance and an opportunity to become acquainted with it. Doctrinal discussions and controversial questions are avoided. Sectarian teaching is forbidden. As in all other forms of instruction, the success of the course depends upon the type of teacher secured. A skillful teacher and one well trained for the work can avoid these pitfalls, and succeed in making the Bible one of the most interesting and popular courses offered in the whole curriculum.

The success of the work in Reidsville promises to far surpass the fondest hopes of those who made the course. Already, although it was introduced for the first time this fall and the schools have been in operation only three weeks, more than fifty per cent of the pupils in the high school have elected Bible, and more than eighty per cent of the children in the grades have indicated their desire to receive the instruction. The boys and girls of today are not opposed to learning the great principles of morality and religion. What they desire is an opportunity to secure this instruction under a plan which gives it the emphasis which it deserves.

NO TRASH.

"The English people in the reign of Elizabeth did not read trash. They read a great Book—the Book. Therefore, they thought great thoughts and became a great people. The rise of the English dates from that period. As coal feeds a fire the Bible has fed the spirit of our race. The foundations of the United States were laid by Bible readers—the Pilgrim Fathers. And today there is a British commonwealth of nations and a great English-speaking republic, which, together, dominate the world. How? By the sword? No! By cleverness? No! They domniate by the force of character, and their charactter has been built up by three centuries of close communion with the great thoughts and principles of the Bible...The civilization and Christianization of the world depend today upon America and the British commonwealth of nations—English-speaking people who have risen to greatness through contact with the mighty spirit which surges through the Bible."—Rev. Thomas Tiplady.

HOW IT WAS MANAGED.

(The Smithfield Herald)

"Say Mister, what's that contraption in the back of your Ford?" inquired a drug drummer last week, who had asked a lift from Selma to Smithfield of Mr. W. S. Earp, Selma, R. F. D. No.—

"That," replied Mr. Earp, "is a steam pressure cooker."

"And what, pray, might that be?" the drummer wanted to know.

"That's what we use to can fried and roast chicken, beefsteak, stewbeef, sausage, and any other meat we happen to want to put up for future use," explained Mr. Earp.

"You don't mean to tell me that you can beefsteak? Who ?taught you how to do it?" continued the drummer, who was genuinley interested in something that he really never knew of before.

"Well, in Johnston County," said Mr. Earp, "we have a mighty good Home Demonstration Agent, Miss Minnie Lee Garrison, and she taught us to do these things—things a few years ago we never knew we could do. And to me and my family, it has meant more than an economical living at home. It has meant a college education for my two boys."

"How's that?" inquired the drummer. "What relation does canned fried chicken have to a college education?"

"Boys who go to college, you know must eat, and food at these colleges costs a lot of money. My oldest boy tried a year, boarding at the club. But he found it too expensive, and might have had to give up his college plans if he had not hit upon the idea of renting a room and boarding himself. He was at Wake Forest College and he found a one-room office building on the campus which he rented for three dollars a month. During vacation he helped his mother and the home demonstration agent can meats and fruit and vegetables and soup enough to last him while at school. With the aid of a home-made fireless cooker, which the County Home Agent showed him how to make, he "bached it" the remaining three years of college. He graduate last year and is now taking a specialization course in medicine. He is boarding in the College this year, having given up his quarters to his brother, who is now a Junior.

"I always wanted my boys to have the advantage of college training, but I never could have sent them both through college if they had not helped themselves. And we feel that we owe a lot to the County Home Agent for showing us how to make it possible for my boys to keep up with their classes and at the same time enjoy for supper a bowl of hot soup, canned during the summer; rice, prepared in the fireless cooker, to go with beefsteak and gravy, also put up in the summer, with a dessert of sliced pears or peaches canned from the home orchard."

"Sure thing," said the drummer, "if that is the sort of work Home Demonstration Agents do, may their good deeds spread all over the land."

THE POWER BALLOON.

Greensboro News.

A decade and a half ago there was general expecancy of the time, not far distant, when the sight of vehicles navigating the air would be as common as the sight of song-birds. The "safety" bicycle had come, and its numbers had rapldly multiplied in the streets and the country lanes. That was the first transportation' novelty after the steam engine, and it occupied a large place in thought and conversation for years. It was pointed at with pride and wonder, and viewed with alarm and misgiving. There were large, momentous ancillary question: should women ride? Later, should they ride in divided skirts? The edifice of civilization was hardly expected to survive such a thing as women riding in bloomers, as they called the first regular feminine breeches. The inventer of the bicycle had a share not small in the sartorial emancipation of women. What women shall wear and may wear is a question long since abandoned by those who fel a high degree of responsibility for the preservation of the proprieties; their agitation fear now is that woman, lovely woman, and otherwise, may elect to wear less and less; and less and less, logically projected, ends in nothing.

This is a disgression from, as you will have guessed, the Shenandoah. Came the horseless carriage; and conquered. Youth once dreamed and planned and schemed for a bicycle; youth and maturity now talked and dreamed of and contrived for an automodile. The inventor of the internal combustion engine had revolutionized transportation, and his mechanism rapidly became of universal use. The flying machine was to repeat history. Then came the war, advancing the development of the heavier-than-air machine, we were told, at the rate of at least a dozen years every twelvemonth. The plane was thoroughly established as an esential of war. People were more certain than ever that it was presently to be an essential of the business and the diversions of peace.

How long since you saw an airplane? The war has been ended six years. You never see a woman on a bicycle; are feminine "wheels" manufactured any more? The bicycle arrived; the airplane never has arrived.

As the great hull of the dirigible Shenandoah flooded over the city, her cabin lights and riding lights indicated her proportions, what had been a faint nebulosity in the night gradually revealing itself as the moon's radiance outlining her top side, things went on inside the minds of thousands of people who had never before beheld such a sight except in picture and in those rare, luxurious dreams in which one floats above the earth.

The heavier-than-air machine is not for the populances. They do not wish it, else they would have it. It does not lay hold of the imagination. Is the powered balloon to be the thing?

JURORS OR JUDGES.

By R. R. Clark in Greensboro News.

Judge Sinclair told the Rotarians at Washington (N. C.) that the juries are to blame for the ineffectiveness of the courts. He is quoted as saying that he has seen "ex-convicts, bootleggers and men of bad character on juries." Primarily he lays the blame for incompetent and untrustworthy jurors on "the county officials (the (commissioners?) and the sheriff," alleging to exercise proper care in selecting jury material. And further Judge Sinclair is quoted as remarking—

"We blame the attorneys and courts, whereas the juror is the man who is behind. Judges can only hear the evidence and weigh it but the jury brings in the verdict. Give us clean juries and you can expect justice.

"Preachers and editors," we are informed, came in for a share of the judge's criticism, it being alleged that the newspapermen and the clergy "too often criticise the courts without fully understanding all the facts." Let it be admitted at the outset that preachers and editors are at times free with criticism when they are not familiar with all the facts. They can judge by the facts as they appear to them. And let it also be admitted that far too little care is exercised in the selection of jurors. It is probable, however, that sheriff and county commissioners may disclaim entire responsibility. They may say that lawyers for the defense will on occasion not only welcome ex-convicts, bootleggers and men of known ill repute on juries, but that they will exhaust their challenges eo secure jurors who will have a fellow feeling for their client, without regard to the character of the jurors aforesaid. The laymen may have the lawyers down wrong in this matter, but that is the impression they get from observation. Lawyers who appear for crooks are not anxious to have their clients tried by the best men in the community. They want some jurors who will have a fellow feeling, and they will get some of that kind if possible.

It's curious, too, how the laity have gained the impression that the judges are largely to blame for the ineffectiveness of the courts. Judge Sinclair wants it known that it is the jurors. The "man in the street" will remark that the judges too often turn 'em loose with an admonition after they are convicted, so what's the use? The prevailing custom of endeavoring to secure reformation by releasing the offender on a promise to do better has no doubt had it effect on jurors, who have fallen in with the idea that they, too, should be merciful, giving the accused the benefit of the doubt not only, but the benefit of imaginary doubts as well. It is a fact that pleas of guilty in criminal cases are becoming far more common because defendants who are guilty find that the easiest way out. At a recent term of court in one of our counties, at which a considerable criminal docket was disposed of, only two cases were submitted to the jury, and these without argument. The

district solicitor said that was becoming the custom in his courts.

But the purpose here is not to question Judge Sinclair's conclusions. He is a lawyer of ability and his judicial career has been highly commended. The idea is simply to give the viewpoint of the laity generally, in which number may be included at least some of the preachers and editors. The jurors may be entirely to blame. But some of us have to be shwn if the judiciary are to be acquitted of all blame.

When you can look into a wayside puddle and see something beyond mud and into the most forlorn fellow and see something beyond sin—you are growing.—J. W. Chambliss.

WHY HAVE A BANK ACCOUNT.

(From Wachovia Magazine)

Note.—The following essay won a first prize in the City Schools of Winston-Salem during the last Thrift Week. It is by Master Burton Conrad of the fifth grade of Granville School.

John and his wife, Della, both worked up town so they could have enough to keep little Jim in school with the things he wanted and needed like the other boys had. But Della would not have to work much longer because they had learned to save.

Their little girl died two years before, because they had not saved anything back for a rainy day, and could not give her the proper attention, with doctors and all costing so much. After she died, had they resolved to bank the money that they had been foolishly spending for things they did not need. Then if anything should ever happen to Jim, the only child left, they would have money for the necessary expenses.

So, on this day John had said, "Well, Della, there won't be any more working for you. By saving $5.00 each week since we started two years ago, we now have $520.00 with interest, in the savings bank. That is enough to tide us over almost anything. However, I'll go on saving just the same, as it is just about the best and easiest habit a man can get into."

"You are right," said Della, "there is nothing as safe as a savings bank account. And listen, John, there is something else we should be thinking about. That is to start a savings account for little Jim. Then if anything should happen to us he could have the college education that we are so anxious for him to have. You know some day we will be old and feeble, and if we save now, while we can, to help him with his education, he can repay us by keeping us when we are old."

So Della told little Jim to save all his nickels and dimes and they would help him. The boys would often tell little Jim to spend his money. They would urge him to buy candy and ice cream, but little Jim would not, because his mother had told him

save. The boys would tease him and call him "stingy," but he did not mind that. He went on saving as he had formed the habit by this time.

Little Jim said he was going to college when he finished high schol, so he saved with that in view. Soon he was ready, but as his father was still living and able to send him through college, Jim left his money in the bank. In four years he graduated with high honors and returned home to enter business for himself. His money had been drawing interest all these years, so now he had a nice little sum to invest in a prosperous business.

Still following the habit of saving which had been instilled in him during his early years, it was only a matter of time until Jim was recognized as a prosperous and influential man.

The boys who had teased him so much were now men, too. They looked at Jim with envy as with their wasteful habit, they had not been so successful. They often regretted that they had not followed his example and determined that they would begin early to train and teach their children the importance of a savings bank account.

SUCH BEAUTY.

Sunday was a glorious day. It was one of those beautiful golden clasps tha tbind together the six working days. I journeyed to Yoch Lily, in Person county, with a party of congenial friends. The air was balmy with the warm breath of the South. The Skies were a deep sapphire blue; natur ewas beginning to hang her gorgeous robes of varigated hues upon the forests of the hills and valleys; scarlet berries fiashed from flaming red, russet and brown leaves of the roadside, and grasses murmured softly of sleep in the bronze bosum of mother earth. The goldenrods nodded their plumes in accent to the beauties of nature and landscape o'er.

Lock Lily! Beautiful body yof water; like a great mirror on the earth between the surrounding hills. Its dimpled bosom ripples slightly by the gentle breezes that frolicked over its surfac like invisible, phantom boats sailing with airy nothings. The hills and foliage were reflected in its calm waters, as beautiful as a picture, like nature's nymphs come down to the water's edge to gaze on their own beauty, and see that their colorings are tinting just right. The reflected white clouds were like great white sails upon the ocean. It was wonderfully beautiful, and the little wavelets lapped upon hte shores in glee like frolicksome children at play. I "skeeted" pebbles across the waters, as in youthful days. I was a boy again. The loveliness of it all renewed grateful praises to the "hand divine" that had pu tso much beauty in the world, and given the mind the joy of contemplating it all. A trip to Lock Lily is an inspiration.

—James A. Robison.

"RECONSTRUCTION" DAYS IN THE SOUTH.

J. H. Ruthedge in Progressive Farmer.

My childhood days were spent during the bitter days known as the period of "Reconstruction." Instead of the happy play days that all children should enjoy, there was always hard work for us. I learned to plow at the tender age of seven years and made a regular plowhand at nine, using a balky mule that no one else could plow. Although it was trying at the time, hard bitter days like those are the kind required to develop the strength and muscle necessary to endure the hardships of life, for I am an old man now, but I can do more work than many of the young fellows.

At the close of the War Between the States, when the Yankee raiders were passing through and stealing, there were two little boys 10 and 11 years of age who took their father's horses and camped in a valley in a dense forest. They carried their own food and horse feed and stayed there for several weeks. They would slip out and plow during the day on the back side of the farm, or one would slip to the house and get food and horse feed when necessary, but they never took the horses near the house. The valley was dangerous on account of snakes. The little boys saved the horses from the "Damyankees." For years they thought "Damyankees" was one word, for they never heard the words separately.

Before the War Between the States and for years afterwards the mode of travel was almost invariably on horseback. Often on Sundays the boys and girls ran horse races on their way home from church. The girls used side saddles and insisted on having the fleetest horses so they could outrun the undesirbale swains who tried to overtake them and ride home with them.

Weddings in the Old Days

Buggies were so scarce they could hardly be had by the groom for a wedding, so often he and the bride would ride horseback. Sometimes she would ride behind him on his horse. The bride and groom would lead the procession. There would usually be from 30 to 50 people in the procession, all on horseback. They invariably rode in pairs. They were very mirthful and sometimes you could hear them laughing and talking for a half mile before they came in sight, for the roads were crooked and the timber obstructed the view. If a marriage took place without a dinner or supper, it was not called a wedding, but simply a marriage. A wedding required a bounteous supper.

The flower of Southern hospitality opened in full bloom on such occasions. A large pig was dressed and stuffed, with a corn cob put in its mouth to hold it in proper shape. It was then roasted and black spots made on it with black pepper. As its tail was already curled, it had a red apple placed in its mouth and was stood in a bed of parsley in the

center of the large table, looking very natural. Sometimes the centerpiece was a great cake, as large as if it had been baked in a big dishpan. This was iced and decorated with candies. Sometimes a mountain of snow was made of boiled icing, and surrounded with holly or greens such as ferns and ground pine, and sometimes red apples were placed amid the greens. Of course flowers were used in season. The bride's cake had the names of the bride and groom put on by making little dots of boiled icing.

The table was decorated with cakes of all kinds, baked in many fancy-shaped pans and iced to perfection. Butter was made into such fancy articles as pine burrs, a lion, a horse, a watermelon vine with melons on it, as the fancy dictated, and used to help decorate the table. All kinds of preserves and jellies were added, and when it was finished, the table stood forth in all its beauty to be looked at and admired. To be sure, the guests were seated around the table, but they did not partake of the food on the table. They were served from side tables, where there were duplicates of everything on the table and also boiled ham, turkey or chicken with dressing, fried chicken, beefsteak, mutton, and all kinds of choice pickles, pies, custards, salads, wines, and coffee, such as only Southern housewives knew how to prepare. There would be guests enough to surround the table several times. A number of the wittiest young men were selected and invited to help wait on the table. It was the custom to be mirthful, and the gay waiters kept every one laughing.

When the wedding party were through eating supper, they repaired to the "Big House" and the music and dancing began. Sometimes it continued all night and a breakfast, which was very much like the supper, was served early in the morning. Then the bridal party formed in line and the procession began to the groom's home where an "infare" was given. The infare was much like the reception at the bride's home, and consisted of feasting, dancing, and music. It usually lasted until next morning, when the friends dispersed, wishing the bride and groom long and happy lives.

The bride and groom were usually serenaded at either the bride's or the groom's home. The serenade was given by from 20 to 100 boys with musical instruments, horns, guns, tin pans, bells, and anything else which would make a racket. They would march around the house and do their best to see which could make the most noise. Sometimes they were invited in and treated to cake and wine, and sometimes theye were run off with a double-barreled shotgun.

The wedding customs remained like this until about 1880. This is a description of a wedding given by the middle class, of which there were so many in the South. Of course wealthy people gave more elaborate receptions and the really poor gave no reception at all and were sometimes married by the "squire." The ceremony was always performed by the bride's minister of someone of her selection.

Corn Shucking

Also among my earliest recollections were the corn shuckings. Some boys would go to as many as 50 in

one fall. One neighbor, a Mr. Morris, who made hundreds of bushels of corn, always placed his corn in two big piles across the lot. At one the white men shucked and at the other the Negroes. He always invited all his neighbors and also the Negroes from the High Shoals Iron Works, about 40 in number. They would always come in a gang, and could be heard singing a corn song for a mile before they reached the shucking. When they arrived, they would line up back from the corn pile and two of them as captains would choose the hands. As they were called out, they would take their places. When all were chosen, the two captains laid a rail across the center of the pile and each captain with his men took one half. One Negro, always kept for that purpose, would mount the corn pile and walk from one end of the pile to the other, giving out the old-fashioned corn songs. All the Negroes sang the chorus. They would shuck for dear life to see which side beat, and invariably finished before the white men, and shucked more corn.

After the shucking the supper was served. The white folks ate first, and then the Negroes. There were usually enough to surround the table several times.

The supper was a feast, and as it was the only pay for the shucking, it was never stinted. The housewife would invite several of her neighbors to help bake. Chicken pie took first place, with sweet potato pie and pudding as close seconds. The cakes and dainties prepared for weddings, were eliminated, but all kinds of vegetables, beef, pork, mutton etc., were prepared, and they often had the roasted pig and pies and custards of various kinds, with an abundance of strong coffee. During the supper the boys who were not eating were engaged in such games as pulling toad's tail, wrestling, heavy set, etc. Many people served whiskey. When the supper was over the crowd disbanded and went home.

Wooing and Winning

It was the custom in the old times for farmers to go to Charleston once a year to haul produce to market and lay in supplies for the next year, such as sugar, coffee, rice, spices, tobacco, and of course a jug of rum. Once when my great-grandfather and his son George (who was my grandfather) were on their way to market they overtook a Mr. McCombs who had no sons and had brought his daughter Rachel along for company. Great-grandfather and Mr. McCombs camped at the same place and used the same campfire and as a natural consequence George and Rachel fell in love with each other. When they were returning and came to where the road turned off toward Mr. McCombs' home, George insisted on his father's going by Mr. McCombs', which they did, although it was at least two days' driving farther. George learned the road and in a few weeks returned for a visit. He kept on going back "courting" until he won the fair Rachel for his bride. I have an old tar bucket said to be one Great-grnadfather used on that trip.

My great-grandfather, grandfather, and father were all school teachers. They wrote up agreements to teach each child for a certain amount. Sometimes it was as low as two shillings a month. This was before the days

of the public school. Each neighborhood built an improvised schoolhouse where it was the most convenient to all of the subscribers. It was a log cabin, the ground serving for a floor. The school teacher boarded among the scholars, taking it night about or week about with each patron of the school. Each person looked forward to the night or week when the teacher would come to his home, and always had a goodly stock of hard questions saved up to ask him. Sometimes they were asked for information, but oftener simply to try the teacher. They thought the teacher knew everything if he could answer their questions, but woe unto him if he failed. A teacher sank very low in the estimation of the patrons if he could be stalled.

Before employing a teacher, the school committee would ask the teacher several difficult questions. Once Mr. Gasaway applied to Mr. Gordon for a school. Mr. Gordon asked him to pronounce and define a difficult word spelled v-o-c-a-b-u-l-a-r-y. Mr. Gasway a tonce pronounced it "Voc-a-bull-ary—it pertains to cattle." Mr. Gordon was so well pleased with his aptness, he gave him the school without further questioning.

A Joyful Reunion

Tradition has it that a man by the name of Jacob Stroup and his family moved here from Pennsylvania and settled near a large spring, ,as was customary in those days. They lived there about three years, hearing nothing from their homefolks during that time. One day they head the sound of an axe, and Jacob told his wife, "There is someone chopping over that way about half a mile from here. I am going over to see about it." He went over to where the man was chopping, and great was his surprise to find that it was his father The family had decided to move down to North Carolina, and had found a good spring and decided to settle there. They were choping wood for their first supper. They all went home with Jacob, and had a joyful reunion.

This family of Stroups built an improvised corn mill, as there was not one in the county. The sawed a block about three or four feet long from a large log and built on one end of the block and burned out an excavation, caller mortar, about 14 inches deep. Then they made a pestle to fit it and attached it to the end of a lever. They fixed an overshot wheel with a tug on the principal shaft that would raise and drop this lever, after the plan of the old forge hammer. The water to run over the slotwheel was carried in a ditch to the chute and through the chute to the wheel. They would place one or two gallons of shelled corn in the mortar and start the wheel and go on about their work. In the course of four or five hours the corn would be pounded into meal.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr.

Robert Ward and George Howard have returned to the institution, after a short stay with their people.

§ § §

The boys went to the ball ground last Saturday. Mr. Alexander selected a basket ball team for the season.

§ § §

John Cain, a member of tre third cottage, was paroled last Tuesday by Supt. Boger. He has made a very good record.

§ § §

Owing to the absence of two of the teachers, Mr. W. W. Johnson and Mr. W. M. Crook, the boys in their rooms are picking cotton.

§ § §

Carl Osborn, a member of the fifth cottage, has returned to the institution, after spending a few days with his people in Cerro Gordo.

§ § §

John Wright visited the institution last week, and the boys were glad to see him. Wright was a member of the eighth cottage while here. He was paroled last August.

§ § §

Miss Mary G. Shotwell, director of the division of child caring institutions, State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, spent several days at the institution last week.

§ § §

The boys in the band are progressing rapidly. They have learned two pieces in one week, and they are planning to play five or six pieces at the Cabarrus County Fair.

§ § §

The boys who were visited by relatives last Wednesday were: Mark Jolly, Lester Morris, James Peeler, Herbert Poteat, Clyde McMahan, Ferming Wishon and Clent Wright.

§ § §

Charles Haynes and Taris Browning were permitted to go to work for Mr. C. L. Morrison of Coddle Creek, and if their work proves satisfactory they will receive their paroles later.

§ § §

The Boger Literary Society, held its meeting last Monday evening. The debate for the evening was: Resolved that, "Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished." It was decided by the judges that the negative side won.

§ § §

The Thompson Literary Society held its meeting last Monday evening. The debate was on: Resolved that "The Works of Nature are More Beautiful Than the Works of Man." It was decided by the judges that the negative side won.

§ § §

The Goodman Literary Society of the twelfth cottage was called to order last Monday evening by President Ford. The debate for the evening was: Resolved that, "Wood is of More Use to the World Than Metals." It was decided by the judges that the negative side won.

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SELF CENTERED.

Yes, the doing of something for others is the first step in the eradication of personal selfishness—the doing of some considerate act without the hope of reward or gain. After one successful accomplishment of a good deed, there steals upon you the desire to have more of the pleasant sensation, and thus one becomes unconsciously and gradually a benefactor, and selfishness is routed. Try it!

There are people both beautiful in face and handsome of form—but, somehow or other, they do not appeal to us, and an analysis of their cases reveals the thing, which detracts from them all of the God-given beauty and handsomeness and is a well developed case of Ego.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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IT IS BETTER.

To be lied about than to be the liar.
To be slandered than to be the slanderer.
To be cheated than to cheat.
To be imposed upon than to be the bully.
To lose your money than to be a thief.
To be the victim than the sinner.
To be defeated than to stoop to deceit.

—Kiwanian Roy L. Smith.

THE HOME FIRES.

The religious world, as well as those who pay no court to any special religious belief, are aroused over the growing dereliction among the youth of the land. It is enough to make a nation sit up and take notice. If history did not prove beyond a doubt that where a nation forgets God and the great truths that eminate from the godhead, there is sure to follow a dissolution and a downfall. If this were not true, there would be no need of Americans becoming alarmed over the saturnalia that is holding sway throughout this country.

It is claimed that much of this is directly traced to materialistic teachings in the public schools, the elimination of all semblance of moral teaching in the public schools, with the emphasis being placed on worldy progress rather than making the building of a true and godly life the chief object.

There is more or less truth in this contention, depending on the character and the spirit of the teacher, who may set daily for her pupils an example of earnestness and purpose or one of frivolity and indifference as to the serious matters of life.

Collier's Weekly has run across a statement of the situation, which has received endorsement from leading Protestants, Jewish and Roman Catholic churchman, and it is in these words:

> "Because of our different beliefs, religious teachings has been barred from many of our public schools.
>
> This has resulted, quite unwisely and unnecessarily as it seems to us, in there being little or no moral training for our children in those schools.
>
> Conncerning supernatural religion men differ and divide; but natural religion lives in every human being. It is evidenced in that moral guide which we call conscience, which may be crude or cultivated but which is the essence of every system of morals because it is a part of the mind of every man.
>
> No sane person will deny the necessity for all, regardless of creed, to aid in the development of that fundamental force. An education solely in the material things of life is surely incomplete. The young mind must be impressed at the same time with the fundamentals of what constitutes right and wrong."

This is well as far as it goes. But the delegation of the religious teaching of the youth to the public schools alone, to the Y. M. C. A's alone, or even to the Sunday Schools alone, leaves out of the proposition the strongest and most effective agency, that of home-training. There—in the homes—fires seem to have gone out. They need to be rekindled, if we are to have a genuine and potent agency in starting the young aright on the sea of life.

You hear so often "What's wrong with the young people of today?" As people come to give a true analysis to the problem, they are very properly asking, in answer to the forgoing question, "What's wrong with their parents?" There is where the prime responsibiliity lies. It is the lack of Christian training and the lack of Christian example in the homes.

Until we rebuild the home fires, where God is recognized and Christian examples are daily set before the youth, this saturnalia will prevail, and gain power.

A serious writer has said: "Mothers, not Parisian modistes must be held responsible for the kind of dresses their daughters wear. These same mothers also must be held responsible for the painted and powdered faces and for the unearthly hours their daughters are allowed to keep. Fathers must be held

responsible for the gambling instincts of their sons and many secret faults which might have been anticipated through companionship and better example.''

* * * * * * * *

MOST WORTHY.

The praises, the blessings, the applause and the promises, unasked by the dear boys as they left for duty across the seas, in answer to their country's call, come back to us in the form of a challenge.

That challenge of sincerity and gratitude is involveyd in the Referendum which seeks to aid the ex-service man in obtaining a home on easy and safe terms.

The voters of North Carolina cannot do a worthier service than to give a hearty support to this measure at the election on Nov. 4. It is a safe and sane investment in human life—not a theory or an experiment in material or commercial things.

Let's show the boys we meant what we said when they bravely and cheerfully bade us good-bye, to risk their all on the battlefields of France.

* * * * * * * *

AN APPRECIATIVE BOW.

To president J. F. Cannon, Dr. Spencer and the other officers of the Cabarrus County Fair THE UPLFT, for the four hundred boys, the teachers and other officers, makes an appreciative bow for the great courtesy shown to the Jackson Training School. They all walked, by authority, into the fair grounds like little lords, were presented with keys to every department of the great plant and bade have a good time. And they did.

Wednesday night, by special invitation, the big boys of the Fair Association entertained our 402 boys in the grounds as particular guests to witness the fire-works and to enjoy the other attractions—and ''nary a cent'' was passed. We take unto ourselves the full force of this high compliment to our folks by the Fair Association, and THE UPLIFT has peculiar pride in the manly demeanor of every boy, who played the part of a little gentleman among the big gentlemen that crowded the grounds.

All returned to the school in fine trim and some of them wish that this great fair might come oftner.

* * * * * * * *

COMPLETED.

Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Raleigh, the retiring president of the N. C.

Branch of King's Daughters, who have done so much for the Jackson Training School, sent in last week a check for $204.50, the balance due on the memorial Bridge (to the memory of the North Carolina Soldiers who lost their lives in the World War.) The total cost of this bridge, which furnishes a safe entry to the beautiful Chapel, which the King's Daughters contributed, was from first to this final payment a loving and self-assumed obligation of the order which Mrs. Burgwyn directed for more than twenty years.

We are no prophet, nor kin to any such, but it will not be many years before this same body of working and consecrated women will so enlarge the Chapel that it will house our population which has outgrown its capacity. Now watch this prediction!

* * * * * * * *

SUSTAINED HIMSELF.

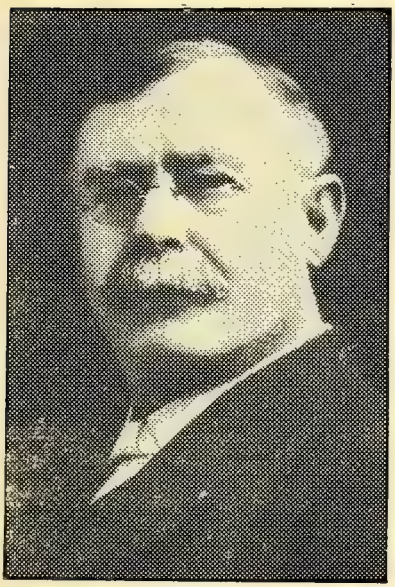
O. Max Gardner, possibly the best beloved public man in North Carolina, honored Cabarrus county with a speaking visit, Monday evening. THE UPLIFT is absolutely independent, having no part in partisan politics, confining itself to the high purpose of doing good in its modest way and telling the world about what this institution is doing and wants to do.

It is no violation of this purpose of doing no discourtesy to any living North Carolinian, when we give utterance to the full truth in saying that Max Gardner is the happiest and pleasingest speaker in North Carolina He is splendidly informed: and, like a Victrolo, he makes a highly entertaing talk on any subject.

* * * * * * * *

It's not right to have men to serve you in our legislative halls and be forced to negotiate a loan in order to get out of Raleigh in orderly shape. Whether or not the constitutional amendment providing for an increase in the pay of legislators receives the support of the people, there will be plenty who are willing to try it—they may not be the ones fitted for the responsible duties.

HAULED WOOD TO TOWN.



D. Rich

Mr. Rich died at his home in Winston-Salem, on Tuesday, after several months of illness, in his 63rd year. A country-reared boy who barefooted and driving an ordinary team hauled wood to town to exchange for coffee, sugar and other things, a humble family needed. Later he secured work with the late R. J. Reynolds in a tobacco factory, receiving ten cents a day for his services.

Faithful and energetic, he rose in position and responsibility until he was made Treasurer of the great corporation. After a service of 38 years he retired, wishing, as he told Santford Martin: "to spend the balance of his days in the active service of my God."

He died a millionaire in dollars and cents. But he left a monument in the lives of young men he helped; in institutions of learning he aided; and in his liberality to his church—the Baptist.

THE AVERAGE MAN.

The average man knows that if he is going to accomplish much of anything, he will have to do it practically by main force. He's got to plow his row; every foot of it. So he starts plowing! And if he has the stuff in him to keep going, going a little harder and better all the time, he is bound to do traveling in the course of years.

While the average man in traveling ahead, perhaps the brilliant one is sitting back, figuring tha the can get there by some short cut. But there are mighty few short cuts in the business field. The furrows are pretty straight.

The average man is glad to get help. He is more willing, I think, than the exceptionally brilliant man is to admit that others are doing part of the work, and that they deserve part of the credit. So he usually gets better co-operation. This means that he can show better results. And results are the chickens that come home to roost! They do all the crowing a man needs. He doesn't have to do it himself.—Lewis W. Baldwin in American Magazine.

DOES MORALITY KEEP PACE WITH PHILANTHROPY?

Below is the annual message delivered before the state convention of The King's Daughters, in session at Wilmington on October 9th-10th, by Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, the retiring president. Those of us who enjoy an acquaintance with this godly woman, whose very soul is attuned with the spirit of service to her fellowman understand fully her anxiety about problems that are compartively new and which must give concern to all who are orthodox.

Like everything that this able and thoughtful woman writes, this message is a call to deep thought and serious consideration.

Fellow Workers—Ladies & Gentlemen:

The Godly admonition to forget those things which are behind, and press forward forbids vainglorious remembrance of the past. Without violating the spirit of that precept, the thought arises that "Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours and ask them what report they bore to Heaven." With this end in view, and with affection rather than egotism I look back upon my association with The King's Daughters and upon the great and undeserved honor they have conferred upon me for years. My gratitude for their love and confidence is only equaled by the hope that together we have offered acceptable service to Him in Whose name we work, and that we have been of use to our State and fellowman. In addition to work at home and abroad engaged in since 1890, the date of organization of the North Carolina Branch of the Order, the Circles in 1902 united in State Work, and the part which they have played in the establishment of The Stonewall Jackson School, with other deeds of love, constitute the Report which we have to render.

In urging the establishment of The Stonewall Jackson School, we became experienced in lobbying at the State Capitol during sessions of the Legislature and we refreshed the memories of the lawmakers during vacation by sending them literature about schools in other states.

We have erected buildings at the school costing $15,000.00. This sum is only mentioned as a measure of our deep interest in Christian Service. Giving in the proper spirit is an act of worship and only under this condition is our report a good one. One thousand dollars of this amount was given us by The North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, and a record of this fact hangs upon the walls of The King's Daughters Cottage at the school.

We have also made a contribution to a Hospital in Lucknow, India, where women are trained as physicians to minister to their own sex, as a woman in that part of the world is not allowed to receive medical attention from a male physician. Two years ago we commenced soliciting and collecting funds for the erectcion of a chapel at Samarcand, a school for wayward girls. This has been generously contributed to by The King's Daughters, they having given

$1,500.00, and handsome gifts have been received for it from churches, guilds and individuals of all denominations. Services will be held in it by ministers of all churches.

We cannot help feeling the changes confronting us as the years roll by. One of them often mentioned in other states as well as our own is that our work has been taken from us; that churches and many organizations are now doing what was once largely accomplished by The King's Daughters. This is true, but it should not trouble us. The commander of an army often shifts troops from one part of a battlefield to another, sometimes to an entirely different locality. Under orders the troops move. "Theirs not to reason why." If we have less to do at home, in this great missionary age, may we not find pleasure as great in working for a brother somewhere else? Our Commander is opening for us opportunities for greater service perhaps, in other fields. Let us not neglect such chances for victory.

"Opportunity is in respect to time, in some sense, what time is in respect to eternity. It is the small moment, the exact point, the critical minute on which every good work so much depends."

All of us recall, I am sure, the loss of the Titanic in the icy waters of the Atlantic Ocean—one of the greatest tragedies of the age. Far from human aid, the S. O. S. call for help went out to a distance. There was only one vessel on the ocean which answered that cry. On that vessel the operator was at his post at that critical moment, and the glorious opportunity of saving human life was his. It was a small moment of time which gave opportunity to men on board the Titanic to surrender their lives to save women and children. I think we should never forget the many occasions on which men have sacrificed themselves for the sake of women, and we should strive in the position of the new woman, to preserve the relationship between the two sexes, intended from the beginning, when man was made in God's image and woman created to be his helpmeet.

History teaches us that the age of highest intellectual attainments and greatest civilization is not the most moral age. Over crowded cities and villages afford easy opportunity for vice, and sometimes minds highly cultured are keenly sensitive to possible error, and too full of conflicting opinions to have implicit faith in Christian doctrine. So we find many of the colleges in the land, for men and women, with professors of splendid moral and mental attainments, **exercising because they lack faith, an injurious influence over students.** The heroic virtures of self-sacrifice, suffering and courage are almost forgotten. There is more philanthropy in the land today than ever before. More laws are made for the care of the helpless and suffering. We never find in this age a Lazarus lying at the door of a rich man, with no human hand to ministetr to him. Does morality keep pace with philanthropy? Let us answer this question for ourselves.

This brings us to another change confronting us. What shall we do in this age of Progress with great virtue and error so woven together that we are perplexed and prone to follow public opinion. Let us remember

that in following or refusing to follow, we are helping to make public opinion, and let all of us men and women seem to be in public what we are at heart in private, in our best and most sacred moments. Thus true to self, we cannot be "false to any man." We are not fulfilling the purposes for which our Order was organized, unless we seek first spiritual advancement, and then serve our brother in Christian activity.

Moral, like physical strength, tells of exercise and self sacrifice. When Richard Coeur de Lion and the Saracen Saladin, met on neutral ground in Syria for friendly exhibition of skill in arms, Richard, of magnificient form, advanced with his two-handled sword, reaching from shoulder to heel, to make trial of his strengh. An anxious attendant whispered to him, "Beware, give no chance of triumph to an infidel." "Peace" exclaimed Richard, "thinkest thou that I can fail in his presence?" Lifting his sword which circled around his head, he struck a heavy bar of steel. With one blow it rolled to the ground in two pieces. Saladin was filled with wonder and admiration. It was now his turn to show the perfection of his training. Small of stature, he advnced and hung a gossamer silk veil on the blade of his scimetar. With a small arm of brawn and muscle, he suddenly drew the scimetar through the loose hanging veil cutting it in two pieces which floated away in different directions. Richard marveled at the skill so different from his own. Varied too are the calls for exhibition of moral strength and varied the types of character to answer these calls. For each one there is a weapon, in the Armory of God, appropriate for the deed to be done. If we have developed the necessary strength and skill for using them, looking to Him whom we serve, each one of us may say, "Thinkest thou that I can fail in His presence?"

Crystals.

John Burroughs said that the difference between a precious stone and a common stone, is not an essential one. The difference is less of substance than of arrangement of the particles in the crystallization.

In substance the diamond and the stick of charcoal are the same. In substance, the pearl and the lowly oyster shell are identical. Two men may have exactly the same thoughts, yet one be an orator, the other, one who stumbles in his speech. The arrangement, the crystallization of thought makes the difference!—Selected.

HEROES ARE HUMAN.

R. R. Clark in Greensboro News.

There was considerable discussion recently of a statement in a book, "My Diplomatic Education," by Norval Richardson, former secretary of the American embassy at Rome. Mr. Richardson gives Thomas Nelson Page, former ambassador of the United States to Italy, whose secretary he was, as authority for this story of Generals Lee and Jackson:

They were both high tempered gentlemen—in spite of what the histories say about them—and they used to get mighty outdone with each other. Once General Lee ordered General Jackson out of his tent; then he called him back, put both arms about him and said, "For God's sake, when you see me losing my temper, don't lose yours. Let's take turns at it."

At once this statement was challenged by persons who could not believe it possible thtt General Lee could so far forget himself as to be guilty of such conduct toward General Jackson of all men. The story was characterized as "a painful one to those who admire Lee and Jackson." An explanation, and a plausible one, is that the alleged incident related as occuring between Lee and Jackson is confounded with one told by Col. Walter H. Taylor of General Lee's staff, related by Taylor in his "Four Years With General Lee." Taylor was General Lee's adjutant and he tells that on one occasion when it was necessary for him to submit some papers to General Lee he found the general in ill humor, which he made no effort to conceal Finally Taylor, feeling that General Lee had no right to visit his ill humor on him, threw down the papers and let his commander see that he wasn't in good humor either. Then Taylor quotes General Lee as saying, "in a perfectly calm and measured tone:" "Colonel Taylor, when I lose my temper, don't let it make you angry."

No doubt the last incident, which is authenticated, was the real one and the alleged scene with General Jackson never took place. But the authenticated incident shows that General Lee was perfectly human; he had his worries and annoyances and found himself unable to control his temper at times. That doesn't detract in the least from his nobility of Character, his greatness. While it is improbable, it is by no means impossible for the incident mentioned in the Richardson book to have occurred; and if true there would be no occasion for "pain." Rather the fact that General Lee immediately regained control of himself and made heartfelt amends, as the Richardson story has it, would simply be corroborative evidence of the greatness of the man. Lee was admittedly one of the world's greatest captains and is so recognized. But he was greater than that. There has been no higher exponent of the nobility of character, of chivalry, or real greatness. "Knightly, of the knightliest race that ever buckled sword," as Father Ryan's poem has

it, was not an exaggeration of the man. He was the model gentleman and Christian, one whose character, official and personal, has stood the test of rigid analysis by friend and foe for more than a half century, and has grown greater with the passing of time. But Lee was as modest as he was brave and great; modesty is always a characteristic of true greatness, and the most casual study of the man will convince that he would not have claimed perfection for himself nor permitted it to be claimed for him. He was a man of spirit of course; he could not have been what he was without that. And he could not have been the real nobleman—a nobleman of character—without some time showing some traits of weakness. And he would have been more than perfect if he could have commanded the Confederate army through all that trying period without sometimes manifesting temper, even to his best friends.

We are unreasonable about heroes. We think of great men as perfect men, as without spot or blemish. That is nonsense. There is no such thing as perfection in human experience. Those who approach nearest to it attain that height by overcoming weaknesses, and the more nearly perfect they are the more keenly they recognize their imperfections. The only perfect man that ever walked the earth was at times righteously indignant, as his speech disclosed. The meekest of men—Moses—gave vent to an outburst of anger when provoked and suffered for it That Lee and Jackson might have had disagreements which provoked a show of temper in one or both, is neither impossible nor improbable. Their greatness was in the fact that they could overcome these things, rule their spirits. Control might have been lost momentarily but it was regained without serious damage. It would have been to their discredit if they had allowed personal dislike, rivalry or jealousy to have impaired their service—and that is something that could not be believed.

General Jackson was noted for his eminent piety along with his unsurpassed military genius. His admirers believe that he walked and talked with God as nearly as it is possible for human to approach that relation. But here is a story, set down as history by a member of his staff, that shows that he, too, had temper and was otherwise very human, which none knew better than he: On one occasion, making a forced march, his usual sort of march, he found the army wagon train delayed by being mired in a swamp. When Jackson reached the scene he found Gen. D. H. Hill and others sitting on their horses waitin for the wagons to move. With manifest impatience Jackson asked Hill why he didn't have that wagon train moving. General Hill was Jackson's brother-in-law and his inferior in rank. He, too, had temper and he answered with heat that it was not his business to move wagons. Thereupon General Jackson ordered Hill under arrest and turning to a young staff officer asked him if he could not get the wagon train going. The young man dashed into the business with an energy of movement and language that soon ended the blockade. In

the excitement he momentarily forgot Jackson's horror of profanity, only to recall that when his work was finished. Reporting to the general he apologized for his language, trying to excuse it by saying that it was the only kind mules could understand on a hot day. To his great surprise tnd relief the great commander said, "That's all right, sir," as he rode hurriedly away. Another time he would no doubt have administered a rebuke.. At that time his objective was more urgent.

Admirers of Jackson, as we all are, may question this. It was set down as history, by the staff officer mentioned, under his name, many years ago, and has never been denied so far as known.

THE THREE MAJOR QUESTIONS.

Dr. Holland in Progressive Farmer.

There are three questions that I try to make myself answer every year. The first, is, "**What am I trying to do?**"

Life gets stale as swill unless it is stirred often. Gunners have to constantly test their aim. Guns are like men, they are useless without aim. Aim keeps the planet in its orbit and a man or woman at his or her best.

Drifters never are anything but driftwood. A definite try puts power into our purposes.

In youth you set out to own a farm, and educate the children. Now that middle life has come, there are great things to be thought about and done.

"What are you trying to do" with the remaining years? I am convinced that fewer people than we think have a definite goal. What kind of a man or woman am I? Men who build houses for us to live in use a blueprint of plans and drawings. Characters are about the only things that are allowed to "just grow" as Topsy said in Uncle Tom's Cabin. The Master of men said, "I must be about my father's business."

The second question almost drives me to distraction at times. It is "**Am I getting it done?**"

I have often semi-wished that the Almighty had made heroism of a little less extracting stuff.

The greatest thinker of the past 100 years said, "The greatest enemy of human goodness and greatness is not sin or ignorance, terrible as they are, but **inertia.**" That is the scientific name for laziness.

The Columbuses who "sail on," in spite of winds and floods and darkness are rare. Most of us say, "Pull for the shore."

A farm boy who was sent out to hoe corn was asked at noon how many rows he howed. He replied, "When I get these two I am on, and eleven more I will have thirteen."

The future rubs right up against the present, and takes its color from today. Break with worth today, and tomorrow is in danger. There is no other way than to keep eternally at it.

The third question we shall not be able to answer till the close of life: "**Will it be worth while?**"

"Ty" Cobb, the world's greatest

ball player and manager, was asked what he would do if he had his life to live over. He said, "If I had my life to live over again, I would probably be a surgeon instead of a ball player. I have only one regret: I shall not have done any real good to humanity when I retire."

Of course, no man living can completely enter into the thoughts of Christ, but I have often tried to imagine how He felt when He said, "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do."

In some deep sense each one of us has our work born with us, and if we set our souls to do some decent unselfish thing each day, and keep the white plume of the mind unstained, I believe that the things we have done will at least gleam like gold in the fading sunshine of life.

All the evolutionists have never been able to change the smell of snuff and onions.—Kings Mountain Herald.

HELD UP.

A few days ago Hon. Angus Wilton McLean, the democratic nominee for governor of North Carolina, honored the Jackson Training School with a visit, delighting the boys by his presence.

While inspecting the grounds, buildings etc., a tiny youngster approached him, tipping his cap, commanded the distinguished gentleman to halt, and he halted; and immediately training his kodak, Mr. Godown snapped Mr. McLean as he stood between The Uplift office and the beautiful Pavilion, which Mr. J. E. Latham, of Greensboro, donated to the institution.

IN ACTION.

"Well, I guess you take great care of the physical training of the boys in all acceptable ways," inquired Mr. McLean. A signal was given, and when Mr. McLean turned he was presented with the above picture in action, which answered satifactorily his question.

Then in the Auditorium all assembled, and there enjoyed a short program to which the distinguished visitor contributed the larger part in the practical talk he made to the boys.

DIGEST OF PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

1. Inviolability of Sinking Funds.

To amend the Constitution by inserting a new section to be Section 30, to read as follows.

"Sec. 30. The General Assembly shall not use nor authorize to be used any part of the amount of any sinking fund for any purpose other than the retirement of the bonds for which said sinking fund has been created."

2. Taxation of Homes, Homesteads, Notes and Mortgages.

To amend section 3, Article 5, of t e Constitution providing that notes, mortgages and other evidences of indebtedness, giving to build, repair or purchase a home, when the loan does not exceed $8,000, from one to 33 years, shall be exempt from taxation for 50 per cent of the value of the notes and mortgages: Provided, the holder of the notes must reside in the county where the land lies and there list it for taxation: Provided, further

that when said notes or mortgages are held and taxed in the county where the home is situated then the owner of the home shall be exempt from taxation of every kind for 50 per cent of the value of said notes and mortgages.

3. To Put a Limitation on the State Debt.

To amend Section 4, Article 5, so that the General Assembly shall have no power to contract any new debt or pecuniary obligation in behalf of the State, except for the refunding of valid bonded debt, and expect to supply a casual deficit or of suppressing invasions or insurrections, exceeding seven and one-half per cent of the assessed valuation of taxable property within the State as last fixed for taxation.

4. As to Pay of Members of the General Assembly.

To amend Section 28, Article 2 of the Constitution so that the pay of members of the General Assembly shall be $600, for a session of sixty days. If the session exceeds sixty days the members shall serve without pay. The members shall receive ten cents per mile traveling expenses. For extra session the members shall receive $200.00 for their services.

An Act to Provide a World War Veterans Loan Fund

This act briefly provides, as follows:

To authorize a bond issue of two million dollars at an interest rate of not exceeding 5 per cent the proceeds to be loaned World War Veterans in amonuts not in excess of three thousand dollars at six per cent to each veteran and not exceeding 75 per cent of the appraised value of the real property offered as security, the loan to be used in the purchase of homes. The fund is to be administered by a board of advisors consisting of the Secretary of State, the Commissioner of Agricultue, the Attorney General and the State Treasurer who shall appaint a person known as the "Commissioner of the Veterans Loan Fund" drawing an annual salary of $3,500.

Again there is another subject for the consideration of the voter on Nov. 4th. It is a provision authorizing a commission appointed by the governor to spend from seven to eight million dollars, by means of issuing bonds, for the purpose of "Establishment of Port Terminals and Water Transportation." Whether this is done or not depends on the wishes of a majority of the qualified voters at the coming election.

The ticket which those who favor the expenditure of this amount of money for this purpose will vote reads as follows: "FOR Establishment of Port Terminals and Water Transportation." It makes no difference how enthusiastically you favor the proposition, if you fail to vote one of these tickets your wishes do not count.

The ticket which those who are opposed to the expenditure of this amount of money for the said proposition will vote reads as follows: "AGAINST Establishment of Port Terminals and Water Tranportation." It makes no difference how much you are against this proposition, if you do not vote one of these tickets your wishes in the matter will not count.

Every qualified voter in the state, democrat and republican, should

vote on this referendum. It is a big proposition, having to do with the expenditure of an enormous amount of money, and there should be a hearty expression by the people of the state of their wishes. There is no snap judgment in it; the Legislature very properly referred the matter to the people and the people should express their views in the form of the ballot that suits their judgment.

HOSPITALS.

Charlotte News

If all the people of this community could go over the Tuberculosis Hospital of Guilford County, situated about half way between High Point and Greensboro, they would unanimously vote for the bond issue proposed for the purpose of procuring a similar institution for Mecklenburg, or there would be some acute malady affecting them and their good judgment.

If all of them could also see and inspect the City Memorial Hospital at Winston-Salem, we have a notion they would not rest content until in this community was a similar institution, an expansive building with 225 beds caring for the sick of the Twin City, those not only who are able to pay $8 a day for as good a room as any could reasonably desire, but those also who are able to pay only a small sum for hospital and doctors' bills and still those who are able to pay nothing at all.

When one looks over these two institutions in our sister-counties, two counties that are no better off financially than Mecklenburg,—although to be exact, the city Memorial Hospital is the product of Winston-Salem and not of Forsyth County,—it makes one just a little envious of our neighbors and altogether assured that this communiity will never have come full-faced up to its obligation and measure of responsibiliity until it has provided better hospitalization facilities.

At some other time, perhaps, we will enter into a more elaborate description of these hospitals, that for tuberculosis in Guilford and that for the general sick in Winston-Salem, but for the present public sentiment is being asked to turn toward the provision, locally, of a hospital for tuberculars.

It is popularly believed that this hospital will be easily attained through the issuance of bonds upon which the people will vote early in December. It is unimaginable that anybody can take a stand against providing money enough to erect a suitable institution for the care and treatment of our own tuberculars, 175 of them already, according to Chairman McLaughlin, of the board of county commissioners, who will immediately ask for admission into the county hospital as soon as it is ready to receive patients.

After that, however, is another story.

We are rapidly outgrowing our present general hospital facilities, none of which, however, has been provided by the public. The hospitals we have in Charlotte are

either privately or denominationally owned. They have been indispensable for the purposes for which they were conceived. We have the churches to thank for providing the whole people with what institutions for treatment of the sick that the doctors themselves acting on their own initiative and with their own capital, have not erected.

In their time these hospitals have served well their purpose. They not only have been splendidly operated, ably supervised and filled the need at the time they were erected, but they were also plenteously large for the size of the comunity at the time they were inaugurated.

However, times have greatly changed since these hospitals were planted. In addition to the conisderable change in point of population through the territory served, the whole scope of medical application and the science of treatment of the sick has been changed also. Today medicine is so highly specialized that medical costs have soared to a point that only the exceedingly rich can afford to be sick at all. Costs also of operating hospitals has so increased that charges made upon inmates in these institutions have outgrown the capacity of the average man to meet the bills. We are intending to be so critical as simply and frankly fair as to a situation which the hospital managements can not avoid.

And these conditions argue for the need of a general, public-supported institution, where those of average means or less can get all that medicine has to offer and all that the most modern hospital can supplement at a cost that will be commensurate with the ability of the patient to pay. And in those instances where patients may not be able to pay anything at all, such a hospital is needed that can affod to minister without cost to such patients.

Mecklenburg must face this situation some of these days, not immediately, to be sure, but before many more years have rolled around. We have provided liberally for our material comforts and our mental advancements.

It has not been difficult to persuade ourselves to spend millions on good roads and millions more on the education of our children, both of which are imperative and indicate a healthy public sentiment toward progress and material improvements, and now we wonder if it is not about time to take heed to the needs of our bodies and the bodies of those about us that come-under the hand of affliction, particularly those who when stricken are, under present conditions, left to struggle along as best they can and labor through their illness without that public interest and helpfulness which they need and deserve. It never hurts the State, no more than the individual, to have a little care for "the least of these."

The rich man doesn't know how much happiness there is in a five-dollar bill unless he once worked for $15 a week.

AN AFRICAN IMMIGRATION UN-RESTRICTED.

By Emma Mauritz Larson.

African immigration to California sounds like a dream, but it is a fact thirty-seven years old. When we add that it isn't solidly a dark-skinned matter but that many of the immigrants are decidedly pink-skinned it seems even more improbable, but the Nubians from Northeast Africa, now resident in Southern California, are rather a weighty answer to that doubt. When it is added that from this colony many small groups are emigrating and settling in other parts of the United States and even in the orient the statement seems to require an ostrich to swallow it. Which is all quite proper, for this newest immigration from the dark continent is a matter of ostriches.

Caliifornia has tucked down into its southeastern corner, where company coming to see the orange groves and the beaches need never know it is there unless they have the bigger spirit of adventure and like to poke into the corners of the state, a miniature African Sahara. Not that it is a small space either, for it stretches for many miles between rugged mountain ranges and runs over the border into Mexico and Colorado desert with its heat and its sand dunes and its wild plants and, where there are springs, its oases. So this is the little-Africa that tempted Americans to try to bring over ostriches and raise them for their beautiful plumes. Now Imperial Valley, skirting the southern side of the desert, barely within the borders of the United States, with its great alfalfa fields and fruit growing under irrigation, a part of the desert magnificently reclaimed, is the home of a colony of fifteen hundred of the big birds from Africa.

There are two distinct strains, coming from far apart on the African continent, the Nubians from Northeast Africa, the Blue-skin ostriches from South Africa. The Nubians are the aristocrats, in spite of the high-sounding name of their Blue-skin compatriots. Perhaps Blue-skin doesn't denote the same thing as Blue-blood. At any rate the Nubiains are pink of neck and legs, those long legs so very bare of feathers, while the Blue-skins are dark necked and legged.

There is a decided difference in the eggs of the two families, the Nubians weighing six pounds and having a smooth surface, while the more plebian family lays five-pound eggs that have large pores. The youngster that emerges from either egg is a valuable young citizen of the desert country, and though he requires assiduous care to bring him to adult years, it is worth while labor, for the thoroughbred Nubian ostrich full grown, is worth from $2,000.00 to $4,000.00. That may be because when it has matured the big bird gives strong promise of long years of usefulness even though in its first weeks it is six times as perilous to be a baby ostrich as to be a baby turkey, and that is saying much.

Youngsters from the same hatching develop very differently as to

strength, so that at three weeks old such varied prices as seventy-five dollars and a hundred and fifty were put on little own brothers.

From January to June runs the time of family responsibility. Some time during that six months the female lays from twelve to fifteen eggs, one every other day until the number is complete and the brooding commences. For the first three days this is a constant job and the eggs are undisturbed. Then begins the regular program by which the female broods the eggs by day and the male by night, each parent turning the eggs when its own period of duty begins. With this fourth day begins too another custom, as old probably as ostrich life on the earth, and a cutsomf that the incubator has to copy exactly or lose all hope of hatching any baby birds. That day the eggs are aired for ten minutes, the second day and each succeeding day thereafter the period is lengthened by five minutes, until toward the end of six weeks' period they are scarcely brooded at all in the day time. But Daddy ostrich keeps faithfully at his full night time duty until the younug birds begin to peck through the heavy shell, and the family to be proud of has arrived.

The newly hatched ostriches are his care to. Oddly enough the mother bird evinces no interest in the children, and their paternal parent must bring them up, brooding them beneath his great wings for warmth. ,They eat nothing but a bit of grit for some days, these soft big baby birds, and then have chopped alfalfa. Their parents' menu is much the same, alfalfa hay served in the bale, root vegetables, anything a cow will eat. The country colony, out in Imperial Valley at the edge of the desert, have such food as beets, while their few kin who are assigned to show off the family in the city at a little garden-like "farm" which tourists can easily reach, are pampered with oranges which are quite all right for an ostrich to gobble but not necessary.

Of course the fruit goes down whole, and it is a little show in itself to see six or eight oranges chasing each other down the long neck of one greedy bird. It is a most convenient neck to have, especially for a creature that bolts things whole. it would have been calamity indeed for any bird set on such high legs as the ostrich to have a medium lengthed neck and so never to be able to reach the ground without sitting down to it.

The ostriches do sit down to their sleeping, stretching their long necks along the ground to rest their tiny heads on mother earth. It is an odd sight, but no stranger than the day time sight of the many necks wavering high and low absolutely flexible in forming any one of a hundred curves.

Above that curving neck, scarce bigger than the neck itself is the small head of the bird that seems to have no brains at all. There are few animals that form no attachments to faithful and kind owners and keepers, but the ostrich looks with the same solemn vacuity on his keeper as on the newest stranger, and would use his powerful legs as quickly on friend as foe. There is no strength whatever, even in the biggest birds, in the bill. The fighting power is in the legs.

There is weight behind those legs, perhaps 275 pounds in the full-grown bird. And so rapid is the growth from babyhood that the stature is usually attained in a year. It is at that time too that the first plumes are ready to cut and from that time to the ostrich old age of 75 years the feathers may be continuously cut. They are clipped leaving about two inches of the quill in the skin and this stub is pulled out without discomfort to the bird three months later. In nine months from one clipping of plumes their successors have grown and are ready to be cut, the feathers running from 24 to 30 inches long. Never do these elaborate plumes seem anything but unreal, as though they were stuck somehow into the wings of these ungainly big birds. It seems incredible that they grow there.

The male birds are black, whether Nubian or Blue-skin, and the females a soft gray-brown or taupe. For the fine plumes only the male feathers are used.

The birds are full grown at a year, but they are five years old before they mate. This is serious business, for every ostrich mates for life, and entirely by its own choice. Should that chosen mate die the bird left remains widowed for life. Happily for this faithfulness there are at the California farm pairs which have survived together long. Named for famous folks there is the Washington couple, thirty-nine years old, who have been mated for thirty-four years.

The Tafts, who are at the city show place, have a unique distinction because they alone of all the hundreds of ostriches after raising their own yearly families will brood the eggs laid by other birds. And so this year the Taft birds have done valiant service and brought up twenty-eight young ostriches.

King George and Queen Mary are thoroughbred Nubians, very royal indeed. Then there is another pair who have been trained to take part in the movies and represent all ostrich-land when need arises for such actors.

But to come back to the matter of immigration. The first birds sailed to America in a specically chartered ship thirty-seven years ago, but that can not be the end of it. This colony needs fresh blood from Africa, needs it yearly, so this is the way they work it out at the California farm. All their present mated stock each year raises young birds, but these youngsters are not kept lest the family become too inbred. There is a wide market for the young ostriches, for parks, zoos, and the private estates of the rich. Sixteen pair were shipped this year at the expense of $22,000.00 to add to the interest of the lands of one Virginia millionaire. Others were shipped to Japan for a zoo.

So there is a waiting list rather of buyers than of birds for sale. But the steady growth of this farm-for-feathers business is the chief aim of the California farm, and it must constantly be growing new birds for their plumage and to form the parent stock of the future. So there is yearly immigration, but not of mature birds, so difficult and expensive to transport across the wide Atlantic. The present custom is to bring over the eggs of Nubians and Blue-skins laid in Africa, from the warm hol-

lows in the sand prepared by the native birds just as the American-resident birds prepare their nests by rounding out the hollow with their breasts.

It is ticklish business packing and transporting these immigrant eggs from African deserts to the California farm, and there is large loss. But there is substantial success too in the undertaking, as the Imperial Valley farm with its fifteen hundred birds, to which must be added the more than a hundred living in the city where the tourist may more easily see them, and as the big factory turning out beautiful plumes of every shade from the product of the farm will attest.

Each big ostrich egg is equal to just about three dozen and a half of hen's eggs. And were they not too valuable for our larders they would form a fine addition to it, except that small families would be put to it to devise ways to use up the rest of the one egg cooked for breakfast. The taste is identical with that of a hen's egg but of greater richness. They will cook soft in about half an hour or hard in a whole hour. But that is rather a long cooking time for our hurried American breakfasts. So the coming generation of ostriches, park ostriches or plume ones, are probably quite safe from the hungry American public.

And since Mr. Edwin Cawston pioneered in this unique farming in America by bringing over in that especiially chartered ship the first ostrich imigrants from Africa, others have become interested so that today Southern California has not only one but several ranches for raising the big birds for their valuable plumage. It is an immigration on which the United States is not likely to set restrictions.

OTHER COUNTIES TALKING IT.

Speaking of county tuberculosis hospitals the Charlotte Observer of the 15th, carried a very enlightening editorial on the Guilford county institution for the treatment of that malady, and strongly advocated such an institution for Mecklenburg county. News-Herald readers will recall that this paper, along with the Uplift, of Concord, has been advocating the idea of Stanly and Cabarrus joining together and buildinig a hospital for the treatment of patients from the two counties. The fact that Tuberculosis is now recognized as curable, if taken in hand during insipiency, has caused many who are afflicted with the disease to clamour for places for treatment. But the state institution at Sanitorium is not large enough to accommodate those seeking admission. Various counties of the state are, therefore, building such institutions, while others are advocating and agitating the question. The idea of Stanly and Cabarrus joining together in the building and equipping of a tuberculosis sanitorium has met with much favorable comment in this county. Let us hope that within the near future something definite may be done regarding this.—Stanly News-Herald.

A PICTURESQUE MARKET IN A PICTURESQUE CITY.

By Antonia J. Stemple

We must eat to live, but there is a vast difference in what people eat, and how they get and prepare their food, in different parts of the country and in different regions of the earth. One of the most beneficial results of intelligent travel is the realization it brings that it is not necessary to do things in only one way in order to get good results, and that other nations and other peoples sometimes order their affairs as well as if not better than we do. This truth is especially brought home to anyone who is interested in studying how mankind is fed. The business of filling the stomach of humanity is one of the vastest and most important in the world; engages the energies of millions of workers; untold wealth is invested in the enterprise, and every living mortal has a vital interest in it.

In traveling there is no phase of the fascinating study of seeing how the other half lives more interesting than the markets, and the various avenues by which the products of the earth are transferred into the kitchens of the consumers. As places of great human interest, nothing can surpass the public or open air markets. Many of the better known sights and places pale into insignificance beside these homely institutions, and could be much better spared than the markets. It is usually some trouble to see the markets at their best, for it involves early rising, and often considerable traveling on Shank's mare, but they are worth all the time and pains it takes to reach them. They teem with life and color, and are vastly more instructive and interesting than the movies.

At first thought it would seem that all such markets must be alike. Not so. The public or community markets of different cities and countries are so characteristic, and distinctive, that a better idea of the inhabitants of a place and of the local customs and way of living may be obtained through these marts than in almost any other way. Anyone who has once seen the great and altogether fascinating markets of Paris, London, Venice, or those of the smaller places on the continent, will willingly forego many other attractions rather than miss the markets. And those who know nothing of the markets of our own country have much to learn and to enjoy.

One of the most picturesque markets in North America is that of Halifax in Nova Scotia. Halifax itself is a tremedously interesting and picturesque city, and one about which Americans know all too little. "Go to Halifax" is good advice, and no Yankee may hope to understand the Nova Scotians without learning something of the chief city of the Maritime Provinces. Halifax is to the Bluenoses what London is to England. The best of everything that is raised and produced is sent to Halifax, and from that great port

ships ply to all corners of the earth. Halifax sets the pace for all of Nova Scotia and for much of Canada, and growers and shippers of any importance have Halifax connections.

Halifax retains more traces of its British origin than any other place on the American continent. It is very English indeed, and the military note is dominant. Halifax is England's most important military and naval station on this side of the water, and is very strongly fortified. As long as Great Britain must have ships to bring her food, and must pay for it in goods delivered in food countries, she must have bases of supplies on the sea routes, and harbors of shelter. Hence she has Halifax, Bermuda, Quebec and the West Indies—but the greatest of these is Halifax.

Smart officers of every degree and spruce Tommies decorate the streets on every hand. Military insignia and methods are everywhere in evidence and the booming of the guns of the citadel never allows anyone in the city to forget for very long at a time that Britannia rules the waves and that the British lion never sleeps. In many respects, therefore, Halifax is a good deal like a foreign city, and it is hard to believe, sometimes, that it is only twentyfour hours, or less, distant from New York.

Halifax is not an ancient city, having been founded only in 1749, but it has had a romantic history. From the earliest days the value of the great and wonderful harbor, and of Bedford basin, in which all the navies of the world could ride safely, has been recognized. Halifax harbor is a haven of safety for shipping, and at all times it is filled with cruisers, schooners and vessels of every description. Certainly the most enthusiastic twister of the British lion's tail, readily admits that we have nothing in our good old U. S. A. to compare with the Halifax citadel, the harbor, Bedford basin, nor that gem of purest ray serene—the beautlful Northwest Arm, a salt-water inlet four miles long, where every Haligonian spends every spare moment of his time.

Halifax without the citadel which dominates the city would no more be Halifax than Hamlet would be Hamlet without the melancholy Dane. All roads lead to it, and they are breath-taking roads,too. The citadel was a first-class fortress in its day, but is more of an imposing show-place now, but one which everyone wishes to see. In some respects Halifax is more like a large town than a city, and some sophisticated Americans are wont to smile at the leisurely way in which business and the process of living is carried on. But Haligonians seem to enjoy life in their own fashion, and most Yankee visitors in the end are loath to leave.

Being so English, English customs and methods of thought and manner are predominant. When one lives in Halifax one dines in the English way—cold joints, tarts, tea and toast, marmalade, muffins, saddles of lamb with mint and caper sauce, roast beef, and such things are always on the bill of fare. So, of course, Halifax has its market and it is as picturesque as the picturesque military city in which it is located. Any one who goes to "the garrison city by

the sea'' and omits visiting the market on a Saturday morning has not really seen Halifax.

The market used to be held in the open air for years, but it is now housed in a great glass-roofed building almost directly at the foot of Citadel hill. No need to inquire the way to the market. All that is necessary is to follow the stream of men, women and children bearing market baskets. They are all headed for the same place, and they all look as though they were going on a pleasant errand.

Arriving at the market building, you will find plenty to interest you, even before you get within, for all about the four sides are wagons, loaded with fruits and vegetables, brought in by the farmers and truckmen from the suburbs. A good many of the men doing business here are colored, and in their amazingly diversified old clothes they are a picturesque lot, and so absorbed in the business in hand that they are utterly oblivious to strangers.

Once inside the market building, one sees many things to make one realize that one is not in the United States. For instance, there are numerous sweet-voiced Indians who are displaying a great variety of baskets of their own make. Big and little, round and square, plain and decorated baskets are here, and some of them are very beautiful. Th Indians stand surrounded by mounds of this artistic an fascinating handiwork, while the prices are so low, compared to what such baskets would sell for in the States, that every American wants to buy at least a dozen, right on the spot, and is only kept from doing so by the transportation problem. But no Yankee, not even a suitcase traveler, gets away without at least one of these baskets. One no longer wonders where the amazing variety of beautiful baskets one has seen being carried on the city streets come from, for the sight of the Indians and their wares has cleard up the mystery.

The male Indian is not much of a salesman. He is content to let his goods speak for themselves, and, indeed, he does not have to say anything to attract attention to them, for every passerby stops to admire and generally to buy.

But the Indian squaw is different. She is very alert and follows up the slightest gleam of interest in the eye of a marketer, and so she makes a good many more sales than her spouse, and usually she asks a little larger price.

Every marketer carries a basket. None of the purchases are wrapped in paper, or bags, but are dumped unceremoniously into the customer's basket. Women walk through the streets quite unconcerned with baskets from which may be protruding the legs of a fowl, or a bunch of celery, but this openness about market purchases is universal and no Haligonian makes any attempt at concealment.

The country women display their wares on long tables, and a wonderful variety it is. There are pats of butter, jars of buttermilk, molds of cottage cheese, bottles of pickles, home-made preserve and apple sauce, pickles, shelled peas and beans, dressed and undressed chickens,

squabs and ducks, polished turnips and apples, and everything imaginable that is good to eat and which can be raised in this section. The country women are very kindly and courteous, but many of them are extremely shabbily dressed in garments so old that it would be hard to trace their original color or texture.

Flowers in great profusion are here and it is noticeable that every mraketer, no matter how humble, buys a few blossoms, at least, to top off her other purchases. Three posies are sold as readily as a sheaf, and button-hole bouquets are plenty. Little bunches of sweet peas, snapdragon, sprays of the brilliant red boxberries, fragrant musk, crosses made of white immortalles, water lilies, nosegays of old-fashoned and wild flowers, all sell like hot cakes.

The colored women make some beautiful baskets. Round ones completely covered with intricate designs made of porcupine quills dyed in various high colors, are attractive and characteristic, and find many admirers, though the prices are comparatively high. I asked the colored high priestess presiding over the display of these baskets the price of one particularly striking specimen, and was told it was eight dollars. A minute or two later a gentleman asked her the same question, and the lady of color, without turning a hair, though she knew I heard, informed him that the price was ten dollars.

Along one side of this picturesque market ran a booth filled with women's handicraft. Here were great numbers of hand bags, in every conceivable style, knitted and crocheted caps and other knitted garments, yokes and lingerie, and all sorts of work done with the needle. Not far from this booth, the sales of meats, sausages, and other provisions was going rapidly forward. Great mounds of blueberries and other small fruits looked very tempting, and everywhere buying and dickering was intense.

The meats are not so temptingly displayed as in the large city markets of the United States, and it is noticeable that the individual purchases of meat are not on the same liberal scale as they are with us. The Haligonians, like most English and Canadians, are fonder of the old and tried stand-bys in their food than they are of fancy cuts and fussed up dishes, and the markets reflect this simplicity.

One observes, too, that there is a great deal less noise and less hawking, crying of wares and gesticulating and small talk than is common in America. The Haligonians and Nova Scotians in general are not so demonstrative and loquacious as their Yankee cousins, and an onlooker from the United States wonders how so much and such important business is transacted with so little speech. But when one steps up to the little gallery on one side of the building and looks down upon the animated spectacle of buying and selling going on below, the murmur of many voices is more apparent, and one is conscious that the Halifax market is not a dumb show, after all.

Another thing which a United States visitor is likely to observe is the absence of advertising signs and price cards. To find out what any

thing costs, inquiry must be made. It is only very rarely that a dealer will announce a price, unless a direct question is asked.

The colored people are numerous in Halifax and the outlying districts, and many of them raise market and garden truck and dairy products which they sell in the Halifax market. At Dartmouth, on the opposite side of the harbor, at Preston and at Chezzatook, are many small farms and gardens, the products of which help feed the Haligonians.

After a visit to the market, the proper thing to do is to take the ferry to Dartmouth, and watch the market men and women returning to their homes in the late afternoon. If the market itself is picturesque and interesting, the Dartmouth streets on the afternoon of market day are no less so. The street up from the ferry and the narrow streets in the center of the town are simply choked with vehicles of every description, mostly of the one-hoss-shay variety. The market people, having sold out their wares and having the proceeds in their jeans, make the return trip an occasion for gossip, dickering, sociability, and trading among themselves and at the stores. The numerous colored people are especially interesting. Their vehicles hark back to the time of Noah, and Noah's wife and sons might have worn some of the amazing garments which clothe these toiling men and women. Rickety, ramshackle carriages and wagons, rack-a-bone horses, weather-beaten, bony oxen and cows, rope harness, and all kinds of queer makeshifts for affecting transportation are to be seen. It is a wonder that some of the wheels turn at all, and what prevents some of the carts from tumbling in a heap is a mystery. The people gather in groups and have a jolly time. They make the streets look very kaleidoscopic, and as a study of human types and of the tillers of the soil, nothing could be more illuminating—and some phases are profoundly pathetic. None of these workers appear to be getting rich very fast. They give every evidence of toiling hard every day, and their homes are extremely humble and none too well kept. The small farmer in Nova Scotia, or at least about Halifax seems very much less well to do than his brother in the United States, and their contributions to filling the stomachs of hungry humanity seem to be less well paid than in the land of Stars and Stripes.

Yes, indeed, it is a great mistake not to visit the markets in every place one visits, and the Halifax market, in particular, is a characteristic feature of a unique city.

It's queer the authorities can't discover fake stocks, when the sucker finds them so easily.—La Grange (Ga.) Reporter.

THE MIRAGE.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

Out over the sand dunes goes a traveler. His supply of water is exhausted. Thirst begins to burn his body, and bite into his soul. He looks off across the sands and sees a beautiful pool of water. Urging his camel on he drinks, in imagination, of the crystal waters. But the waters are not there. He has been looking at the optical illusion called mirage.

Finally, he lies down to die, and in his dying delirium sees in the far distance a waving lake of water.

It seems cruel in Nature to create this illusion by the partly refracted waves of light and heat. Wise desert travelers learn to discount these beautiful paradises that hang in unreality in the distance.

All men have been dceived by the Distance and the Future. Tomorrow is a shimmering mirage that gets us all now and then. Things are going to be different tomorrow. We are going to be rich, or fortunate, or beautiful, or "strike oil" tomorrow.

Perhaps we will? Some do. Nevertheless, tomorrows come to us through the pathways of today. If we go in debt for luxuries today, we will be deeper in debt tomorrow. I wish that there was some hocus-pocus whereby a red-ink account could become black without industry and self-denial, but I do not know of any such thing.

One of Dicken's great characters is Micawber, who lived on the verge of some great good fortune which he was not wililng to work for. His last bite was a crust. His life was a mirage chase.

Tomorrow is the day when we will be kind and considerate. Riley wrote,

"Afterwhile and one intends
To be gentler to his friends."

If I could take all the good intentions of lovers, husbands, and wives, and put them to work "right now" instead of waiting for some future time, I could rebuild the world in 10 years.

Someone said, "The road to Hell is paved with good intentions." Perhaps he knew. Anyway, most of us are laying that kind of paving blocks along the paths where our loved ones walk. Tomorrow we will be different. Perhaps?

We reform our lives, tomorrow. Men begin to pray, and join the Church, and read the Bible, and lop off bad habits in the future.

If we continue to live hoof-and-horn-lives in the Now, we need not dream of wearing wings Tomorrow.

Tomorrow, the hoboes go to work, and debtors pay up. Paradise hangs shimmering a little distance away. No, no! Paradise is right here and now. Every good that God can pour intto a real life is in the present 24 hours.

The promises of the Bible have long been misread. Men have expected Heaven to be yonder. I believe it will be, but the promises of God's book are for today! They run on into the future on the busy feet of today.

You and I are being deceived if we expect to become anything, or to possess anything in the future unless we begin to work and plan for it "now!"

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr.

The School sections have been pulling peanuts during the past week.

† † †

Lary Griffith, Sam Poplin and Robby Mullis are spending a few days with their people.

† † †

Miss Hattie Fuller has returned to the institution after spending a month's vacation in South Carolina.

† † †

Aubry Weaver has returned to the institution after spending a few days with his people in Wilmington.

† † †

Rev. Moose, of Charlotte conducted the services last Sunday afternoon, he made a very interesting talk which was enjoyed by everyone.

† † †

Clifton Rogers, Charles Blackman and Edgar Sperling members of the ninth, fourth and fifth cottages were paroled last week by Supt. Boger.

† † †

Charles Bishop visited the institution one day last week, and the boys were glad to see him. Bishop was a member of the fifth cottage while here.

† † †

Mr. Abbot, manager of the Broadway Theater, at Charlotte, came out to the school Saturday night and operated the new picture machine for the first time. The show was enjoyed by everyone.

† † †

The Goodman Literary Society of the twelfth cottage was called to order by President Ford last Monday evening. The debate for the evening was: Resolved that "the Inventor is of More Use to the World Than the Reformer," the affirmative side won.

† † †

Harry and Joe Stevens, Charles Almond, Lester Staley, Mike Mahoney, Judge Brooks, Selvester Honeycutt and Russel Caps, composed the "Happy Squad" last Wednesday when they were visited by their people.

† † †

Mrs. Ada Gorman and several of her friends, of Concord, came out to the school Friday evening and gave the boys an entertainment and in addition to the entertainment, the band, after only thirty days training under Mr. Paul Owensby, played several pieces. After the entertainment the ladies were given bouquets and each boy in the band was given a stick of candy.

† † † †

Just In A Day.

There may be a boy somewhere who isn't crazy about a circus. But he is probably in a ward with the patients who are suffering from General Debility, for he isn't at Jackson Training School or any of the other places where there are real boys.

To the mind of a boy, the Manager of a Circus is a real personage, who dwells in a realm altogether removed from the everyday world. He is seen through clouds of gold dust, he is surrounded with velvet trappings,

and has barrels of red lemonade, whole herds of elephants, troupes of lovely ladies, and wonderful horses with daring riders at his command. What would he want with a jeweled crown, anyway? Any old king can have a crown, but only the Manager of a Circus can have all the whips and balloons he wants at one time.

Mike Mahoney of the Training School is one of the luckiest boys going. In the first place, he has a father who is a skillful surgeon as to profession, and a big generous-hearted boy when it comes to feeling. And then Mike has an uncle who is the Manager of a Circus, and of a real circus at that. So, when the big tents of Sells-Floto circus pitched in Salisbury last Monday, thirty boys at the school were as happy as it is possible for mortals to be. The only reason the whole school didn't go was because it wasn't possible for them to get there, for be it known to everybody that Mr. Zack Terrel of Sells-Floto Circus is no small-minded fellow. He invited the whole school and it wasn't a sort of "you can come if you like" invitation either. But when everybody couldn't go, Dr. Mahoney came over from Monroe with three big automobiles and took all the boys he could cram in. Mr. Groover went along from the school. If anybody wants to know who the two biggest fellows in the United States are, let them ask any of the hilarious crowd of kids who came back at dusk from Sells-Floto circus, stuffed full of ice-cream, lemonade, crackerjack, and all kinds of good things, with money in their pockets, and with whips and balloons in their hands. And their opinions are worth consideration. A man who can manage a circus or be a surgeon, and still can be boy enough to get genuine pleasure out of a happy youngster and an elephant is a big man, no matter who is the President of the United States.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO. BUYS NEW EQUIPMENT

New locomotives, freight and passenger cars, costing approximately nine million dollars, have just been purchased by the Southern Railway Company for delivery during November and December of this year and the early months of 1925.

Included in the purchcase are 3,000 box cars, 250 flat cars, 250 stock cars, 25 passenger coaches, 10 baggage-express cars, 6 dining cars, 25 heavy Mikado type freight locomotives, 15 heavy Pacific type passenger locomotives, and 10 eight-wheel switching engines.

All of this equipment will be of the latset type, the passenger and flat cars of all steel construction, the box and stock cars with steel underframes, and the locomotive being similar in design to locomotives recently built for the Southern.

All political prognostications, up to going to press, have left out of the calculations the wonderful campaign Andy Gump is making throughout the country for the high office of president. They fail to take note of the fact that wherever this distinguished statesman goes, accompanied by Min, his wife, the voters fall over themselves to catch his every word. It must not be forgotten that the "way the places Gump visits go, so goes the nation."

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound.

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound.

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 1, 1924 No. 50

THE DIRECTION.

Follow the path of right no matter where it leads, no matter what it costs. Follow the vision that faith gives you, and it will finally lead you to values of an enduring kind that the world cannot take away.—Harris E. Kirk.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"When we forget the ideal of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, we will crumble like Rome and other materialistic nations."
—Associate Justice Heriot Clarkson.

ARE THE WIRES CROSSED?

We thought that the commission charged with the duty of making selections of those whose figures were to be carved on Stone Mountain, in Georgia, the great patriotic undertaking of honoring Confederate chieftains, had definitely selected among others as logical representatives from North Carolina Gen. Robert F. Hoke, late of Lincoln county. In fact that commission published his name along with their selection.

Here comes Sunday's Charlotte Observer editorially pleading that Gen. Hoke be one of the number who will perpetuate the Confederate glory of North Carolina in the panorama of Stone Mountain; and in the Open Forum of said issue of the Observer, Mrs. R. P. Holt, president of the N. C. Division U. D. C., is appealing for the cause of General Hoke.

If we are not mistaken, the late stir about this whole matter, as developed at the recent meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy, aided and abetted

by Col. Benehan Cameron, was over the inclusion of Gen. Pettigrew among the North Carolinian to be placed on Stone Mountain, and not the figure of Gen. Hoke, already decided upon.

It looks as if these good people, editor Harris and Mrs. Holt have permitted the wires to get crossed.

* * * * * * * *

TELLING THINGS.

Two of THE UPLIFT'S favorite correspondents have returned from a riotous Summer vacation in the mountains, about which both are almost daffy. It is peculiar that two old newspaper men, C. W. Hunt and James A. Robinson, should have the same weakness for the same section of the state. Caldwell county and Watauga county are earthly heavens to these two choice spirits that help the man of this shop fill this paper with entertaining and instructive articles.

Samarcand is the subject that "Old Hurrygraph" handles in this number. He tells a fine story about this effort North Carolina is making in the field of welfare work; and Mr. Hunt is trying to make everybody drop all things for a whirling trip through the mountains, especially at this season when nature has put on her royal colors. One statement in Hunt's article calls for some more writing. There are people who will doubt that any tree ever produced 70 bushels of apples in any one year, even though that apple tree is located in this glorious state of ours. In the language of Venus, a famous corespondent of Rowan county, if you can beat this, "trot out" your apple tree. To avoid a possible disturbance, Mr. Hunt should tell more of his 70-bushel apple tree, give some detail information, and to throw in a few affidavits might ease the situation.

* * * * * * * *

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

There are thirty counties in the state with which the State Board of Health co-operates in the maintenance of health departments, and Cabarrus is one of that thirty. The State Board sends out every quarter a chart showing the work done in these several counties.

The report is based upon the cost equivalent system of evaluating the work accomplished by the county health departments, that is showing how much each dollar expended earns in the performance of certain duties, each having a fixed value. A year or more ago Cabarrus county occupied the honor of

being near, if not at the very top of the thirty counties in the earned units. The report for the last quarter, as sent out by the Health Department, gives the place of honor to Pamlico, whose local health department earned $4.21 for every dollar expended, but Cabarrus, which formerly occupied a place of honor, is reported as the twenty-fourth, just six from the bottom of the list and is credited with having earned $1.35 for each dollar expended, while twenty-three counties earned from $1.40 in Sampson up to $3.68 for Wayne and $4.21 in Pamlico.

Is there not a mistake in this report? Having enjoyed the peculiar pleasure and honor of standing at or near the top, this showing jars the pride of Cabarrus county.

* * * * * * * *

IS A PRIDE OF THE STATE.

The Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company, while its home is in Greensboro, has become one of the state's greatest prides. The building which it erected on a conspicuous corner in Greensboro, its head piercing the low-flung clouds that pass, from an architectural point of view is perhaps the handsomest building in all the South. There are other sky-scrapers scattered over the country, but they follow hard lines, while the Jefferson Standard Building is a combination of artistics lines from the ground up.

The Jefferson Standard has played a big part in the business life of the state, and its influence extends into many states. The other day it took over a life insurance company that had been conducted in Raleigh, which though only a few months old had built up a business approximating $800,000. The Raleigh company went out of business on account of the illness of its manager, and its policy holders will be splendidly taken care of by the Greensboro institution.

* * * * * * * *

AN INSTITUTION THAT WORKS WHILE YOU SLEEP.

Outside of the church and efficient schools there is nothing that contributes to the welfare and good citizenship of the state in a greater degree than the Building & Loan Associations, scattered among the towns and cities of a state.

The Insurance Department has summarized the several reports coming into that office, and the grand total reveals a wonderful accomplishment. Profits of more than four milion dollars were realized in the past year by the 231 associations on investments of nearly 58 million. The report shows that

there were seventy thousand white people taking part in this record, and among the vast number availing themselves of the benefit of the associations there were ten thousand colored people.

Mr. Wade, in giving this report to the public, takes occasion to make this comment:

> "One of the greatest handicaps of the Building and Loan Associations of our state has been that they have been regarded generally, not only by the people, but by their officers, as a side issue or feeder for the real estate and insurance business. It is only where they have been divorced from this idea and their possibilities as a financial aid in the building of homes, promotion of thrift, and the improvement of citizenship have been emphasized that there has been any outstanding progress."

In foregoing statement the Insurance Commissioner has made what will appear to the public as groundless. The location of the association in banks "as side issues or feeders" has been their strong point—saves housing expense, keeps down salary expense to a great degree, and indirectly, if not directly, gets assistance from the bank in the way of hurrying along building efforts and benefitting by the confidence the general public has in the bank where the B. & L. is housed. From a local point of view, there is nothing to Mr. Wade's observation. The local B. & L's.—all these housed in a bank—refute this statement out and out.

These annual reports, to be interesting, must branch off in comment, oftentimes wise, many times otherwise.

* * * * * * * *

The fine, old city of Charlotte got lots of advertising out of her Speedway performance, but if any real good or benefit shall grow out of such an enterprise it is yet to be demonstrated. It only shows that hundreds and thousands have in them the sporting blood and are curious to see dangerous stunts and welcome the thrills of a hazardous performance. Thousands of people have even enjoyed bull fights.

* * * * * * * *

It will be glad news to hundreds and hundreds, who know and admire the able and elegant gentleman, that Dr. Henry Louis Smith, the president of Washington & Lee, and who had been seriously injured in an automobile accident out in Wyoming, is practically back to normalacy. He has been visiting in North Carolina, his home base, while recuperating.

A PARABLE.

By Alice Phillips Prior.

The textile industry is fascinating and interesting study to the observer, if not to the operative. Most people feel that the romance of cloth-making departed with the old spinning wheel and the hand-loom with its clumsy bar. Only a few remain who remember seeing fair spinners moving back and forth beside the humming wheel, and fewer still are left who can hand-spin dexterously.

To those acquainted with modern machinery, the process is still an interesting one. The early details are rather dusty: but when the swift turning spindles have brought the fluffy ropes of cotton down to a slender thread, the result is worth observing.

There are the warping machines with their converging avenues of thread, confusing and dazzling to the unpractical eye. The slasher, with its big steam-heated rolls starches and presses the warp into a sheet of more easily handled thread. The selvage threads are there, ready to lend their strength to what otherwise would be the weak edges of the cloth and an almost unnoticeable register places a red or blue mark at the end of a cut, as if by an unseen hand.

There is the knot-tier, which works quicker and surer than the human fingers. But most wonderful of all is the modern loom. As long as the power is on, the shuttle or tube will continue to fly until the magazine is empty, no human hand has to guide it and no eye has to watch its progress. There comes a time, however, when the cotton is poor, or the weather bad, or because some operative has been careless, that the wonderful automatic loom moves out of its usual pulsation and stops with a suddeness that breaks many of the threads of the warp. This occurrence is most properly called a "smash." The machine which seemed almost human has no power to remedy its condition. The weaver who has other looms for which he is responsible calls the "smash-piece" and with great patience and deftness she straightens the tangle and ties the loose ends. Nothing but the human touch could join the threads of the broken web.

This little parable is written to honor the "smash-piecer" whose work is never shown at textile exhibits and whose contribution to the smoothness of a fabric is seldom mentioned. "Smash-piecers" are always expert weavers and are usually women, because a woman's fingers are apt to be more slender and supple than those of a man.

Life has always been likened to a distaff of thread or the wooven fabric, the warp and woof as it comes from the loom.

"Smashes" in human life may occur at all ages. Children who have received poor cotton for the filling of life's warp are brought to either moral or fanancial straits. Young people are apt to weave carelessly, forgetting to fill the magazine of the loom, as those who watched for the bridgeroom forgot the oil. They may run into other alleys for amusement or some other neglect may spoil

her mind sympathetic to help make their weaving. The atmosphere may be wrong and cause a "smash." Then there are those whose wraps are run almost to the end, who cannot see to straighten the tangles or put in new filling. To all of these types comes the "smash-piecer" with her knowledge of the web of life and her helpful, willing hands.

The King's Daughter should be a "smash-piecer," she should be well trained in weaving the web of life, receiving her pattern from the great Master Weaver. Then when she sees those whose threads are tangled or broken, her fingers will be deft and their work run smoothly again. There will be those who will say of the 'smash-piecers," "They are not showing any finished fabric, they are not worthy of a place in the Order." But the Master will show the places where a sick child was amused, where the tangles in a young girl's life were straightened, or comfort was brought into the heart of some aged toiler. When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, it is to such as these that He will say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

WHICH?

Two little plants lived, each in a pot,
And one had flowers and one had not.
One wore a dress of quiet green,
With never a hint of brightness seen.
Not a bit of cheer did it give to the room!
The other was gay with bud and bloom,
Powdered o'er with a rosy snow,
It stood in the window all a-glow.
Should you pass the florist's some winter day,
Which would you choose to bear away?

Two little girls lived in one cot,
And one was pleasant and one was not;
One had a frowning and fretful face,
With never a twinkle to lend it grace.
The other dimpled with budding smiles,
Merry glances and saucy wiles;
Turned up corners and jolly kinks,
And happy sparkles and beams and winks!
Should you ask one of these little girls to tea,
Which of the two do you think 'twould be?

—Pauline Francis Camp.—Selected.

SAMARCAND.

(By Old Hurrygraph.)

The name Samarcand, is an ancient one, originally spelled Sarmarkand, of Turkestan origin, Asiatic Russia, the chief town of the province. There were two colleges there in the 17th century. More than two centuries ago it was a great Asiastic center. As Marcanda, it was taken by Alexander the Great. In the 15th century it was celebrated by its school of astronomy. It has had a checkered history. In 712 was taken by the Arabs. Fell into the hands of the Russians in 1868. This is where the name Samarcand came from.

In North Carolina Samarcand Manor is the moral life-saving station on the highway of North Carolina progress. It is a bright and shining door of hope to wayward young girls; a remolder of character and puts a new and sweeter song in their mouths; gives them a new vision of life and its higher attainments. It saves the delinquent girls from themselves and implants the true meaning of useful womanhood in their young lives and places their feet in the paths of virtuous living. Such is that splendid Manor, in Moore county, in the healthful pine ozone of that particular climate, amid the most beautiful and luscious fruit that nature produces; set in the midst of prolific peach orchards and natural scenery that inspires the human soul to all of the beauty God has placed on earth to make beings happy and encourage them along the lines of correct living and being of service in their day and generation.

With the object of looking over this work, which is taking such hold on the sympathies of the people, and which is producing such wonderful results—for the saving principles of the institution were begun in a modest way in the 1918, with great faith in the heart of Miss Agnes B. MacNaughton, born in Scotland, but came to North Carolina from Massachusetts—the writer, in company with a party of Durhamites, composed of W. E. Stanley, welfare superintendent: H. L. Carver, chairman of the Durham county board of county commissioners; county commissioners W. G. Frasier, C. M. Crutchfield, T. O. Sorrell, T. L. Pendergrass, county road superintendent; R. E. Hurst and J. A. Robinson, interested friends, we journeyed to Samarcand Wednesday, spent the day, and rejoicing in what we saw and heard concerning this great work in the home for fallen girls. Hearts thrilled with emotion and joy over the reformation work. The state would be, too, if it could but know the principles upon which the institution works, and see the girls, happy, contented, and enthusiastic in their several duties, like the working of a happy family, all in love with each other.

The motor trip over the distance of one hundred and four miles from Durham to Samarcand was a panorama of loveliness, with October flinging her royal colors of varigated beauty upon every tree and bush at every turn, was devoid of any-

thing unusually exciting, except that near Bynum a black cat ran across the road, in front of the machine and jolly "Bill" Frasier said he had to roll up his breeches, which he did. He regarded the cat incident as an omen of ill luck. Coming back a herd of cows rushed wildly across the main road and were not seen until they were in front of the car. T. O. Sorrell, who was driving, swerved the car so suddenly that it came near spilling the occupants, but not a cow was hit, and we got by safely. Mr. Frazier said he knew that black cat crossing the road spelt a mishap of some kind.

Samarcand has two hundred and ten girls at the present time; from all parts of the State. Everything on the several thousand acre farm is done by women and girls, except the plowing. Since this institution has received some aid from the state it has taken on new life and is now being fashioned into one of the most beautiful and useful institutions in this commonwealth. The new administration building is one of the handsomest and most commodious structures in the State; everything about it is modern, convenient and up-to-date, with running water and electric lights, furnished by its own plants. There are five new cottages, built in the most improved style. They are designed to hold thirty girls, but have in them forty so great is the demand for entrances. Each cottage has a matron, and teacher, who supervises the girls; and each cottage has its own dining room, and the girls do the cooking and waiting on the tables. Their rooms are neat and cozy homes and show their state in the furnishings. There are sleeping porches and every convenience afforded for living that is found in a city. These cottages, two-story, are built in different styles and are widely separated in circle shape. They have recreation rooms, where the girls can play, dance to graphophone music, and have their fun winter nights around a great open fire-place. They have hours for work, for study, school hours, and set times for learning the arts, domestic science, basketry and weaving. They make many pretty and useful things.

They have athletic grounds which are constantly in use. There are two athletic teachers, and their drills, marches and other activities are something remarkable as well as interesting. They drill by a Victrola out in the open.

All of the old buildings are disappearing and new and modern ones are being erected more suitable to the needs of the institution. A large and handsome new church is now under construction, as well as another beautiful and commodious cottage.

They have a fire engine and a company to man it composed of girls. The farm is managed by a competent and successful farmer-woman, producing wonderful results. Everything about the place shows thrift and expert management, and the whole institution throughout works like a clock. They have their own laundry and cold-storage plant and every other convenience for up-to-date work. And all seem to be so deeply interested in all that is going on.

The cattle, and hogs are all of thoroughbred stock, modernly housed and kept, many of them having taken first premiums in the last few years. The girls attend to them and appear to take a pride in this line of work. It is an inspiration to visit Samarcand Manor and see what is being accomplished and the preparations for more useful endevors for the future. It is wonderfully managed.

BEGIN TOO LATE.

He was a little old man that walked with an unfirm step. As he stood leaning on his cane, I noticed a tear trickle down his cheek. I wonder if he was crying for joy or sorrow. He had just been told by the county commissioners he would be allowed to enter the poor house. He stayed only a moment and walked to the car that carried him away. I coudn't keep from swallowing hard a couple of times as that little bit of life was played before me. I thought, suppose that will be my fate when I am old. No home, no money, no friends...Only the poor house to call home. I tell you folks, such things makes a fellow think. The trouble with most of us we don't begin thinking until it is too late.—Editor Sturkey in Thomasville News.

TWO PERFECT AUTUMN DAYS.

By C. W. Hunt.

A whole week associated with Methodist preachers at a Methodist conference may have stimulated travel; and reaching home on the 8th day of absence, spending a night, the early morning found the car humming along the Statesville highway, headed for the mountains, the crisp Autumn air, the kaleidoscopic leaf coloring, the falling chestnuts and ripening apples about Blowing Rock kept calling so loudly that breakfast was eaten by the roadside several miles beyond Statesville. The autumn day was perfect and all nature seemed in harmony: all the tillers of the soil seemed busy gathering cotton and corn, sowing wheat, digging potatoes, hauling timber. Cotton now grows under the shadows of the Brushy mountains, where the bollweevil has not yet come. In spite of drouth and wet there will be something to eat and wear and feed for stock, and the ever faithful farmer is busy again sowing against the harvest for another year; the victim and the dependence of all the remainder of mankind. God bless and prosper him as never before.

The drouth in August and September made all the piedmont section the same coloring as the mountains were made by frosts. A drive of 100 to 110 miles, depending on the route, west, brings one from an elevation of 700 feet to the height of 4000 to 4,500 feet in the time of four to five hours, and a transformation from a bracing Autumn air to

the freezing point and below, there being ice inside the house next mornign. Not only cold on top of the mountains, but looks it; the trees being as bare as they will be in the piedmont in early December. But such a healthy air, and the leaves all lying dead on the ground could be swept or raked away and the shining, meaty chestnuts picked with one's own hands. Real work, but one prizes them the more for the labor of getting them.

To get the more out of two perfect Autumn days, the trip was lengthened by leaving Blowing Rock and going round the Green Park hotel and up Greens Hill and out on the road towards Aho, coming into the Boone trail some 2½ miles east of Boone and 15 miles from the village of Blowing Rock and about 43 miles from North Wilkesboro. The highway is designated as route number 60, is a splendidly graveled road, wide and safe, and a splendid grade. From Blowing Rock to the Boone trail and on the trail to the top of the Blueridge, one crosses as fertile and pleasing and prosperous farming section as is held in all the North Carolina mountains. The lands are rolling to steep, yet productive and the main crops are grain and grasses and pastures and beef cattle and the humble cabbage, which never fail. They plant them in the rainy summer season and they get what they must have, plenty of rain; and they not only furnish an early money crop in the Fall, but since the advent of the truck, make a diversion as load after load is hauled to the piedmont and sold for the cash. They began going east in August, many fields are still being and to be harvested and hauled away. In this pretty cattle growing section a staunch wire fence often stands on either side of the road, and good to splendid country homes and churches and schools dot the wayside. We of the piedmont and the plains cling to them on account of a supposed higher civilization and easier cultivation of the soil, but these people of Watauga and other counties enjoy blessings we know not of. Every drouth stricken farmer that has seen or knows of them cannot help envying them of the naturally fertile soil, with the ever present Summer showers. A crop of hay and corn and verdant pasture to fatten and grow cattle are a certainty with the mountain man, while his outlook is ever on nature's beauty in hills and vales and the red and golden rising and setting sun and its brightness at noonday. His is an ever pleasing prospect, from the standpoint of the lover of nature.

No North Carolina traveler shuold ever go west or to foreign lands until he or she has seen and drunk in what has gone before, here; the plateau coming east from Boone, as you approach the top of Blueridge mountains to the descent through Deep Gap, and stand on that eminence and look down and down on the pastoral scene below, and feel the thrill as each curve in the road brings a fresh scene of nature's panorama, till you are at the foot of the Blueridge proper and at the wonderful apple orchard of B. T. Taylor, a Wilkes county farmer who sold a perfectly good grain farm a few years ago to buy an orchard nearly ready to bear, that had been prepared and planted

to modern varieties of apples. Taylor's kin and neighbors and friends thought he had parted with what he had for sure, for "a mess of pottage." The man who planted had taken "cold feet" but Taylor was not blind. One has only to see the hillsides covered with healthy sprayed trees and the great windrows of fine apples piled in the orchard waiting transportation down the hill to the packing house. These are such as Black Ben, Jonathan, Delicious, all gathered, while the red Limbertwigs weight down the trees, touching the ground, all making a scene worthy of the painter's brush. The sound fruit is packed in clean standard size barrels and boxes and sold, much of it, at the packing house, while some is sold, possibly, to dealers on the trees, and packed and hauled to cold storage by them. The culls and the specked and the bruised are hauled to Boone to the cider mills were vinegar is made of them, rather than the fire-water that was once a product of Wilkes county apple orchards.

But the perfect Autumn day is but half gone, and the descent of Little mountain yet to be made, where you travel for miles without a sight of a habitation, but winding down the descents the road being lined on either side by tall, and nature's own, trees of ever-green and hardwood varieties, till you reach habitation again and are on the bands of Lewis Fork creek, which you follow for ten miles or more, its clear and sparkling waters leaping over stones and bubbling onward to the Yadkin, while the country-side looks brown and sear, as all growing vegetation is dead, but the busy housewife is still drying fruit preparatory to the winters cold, and the man is sowing wheat or gathering the corn or other crops of the year.

North Wilkesboro and old Wilkesboro are still to be passed and the ascent of the Brushy mountains to be made, which mountains lie like a wall in your distant pathway, but the grade is easy. Here the writer could occasionally see the old highway he has so often traveled in the passing years, and up to the top through Kilbys gap, where in other years he saw the old blown over apple tree, lying on its side, which had the record of having borne seventy (70) bushels of apples as a good years work. In a few more miles the same road gone over two days before was reached at Taylorsville, and the loop was completed; and there lay before the traveler sixty-two miles of paved road, between him and home, and a few more hours completed two perfect Autumn days.

There is a statue called "The Two Ambitions" by one of the world's greatest sculptors. Two figures are depicted. One sits on a throne with a jeweled crown on his head, and about him are ranged a group of servants proffering all things that his selfish nature craves. The other figure is that of a young man of athletic built holding to a rock and reaching down into a raging sea to pull up a brother who is in mortal danger. These figures represent two ambitions—selfishness and service.

"MAKING CLOCK KEEP TIME."

(Oxford Friend.)

"The tyrant king, imprisoned by his outraged subjects, amused himself trying to make a dozen clocks keep exact time. At length, convinced of the futility of the experiment, he exclaimed: "If I cannot make twelve clocks keep exact time, how absurd of me to expect to make a nation of men think alike." Wise old king! We commend his sage conclusion to all men, priests, preachers and rulers, who are seeking even in these days of progress and enlightenment to lay compulsion upon the minds of men."—New Age Magazine.

It would be well if all the tyrant kings, of whom there are many, and all the would-be tyrant kings, of whom there are vastly more, could arrive at the same conclusion. The age-old attempt to make hard-and-fast rules for men to think and live by his ghastly failure. It will always be a ghastly faiure. Nature does not intend that men shall be put straight jackets. Just as it is the nature of the body to grow and expand, so it is the nature of the mind to fight for even greater freedom.

Man from the earliest times has demonstrated the fact that he will not be laid permanently in intellectual irons. He will fight or go to pieces. He will never willingly be the victim of tyranny. Going to pieces is the weaker way of meeting oppression when he cannot return in kind the blows of tyranny.

There is but one way for the human race to forge ahead and come into its promised land of power. The way lies through freedom of action; freedom to choose and learn by making choice. Of course sacrifices and compromises must be made; those who, like anarchists, want to throw aside all restraint and run amuck are among the most dangerous of all tyrants. Through agreement and understanding people have to make accommodations in order that the whims of one may not restrict the freedom of another. But there is a world of difference between this democratic form of conduct and that of an arbitrary imposing of one man's or one set of will on another man or another set. The interests and understanding of any man of any section of humanity is not universal in scope. There are interests and legitimate desires beyond the ken of any given one or of any number and there must be an answer to each of these. The most nearly perfect man or the most nearly perfect organization does not contain eough good or wisdom to be taken as the infallible standard for all others to follow. In the main each being is a law unto himself; he is compelled to work out his own destiny: no other man can perform this service for him.

The urge to be free and develop is divine. Tyranny can hamper this freedom; it can cause suffering and humiliation for a time; its poewr can gain ascendency for a brief period of misrule, but freedom will eventually emerge triumphant.

Tyranny is like borrowing money at usury; it is like taking a narcotic to escape reality. Tyranny is, finally,

no more profitable to the tyrant than it is to his victom. A higher law says that no man can profit through abuse of another; no man can take over the destiny of another without interfering with his own destiny.

Because some men are ignorant and make mistakes it does not follow that they are to be enslaved. To come to this conclusion displays greater ignorance and causes graver mistakes. Experience is the real teacher. Mistakes by their natural penalties constantly tend to eradicate themselves. Man's folly today makes him the wise man tomorrow. Stomach-ache is a better instructor than the most plainly worded treatices on eating.

The most auspicious thing in the world is the growing determination to be free. Attempts to stifle thought besome less successful. The truth is the goal which every man may seek in his own way. He has to find it for himself. Anything that comes between him and this inalienable right must stand aside.

TAKE HEART, DOCTOR.

Modern educational methods don't keep step with a changing world, and Dr. Carl Taylor, of State College, wants something done about it. For instance, less than one-half of one per cent of the farmers in North Carolina are studying argriculture at State College. Eighty per cent of the people of the State are engaged in farming. A dismal picture!

Dr. Taylor would take the college to the people, if they won't or can't come to the college. He's in line with the best thought of the day there. He would stress the importance of wanting to learn rather than cramming their heads full of undigested data, which would only tend to make a junk house of their mind. Real education is his idea. So say we all.

His proposition is in process of being put into effect, but not in a thousand years would it be possible to make real the dream that Dr. Taylor might visualize. And if it could be realized, long before it was, Dr. Taylor would be on another mountain top, far above the peak upon which he now stands, beckoning to the multitude to come up higher.

Let the doctor take heart. Less than two score years ago there was no State College. Only two decades since our present school system came into being. A brief decade since county farm agents and State extension workers began their great work of education.—News & Observer.

THE OLD SCRUB HORSE THAT HAD "THE GO IN HIM."

Prof. W. R. Webb, familiarly and affectionately known as "Old Sawney" Webb, for a short time a United States Senator, founder and head of the famous Bellbuckle School in Tennessee, is the author of the declaration that "the alphabet is the greatest invention of all ages."

It is said of him that at the opening of each session of his school he tells a story about the "Scrub horse that had the go in him."

Here is the story, as reproduced by Raymond Browning, and it is full of good, hard horse-sense:

One of those unforgetable stories that "Old Swany" Webb, the famous schoolmaster of Bellbuckle, Tenn., used to tell his boys in order to stir their ambition and spur them on to the finest intellectual attainments, was that of the little scrub horse that had the "go" in him. Every lad that has attended Webb School since this incident occurred, which was more than thirty years ago, has heard the story which in brief is that:

Mr. Webb was attending a horse sale at the county fair grounds in Culleoka, Tenn., when a negro man approached him and said "Boss, won't you buy dis hoss fum me?" Mr. Webb looked the trim little horse over and then said, "Uncle, is this a blooded horse?" "Nawsuh, Boss," replied the negro, he aint no blooded hoss, but he sho can go. Dis hoss is jist natchelly got de 'go' in him." "What is he worth?" asked Mr. Webb. "I'll take seventy-five dollars fur him," was the reply. Mr. Webb hesitated for a moment and then said, "No, I don't want a scrub horse. I am looking for a blooded animal." In a few minutes he had purchased from a dealer for $125 another horse which did not look nearly so good as the negro's, and later proved to be a mediocre trotter, although of good breeding. "Just think what I missed," Mr. Webb used to say in after years in his school lectures and the boys would roar with merriment at his droll air of pretended regret. Then with a twinkle in his nervous blue eyes he would go on with the story.

Another man bought the negro's horse and after hitching him to a two-wheeled sulky started away from the fair grounds. The little horse was swinging along in a nice easy gait when of a sudden a man driving a magnificent bay horse hitched to a bright new buggy came dashisg up from behind. He swished the air with his whip and the big bay lunged forward and was about to pass the sulky but the little scrub horse seemed to say, "What's this? Going to pass me, eh? Well, let's see you do it." And then that little scrub just stretched himself out down that turnpike and soon his heels were tossing dust in the face of the big bay. He seemed to be saying, "Come on with that pretty buggy. If you can pass me it's all right, but I'd like to see you do it." It was a great race and when the little

horse had left the big one far behind his new owner said, "It's a great pity this horse is a scrub. He can trot like the wind but he can never hold that gait for long because he's just a scrub." However, before he reached home a new idea came into his mind and he said with a smile, "Little Scrub Horse, I'll just give you a blooded horse's chance and see what I can make out of you."

Then came months of careful feeding and exercise and one day the owner took the scrub horse to the fair grounds and put him into a race with some real thoroughbreds. The little scrub seemed to say, "I've heard about blue blood all my life, and now here is my chance to see what it's like." The little scrub had the outside of the track but he was not discouraged. Finally, the starter waved the handkerchief and they were off. The scrub got right down to business and nosed his way past the nearest racer and that just seemed to fire his ambition. Soon he passed another, and then he seemed to say, "I believe I'll just go ahead in this class while I'm at it." Up and up he forged until he passed the leader and got the inside of the track. "Come on, Bluebloods," he was saying in his horse language, "Can't you go any faster than that" He swept under the wire and won the race.

Six months passed by and the scrub horse was sold for $1,400. A year and a half later he brought $40,000. At the height of his career he was the most famous trotting horse in the world, and he was a scrub horse but he had the "go" in him.

Soon after Little Brown Jug rose to fame "Old Sawney," as the schoolboys affectionately nicknamed Mr. Webb, looked out of his schoolroom door and saw Hon. John C. Brown, Ex-gvernor of Tennessee, riding along the road with several men and an odd looking bunch of horses following. Mr. Webb inquired about the horses and the governor said, "Webb, these are Little Brown Jug's kinfolks. I've bought every one I could find. There's his sire, old Tom Hal." Thus one of the finest lines of race horses in Tennessee goes back to Tom Hal who was never heard of until Little Brown Jug brought fame to his family.

Mr. Webb never despised good breeding but he used to say, "Good blood ought to produce good people. Don't you boys boast of your blue blood and then sit foot in your classes. If that's blue blood I would rather have frog-spawn or soapsuds in my veins." Then he would grip his short chin whiskers and laugh a little tantalizing laugh and say, "Boys, I'm for the scrub horse that has the 'go' in him."

Following this story he would then tell with graphic beauty and tenderness of some poor boy in whom ambition awakened and how he "wrung success from the iron jaws of adverse circumstances." For instance, he would tell of Braxton Craven, who was born amid such hard conditions that a kind-hearted old Quaker gentleman felt sorry for the neglected boy and persuaded the mother to let him take the little fellow into his family. It was a long hard road for the lad's feet but there came a time when Braxton Craven was one of the greatest preachers

and educators that the Old North State ever produced. He was for many years president of Trinity which is now the largest Methodist college in the South, and today the name of Craven is a synonym of culture and refinement in North Carolina. As "Old Sawney" would say, "He was a scrub horse but he had the 'go' in him."

I AM MUSIC.

Servant and master am I; servant of those dead, and master of those living. Through me immortal spirits speak the message that makes the world weep, and laugh, and wonder, and worship. I tell the story of love, the story of hate, the story that saves and the story that damns. I am the incense upon which prayers float to Heaven. I am the smoke which palls over the field of battle where men lie dying with me on their lips.

I am close to the marriage altar, and when the graves open I stand nearby. I call the wanderer home, I rescue the soul from the depths, I open the lips of lovers, and through me the dead whisper to the living.

One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave as easily as I subject his slave. I speak through the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the crash of waters on rock-ribbed shores, the sighing of wind in the trees, and I am even heard by the soul that knows me in the clatter of wheels on city streets.

I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers. I am the father of the best that is in them, and they are fathers of the best that is in me; I am of them, and they are of me. For I am the instrument of God.—I Am Music.

THREE REASONS FOR THE SPREAD OF CRIME.

(Selected.)

A man who seems to know what he is talking about, for he is president of one of the oldest crime insurance companies in the country, tells us that more money was stolen, or seized by bandits, last year than is required to run the government. He puts the figure at three billion dollars. What is more alarming still his assertion that fully seventy-five per cent of this filching has been done by youths under twenty-teens. A college president tells us five years of age, many of them in their that where formerly no locks or keys were needed to protect property from being stolen, now articles disappear even in spite of locked doors, so callous has the conscience of not a few young men, ambitious for a higher education, become. This is not news, for who does not know the serious collapse of the moral sense that has taken place within recent years, especially since the outbreak of the recent war?

How are we to explain this appalling epidemic of crime? The reasons for it are not far to seek. Among those that have been named again and again, and that are now being named by this insurance president, are three outstanding ones.

First, the tremendous increase of luxurious living among the people taken as a whole. A friend tells us he entered a fine department store just to catch a glimpse of how things looked inside. A saleslady politely asked him whether she could show him anything he specially wanted. His only reply was that me wanted was to see an up-to-date store, and then remarked: "I see that more than half the things you sell peple dont actually need." "Yes," was the reply, "luxuries are mre in demand than necessities." This accords with what another man of intelligence had to say while standing at a show window where goods at fancy prices were being displayed. He remarked that he could not find among them a single article which supplied an actual need. Drink, with a fondness for luxurious and extravagant living, is the disease from which the youth of our land are suffering. Money is needed for that mode of living, and ever more money, and as conscience no longer speaks, get it any way you can. That explains much.

Second, the failure to punish crime with swift and sure penalties. This is given as a second reason, and who doubts that it has much to do with the spread of crime? Many jurists and lawyers are beginning to realize it. We have grown far away from Lincoln's conception of a lawyer's duty when called to defend a criminal suspect. He defended his client up to the point only where he became convinced of his guilt, and then turned him over to suffer the penalty he deserved. That mode of procedure would be considered a novelty today, though it must be said that there are many lawyers who have no taste for defending criminals. The practice of long-drawn-out court trials where all sorts of technicalities and tricks are restored to to defeat justice has become scandalous. Need we wonder that the popular faith in legal procedure has been rudely shaken? The edge has been taken off the sense of righteousness, and justice has ceased to be stern. The spirit of lawlessness is abroad as an inevitable result. Add to this popular maudlin sentiment which shouts condemnation in one breath and them sheds tears of pity in another and the failure of justice becomes clear.

Third, the waekening of religious and moral restraints is named as another reason. It is the main reason. We have too many pagan parents in our homes, and too many critics of the Church and religion in editorial and professional chairs. It is easier to point good thing black than to help to rid of stains with which the wickedness and frailty of man have soiled it. If some critics of the Bible who do not know the A. B. C. of the Christian religion would quit picking out of it detached statements that have little or nothing to do with the essentials of the Christian faith, statements which they hold up to ridicule because they do not like them, and would pay some attention to the vital questions that are bound up with the Person of Christ and His work and mission here upon the earth,

the religion of Christ would not be the discarded thing it is in millions of American homes. It is about time to ask the man and the woman who seldom see the inside of a church to what extent they are directly responsible for the icrme and lawlessness that exist? To let the Church and religion severely alone is only second in culpability to criticising them. It helps to undermine the moral and religious structure on which character and conscience must rest more than the blatant ribaldry of skeptics and unbelievers. No more effective contribution to crime and immorality can be made than is made by multitudes of people who neither rob nor steal nor practice immorality than to sit in homes on Sunday, or run away in automobiles and let the preachers and their bands of faithful workers attack unaided the problem of training up the youth in the fear of the Lord. We need to get back to some old but discarded ideas of training up children in the way they should go, and many parents needs an awakening. Unless there is an awakening of parental responsibility for the Christian training of children, there will come a kind of awakening to the Church and the nation that will be far from welcome.

ENOUGH OF ONE THING.

I stood the other day on the edge of a great pit, one of nine marble quarries in Pickens County, Ga., and watched the pigmy men at the bottom of that pit quarrying great blocks of marble that would be worked up into monuments large and small and into more monumental buildings "Out of that corner of this quarry we got the marble for the Federal Reserve Bank in Cleveland, and over there we got the block from which was carved the statue of Civic Virtue in front of the City Hall in New York," said my guide.

I asked some questions. How much marble is there in this valley, I asked? The answer was, a solid block three eights of a mile wide, four miles long and 200 feet to a half mile deep. My next question was, how long have men been cutting marble out of this deposit? The answer was, more than fifty years and in fifty years they have scratched only the surface of about three acres of it. There may be a limit to our coal and oil deposits and many crops may fail, but it certainly looks as if we are going to have enough Georgia marble to supply us for a good many years to come.—Elizabeth City Independent.

JUST ELEVEN WORDS.

(Cleveland Star.)

Of course, by now almost everybody knows that North Carolina is one of the most progressive states in the union. It is, and notwithstanding the comment of Irvin Cobb it has been well 'press-agented.'' Progressive, inviting—almost a wonder state—outsiders were at first inclined to sneer at the apparent boasts emitting from the confines of Carolina. But now-a-days they are taking up the swing and lilt of the tune —North Carolina is being watched, talked, written and read about, Advancement and progress of all kinds center about some one thing, be it a visible organization, or invisible in a manner, say a spirit lent to the cause. Many writers write of the transformation in the old North State, but few writers attempt to tell why.

The November issue of The World's Work carries an article—''North Carolina's Dreams Come True''—by French Strother, and to Strother must go the praise of No'th Ca'lina's appreciation for the most comprehensive yet entertaingly readable brief of our advancing achievement as well as our open opportunities. The story is told artistically, yet in terms sound enough to interest the hard-headed business man. Mingled but connected without a break are descriptions of the beautiful state itself and from border to border—the majestic Blue Ridge to the moss-festooned trees on the Atlantic coast—and detailed mention of the many lines of progress that brought nation-wide recognition, in the commercial world, as well as the lure to the flood of pleasure-seekers. And Strother told why. In fact, told in 11 words more than numerous writers have told in volumes.

To the immortal Aycock many tributes have been paid. Advancing North Carolina spirals back to a peak on his record. Across anything that tells or shows North Carolina achievement and progress Strothers' tribute might well be written. It is the answer. It was only eleven words, the concluding paragraph—but, read it yourself:

''About twenty-five years ago there was a man named Aycock—.''

HOW JUDGES DO.

By Mrs. H. E. Monroe.

The Supreme Court began its fall term determined to make every possible effort to reduce the cases upon its rapidly growing docket. The court abandoned its time-honored custom of adjourning early to call upon the President, postponing the White House visit until late in the day. Headed by Chief Justice Taft and escorted by Attorney General Stone and Solicitor General Beck, the court was received in the blue room by President Coolidge, who had a special word of greeting for each of the justices. The Supreme Court is in some respects the most picturesque

group at the Capitol building. The names of the justices are as follows: Mr. Chief Justice Taft, Mr. Justice McKenna, Mr. Justice Holmes, Mr. Justice Van Devanter, Mr. Justice McReynolds, Mr. Justice Brandeis, Mr. Justice Sutherland, Mr. Justice Butler, and Mr. Justice Sanford—Mr. Justice Shiras and Mr. Justice Pitney retired. In this hall Webster answered Hayne, and here Benton and John Randolph made their great speeches. On the left side of the Senate stood Calhoun in many a contest with Clay and Webster on the right. One day Calhoun boasted of being the superior of Clay in argument. He said, "I had him on his back; I was his master; he was at my mercy." Clay strode down the aisle, and, shaking his long finger in Calhoun's face, said, "He my master! Sir, I would not own him for my slave!" It is said to be the handsomest court room in the world. Every weekday from October till May, expect during Christmas and Easter holidays, just at twelve o'clock the crier enters the court room and announces: "The Honorable Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States," at which everybody, including visitors and lawyers, stand. Just then nine large, dignified old gentlemen, led by Chief Justice Taft, kicking up their long black silk robes behind them, enter the room, each standing before his chair, bows to the lawyers, the lawyers and spectators bow to them, then all are seated. The crier then opens court by saying: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! All persons having business with the honorable the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attendance, as the court is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable court." After this quaint little speech business begins. The members of the court wear gowns like the ecclesiastical robes of the Church of England. This began in early days when this country took English law and customs for pattern and precedent. The seats of the judges are placed in the order of the time of their appointment, the senior judges occupying seats on either hand of the Chief Justice, while the latest appointments sit at the farthest end of each row This order of precedence extends even into the consulting room, where the judges meet to talk over difficult cases, the Chief Justice presiding at the head. Our country is justly proud of its judiciary. The Supreme Court of our country is the last rampart of liberty. Should this court become corrupt our free institutions will surely perish. The Supreme Court of the Unted States has, how ever, made some grave mistakes—witness the famous decision of Justice Taney.

If we only knew how to enjoy what we've got the world wouldn't be such a bad place.

THE VOICE IN THE FOREST.

(Selected.)

Night was drawing close upon a little band of travelers in a forest of northern India. Already the green dusk that lingered beneath the trees even in daylight was changing to a darker shade, and now and then the harsh cry of some unseen animal made the little group tremble and shrink closer together. They were all women—a missionary, and several Indian girls from the training school for Christian workers in which she taught.

"Do you think, teacher-lady, that we are lost?" queried one of the girls in a trembling voice, edging nearer to the leader.

"Yes, Miriam," said the missionary, "I am very much afraid we are! It was very foolish of me to try to find the village without a guide; but the directions seemed so plain, and it was supposed to be only a few miles—though nobody can tell anything about distances in a forest like this. I thought we would have plenty of time to reach the place before dark, hold our little service there, with you girls to help me sing, and stay at the home of Sarah, our teacher there, until morning. Now I have to confess that I don't know where we are!"

One of the girls began to cry and they all showed startled faces.

"But we're not going to stay here!" put in the teacher quickly. "First of all, we are going to call as loud as we can, so that somebody will hear us and come to guide us. Then——"

"But maybe someone will come who will hurt us!" sobbed the weeping girl.

"We must trust the Father for that!" said the teacher gently. "I said that first we would call, but I made a mistake. First we will pray, and then we will call. Come girls, here is a large rock we can kneel upon; let us ask God to help us!"

The little group rose from their knees with brighter faces, and at the teacher's direction began to call for help at the tops of their voices. For some time no answer came but the evening sounds of the forest.

"What if nobody comes?" suggested a trembling girl.

"Then we will build a fire, two or three fires, around this rock, and stay here till morning," said the teacher, much more bravely than she felt. The girls sniffed and shivered; but suddenly she held up her hand.

"Listen! was that a call?"

They all listened, then called and listened again. Far off to the right they did indeed hear the cry of a human voice; and gladly and hopefully they all sent out their call for help again and again, to guide the one who had answered them.

Presently from among the thick gloom of the forest a little old man appeared. Bent and dwarfed as he was, he might have be a gnome or a pixie, and the girls were half in doubt whether to run or to wait for him. But the teacher went to meet him with relief in her voice, as she asked him the way to the village they were seeking.

The old man shook his head.

"You are far from the right path," he said. "You can never find it tonight. But my own little village is not far away; it is a very small one, but there is room for you if you will come and spend the night with us. In the morning I will show you the village you seek."

Without hesitating long, they turned and followed their elfish guide, stumbling along the unfamiliar path tha twas almost hidden by the darkness now.

"How does it come," asked the old man as they went along, "that young women like you are walking all alone in the forest so late?"

"We are Christians," explained the teacher, "and we were going to hold a little service in the village to which we lost our way. I was going to talk to the people, and the girls and I were going to sing for them."

"Christians?" said the old man vaguely. "I never heard of those! But it sounds pleasant. Maybe you will talk and sing for the people in our village!"

"Gladly!" said the teacher, begining to feel that they had been sent by One wiser than themselves to find this little village where the name of Christ was not known.

In a short time their guide led them into a small cleared space, where there were but two thatched cottages—the smallest "village" they had ever seen. In these two cottages dwelt about a dozen men and eight or ten women. How the travelers were to be accommodated was a problem to themselves, but not to the old man, who was evidently head-man of the place. He issued his orders, and in a little while one of the cottages was swept clean for their use; where the usual tenants were to sleep seemed a matter of indifference to them, compared with the wonderful experience of having visitors.

"Now," said the old man at last, when a simple meal had been served, "we are all ready to hear you sing and talk."

The missionary looked around at the little circle of forest folk, and began to speak, in the simplest words she knew. First she told them the story of the lost sheep and the seeking Shepherd.

"All lost and alone," she said, "just as we were before we were found by your head-man tonight. But the voice of the Shepherd cames to the sheep, just as the voice of our guide came to us through the forest; and then He comes Himself and carries it home."

Then she went on to tell how people wander away—how the Prodigal Son lost himself, and how the Father kept watching for him, and ran to meet him and brought him in; and she told them how the Father in heaven watches and longs for his lost chcildren to come home.

As she talked, she was amazed to see how hungrily her hearers were listening; and when she stopped, the tears were running down more than one face. One was that of the bowed and wizened old head-man.

"Teacher-lady," he said, "we never heard anything like this before! We never thought that the great God who made the world was our Father. We are very common folks, low and poor, and people despise us. Are you quite sure that God loves us, and wants us to be His children?"

Then the teacher answered, with a happy heart:

"And why else did He let us go astray in the forest? He sent us here to tell you of His love. He opens His home to you, just as you have opened yours to us. You won't stay out in the forest, lost in the dark, will you?"

And heads were shaken all around that listening circle; and the old head-man came and knelt beside her while she prayed that the Father would guide His lost children of the forest safe to the home of His love.

ION KEITH-FALCONER.

Mrs. Charles P. Wiles.

Not long after the Student Volunteer Movement was launched there died down in Arabia a young Scotchman whose passing made a tremendous impressions upon student life.

His ancestry may have had something to do with it, being descended from men, who, for eight hundred years, had been among Scotland's greatest.

That he, the son of an Earl, should have left home and loved ones and gone off to a little Arabian village for the sake of Christ, was another surprise. Then, too, it was not expected that an athlete such as he should die at the early age of thirty-one.

If you had been at the school at Harrow ten years before you might have seen a group of excited boys moving a red flag on a map in the school-room. "How far has he reached today?" was the question. For their champion, their idol, one-time student at this same school was attempting something that had not been undertaken before, the riding of the newly-invented bicycle from Land's End, England, to the northernmost tip of Scotland. Only thirteen days were required to make the trip on that peculiar looking vehicle with one great high wheel in front and a very small one on the back of it, but then the rider, Ion Keith-Falconer, was the fatest bicycle rider in the world. Only a short time before, October 23, 1878, he had met and defeated John Keen, the world's champion.

In a letter to Isaac Pitman, the inventor of shorthand and a personal friend, who had been urging him to give up smoking, he said, "When I consented to meet the world's champion and race with him, I decided to begin at once to train hard. The first thing to be done was knock off smoking, which I did; next, to rise early in the morning and breathe the fresh air before breakfast, which I did; next, to go to bed not later than ten, which I did; next, to eat wholesome food, and not too much meat or pastry, which I did; and, finally, to take plenty of gentle exercise in the open air, which I did. What was the result? I met Keen on Wednesday last, the 23rd of October, and amid yells of delight this David slew the great Goliath; in other words, I defeated Keen by about five yards."

Not only was this young Scot a champion bicycle rider, but he was a champion at shorthand, keeping in

touch for years with Pitman, the inventor of shorthand. Such and authority did he become that at the age of twenty-eight he wrote the article on "Shorthand" for the new edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." This article is still regarded as standard.

The Young Student

We hear it said frequently that a young man cannot be both a successful athlete and a successful student at the same time. But Falconer proved this to be untrue.

Not satisfied with being the world's fastest bicycle rider and with supremacy as a shorthand writer, he would stand among the world's best Arabic scholars also. He had not only a keen intellect, but had remarkable powers of concentration as well.

At Cambridge he soon mastered Hebrew, and, at the close of his course, the highest honor in the gift of the University in Hebrew was conferred upon him. Clearing up difficult points in the oldest Greek translation of the Old Testament, the Septuagint, was recreation for him. "Send me," he wrote to a friend, "some Septuagint nuts to crack."

After his course at Cambridge was completed, he turned his whole attention to the study of Arabic, going to Leipsic in order to perfect himself.

Returning to London in 1881, he met General Gordon, and the two became fast friends. The same month General Gordon wrote to him: "I wish I could place you in some work where the secular and religious run side by side. Would you go to Stamboul as extra unpaid attachce to Lord Dufferin? If so, why not try it, or else as private secretary to Petersburg? If you will not, then come to me in Syria to the Hermitage."

Following Fully

But he had been reading a book presented by a friend, entitled "Following Fully," and his life would have to be given wholly to Christ's service. From boyhood he had inclined toward missionary work and now he awaited only God's clear guidance.

And so he worked on with his Arabic, until he became in this, as in all else to which he set himself, an authority. A foremost Oriental scholar, Professor Moldeke wrote: "We will look forward to meeting the young Orientalist who has so early stepped forward as a master." The following year he was elected Professor of Arabic in Cambridge University.

From childhood he had been of an unselfish nature. "Others first" seemed ever to have been his motto. Now, what were his assets in life? He had a position of honor and influence. He had married Miss Gwendolen Bevan, the daughter of a London banker. He had all the money he needed and more, and had many friends. Did he need anything else for his happiness? And yet he wanted a hard task.

The evangelization of the Mohammedans is one of the hardest tasks on earth. He had a knowledge of the Arabic language, he had money enough to finance the enterprise, he was a man of tact and judgement, he had hosts of friendds. The feeling was strong that work should be undertaken in Southern Arabia and here was one with the assets which

marked him as the man.

The indolence and indifference on the part of many church members toward the downtrodden and sinful of earth lay like a weight upon his heart. It will be awful when we come to the end of life to look back upon a life spent only on self. In the spring of 1885 he offered himself to the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church of Scotland.

Feeling that a knowledge of medicine was desirable, he entered into the study. Upon completing the course he went to Arabia on a tour of investigation. Returning, he appeared in May, 1886, before the General Assembly and made an appeal that stirred them to their depths. He asked far a second missionary, a medical man, and offered to pay his salary as well as the expenses of himself and wife.

It was his purpose to gather the castaway Somali children into an industrial orphanage, where they would be taught the faith of Christ, and taught, at the same time, to work with their hands, eventually sending them out as evangelists and teachers.

Late in 1887 they began their work. The only available dwelling was a large native hut. A few weeks later he staggered into the hut after a long horseback journey and threw himself upon the bed. A high fever set in, lasting for three days. One attack after another followed, until he had had seven attacks. The following May he wrote his mother: "The shanty in which we are living accounts in a large measure for the numerous attacks of fever. We expect to move into our new house about the first of June."

But before this letter reached her the news had reached her by cable that her son was dead.

The Assembly, which had sent him joyfully forth only a short year before, was stunned by the blow. A rally call was extended wherever memorial services were held, for young men to come forward and take his place. The appeals had their effect, for out of forty graduates in Edinburgh Divinty School that year, eleven offered themselves for foreign mission work.

The workers fall, but the work goes on. A school for rescued slave girls was begun. Other missionaries took up the task and the Keith-Falconer Mission is a living monument to his work.

OUT IN NEW MEXICO.

By Josephus Daniels.

On the Train in New Mexico, Oct. 20.—It is a far cry from Buie's Creek Academy, in Harnett county, in 1887 and the office of the Comptroller of the State of New Mexico at Santa Fe in 1924. But they are not so very far apart as they seemed today when Richard H. Carter, Comptroller of New Mexico, recalled that he was present at the first commencement of Buie's Creek Academy when I was trying to make a speech on education of the Head, the Hand and the Heart when Rev. Arch Campbell was laying deep and broad the foundations of the institution that has

done so much for Harnett county and North Carolina.

Mr. Carter and his wife and son had come from Santa Fe to attend a big Democratic meeting and when it was over we had a good old-time North Carolina talk in the large hotel of Spanish architecture. Speaking of that architecture and the thick walls, a leader of the American Legion I had known at Quantico and in France, said: "When I came into this country I didn't like the abode construction. I thought we knew more about building than they do out here, and I went in for a wooden house. Later I found that the thick walls make a house several degrees cooler, and we must build against the hot days that are sure to home. My house now is strictly Spanish in construction and is the most comfortable house that can be built."

There's much one can learn from that observation. Of course, it is sometimes true that people keep up old ways when the reason for them has ceased to exist. But as a rule a newcomer in any section will do well to presume that the native population knows what is best for that section, and he will do well to adopt it until long residence teaches whether it is a good custom or a mere following precedent for no good reason except the lack of initiative to change.

In the United States, as a rule, even in cold and damp weather Americans have a habit of sleeping with their windows open. It is a modern habit. If you should go to Monticello and visit Jefferson's home, the last word in beautiful architecture in its day—you would find that the bed was placed in an alcove and thick curtians hung in front of it to keep out the night air of the winter, which was supposed to be inimical to health. And Jefferson lived to a robust old age, thus defying the modern sleeping-porch theory of plenty of air when one sleeps. Perhaps Jefferson, who learned much from the French and taught them much, was strenthened in bed-in-the-alcove theory by the French practice. It still is practiced there. During the World War the Americans, who slept in houses, at first kept up the home practice of opening their windows at night. Many of them became sick.

"It is a good idea," said Dr. Admiral Cary Grayson, "to believe the French know more about their climate than visitors and do as they do." And I pulled down the windows in my hotel in Paris a cold March. If I should ever come to this country, therefore, I will live in a thick-walled house of the Spanish-American type of architecture.

* * *

Mr. Carter came here from Wake county twenty and more years ago and has won position as his election to the State Comptroller-ship shows. He has been back home but twice but has kept up with the State. He knows how much we are spending for roads and schools and about the general progress of the State and is interested practicaly in what been done in Wake and Harnett where so many of his relatives are useful and influential citizens.

YOUR OWN NAME.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

Write your name on a piece of paper, and look at it for five minutes.

It is the most precious thing you have. It is connected with all you are and hope to be. Your name carries the life history of hundreds of men and women.

Your father gave it to you. He had in his youth many temptations to soil his name, but he wore it ever, like a white plume over his heart.

One day your father went and offered his name to a beautiful young woman. She blushed and hesitated. Then her father and mother inquired if the name he offered was a good name.

Finally your mother accepted your name, and she did not wear her engagement ring with half the pleasure that she did your name.

Then, they two gave that name to you. Your name was sung into your baby ears on the music of your mother's cradle songs. It was taken to the throne of God on the white prayers and hopes of your sweet mother. It is forever sacred.

Your father looked into your pudgy little face and breathed a sigh of pride as he thought, "Now I have given my name to a hunman soul."

More than all earthly possessions is an untarnished name. Yet how easily is a good name lost. It is harder to regain a lost good name than it is to find again the lost gold in sunken ships.

How do you treat your name?

Is the local merchant glad when he sees your name in his account book?

How does the banker feel when you induce him to loan you some money? Will he have to discount your paper, because your name is not worth 100 per cent?

If the pastor of your little church ever wrote a line after the names on the church roll, what would he put after yours?

The Bible says, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

If you and I in our poorest moments were given the choice of riches to anything else, we might take the riches. But every man who has gotten riches at the sacrifice of his good name has lived to regret his bargain.

You are not done with your name. It will be given to another. It may be to your own child, or perchance some man or woman will honor your life and name their child after you.

The Scriptures say that we shall have names in heaven, and talks about the Lamb's Book of Life.

Treat your name as you do your soul and your inner honor, for what soils one will blast the other.

It is a great and pleasant thing to live, and breathe a name that will be a blessing in our communities when we are gone.

I love to look over a book of great names—names that men have handed down, without a smear of deviltry on them.

May you and I have enough sense and grace to do likewise.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr.

Lester Morris is spending a few days with his people in Charlotte.

Mr. W. M. Crook has resumed his duties at the institution after spending a pleasant vacation.

Bill Beard, Homer Montgomery and Bradley Pridgen have been placed in the carpenter shop.

Mr. J. T. Bostic, one of the night watchman, has returned to the institutiin, after spending a pleasant vacation in South Carolina.

Mr. Day, the manager of the carpenter shop, and some of his boys have been making potatoe crates during the past week.

Mr. John Russell is on his vacation, during the absence of Mr. Russell Mr. Sam B. Kennett will take his place.

Authur Duke and John B. Walker members of the six and tenth cottages, were paroled last week. We wish them a success at home.

The boys who were made happy by their relatives last Wednesday were: Mack Wentz, Lee Mc Bride, Hunter Cline, George Mc Mahan, Floyd and Delman Stanley.

Doyle Jackson visited the institution one day last week and the boys were all glad to see him. Jackson was a member of the first cottage while here. He was paroled January a year ago.

The Cone Literary Society of the first cottage was called to order last Monday evening by Pres. Ferguson, the debate for the evening was Resolved "thatSteam is of more use to mankind than electricity;" the negative side won.

The boys were given a surprise last Tuesday evening, when it was announced that they would have a picture, for the second time since the machine has been installed. The picture exhibited was Kentucky Home. The show was enjoyed by everyone.

Rev. Frank Armstrong, pastor of the Forest Hill M. E. church of Concord, conducted the service last Sunday afternoon; he made a very interesting talk and it was enjoyed by everyone. He also announced that this would be his last time preaching out at the Training School,etaoin et he has been transferred to Charlotte the first of the month. Since he has been living in Concord he has been coming out to the school once each month. The boys hope he will come to preach even if he has been transferred to Charlotte.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound.

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound.

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE UPLIFT

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CAN'T ALWAYS TELL.

In a remote district of Wales a baby boy lay dangerously ill. The widowed mother walked five miles in the night through drenching rain to get a doctor...The doctor hesitated about making the unpleasant trip...Would it pay? he questioned. He would receive no money for his services, and, besides ,if the child's life was saved he would no doubt become only a poor laborer. But love for humanity and professional duty conquered, and the little life was saved. Years after, when this same child--Lloyd George—became Chancellor of the Exchequer, the old doctor said, "I never dreamt in saving the life of that child on the farm hearth I was saving the life of the national leader of Wales."—Sunday School Chronicle.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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THE CITY OF HAPPINESS.

A party of youths were pressing forward with eager feet along the road that led out of the mountains into the great world below. They were traveling toward gold and sunshine and fame, spurred on by that mysterious impulse which through the ages has ever drawn men and nations westward. And as they journeyed they met an old man, shod with iron, tottering along in the opposite direction. The old man bade them pause for a moment, questioning them as to whither they were going, and the youths answered in one voice, "To the City of Happiness!" The aged pilgrim looked upon them gravely. "I have sought," he replied feebly, "over the most part of the world for the city of which you speak. Three such pairs as you see on my feet have I worn out upon this pilgrimage. But all this while I have not found the city. Yestertide I fainted from exhaustion by the roadway, and as I lay there I seemed to hear an angel saying, 'Behold, the City of Happiness lies at every man's threshold, and there be no need for him to journey far in its search.'

"And so now I am going back, after all these years, to my little mountain home, and, God willing, I shall find there the Happy City."

THE ELECTION.

At this writing (Wednesday noon) the reports from the great American Classic, the election, are not full enough to give an accurate account. Enough,however, is known to state that President Coolidge is overwhelmingly re-elected; that Gov. Smith has defeated Roosevelt for governor of New

York; that North Carolina is largely democratic, with all state officers and congressmen re-elected; the legislature strongly democratic; and that all amendments to the constitution, except that looking to the increase of legislator's pay, are carried; that the referendum providing a loan fund for ex-soldiers is successful and the one providing for the issue of eight and a half million dollars of bonds for the establishment of port terminals and ship lines seem in doubt.

Cabarrus country is democatic for all offices, by an increasd majority over 1922.

* * * * * * * *

PROF. UNDERWOOD PASSES.

Education in North Carolina has lost one of its finest soldiers in the cause and the state an all-round fine citizen in the death of Prof. S. B. Underwood, who died on the fourth in a hospital at Greenville, N. C.

Mr. Underwood was one of those forward-looking educators in the state, who felt that every child should have a square deal. He held a number of honored positions, among them superintendent at Hertford, county superintendent of Pitt, superintendent of the Raleigh schools, and at the time of his death he was head of the teachers' department in East Carolina Training School.

UPLIFT readers will recall the beautiful story Mr. Underwood wrote about the life and faithfulness of his father, the late Rev. J. .E. Uunderwood, a former presiding elder in the Eastern North Carolina Methodist Conference. In that article the true measure of a fine son of a fine old father was easily seen—this told, by indirection, and explained just why Prof. S. B. Underwood, himself, had developed into a fine citizen, a choice character and a great leader. There will be wide regret in the state over the untimely death of this noble fellow.

* * * * * * * *

LITTLE MARY IN THE COUNTRY.

Mary had a big and investigating time on a visit to her aunt in the country. This is a human interest story of a little girl, getting away from the hustle and bustle of an automobile-ridden city, as given us by a subscriber. Some children see things and have inquiring minds—others merely drift. Little Mary went down to the heart of nature; and THE UPLIFT is about to agree with her mother and father that "Mary is a darling." It's a sweet little story of a town child being introduced to the many interesting things

out in the open, and those among us who love children and are interested in child-life may hope that other penned-in children, roaming the same old cement walks day after day, could have the opportunity to study in child's way the secrets of nature as only a country child may.

* * * * * * * *

MASTER FRED BROWN.

This is a Concord boy—a student in the public schools, directed by Prof. A. S. Webb. Fred is the son of a barber; a handsome and manly little fellow as his picture and all reports testify. He has accomplished something with his head, and not his heels or any brute force that he may possess, that reflects credit on himself and the school which he represents. Fred went to Charlotte in October and entered a spelling contest amongst the great school spellers of seventeen counties.

Fred Brown

Four spellers out of the number were to be selected, and master Fred Brown, thirteen year old boy and a member of the seventh grade of the Concord Public Schools, is one of the honored four. This achievement entitles him to go up against twenty picked and choice spellers, who will meet in Winston-Salem in a state-wided contest.

"If I were at the head of an institution," said a hearty and well-doing seventy-five year old citizen, "I would be prouder to have my school get into the papers as having a winning speller than to have the honor of carrying off the coveted rag that goes with a winning foot-ball team" This view of the matter may be regarded by some as old fogyism; but there is nothing attached to the life or duties of a good speller that would send him through life with a disfigured body, which is most liable in making foot-ball the outstanding feature of one's education.

Here's hoping that master Fred Brown will meet his match in Winston-

Salem, and that the whole thing will end in a unanimous tie, for who would have any North Carolina girl or boy to loose out in a classic like a spelling match—that wonderful tie would reflect a glory on the schools of the state.

* * * * * * * *

CAN'T ALWAYS TELL.

A verification of the truth of this title can be proved, along with thousands of examples, many of them in your neighborhood, by the one which we are pleased to carry on the front page of this number of THE UPLIFT. It's a wonderful demonstration of the results of an honest, careful training of the young.

The forgotten child out in the rural districts, suffering the pangs of the injustice of an uneven chance in life, tasting of the hardships that thrust themselves into one's path without bidding and some of them invited by thoughtless kin, may some day bourgeon out into an agnecy of great power in society and the state—all in spite of youthful handicaps. There comes into his life just one opportunity for throwing off a slavery, and he accepts it, making of it his servant in working out a career that attracts his fellows.

That little unkept babe that lies from morning to noon on a spreaded cloth in the cotton patch while its mother picks cotton to bring bread into the home, oftentimes, coming into an opportunity and catching from a friendly source an inspiration, reaches a proud place in society, in state and many of them became becon lights in leading others to a saving knowledge of the eternal truths of life—this has occurred thousands of times in the Southland, and it behooves every one of us to strive to secure a square deal for the forgotten child.

* * * * * * * *

FLYING HIGH.

Ben Dixon MacNeill, a brilliant member of the editorial staff of the Raleigh News & Observer, having covered the earth—so far as North Carolina and the city of New York are concerned—and written fascinating stories about various and sundry things and people, has quit this old land for the time being and is now investigating the regions above. Oh, no, Dixon is not dead yet. He is riding about in the air with one of the Fort Bragg officers, locating and marking roads about over our heads.

The purpose of this, as we gather from a most entertaining article this genial and lovable character recently contributed to his paper, after a trip over the state, up to Washington and all about, is to fix the mid-air road-chart

in such a way that collisions may not occur. It is estimated that there are 2,700 miles in this highway that has been charted and marked; and MacNeill pleasantly remarks that this is a highway that Frank Page has nothing in the world to do with—but look out for Secretary of State Everett, who, in all probability, will sooner or later come along and demand a great big license tag to make MacNeill's flying machine a perfectly legal institution.

* * * * * * * *

WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

It is over for a period. Whatever may have been the contributing agencies to the result, eventually the decisive factors in the nation's life—if we are not to crumble and lose our proud positions among the nations of the earth—are the forces which make for righteousness and uprightness. The agencies which are at work along fundamental lines may not be spectacular or immediately visible at all, but they are most potent. They must sooner or later predominate, or the nation suffers.

The strength of this nation is not in its laws, but in the ideals that are set up in the uncounted homes of the plain people all over the land. The lessons taught at mother's knees, the standard acquired in public schools, Sunday Schools and church—these, though the shallow may ignore or despise them, are what determine a nation's character and success.

* * * * * * * *

AN ACHIEVEMENT.

The Greensboro News is now in its new $150,000 home. Perhaps nowhere in all the whole country has such a marvelous growth in a newspaper enterprise had an equal. The News makes a hard effort to be independent; but some of its friends claim to detect a strong political leaning. Even the republican governor of Maine, while spending a missionary period in this state, is quoted as believing that The News had strong democratic leanings. Hundreds of its daily readers, it is asserted, have thought its leaning during this campaign to have been decidedly republican.

Even though The News has had its readers "up a tree' as to its leanings, they rejoice in the achievement it has made in the newspaper field and are not a bit jealous of its material prosperity.

* * * * * * * *

COL. A. W. BURCH IS DEAD.

There will be a sadness in newspaper offices all over the state and among

a wide circle of friends, learning of the death in Charlott, Tuesday morning, of Col. A. W. Burch, business manager of the Charlotte Daily Observer since 1919.

A genial, gentlemanly gentleman was Mr. Burch, popular with all who knew him and a general favorite among newspaper folks in the state.

* * * * * * * *

Hon. Robert D. Gilmer, for many years a conspicuous and leading citizen of Western North Carolina, died last Friday at his home in Waynesville, after many months of feeble health. He was one of the state's outstanding attorneys, enjoying a wide practice. Mr. Gilmer was Attorney General of the state from 1900 to 1904, and made an acceptable and splendid record. Retiring from this position, he returned to his practice at Waynesville and throughout western North Carolina.

* * * * * * * *

That was a measly trick done to Andy Gump—the officials left his name off the official ballot, and thus we miss all the prosperity that distinguished candidate was determined to shower upon us. Tricky old politics!

MR. LOWENBEIN.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Nearly every town or city has her Lewenbein—some have more than one, but some have none. Years ago little Mt. Pleasant in this county had a Lowenbein, but that wasn't his name—his name was Jesse Skeen, a blacksmith, whose heart was pure gold or something akin to gold. During his useful and hard life, he visited more sick and troubled people than any dozen folks in the whole village.

He didn't leave any gold, or orders on the near-by grocery for pantry supplies or send out an order for fuel; but he sat by the sick, told them cheerful stories, turned them over, rearranged their pillows and responded to their call for help. He even administered the doctor's medicine according to the doctor's orders. Should he meet up with a youngster, who rebelled against the doctor's "mean, old medicine" and refused to take it, Jesse Skeen, Mt. Pleasant's Lowenbein in those days, would stick his rusty fingers (what other kind of a finger would you expect a blacksmith to carry around with him?) into the stubborn youngster's mouth and prize it open. Any person, who ever saw or felt that finger of dear old Jesse Skeen, would instantly repent and take the doctor's dose.

This is a fine, delighted story of a beautiful spirit and love in action. One must feel better having read it and appreciate the golden heart behind Mr. Lowenbein's deeds.

This is the story of a superbly beautiful thing. It takes the sting out of the ancient sarcasm, "Cold as charity." It narrates the rarest of all performances by human beings, the living up to an ideal. It marks a height to which one man in this great community of ours has ascended.

It is, in brief, the story of Julius Lowenbein, one of Asheville's well-known merchants.

Every Sunday morning before 9 o'clock Mr. Lowenbein begins his rounds of visits to the sick who lie in sanitoriums and private residences in Asheville. Every Sunday evening at 9 or 10 o'clock he is completing the round. All day, 12 or 13 hours, he goes from place to place, from room to room, always with a smile and cheering words, always in the hope of "being able to do something, anything, for you." In every sanitarium in and about the town, at Fairview, Stonehedge, Clifton Manor, Ambler Heights, at all of them within a radius of five or six miles, he is a familiar and beloved figure. Men and women who have lain in bed for three years know so well the regularity and inevitability of his coming that they count the minutes before his arrival. To many he is the only visitor outside of the doctor and the nurse.

Nor is that all. He does not stop with thus giving one-seventh of his time to the needs of others. Nearly every evening after a long, hard day's work in his mercantile estab-

lishment, the Lowenbein-Rutenberg-Company, he visits the sick. These as a rule, are those in private homes and those for whom, because of long and continued association, he feels a special admiration and affection.

Such is the story that is heard among the many sufferers whom Mr. Lowenbein has befriended. You will never get it from Mr. Lowenbein himself. It is to him a simple duty, done without ostentation.

"Ah," he said the other day, trying to ward off publicy; "nobody is interested in hearing about my little attempts to help!"

"Why do you give so much time to visiting the sick? What is your idea?" I pressed him.

"There are so many men and women," he answered, "so many boys and girls who need help and who have nobody to do for them. There is often some little thing that can be done."

The reply was typical of the man. There was not an "I" in it. Like his visits, it showed a complete obliteration of self for the happiness of others. There was nothing about what "I think" or "I feel." Men and women needed help, and, that being so, somebody had to give it. Why not he? Thus, briefly, he indicated his whole philosophy of life.

It is real and lasting philosophy. For fourteen years this man has been devoting nearly a sixth of his waking time to those "who need help and have nobody to do for them." Sometimes in good weather he goes about on foot. When the distances are great, he travels by bus or by automobile. There are Sundays when he sees as many as 60 or 65 people.

It is a memorable experience to hear the sick of Asheville talk about Mr. Lowebein. There are others who visit them—by fits and starts, or when the weather is propitious, or when there is nothing else to do. Mr. Lowebein, alone among them all, is as regular about it as the rising and setting of the sun. The weather never stops him. He never has anything more important to do.

"Mr. Lowenbein?" responded a man who has been bedridden in a sanitarium for over two years. "Know him? I should say I do! He was in to see me just last Sunday. We all know him, we 'san' populations, and love him. He comes in with a smile that somehow 'gets' you gets you to smiling. You know it's on the level. And he's always got something to say that carries a boost with it, always wants to do something for us. There's no limit to that man's generosity and bigheartedness!"

Others tell of his eagerness to be of assistance. Is there a letter to be written, too long for the patient's strength? Or an errand to be done down-town? Or a book to be found? Or a long-forgotten asquaintance to be located in another part of Asheville? There is never a day in the week when Mr. Lowenbein is not full of such affairs.

There are stories, too, of financial aid secretly given, of money arranged for, of loans made. You get all that in the gossip of the sanitariums, among the people to whom this man's unfailing kindness has come as a revelation.

That is the story, then: a busy and successful merchant week after week for 14 years giving more than a seventh of his time and energy—

and he alone knows how much more in other ways—to the sick and lonely. It is a story to which it is impossible to do justice. It has in it a sheer beauty of performance that cannot be surpassed.

Above all that it carries inspiration to others. It is a reminder that a man may in his daily walk build his own monument, make it lovelier and more lasting than any figure in bronze or shaft of granit. Julius Lowenbein's monument is built of the memories which countless people will always have of his thoughtfulness and help.

SCRAP THE NEEDLESS.

This is the practice of careful folks. Because a thing has served us well in its day is no excuse for allowing it to become a handicap to us when something better is offered. We have seen a costly piece of machinery thrown aside and reduced to "scrap" not because it was worn out or did not do the work it was designed for, but because its product as no longer marketable. Some newer and better product forced the machine into the needless class. It would have been folly to have retains it. The space it occupied was needed for another machine that was adapted to supply the later demands. Throwing the expensive machine aside was a passing loss, but to do so was the only sensible thing.

Most of us have acquired a lot of needless habits. Maybe in their day they were useful to us and qualified us for certain positions. But there are new relations to be sustained, and later activities to be engaged in, in filling our place in life. Then the only safe course is to scrap the needless and do things in the better way. This has a truth for young folks who have many habits of childhood that are no longer needed. The old ways must be put aside. The advice of our elders should be taken gladly, for their experience has schooled them in the better ways of meeting the demands of the times. Paul set the standard well when he talked about doing as a child when he was a child, but becoming a man he put away these childish things. It would be well to examine our stock in trade so far as habits are concerned and put the needless ones into a heap by themselves and call them "scrap." However, when doing this we show our greater wisdom by cultivating even better habits to take the place formerly occupied by the ones we have put aside.—Selected.

THE CITY CHILD IN THE COUNTRY.

(Contributed by a Subscriber.)

It is interesting to watch child life. There is a fascination if the child is not cumbered with "dont's" and permitted to bourgeon out its own natural taste and God-given talents.

This is a story of a bright little girl, nine years old, who came to the country to spend the day and night after the closing of the city schools for vacation.

For the sake of making the story read smoothily I'm going to name the child Mary and the home she was visiting was that of her Aunt Georgia Moore. As Mary walked, really with more decorum than the usual child of her age, into the large living room where windows opened out to the four winds of the earth, she shrugged her shoulders, took a deep breath as if she had at a glance caught that indefinable something that comes from inhaling the pure ozone of the country. Her little frame seemed to relax and her face beamed with the thought of her freedom and the pleasure to be realized therefrom.

Swiftly she went to the room assigned her and changed her dress of the daintest fabric for knickers so there would be nothing to hamper her in her adventures around the place.

Psychologically wrong of course, but Aunt Georgia impressed upon the child not to go into the barn for fear the child's curiosity would lead her up into the loft where there was danger of falling through the old flooring into some of the stalls that housed the stock.

The injunction "don't" has a tenedncy to impel a child to do that very thing told not to do. The place was unusually quiet on this spring morning,—all the tenants were in the field making ready for planting. There were only the little watch dog and Mary on the lawn and Aunt Georgia and "the old cook," Aunt James in the kitchen to keep watch over this place at the time.

The home had very attractive settings,—surrounded by evergreen shrubs, flowering plants, rambler roses, and a swath of velvety green grass all of which furnished a perfect home for the song birds of which the mocking-birds were the most outstanding among the choristers for their lyric notes as they hovered over a nest of baby birds in the stately old oak.

Mary possibly had been on the lawn about an hour by this time and not a sound had been heard from her and naturally her intense quiet gave some concern to the child's aunt who had been busy about her household duties.

Instantly the injunction not to visit the barn led Aunt Georgia to the side door from where she could get a view of the barn. Her suspicion was directed properly for aunt Georgia looked in the nick of time to see the child descending the ladder that led from the loft.

"Mary" said aunty, "didn't I tell you most positively not to climb up into the barn?" "Oh," quickly responded the child apparently uncon-

scious of her disobedience, "did you know Flossie had three little kittens in the barn loft and their eyes are not opened yet?" "Yes" replied aunt Georgia most emphatically, "and did you touch them?" "Yes, marm," replied Mary in a surprised tone, "I rubbed them and they liked it." Well, concluded the hostess aunt I see this child knows no fear so I'll give her permission to go to the barn when the good farmer's wife goes out to do up her work late in the evening and then I'll feel sure she will be looked after.

Well, for another period of time Mary was left alone to continue her survey of the premises. There was surely something about the solitude of the place that brought contentment to this city child who had been housed in the city school for eight months and her recreation hours had been spent playing with the neighborhood children or riding around in an automobile.

Each time when left alone she remained so absolutely quiet until it would naturally give any one a feeling of concern, especially in this case wherein the child had no fear.

"Aunt Jane," said Mrs. Moore, "look out and see where Mary is." "Lordy mercy," called back Aunt Jane, "dat chile is just too happy to talk. Dere she is undernde water oak sitting on de bench with laigs crossed a holdin ole Flossy cat just egactly like she has been used to a sittin dere all oh her lif."

I do not know whether Flossy got tired of being nursed or whether Mary grew weary and turned her attention to other things; however, when the child was next seen she was crawling under a spirea bush waiting for butter-flies to light so she could catch them. She finally succeeded in catching one very beautiful butter-fly and studied the coloring and peculiar checker-board designs of its silky wings.

The next attraction was a red-bird flying to and from the crimson-rambler. Mary was sure that this red-bird had a nest of little ones among the vines and she tried her best to peer through the thick growth of the rose bush but the briers were too much for her this time; however, she shook her little head and said "I know you have little ones in there, Mrs. Red Bird."

The pigeon-house also proved of interest to her and if possible I'm sure she would have scaled the heights to have but informed herself as to the number of young squabs in the house, but there was no ladder nearby so she contented herself in watching the mother pigeon lure the young ones to the edge of the perch and then try to push the young ones off, thereby teaching them to fly.

At the dinner table Mary recounting her many investigations and she expressed much sympathy for the little pigeons for she said, "you know Aunt Georgia if that little pigeon would fall it might break its leg or wing," and she called upon me to prove what I thought about the cruelty of the mother pigeon.

The hour came for the usual nap or rest in the afternoon but she was loath to go in and did not until she exacted a promise that she would be waken at a certain hour.

In the evenings she went with the old cook to feed the chickens and gather the eggs, she followed the farmer and his good wife to feed the

stock and milk the cows,—there was absolutely nothing that escaped her attention. As night came on Aunt Georgia was fearful that the darkness would have a tendency to make her home-sick and a request would be forthcoming for home.

But, no indeed, on the contrary the child had to be persuaded to come into the house; for you see just about dusk another attraction appeared,—Mr. and Mrs. Screech owl —something entirely new. The screech-owl had young ones in the hollow of a mulberry tree and like the pigeons old Mr. and Mrs. Owl was trying to coax them out into the wide, wide world. Oh, it was wonderful to watch the antics of the wise old owls. By this time there was nothing more to be seen for darkness had covered mother earth.

Mary came tripping to her room wildly excited with her little cheeks puffed out endeavoring to make a sound like the owls and at the same time her arms waving up and down showing how the little owls balanced themselves on the limbs of the trees while mother owl would sit in another tree calling them. This child is truly a lover of nature for I realized that she had seen many more things in one day that an older person sees in a life time.

After retiring that night her last remark was—"you know Aunt Georgia if I had a place like this all in the world I would want would be a pony then I would ride around these hills and through the woods"—with that remark she fell asleep and nothing more was heard from her till early next morning. But by the crack of day she was tipping around the room peering out the windows, and Aunt Georgia had to be rather severe to make her remain in bed till things began to stir in the barnyard and in the kitchen.

"WTHOUT WAX."

Do you ever use the word sincere? You know what it means, but do you know the origin of the word?

Long age it was the custom to fill up flaws or cracks in marble, and sometimes in furniture, with wax. Of course, this was a kind of deceit. The wax didn't show, but because it was soft it wouldn't wear well. Soon it would get scratched or come out and leave the crack.

So when marble, or anything of the sort, was guaranteed to be flawless, or perfect, it was marked "sine cera," which are the Latin words for "without wax."

So the words sine cera came to be "sincere." It still means pure or without deceit. When you say "a sincere promise," or "a sincere friend," you mean that your promise, or your friend, is real, and not just pretending.

The next time you make a promise, stop and ask yourself if you really mean it as a sincere promise, or whether there is wax in it. Do you really mean to keep the promise, or is there some little crack in it?—H. A.—Exchange.

THE YOUNG MAN WORTH FINDING.

(Reidsville Review.)

There never was a time in the history of the world when there was a demand for young men for positions of business trust and management.

The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have of it.

In this day of the auto and jazz the young man must remember that the world is older than he is by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one man in ten million went to the funeral or even heard of the death.

Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can, without blowing the packing out of your cylinder-head; shed the light of your wisdom abroad in the world, but don't dazzle people with it, and don't imagine a thing is so simple because you say it is.

Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do; remember the reply of a professor to the student of Brown University who said it was easy enough to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote. "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. We never heard that the young man made any. Not more than two or three, anyhow.

Your clothes fit you better than your fathers fit him; they cost more money, they are more stylish, your moustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better and you are prettier, O, far prittier, than "dad."

But, young man, the old gentleman gets the bigger salary and his homely, scrambling signature on the business end of a check will bring more money out of the bank in five minutes than you couud get out with a ream of paper and copperplate signature in six months.

Do not be so modest as to shut yourself clear out; but don't be so fresh that you will have to be put away in the cool too keep from spoiling.

Don't be afraid that your merits will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you, and if you are worth finding they will find you.

A diamond isn't so easily found as a quartz pebble, but people search for it all the more intently.

Riches, genius, power—all are fair things; yet riches is never satisfied, power is ever upon the wing, and when was genius ever happy? But as for this divine gift of simpleness of heart, who shall say it is not the best of all?—Jeffery Farnol.

HARNESSING A GREAT RIVER.

By Julia W. Wolfe.

Every spring we read of millions of dollars worth of property being destroyed by rivers overflowing their banks. Not only that, but many precious lives are also lost. It is that literally millions of dollars in the shape of farm lands have disappeared in past years down the river's flood and many thousands of dollars have been fruitlessly spent in all kind of work to save railroads built along river banks, with nothing more than temporary results. But at last a device has been thought out by a locomotive engineer, and he has made successful experiments for over three years now. It has been tested thoroughly in a small way in the Platte River.

This harness consists of long concrete piles inserted deeply in the river bed from the tops of which are swung hundreds of trees, which retard the current and force it to deposit the sand it carries in solution. In time this makes a sand bar, which controls the direction of the current of the river and makes possible its diversion wherever desired.

It is the opinion of many engineers that with the work done on a huge scale the current of great rivers may be controlled.

The great practical demonstration of the invention has been along the lower reaches of the river between Iowa and Nebraska. There certain engineers purchased large tracts of land, the owners of which were glad to part with it at nominal figures because of the menace of the river, already eating at portions of it. The retards were put in place and the land reclaimed within a brief time and several hundreds of acres added by accretion. It has not been endangered at any time since. The land is now held at $200 and $300 an acre, being the finest bottom lands known.

The Burlington Railroad has a line on the east bank of the river, connecting Kansas City with Omaha by way of Council Bluffs. Time and again it had been able to save this line only by the narrowest of margins by dumping thousands of tons of rock in the river and running out rock and dirt abutments. Several times the lines have been moved back, but the river followed. Hundreds of these retards have been put in, and the line permanently safeguarded from destruction. Land owners up and down the river have contracted for this protection, as also have several towns.

The town of Decatur, some distance north of Omaha, for many years the head of navigation, on the river, had to be picked up bodily severay years ago and moved back more than a mile to a spot where absolute safety was supposed to exist. Eighteen months ago the river, deflected by a huge sand bar toward the new town site, and was eating its way rapidly when this protective device was called into use. Three of these huge pilings were sunk at the point where the current was clawing away at the bank between it and the town, and the danger is now ended. Two other towns menaced in the same way have

also been saved.

Between St. Louis and Sioux City it is estimated there are more than 2,000,000 acres of land that are subject to this danger. Nobody will estimate how many thousands of acres have been washed away in the past. The best estimate is that 2,500 acres a year have been destroyed. Whole farms have been known to disappear within a few weeks after a great flood, and above Omaha the river has cut back and forth until it has placed part of Iowa on its west bank and part of Nebreska on its east bank.

The map will make plain why the river is possessed of such destructive tendencies. It winds and twists and turns, almost upon itself, and when the great volume of water comes down it at flood time it strikes across country and persists until it cuts a new channel. Thus it will take dozens of acres away from one farm and deposit them in the form of accretions to the holdings of another land owner farther down. In some instances it has wiped out those accretions only to make a new deposit elsewhere.

The river forms the northern boundry of Nebreska for nearly 100 miles, and is its entire eastern boundary. The current is a swift one, and draining a section that contains the famous loess soils of wonderful productive power, the silt that it deposits on its southern journey, washed from the hillsides, forms the richest kind of soil. By reason of its swiftness the current sucks up and holds in solution great quantities of sand and silt, and it is this characteristic which makes it possible to harness the river which does the major part of the work of throwing up protective barriers.

The piles are tubes of concrete, thoroughly reinforced with iron rods. Through the center runs a pipe four inches in diameter at the top and tapering to two inches at the nose. A twenty-foot length is the usual size employed. They are put into place from steamers of the familiar tugboat type, brought from the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and are carried on barges. As the piles are hoisted into an upright position and lowered into the water hydraulic pressure is applied through a hose connected with the four-inches pipe.

The stream forced through the small opening at the point bores a hole through the subsoil to whatever depth is desired, and the weight of the pile forces it downward. The friction is still further reduced, in fact almost eliminated, by applying high pressure through side openings in the pipe, which turning upward, carry to the surface or near it the sediment loosened by the digging in process.

The pile drops slowly downward through hardpan or gravel and rapidly through sand and silt to the depth desired, usually fifty to eighty feet below the bottom of the river. With all the pressure on, the pile can be dangled from the derrick like a spoon in coffee, but the moment the water is turned off, done by operating a trip that loosens the hose and allows it to return, the sediment grips it and holds it firmly in place. Being below all possibility of scouring it remains indefinitely.

These piles are the upstream anchors for the retard of trees. Through holes in the upper part of the piling are run thick wire cables, the other ends of which are attached to the

great mass of trees, often numbering hundreds, bound together with similar cable.

The trees are cut and hauled by tractor from the nearby wooded land along the river. Before being placed on the barges they are firmly bound together with the cables. These are in sufficient number, sometimes running into the hundreds, to form a pile reaching to the river bottom and above its surface. Swinging thus in the current, the immediate effect is to slow it, and this starts the deposit of sand and silt held in solution below the obstruction, and the bar begins to form. Gradually this grows until it reaches the surface and the retard is covered wholly or in part. Should the stream rise to a higher level the obstruction continues to build the bar higher, and as the water recedes this bar remains in place and furnishes the protection sought.

The cost is much less than the old method of revetments and rip-rapping and had the added advanatage that there is no possibility of the river scouring beneath the retards. The current passes through until the sand bar is built. In the old methods the current simply scoured, or dug underneath, until little protection remained.

The piling is placed at river bends, naturally, and only at those where the banks are of earth only. Where the obstruction has the effect of diverting the current so that it attacks the opposite shore this condition is corrected by putting in piling where the channel is again forced into midstream. In some cases a half dozen retards are necessary, the number depending upon the problem in hand. By holding the current the bed is deepened and this gives rise to the belief that in time sufficient draft will be provided for steamers of the river-carrying type.

The engineers say that the whole operation is very simple and combines the application of a number of long-accepted principles of a scientific nature. The original invention has been improved until the field of usefulness opened for it is almost limitless. In time, it is predicted, it will be utilized in the great ports of the country where dockage facilities are limited by frontage and where the pilings can be used for foundation for many-storied warehouses The piling is being taken up by railroads and by commissions interested in controlling many other rivers, one of which is the Rio Grande, where the shifting streams make the boundry between the United States and Mexico an uncertain bridge, dike and pier construction.

The one who reads good books, who enriches his mind by seeking new ideas and keeping in touch with the best people and the best things, makes sure and steady progress toward success.—Exchange.

THE SAMARITAN.

By Grover Brinkman.

Strange as it may seem, there is certain grim fascination in watching a flock of circling turkey buzzards—the scavengers of the desert. Sedgwick admitted as much with grim earnestness—and Sedgwick was nearly dead, half-crazed and burning up from the ravages of a consuming thirst that had not been quenched for forty-eight hours, and scorched by an unrelenting sun which focused upon him with all its burning intensity.

Sedwick, hardened desert man that he was, had never accounted for the small water holes being dry when he started across that strip of shunned desert known to the old-timers by the satirical name of Hell's Furnace, bound for his partnership claim in the Little Eagle Hills beyond. But they were dry nevertheless. One after another he came across them, and in some he could not even strike damp sand by digging down deep in quest of a seeping spring; in one of them he found a stagnant pool of green-coated alkali water. And when he reluctantly swallowed a mouthful of the tainted liquid, he became sick. But he had to have water. His canteen contained a scant few mouthfuls, and that was to be saved for the last moment—the moment when he would have to have it or die.

It was a little over a hundred miles to the Little Eagle Hills from the place he had started from. Sedgwick was on his third day out. Possibly he had covered fifty miles, possibly less—he was too dazed of mind to correctly get his bearings.

Now, as he hovered in the scant shade offered by a single jagged bowlder which reared itself like a mile post from the dreary expanse of shifting sand, Sedgwick knew by that certainty, born of the desert wastes, that he had but one slim chance—and that chance was to reach Crystal Springs, a water hole fifteen miles farther on that he knew would not be dry. And to reach it before his rapidly waning strength had seeped into the sand.

So, resting and waiting for a strength that was exceedingly slow in returning, Sedgwick began watching the buzzards. At first there was only one, which appeared as a tiny black speck floating high up above the shimmering heat waves. But presently another came, seemingly out of space, and the two began circling lower; some time later another appeared, and the three came lower still. Always circling, waiting, always patient, knowing that sooner or later the object of their unceasing vigil would drop exhausted to the burning sand. And then . . . . .

Sedgwick shuddered. Many a time in his twenty-odd years of prospecting, he had seen carcasses beside the trail. He wondered, rather vaguely, if someone would be finding his own in a like condition. With an effort he wrenched his mind away from the gruesome tableau. He turned his eyes again to the scavengers floating motionless above him.

Suddenly the vacent stare left his

dimming eyes, and he raised himself on his elbow, all attention and surprise. He seemed to notice for the first time that the buzzards were not circling directly above him but over a spot a little to the northward of him, where the surface of the desert dipped into a small cup-like depression. After all, they had not spotted him as their prey, but were circling over some other poor creature just a little farther down the trail, who no doubt had already fallen in exhaustion.

Sedgwick wondered if there was a possibility of the fallen creature being a man—possibly someone dying slowly of thirst like himself. He could hardly give credit to the theory, he told himself. Most likely it was some animal, a coyote possibly, or a stray steer or sheep. Still—the possibility of the doubt was too great to give him an ease of conscience.

He saw with growing horror that the buzzards were slowly but surely floating lower, their wide spirals becoming smaller as they descended. In another ten minutes they would alight, and feast their craven bodies on whatever had dropped in the trail. He hated to think of the possibility of the fallen creature being a man; hated to think of himself in a like predicament. Possibly he could make it to the spot in time—and he still had a few drops of water in case the creature turned out to be a man whose heart still fluttered.

Another glance at the floating forms of the scavengers, and he crawled painfully to his swollen feet, steadied himself for a moment, then set out in a stumbling gait to the cuplike depression a half mile farther on. Strange, he told himself as he struggled onward, that a red mist always seemed to be floating before his eyes.

More than ten minutes had passed before Sedgwick neared the spot, but the buzzards were still spiraling above it. He was weaker than he thought; twice he stumbled and fell headlong to the sand, and each time it was only with a supreme effort of will that he forced his protesting body to rise at all. But he finally reached the dip in the landscape, and saw before him a rock-strewn arroyo, which at one time had no doubt been the bed of a stream.

He stopped, and shading his eyes from the glare of the sand, gazed upward at the circling birds above him. They were almost directly overhead now, and they rose slightly higher at his arrival—his presence had seared them.

Down the arroyo a little distance was a jumbled mass of boulders, and he went in that direction. No doubt he would find what he sought behind one of these.

Sedgwick was right in his conclusions. Behind a large rock he found the object of his search—a man sprawled out, face downward to the hot sand, his hatless head touseled, his face burned to a crimson hue, hands gripped convulsively, dug into the sand.

He stumbled toward him and, sinking to his hands and knees, with an effort turned the body over. At his first glance at the man, Sedgwick thought he was already past aid, for his lips were puffed and a solid blister, his mouth open and his tongue thick and blue. But a closer examination showed him that the man was not dead. Sedgwick had never seen

him before. As his fumbling hands reached back for the canteen strapped to his back, he turned his gaze up to the buzzards again, still circling above, and he cursed them with all his feeble strength.

Securing his canteen, Sedgwick unscrewed the metal top and shook it gently. From the faint resounding splash, he reasoned he perhaps had a half cup of tepid water left in it. For just a moment he was almost tempted to take the water himself, and he half-raised the canteen to his own swollen lips. But a moment later he lowered it again, and he cursed himself for his weakness.

The man on the sand before him needed the water more than he did There wasn't enough to divide and if it would revive him, and he could save him for a time at least from the watching eyes of the turkey buzzards above, it would be worth the price.

With an effort he raised the man's head, then inserted the canteen between his parched lips. He was very careful in administering those few teaspoonsful of water, and he was rewarded a few moments later by his patient's return to consciousness.

As the man slowly came out of his stupor, he suddenly noticed the canteen where Sedgwick had dropped it, and like a maniac he reached for it and tilted it to his lips. As he saw was it empty, a look of utter hopelessness came over him, and he sank to the ground again, apparently not noticing his benefactor.

"It's all the water I had," said Sedgwick, through thick lips.

At the sound of his voice, the man again slowly raised himself to his elbow, and for the first time he seemed to notice Sedgwick. He moistened his lips with his tongue, trying to speak.

"Pard, I know why I woke up now," he finally mumbled, almost incoherently. "You oughtn't to give me your last water. I was almost gone anyhow—why didn't you let 'em finish me?" He pointed weakly to the buzzards.

"You'd have done the same thing if you were in my place," said Sedgwick." "I'd rather have company when I cash my chips instead of going alone."

The man never answered, but still seemed to be in a half-stupor. He was gradually gaining strength, however, Sedgwick noticed, and watching him he partly forgot his own critical condition, the stinging dryness of his throat, the red mist that was floating before his eyes.

"Where you from, pard?" finally asked the man.

"Me? I've got a claim over in the Little Eagle," Sedgwick returned "Come across this hell-hole from the other side—never expected the water holes to be dry."

"The Little Eagles? That't where I came from ," the man answered. "A guy over there has struck it rich on his claim—one of the richest veins ever struck in the vicinity. I staked out a claim and started across the desert to get it filed."

Sedgwick's drooping figure straightened for a moment, and his bloodshot eyes lighted up. He was strangely agitated as he spoke.

"What's the feller's name?" he asked excitedly.

"It's a partnership claim—one of the men is Joe Drummond, my brother, and the other one is a feller called Sedgwick."

Sedgwick felt a strange thrill of excitement pass through his tortured body. Joe Drummond had struck gold, and they were rich! After all these years of hardships which they had share equally, had at last come success. Good for Joe! If he could only be there now with him—if he could only hope to share that success . . . . . But what was the use? He was out here, dying . . . . Suddenly the red mist seemed to float before his eyes again, then it turned to black.

A strange transformation seemed to have come over the desert. In front of him, where his cluching hands were flaying the sand ,the landscape seemed to suddenly turn into a bubbling stream of icy water. With a low moan Sedgwick flung his body forward, face downward, burying his head into the cool fluid, letting it trickle around his hot wrists . . . . then the mirage ended and, with the awful realization, he crawled to his hands and knees, wiping the sand out of his mouth and hair. The blackness of night seemed to envelope him again, suddenly something snapped inside his head, and with a low moan he slipped face downward to the groun.

When Sedgwick finally came out of the red daze, twilight had settled over the desert. His throat seemed to be burning brand, and when he moved his tongue sand grated on the roof of his mouth. The lethargy seemed to be affecting his brain also now, and dullness came over his mind After a while he managed to stagger to his feet, but at his first step he fell headlong, and he was too weak to rise.

Thought of reaching his claim seemed to have left him. He didn't mind so much now. Joe deserved the gold more than he did anyhow, for Joe was younger. The buzzards were gone—and he needed sleep—

But suddenly a thought seemed to enter his fagged mind so forcibly that he half forced his sagging body to a sitting position, and his hands clenched weakly into fists. For the first time he realized he was alone. A question asserted itself in his mind. What had become of the man he had saved?

As the true significance of the treachery dawned upon him, an unreasoning hatred seeme to possess his soul. He had given the man his last water—had literally sacrificed his own chance of life for another. And in return? The man, stronger by the water, had deserted him, had gone ahead and left him to die! Possibly would even invent a fictitious story of his death, and get his share of the gold.

There is a sacred code against leaving a man to die alone in the desert, which is adhered to by all mankind. To break this code is, to the men of the desert country, one of the greatest crimes imaginable. This man—Drummond's brother— had broken it. The bitter hate in Sedgwick's soul increasd.

He knew he never had long to live. The gold was forgotten. He had seen men die of thirst before, and it was not a pleasant thing to thing of. He hoped, however, that he could last long enough to make Drummond pay. He reasoned that Drummond himself was not strong enough to travel far—he would obviously camp somewhere close by.

And if he did—Sedgwick fondled

the heavy gun at his hip lovingly. The touch of the steel seemed to send new life through his throbbing body. With the coming of night, the fever of his thirst had somewhat abated, and after a few attempts he managed to gain his feet , and went lurching down the trail, half-crazed in his sudden hysterical hatred, the big gun clutched in his hand in a vise-like grip.

A dozen steps away he fell, but he rose laboriously and staggered on. The hatred that had so suddenly consume him seemed to lend him an uncanny strength; seemed to be the only factor that compelled his failing body mechanically onward. Another time he tripped and fell, and this time he stayed down a while, resting, waiting, listening.

It was possibly ten minutes later that he heard the sound. It came from the trail ahead of him—a faint, dull noise, like somebody pushing weary feet through the dragging sand. A demoniacal smile wreathed the ghastly face of Sedgwick, and he crouched lower in the sand, the big gun pushed in front of him. He waited. The noise grew closer. Over all, the moon, rising out of the east, cast a mellow illumination, which, reflected by the white of the sand, made objects appear dim and distant.

The slushing noise grew closer, and a dark object appeared down the faint semblance of a trail. Sedgwick glowered with maniacal glee—the man was Drummond. Fate seemed to be playing into his hands.

He waited until the figure appeared more distinct. Then with slow precision, perhaps due to his weakness, he drew back the hammer of his gun, and sighted over the gleaming barrel.

Funny, but somehow the gun seemed to waver in his unsteady hand—he couldn't find his object over the sights. His eyes seemed to be growing dim again, and the red mist was appearing. Sedgwick cursed his weakness venomously, then leveled out the gun in his trembling hand and pressed the trigger.

Even with the flash of red, he heard the droning whine of his bullet as it sped away through the night. He had missed. The figure in the trail was running toward him, ducking as it came. Again Sedgwick tried to elevate the gun, again he pulled the trigger, but the bullet plowed the sand two feet in front of him.

A strong hand tore the gun from his grasp; then, as everything went black before his burning eyes, he felt himself being laid gently on the sand, and heard the inaudible murmur of a voice above him. For the second time that day he fainted.

When Sedgwick awake again, it was to the touch of something cool and refreshing being trickled down his throat and over his face. It was a long while, however, before the stupor entirely left him, and, even then, he was too weak and sick to move. But he looked up eagerly, questioning, in the face above him—that of Drummond.

"Did you mistake me for a coyote?" Drummond was asking, "or did you think I'd left you for good? I'm sorry, old man, that I couldn't explain, but when you keeled over, I started lookin' around. I never realized just where we were until after you revived me. I happened to know a water hole close by that wasn't dry, so I left you in the shade

of the boulder and went to find it. It was the only thing to do—I didn't think you'd come to when I was gone.''

Sedgwick was silent for a while, then slowly, tremblingly, he held out his hand.

''You're sure white,'' he said hubly, ''just like Joe. I'm not asking you to forgive my suspicions, for I was crazy at the time. But I happen to be your brother's partner—and—if your claim should fail to pan out the way it should, why I guess we could take in another partner if Joe's willing. And he will, being you're his brother. Got any more water, pard? Let me have a few more swallows will you?''

AN INDIAN TRAIT.

Among the most marked traits of the American Indian is his use of figures of speech. At the reservation on Walpole Island, in the St. Clair River, a spuaw was one day sccolding a little pappoose. The father of the lad turned upon her, reprovingly, and said:

''Tahita, use not such big words. His ears are very small.''

When another squaw went to live in the wigwam of her brave, the man gave her the following advice. Pointing to the tower of the village church, he said:

''Be like that clock—and not like it! Be like it in being always on time—never too fast nor too slow. Be not like it, in wanting to be heard all over the village. Be like the echo, in giving back a soft response—never too loud and boisterous—never sullen and glum. Be not like the echo, in always wanting to have the last word!''—Exchange.

'THE WORK THAT'S NEAREST.'

By J. L. Glover.

''Do the work that's nearest''

The railway station was crowded. There was an excursion, and the pleasure-seekers were hurrying for their train, laughing and jostling each other good-humoredly All was fun and good-nature, in spite of the rush.

A merry group of young people entered the station together, laden with baskets and lunch boxes, evidently bound for a good time. They were rather late, and they surged toward the gate, breathless and laughing, pressing through the crowd.

Suddenly, one of the group, a pretty, slender girl in dark blue, paused in the headlong rush, and dropped back.

''What's the matter, Milly? What are you stopping for? You'll be left if you don't look out. We haven't any too much time as it is,'' called her companions, looking back impatiently.

The girl had paused beside an old gentleman who was slowly making his way forward, shouldered and el-

bowed by the crowd. He carried a heavy suitcase and walked feebly, looking bewildered by the noise and confusion. The girl's quick eyes had noted his difficulty.

"Can I help you, sir? Let me take your suitcase," she said, offering to take it from his hand. But he was a gentleman of the old school, and he resisted her effort to relieve him.

'No, no, my dear, I could not let a lady carry my suitcase. If I could find a porter—but they all seem so busy—"

"I'll call one for you," said the girl, and in a moment a uniformed individual stood before them, all politeness. He picked up the suitcase, and hurried forward, too quickly for the old gentleman's feeble steps to follow him fast enough. Milicent saw that he was anxious for the fate of his luggage. There was every likelihood that it would make the train and he would not. Instantly she slackened her own steps and took his arm.

"It is so hard to get on rapidly in this crowd. May I walk with you, sir?" she said, as if it were she who needed protection and help.

"Come on, Milly, you will lose the train," called her party, far ahead; but the girl only shook her head, smiling.

"I'm coming, don't wait on me; there is time enough," she answered.

The old gentleman saw through her kind little ruse, but he smiled and thankfully accepted her aid. In a few moments they had reached the train, where the porter waited impatiently with the suitcase.

"All but got left, sir; train just starting," he remarked as he helped the passenger on and tossed the suitcase after him as he mounted the step and was safely on board.

'Thank you, my dear. I hope you will have a pleasant time; you are in the way to do so," was all the old gentleman had time to say by way of thanks; and Milicent, who had stopped to see him safely on his train, nodded and waved a smiling goodbye, before she hastened to rejoin her own party.

"What on earth did you have to stop to look after that old codger for?" asked Isabel Conway, crossly, as she came up to them, breathless. "You very nearly missed the trip, for the train is just about to start, and we couldn't wait for you."

"Well, a miss is every bit as good as a mile," laughed Milicent, as she sprang up the step on the conductor's cry of "Board!" "I could not help it, really, girls," she apologized. "He looked so helpless and feeble, I couldn't leave him to get on alone. He would have lost his train, and been so dissappointed. I'm sure it was important to him to catch it, he looked so worried."

"Well, and if he had, what did it matter to you? People as old as that have no business to be traveling alone. They are a public nuisance. Suppose he had caused you to miss your train?"

There was a momentary flash in Milicent's gray eyes.

"It was no affair of mine as to whether he ought to be traveling alone or not,"she said quietly, "but it was my business to help him, if he needed help and I could give it. Perhaps his business was more important than mine. Anyway, I am glad I did."

Then the subject dropped, and in the merry day that followed, the old gentleman was forgotten. Milicent was the happiest of the party, without troubling to ask herself the reason for her happiness.

A week or two later she was surprised to receive a little package and a letter, both directed in the same hand, which she had never seen before.

"Who can be writing to me, and sending me a parcel?" she wondered.

"Open them, and you will find out," counselled her mother, nearly as much excited and mystified as herself.

Milly untied the cord which tied the little parcel first. Then she changed her mind and broke the seal of the letter. Unfolding the large, crackling sheet, she read with wondering eyes:

"My dear young lady:

You may be surprised to receive this; but I feel impelled to write and thank you for your kindness to me, as I was unable to do on the day you so generously risked losing your own pleasure in order to help me to make that train, which without your aid I should certainly have missed I regretted not having time to thank my kind little Samaritan as I should have liked to do more adequately; but trains wait for no man.

"By good fortune, however, there was an acquaintance of yours on board, who saw the whole affair from the window, and was able to give me your name and address, so that I am glad to be able to thank you, and to explain my anxiety to ettch that train, and the great service you did me when you helped me to do so.

"As often happens when we do what seems a slight kindness to a stranger, it was much more than you thought you were doing. You only saw an old man hurrying to take his train, and you thoughtfully helped him. You did not know that a father was hastening to the bedside of his dying daughter, and that if I had missed that train, I should never have looked upon my child in this life again.

"Therefore, I have this comfort to bless you for, and if we never meet again in this world, I shall always carry with me the warm recollection of your kindly deed, done, I am sure, in the name of Him who said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

"I am venturing to send you, with this, a little remembrance of my dear child, a trinket which she often wore, and would like you to have. Will you wear it for her sake, and for that of an old man whose blessing will go with you, my dear, on your journey through life?"

"And believe me cordially and gratefully yours,

Robert Moore"

The "little remembrance" was a locket, delicately chased, on a slender gold chain. Within lay a lock of soft gold-brown hair, doubtless that of the dead girl who had seen her father once more, thanks to Milcent's sympathetic kindness.

Her eyes filled with tears over the letter and the gift.

"Oh, suppose I had been in too great a hurry to help him! He would never have seen her again! And I should never have known.

And it was so little, after all, for me to do, and yet it meant so much to them! It frightens me to think of it, mother, of how much may depend on our slightest actions.''

''It need not, my dear, if you just go on as you did that day—doing the little neighborly kindnesses that come to one's hand to be done—just giving a helping hand where needed, without thinking of reward. We may never see the reward in this life, but we know from our Lord's own words that we shall in nowise lose it. And it only means just doing the nearest duty, that of helping one's neighbor.''

''If I had not!'' sighed Milicent clasping the chain about her neck. ''And often I am in such a hurry that I do not stop to see if anyone does need a helping hand. I shall wear this always, to keep me from forgetting.''

TREES.

I think that I shall never see
A peoms lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the sweet earths flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.

Upon whose bosom snow has lain
Who intimately live with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me
But only God can make a tree!—Joyce Kilmer.

STYLES IN DRESS

By Mrs. H. E. Monroe.

Roger W. Babson, a prominent statistician, gave out the following in an article in the Continent: "I was once at a convention of manufacturers of women's garments. A group of disreputable men sat in a hotel room drinking and smoking, and determined what the women of the country should wear two years hence. They laughed and joked about the thing, yet every woman who could afford it, whether she was a minister's wife or a shallow flirt, followed the orders of that convention. If fashions are inevitable, they ought to be determined by the better element of the community instead of by the worst, especially when a change can be so easily accomplished." There is a concerned and studied purpose on the part of certain classes of persons to destroy female modesty and virtue. Look where you will, in newspaper, magazine, handbill, or bulletin board, advertising soap, cigarettes or stockings, you are greeted with the female profile in some "suggestive" pose. These purveyors of immoral suggestions camouflage their vice by calling it "art." Perhaps this "pose" springs from that frame of mind expressed by Ruskin in his "Art of England," when he says, "The young people of this day desire to be painted first as proud, saying, 'How grand I am;' next as immodest, saying, 'How beautiful I am.'" If we cannot have beauty without immodesty, and art without sensuality, we would better have neither. The time is ripe for a woman's crusuade against this insult to their dignity and honor.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr.

Roy Lingenfelt, a member of the eighth cottage, was paroled last week. We wish him a success at home.

The boys who were visited by relatives last Wednesday were: James Fisher, James Davis, Herbert Poteat, Jack Stewart, James Robinson and Douglas Williams.

Joe Mason and Grover Cook, members of the seventh and twelfth cottages, have left us with honorble paroles, both boys have made good records at the institution.

John Forrester, Robert Garrison and Gordon Ellis have been placed in the bakery.

Rev. Martin, pastor of the first Baptist Church, of Concord, conducted the services last Sunday afternoon he made a very interesting talk which was enjoyed by everyone.

Wayne Carpenter, formally a boy at the institution, paid the school a

visit one day last week and the boys were all glad to see him. Carpenter was a member of the eighth cottage while here. He was paroled in January.

The band is progressing rapidly under the direction of our talented instructor Mr. Owensby, eight clairnets, two cornets, two saxaphones and one Sousaphone base are a recent addition, making our band a total of 31 members.

Some of the smaller boys have been practicing singing, for the Thanksgiving entertainment, under the instruction of Miss Vernie Goodman and Mr. W. W. Johnson.

Earnest Whithurst, a member of the seventh cottage, has returned to the institution, after spending a few days with his people in Bethel.

The boys were all glad to see a show last Monday evening , the name of the picture was Making the Grade and one comedy. The boys all certainly had a good time seeing one show this week. The boys certainly do appreciate the kindness of Mr. J. G. Parks in giving the machine to the school.

The Cone Literary Society of the first cottage, was called to order last Tuesday evening by President Ferguson. The Program for the evening was as follows: Bible reading by John Kennon, Declamations by John Kibit and Arnold Cecil. The Debate for the evening was: Resolved "That Moving Picture shows are more harmful to the youth than reading Trashy Novels. The negative side won.

Two Charlie Carters.

"And what is your name, son?"—"Charlie Carter," affirmed the new boy with emphasis. And the folks in the office looked amused. It was all a mistake, of course. For Charlie Carter has arrived at the school two hours earlier in the afternoon, and from a totally different county. But the latest comer was red-headed and blue-eyed, and even if he was only elveen years old he didn't propose to let another boy walk off with his name like that. So the first boy was found and called out from a group of boys on the campus. "What is your name?" he was asked." "Charlie Carter." "And your," turning to the younger—"Charlie Carter." It seemed like a joke, but a careful examination of papers proved that two Charlie Carters had arrived at the school on the same afternoon. Except for small things like difference in age, appearance, etc., they are just the same boy.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1

"A"

Rodney Cain, Arther Duke, Oscar Jonhson, Chas. Beech, Theodore Wallace, Louie Pate, Valton Lee, Irvin Turner, Earl Little, Clyde Pierce,

Jas. O'quin, Carl Osborn, Roby Mullies, Thos. Sessoms, Carl Henry, Robert Ferguson, Lambeth Cavenaugh, Vaughen Smith, Glenn Miller, Chas. Blackman, Geo. Howard, Albert Hill, Everett Goodrich, J. J. Jones Jr. Aubry Weaver, Herbert Apple.

"B"

Vernon Lauder, Jas. Gillispie, Jno. Keenan, Geo. Lafferty, Alwyn Shinn, George Lewis, James Robinson, Ben Lee McBride, Clint Wright, Washington Pickett, Chas. Crossman, Jas. Davis, David Brown, Samie Osborn, Jesse Wall, Claiborne Jolly, Vestal Yarborough, Robt. Lee, Elwin Green, Claud Evans, Harry Dalton.

Room No. 3

"A"

Russel Capps, Alfred Ethridge, Frank Hill, Clifton Hedrich, Carlton Hegan, Roy Johnson, James Long, Solomon Thompson, Paul Camp, Jas. Cumbie, Jas. Ford, Edward Ellis, Carlyle Hardy, Edward Crenshaw, Arnold Teague, Walter Williams, Clyde Hollingsworth.

"B"

Groves Lewis, Paul Hegar, Lester Morris, Alvin Buck, Samuel Stevens, Connie Loman, James Caviness, Luke Patterson, Herbert Orr.

Room No. 4

"A"

Charles Sherrill, Cebern McComell, Brevard McLendon, Brodie Riley, Raymond Kenedy, Calvin Forbush, Rex Weathersby, Furman Wishon, John Kivett, David Queen, Sam Smith, Jay Lambert, Clarence Maynard, Paul Oldham, Jesse Harrel, Ed Moses, Reggie Brown, Bruce Bennett.

"B"

Clyde Trollinger, William Burns, Harold King, Jeff Blizzard, Cedric Bass, John Creech, Herman Hemric, Bill Rising, Allen Byers, Ned Morris, Alfred Stamey, Jesse Hurley, Daniel Nethercut, Harold Crary, Pearson Hunsucker, James Beddingfield, Hill Ellington.

Room, No 5

"A"

Lattie McClamb, Parks Earnheart, Andrew Parker, Claud Wilson, Thos. Tedder, Earl Edwards, Ralph Clinard, Georg Lewis, James Robinson, Ben Cook, Frank Ledford, Willie Rector, Lester Franklin, Winnie Frink, Chas. Carter, Van David, Eugene Keller, Robert Sisk, Walter Culler, Maston Britt, Samuel De Von, Otis Floyd, John Tommision, Larry Griffith, Woodrow Kivett, Ralph Glover, Dave Whitaker, Linzie Lambeth, Elmer Proctor, Cecil Trull, William Wafford, John Gray, Lemuel Lane, Earl Green, Floyd Stanley, Dewey Blackburn, Will Hodges, Andrew Bivins, Leonard Burlison, Eugene Glass, Toddie Albarty, Kenneth Lewis, Lee Wright, John Hill, Claude Dunn, John Watts, Burton Emory, Bertie Murry, Garland Ryals, Laurence Scales, Elios Warren, Lynel McMahan, Turner Preddy, George Cox, Claud Stanley, Roy Houser.

"B"

Cecil Arnold, Robert Monday, Claude Wilson, Amos Ramsey, Kellie Tedder, Earl Torrance, John D. Sprinkle, Robert Sprinkle, Jas. Long, Roy Brown, Theodore Coleman, Reggie Payne, Ben Cameron, Al Pettigrew, Windall Ramsey, Lee King.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound.

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound.

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 15, 1924 No. 52

TWO POWERS.

Dr. John Holland said there are an angel and an animal in each breast. The animal clamors for the gratification of the desires of the flesh; but the angel refuses to yield. The angel says: "This is not the best way. This is not the high way. There is a better way." The animal seizes the scepter, usurps the throne, and proclaims his superiority and sovereignty. But the angel struggles to disarm the tyrant and cast him out. In some cases the issue is in favor of the angel and in other cases it is in favor of the animal. It is the old battle between Jehovah and Baal, between God and mammon, between the flesh and the Spirit.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920 at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

LUCKY THIRTEEN.

With this issue this paper completes its twelfth volume. The Uplift came into existence more than twelve years ago as a monthly, for two chief purposes: one, to afford the convenient means of giving a number of boys the opportunity of learning a trade, which would be to them a source of fine learning and a fine equipment for remunerative work out in the world. This has resulted in a larger degree than we had hoped for; second, we desired to have a convenient and an agreeable method of introducing the Jackson Training School and its aims and work to the general public, through choice avenues in each county of the state. This purpose, too, has been very gratifying.

When the World War came on, our force was reduced to such an extent that the institution had to curtail some of its activities. The only thing that could be done at the time, without disrupting the daily operations of the institution, was to close down the printing office. When the publication was resumed after business had returned to a more normal condition, The Uplift chose to be a weekly rather than a monthly. This makes it a more successful agency in the two purposes it entertained when first established.

What kind of service this writer has rendered is an open book to the many who read it week after week; and though a gratuitous service, without the shadow of remuneration, being all the while no small labor and responsibility as a gift of love to the great cause that engages the institution,

the editor is oftentimes made to feel good in seeing some splendid results from his labors, and the many commendations by choice friends and others constitute a challenge not grow weary in the cause.

The next volume is the thirteenth—may it prove harmless as it has so nicely done in the past, and forever knock out all superstition about this number, from which so many shy. Here's happy greetings and best wishes for the entire Uplift cconstituency.

* * * * * * * *

THE PUBLIC STANDS WATCHING AND COMMENTING.

Perhaps the only criticism of methods employed in the building of improved highways in the state, that seems at all justified by what the public sees with its own eyes, is directed at the lordliness of the bunch of engineers and their helpers that swarm about a single project.

At this time criticism is aimed at the conduct of a certain highway construction in the state, where a horse-back opinion charges too much lost motion, occasioned by the performance of these engineers and their helpers. Their base of operation is twenty-odd miles distant. Up in the day they go dashing to and fro, point their instruments awhile, drive several stakes and then return to the base. It seems to require always three men and oftentimes four to accomplish this piece of business.

All this may be necessary; and the average citizen, not knowing the necessity for such performance and failing to see any excuse for such, uses his liberty in lodging or muttering criticisms. This same complaining public is loud in its condemnation of the genius that stands over the construction of a concrete bridge. For instance: a certain concrete bridge is nearing completion, lacking one and the last span. The forms are ready and the contractors ready and anxious to "go to it." The public is rolling under its mouth some choice morsels. Can they be true? This watching engineer is credited by the public with having issued orders to the contractors to "hold up," that they are ahead of the program. That same meddlesome public charges the engineer with the fear of shortening his term of service on this project, and to make it come out according to his or somebody else's program, orders the contractors to mark time, by going off and giving another bridge "the rub down," a thing that can be done when weather conditions will not permit work on the bridge now nearing completion and held up.

The foregoing charges may or may not be true; but the thing stands there for days just as the public alleges, and, while the contractors are anxious to

"go to it," the man in charge of "the program" stands immovable. The public has eyes and it is given to comment.

* * * * * * * *

IT IS OVER.

The election is over and the chasm is bridged and everybody is in good humor or ought to be. The results were not all one could wish—that is a feature that goes with every election.

President Coolidge, who was accused by Mrs. Roosevelt Longworth of having been weaned on a pickle, does not now fill the description. Now that his overwhelming election to the high office of President of the United States was so gratifying he wears a smile that won't come off. The republicans have increased their majority in the House, with a Senate not so certain of control.

There seems no end to the majority of Hon. Angus Wilton McLean for governor of North Carolina; the legislature is democratic; but there is some disappointment over the outcome in Johnston and Catawba counties, which used to be hot contestants for Zeb Vance's silk flag that went to the county that rolled up the largest democratic majority. These counties went republican at the recent election.

The referendum providing for a loan fund for the World War soldiers carried by a handsome majority; and all the amendments carried save one, that providing for the increase of the salaries of legislators for from $4.00 to $10.00 per day. This one seems to have been defeated by a small majority.

The Port Bill and Ship Line, providing for the issuing of eight and a half million of dollars in bonds was overwhelmingly defeated. Some of the enthusiastic proponents felt that it would carry by a one hundred thousand majority in the state, but it was badly defeated, and the indications now are that the majority against that measure will reach 75,000. But for a new idea, with which a great majority of the people were not familiar and being generally opposed to the issue of bonds, it received a greater vote than conservative people had supposed possible.

* * * * * * * *

WILLIAM WALTON KITCHIN.

The strenuosity and the exactions of politics and statesmanship, such as are regarded orthodox in North Carolina, have collected more toll, in taking from earth a brilliant son in the person of William Walton Kitchin, late Governor of North Carolina. For more than four years this distinguished

citizen had been battling with the terrors of a disease that slowly sapped his vitality, physical and mental. He died at his home, in Scotland Neck, Sunday morning, surrounded by loved ones.

Mr. Kitchin, like his brother, Congressman Claud Kitchin, was too young to die; but he paid the toll of a strenuous life, devoted to his political ambitions in the service of his people and for those things that he thought for their best interest. There seems a fatality, in recent years, attached to the office of governor of North Carolina. Others have died too young, as men count years. Glenn died at an early age; Aycock was not an old man; Craig impaired his constitution in his public efforts; Bickett suffered quickly the penalties of his strenuous life and the state is now without an ex-governor in the flesh.

In his personal cleanness of life, Gov. Kitchin was a model. Handosme in physique, a Chesterfield in manners, brilliant and powerful in mind, eloquent and dashing, fearless and courageous—there are others that made him a conspicuous figure. But these could not stay the silent enemy that stole upon him and he went down.

* * * * * * * *

SERVICE.

The Sheltering Home Circle of the King's Daughters, of the city of Durham, is rejoicing over a season of prosperity. This Circle of consecrated women have been mothering a Home for Old Women in their midst. From every point of view it has been a gratifying success, and has carried comfort and ease and solace to a large number of women, who had arrived at that point of life and circumstances where aid would be welcome. This home supplied their needs.

Growing beyond its capacity to meet the requirements these ladies set about to get a larger and better adapted Home. They now have in hand a sufficient fund to erect such a building for a new Old Ladies' Home. This was accomplished by the generous donation of ten thousand dollars by Mrs. B. N. Duke and thirty-five thousand dollars by that great captain of development, Mr. J. B. Duke.

From a private note from Mrs. Z. A. Rochelle, the treasurer of the Durham Circle and also treasurer of the state organization of The King's Daughters, The Uplift learns that this Circle is now engaged in raising ten thousand dollars for the furnishing of the building, the erection of which will be begun in January. The busy women of this Durham Circle have just pulled off

a Barbecue and Brunswick Stew as a starter towards the ten thousand dollar fund.

It beats Bridge Whist.

* * * * * * * *

COMING AROUND FINE.

The girl members of the Asheville High school have done a fine and sane thing. Realizing how disgusting the practice is, so unlike what their mothers regarded modest and elegant decorum in public, took this action, according to an Associated Press item:

> Girl students of the Asheville high school at a meeting of the student's club today in a resolution almost unanimously passed promised "not to powder or primp in public, either at school or outside of school."
>
> The girls called upon the girls of all other schools of the state to discontinue the practice of "powdering their noses in public" and urged them to "return to the ways of our mothers and grandmothers."

To see a young girl suddenly stop on the streets, unconscious of or indifferent to her surroundings, draw forth her "vanity box," making faces at the little mirror therein and then draw forth the fuzzy dauber and giving the nose and sometimes the face a once-over, is so unlike what the dear girls should do in the open that the action of the Asheville school girls causes a glorious thrill to go over us.

This is a challenge to the other school girls in the state—may it become an epidemic.

* * * * * * * *

LODGE.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the brainest and smartest republican of the past twenty-five years--U. S. Senator from Massachusetts—died at his home, in the past week, after a period of illness. He was a leader in the United State Senate; a great scholar and an adroit politician. Freely he was regarded the brains of national repulicanism since the death of Roosevelt.

The accomplishment of the defeat of the League of Nations in the Senate is credited to Senator Lodge. The achievement while an example of able leadership is not regarded by many as a thing that lends any lustre to his fame.

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ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY OF EXPRESSING LOVE.

The committee, having in charge the Thanksgiving donation to the several

orphanages in the state, and the same headed by Mr. M. L. Shipman, have begun their circularizing. This is a worthy cause. Who would not be willing to give one day's earnings to a fund to aid the orphanage of his choice?

Say ,we are a kind of an orphanage—very much so—and any reader that wants to remember the boys of the Jackson Training School by a one day's earnings may send same to The Uplift, Concord. It will find its way into a fund to provide for suitable Christmas for the boys—whatever amount is over will be used to meet other of their needs. This is the politest hint we know how to make. You catch it?

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TESTING OUT THIRTEEN.

Headed by Mr. W .E. Stanley, the very efficient County Welfare officer of Durham, the following gentlemen composed a visiting delegation from Durham city and Durham county; H. L. Carver, chairman of the board of Co. Commissioners with his associates on said board, D. W. Newsom, C. M. Crutchfield, T .O. Sorrell and C. A. Crabtree; and Messrs. J. A. Robinson (Old Hurrygraph, W. G. Frasier, J. D. Pridgen, T. L. Pendergrass, M G. Markham, T. H. Lawson and Rev. T. M. Green.

There is no superstition in this bunch of elegant fellows, having flaunted thirteen in the face—that is the number in the delegation. However, they exercised considerable caution by bringing James A. Robinson along as their mascot and to make their safety doubly certain they brought along the fine, genial spirit in the person of a Baptist preacher.

Having dined, also in the Thirteenth Cottage, was a further proof that nobody in the happy party gave a poo-poo for the number 13. They made a visit to all the departments of the school, spent a delightful day, and just what they thought about the institution is left for them to say in the future.

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JOHN PHIFER ALLISON.

Mr. John Phifer Allison, a model citizen of Concord and the state, after a brief illness in a Charlotte Hospital, where he had been taken for treatment, died Tuesday morning, November 11th. Mr. Allison was born August 22, 1848 in Concord, where he spent his entire life, thus making his earthly pilgrimage 76 years, 2 months and 19 days.

It avails nothing now to say a word of praise of the noble spirit that has

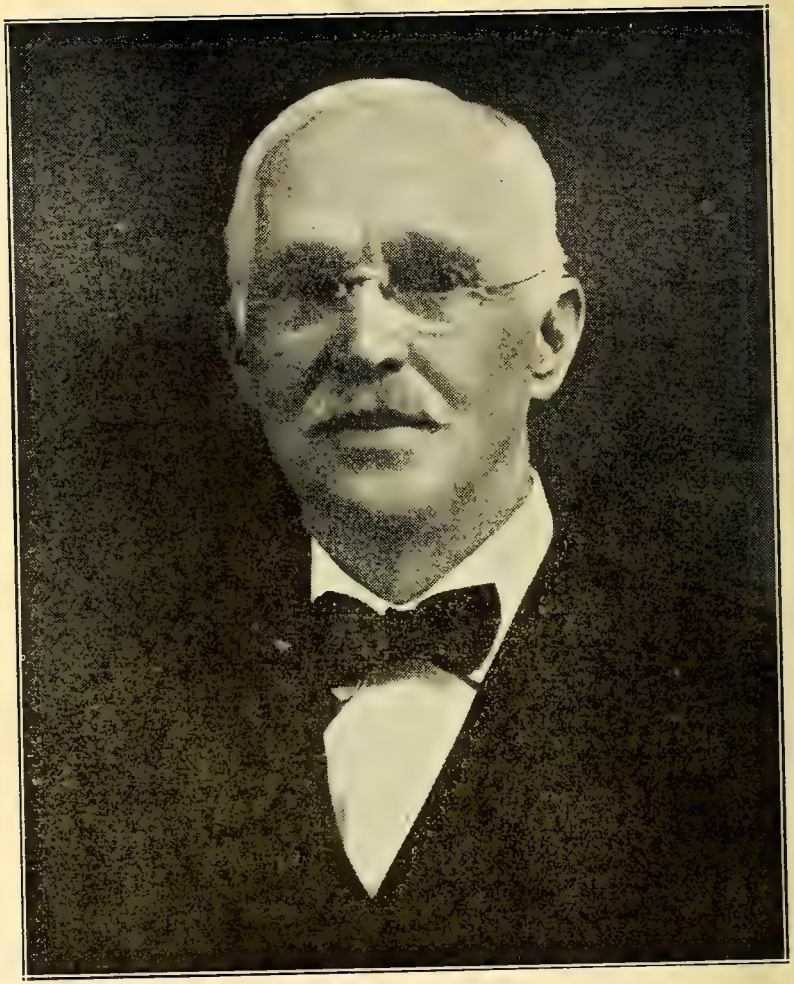
passed from this earthly tabernacle of John Phifer Allison, except as it may remind those who knew and esteemed him of good, clean living, high integrity, and unblemished character and reputation, to the end that his life may be an inspiration to others. He bore an honored name and reputation in the state, fully sustaining the high standing of his forbears, all of whom back to the Revolutionary period have been conspicuous for their patriotism and substantiability.

It is gratifying, now that this gentlemanly gentleman has left us, to recall that The Uplift had the pleasure and the privilege of putting on record, during his lifetime, its estimate of him and that of his neighbors and acquaintances. It is a habit with mankind to regard the "white face of the dead as a flag of truce" and to say the words of kindness and esteem, sometimes with an abandon, but it means so much more to be able to carry your roses and lay them on the brow of a deserving character while yet in the flesh. And this we did.

Quoting from the sketch of the life of Mr. Allison which appeared in The Uplift of October 8th, 1921: "Notwithstanding his great modesty and his marked gentleness, there are none more positive in their convictions and none have greater courage in the defense of what they believe right and just. But in maintaining his views on any question, there is always manifest a fine, splendid sense of courtesy to others with whom he may differ."

"Judicious, dignified and companionable, the very soul of honor, a stranger to selfishness, guarded in speech and blameless in his conduct, John Phifer Allison, living true to the reputation and record of one of the county's noblest families, is himself one of the outstanding personalities of the state." All these were his abiding characteristics up to the day when his soul took its flight.

The death of Mr. Allison is a distinct loss to the social, commercial and moral life of the community, which was enriched by his blameless life and his manly and splendid deeds; and this community mourns with his devoted wife and family in our great bereavement. Just one of this immediate family, Mrs. J. M. Odell, survives. The name no longer graces the roll, but the deeds and examples of a noble family name are deathless.



JOHN PHIFER ALLISON.

1848—1924

Who died, Tuesday, November 11th, after a short illness. An esteemed citizen, because of his manliness, clean life, and high integrity. The Community is in deep sorrow over the passing of this truly model citizen and courteous gentleman.

AN ENGINE OF POWER.

When Henry Ward Beecher was asked what he did when a member of his congregation went to sleep, he replied that he had instructed the sexton of his church to wake up the preacher. It is a good rule for the editor as well, especially in these modern days when the press has become a greater power than ever before in its history.

General w. Johnson, professor of journalism at the University of North Carolina, hit the nail on the head when he told the students of that institution that "the power of the press is not diminishing but rapidly increasing," and that "where it sems to diminish the appearance is due to the inability of newspaper men to handle and direct the immense engine in their hands."

It is true of any business or occupation that its first and foremost need is men. It is peculiarly true of the business of making news papers. Other professions and institutions have their traditions, some extending through thousands, of years that are powerful factors in their maintenance and progress. There are no traditions for the news paper. It deals with the here and the now. It is a living, breathing thing of today.

Without men and women to direct a newspaper becomes a thing inanimate, without form and void, the most worthless thing in all creation. By all means let us have men and women with their souls set on fire with a zeal for the truth for our newspapers in North Carolina. But zeal is not enough. Intelligence is necessary. Never before in the history of the world did it count for so much and it has been and is the newspaper that did most to make it accesible to all the people.

All the more reason then why their makers should be men and women trained to think and to think straight. They should have the foundation upon which to build charactrs, brains and souls that will be capable of managing the mighty engines of power that news papers can be made to be. Without character, intelligence and inspired souls they will be but blind bats lost in a miry maze.

"There's something of a moral in Ed Totty's mule," says the old citizen of Little Lot. "He's a kicker, but when he kicks he can't pull, and when he pulls he can't kick."

HICKORY REMAINS THE STYLE.

(Greensboro News.)

Although 83 years old, Dr. W. R. Webb, Confederate veteran, drove a highpowered auto over 200 miles Friday and in the past few days has guided the car the whole way from Bell Buckle, Tenn., to Guilford county and will continue the journey to Warrenton Monday.

Dr. William Robert Webb, better known as "Sawnie" Webb, founder of the Webb school at Bell Buckle, Tenn., and a former United States senator, is on his way through North Carolina visiting relatives of this state. He spent Sunday in Guilford College at home of his niece, Mrs. H. L. Cannon.

Dr. Webb occupies a unique place in the history of American education. His school in Tennessee, started immediately after the civil war, now in charge of his son, William Robert, Jr., is famous for the long line of distinguished men who have been prepared for college there. Included in the list are a number of senators and as many millionaires, bankers and members of the cabinet. Norman Davis, manager of the recent campaign of John W. Davis, received his preparatory education there; so did Lieutenant Jack Harding of the American flying squardron which flew around the world. Dr. Webb received a letter from this former student when he was in Iceland. T. W. Gregory, attorney general under Woodrow Wilson, Senator Edward W. Carmack and John J. Tigart, all went to school to "Sawnie."

Dr. Webb pointed proudly to the pair of shoes that he was wearing, a gift from the president of the largest shoe company in the world and one of his former students.

"I know that there is no paper in that shoe. Because I knew that boy in school and I know there is no sham about."

Unique as the school is in its old students, the methods of pedagogy insituated by Dr. Webb are still more different. His methods violate nearly every principle of education taught in modern universities.

"If it wasn't such a tragedy, the public school system as it is demonstrated in this state today would be laughable," he declared. "The idea of giving babies the right to pick their own subjects. My students learned to think and be thorough on four subjects, Latin, Greek, mathematics and English. Oh, we give them the privilege of taking French in their senior year at Webb school but there is no deviation from the classics.

It is a matter of record that although only these subjects are taught in the Webb school, students receiving their preparatory education at this institution have taken every prize in science offered at Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other large universities. They are admitted to any college in the country without condition.

"And not half the students in the public school today know their lessons," added Dr. Webb. "The hickory has never been abolished from my school for unlearned assignments. And although it is seldom ever used,

it is there. One of the most successful teachers that I ever knew was Colonel Bingham, to whom I went to school in 1856. I never received any corporal punishment from him but kept my eye on the red willow over in the corner and I did my work.''

''As for these mental psychologists who with a few minutes questioning of a child determine the course of training that it shall pursue, they are foolish. A psychologist would have relegated me to the livery stables if he had seen me about the time I was in my teens. At that time it was my highest ambition to drive a stagecoach. Fortunately my mother saw better and I went to the University of North Carolina.

Dr. Webb commanded a company in the last battle of the War Between the States. He is bitterly opposed to war and was one of Woodrow Wilson's admirers in his peace plans.

Dr. Webb is still more opposed to the Ku Klux Klan. ''I believe that every American citizen has the right to worship as he pleased. When I was shot down during the War Between the States, there was no Presbyterian or Methodist or Baptist preacher to minister to me in my pain but a priest of the Catholic church was there and gave me a drink of water. That was Christianity. Since that time I have found it impossible to cherish any animosit towards that sect, as different as it is from mine.''

The veteran is accompanied through this state by his wife, Mrs. Emma Clary Webb, who is an artist of some note, and his daughter, Miss Alla Webb.

Born in Person county, Dr. Webb lived in this state until the War Between the States. He entered Bingham's school at Oaks in 1856 and four year later entered the University of North Carolina. While a student at the state institution he enlisted in the Confederate army where he was given a command. Following the war Dr. Webb received his diploma in 1868 and one year later took the M. .A. degree. A few years ago his L. L .D., upon him. After receiving alma mater conferred the degree of his M. A. degree he went to Tennessee penniless and established the institution which now bear his name.

I just had a visitor. He was worth a good deal of money and how do you think he amased his fortune. Out of junk. I remember his store down in Wadesboro years ago when it was filled with junk. He would buy anything, put it in his store and sell it for profit. He bought old bottles, rags, iron or anything that other people usually throw away. Now he is worth in the hundreds of thousands, and made it out of the stuff that we put in the trash pile. You know here is a fine lesson to be learned for such a man. Think of the things we waste every day. Think of the boys who would not stoop to such a thing as collecting junk...But think how much better off we would be if we learn the lesson of the junkman, which is, ''that everything is valuable, even your trash pile.''—Editor Sturkey in Thomasville News.

LAST DAYS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

(By E. M. Green, D. D. in The Presbyterian Standard.)

The formal dissolution of President Davis' Cabinet and the final dispersion of what then remained of the Confederate Army, occured at Washington, Ga. This aristocratic old town, which claims to have been the first in America to bear the name of the illustrious Father of his Country, is the terminus of that branch of the Georgia Railroad which runs in the direction of Abbeville, S. C. After the surrender of General Lee and the abandonment of Richmond, the President and his cabinet, gathered hastily the official records of the Confederacy and all that pertained to the government, including the little that was left of the treasury, and escorted by a small military guard, came as far as Washington in the effort to cross the Savannah River and pass through the country to Abbeville, 42 miles distant, where they would reach another railroad system leading farther South. Mrs. Davis accompanied her husband and on their arrival they were met by Dr. Joseph Robertson, who took them to his home and entertained them during their brief stay in Washington.

This house in which they were cordially received and entertained, was a large brick building on the Court House Square, known as "The Bank," having been originally built for that purpose and so used for many years. Here Mr. Harrison, the President's private secretary, brought the trunks and boxes containing the Confederate papers and other valuables of which he was in charge. But it was found to be impracticable to convey these things across the country. The Richmond bankers in the attempt to take their specie and other bank deposits over to Abbeville, lost everything at the hand of robbers. A large number of Confederate soldiers, following the President to Washington, now thronged the town. The silver and gold in the Confederate treasry was distributed among them, each receiving about six dollars. Mr. Davis, realizing the desperate situation of affairs, convened his cabinet in the guest chamber in the house in which he was being entertained and announced to them that under the serious circumstances surrounding them, every man would be compelled to look to his own safety; that no effort would be made to have another meeting and that the cabinet was now dissolved.

Persuing his journey under the escort of a few devoted adherents, Mr. Davis took with him a small army tent for camping, but had not gone far when he was aroused one morning by the noise of pistol shots, and he knew at once that the attack was made by United States soldiers. He rushed from the tent to stop the firing and prevent the needless sacrifice of human life. He was in delicate health and had been suffering recently with neuralgia; and seeing her husband going out in the chilly morning air without his coat, Mrs. Davis hastily threw on his shoulders

the first thing she could put her hand on. It proved to be her own waterproof cloak. It was this that gave rise to the story that when arrested he was trying to disguise himself in female attire. He suffered a long imprisonment, as is well known, in Fortress Monroe. It was understood that he was held for trial on the charge of high treason, and that the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court would preside at the trial. The Hon. Charles O'Connor, of New York, said to be the ablest lawyer in the United States was retained for the defense. The people of the South were anxious for the trial to be held, knowing well that the result would be a complete exoneration of President Davis and a triumphant vindication of the Confederate cause. None knew this better than his enemies themselves, and Mr. Davis was never brought to trial.

I had been a chaplain in the Confederate Army, and soon after the war I became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Washington while the incidents I have related were fresh in the minds of the people. Dr. Robertson, above mentioned, was an elder in my church, and the members of his family enjoyed telling me how the soldires of the Northern Army came in search of Mr. Davis soon after he had left, ransacked the house in search of him and sat on the boxes containing the Confederate records, without suspecting the nature of their contents. These boxes were safely kept and later on were turned over to those who had a right to dispose of them.

Among the acquaintances formed while I lived in Washington was that of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-president of the Confederate States, who often visited his friend, General Robert Toombs, one of my nearest neighbors. Mr. Stephens' boyhood had been spent in Washington and in early life he had united with the church of which I had recently become pastor. Visiting him on one occasion at "Liberty Hall," his bachelor home in the adjacent town of Crawfordsville, we spent several quiet hours together and I took advantage of the opportunity to obtain from him first-hand information in regard to the famous Hampton Roads Conference in which he had taken a conspicious part. This he kindly gave me, and it was in substance this:

The Hampton Roads Conference was held at the suggestion of General Lee, who informed the President that his line of battle was so thin and so long drawn out, that General Grant could break through at any point that he might choose to concentrate his forces; that he might be able to keep the enemy in check long enough for a conference of peace to be held and the most favorable terms secured, but urged him to arrange for a conference with the least possible delay. Acting upon his request the President asked Mr. Stephens if he would head a commission to hold a Peace Conference with the United States authorities. He promptly consented to do so, and Judge Campbell, of Alabama, and Senator R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, were appointed on the commission with Mr. Stephens. President Lincoln agreed to the conference and it was arranged that it

should be held on shipboard, in Hampton Roads, and the date was fixed for the meeting.

Before starting on their voyage up the bay the Southern Commissioners held a preliminary meeting and their Chairman, Mr. Stephens, was asked to have an interrview with President Davis and ask for definite instructions as to their duty and the scope and limit of their authority. He accordingly called on Mr. Davis, who, in reply to his request for instruction placed in his hand a large sealed envelope endorsed with these words, "Not to be opened till you reach Hampton Roads," and said to him, "You will find your instructions in this paper, and I have none others to give you."

As the commissioners were approaching the place of meeting they opened the sealed envelope to learn what they were to do, and to their amazement they read in the very first item of their instructions that they were to demand the recognition of the Independence of the Confederate States as the basis of a peace settlement. They feared that their mission would be fruitless, but they were under orders and proceeded on their way. Soon the two steamers were drawn up side by side and President Lincoln and his Secretary of State, Mr. Sewerd stepped aboard the Southern steamer, evidently elated with the thought that they were to receive the surrender of the Southern Confederacy. The two bodies of commissioners were soon seated around the council table.

Mr. Lincoln was the first to speak, and reaching over, he took up a sheet of paper from the table and said to the Southern commissioners: "Gentlemen, to make a long matter short, I will write on this paper, 'The Union Shall Be Preserved,' and under it you may write the conditions to please yourselves."

Mr. Stephens replied that he might write that the seceding states should return to their places in the Union, with their rights unimparied and no penalities attached to their act of secession. Mr. Licoln replied, "If you do not write that , I will. I want the Union restored; the Union of Sovereign and Equal States.

The institution of African slavery was discussed, as constituting the wealth of the South and the whole labor system upon which her prosperity depended. It was known that Mr. Lincoln had said that his emancipation Proclamation was a war measure, and was not issued by virtue of any constitutional authority vested in him. He had also said that if paying for the slaves would stop the war, he would recommend that $240,000,000 be appropriated for that purpose. But what he said on this occasion, was in his peculiar phrase, simply this: "The Nigger shant stand in the way of the Union."

But the whole discussion received a check when Mr. Stephens said, "Well, gentlemen, to make a long matter short, as Mr. Lincoln has observed, I have to say, that we from the South are here present to insist that the essential basis of a settlement of the present difficulties between the two section of this country is and must be the recognition of the independence of the Southern Confederacy."

An expression of disappointment

and pain passed over Mr. Lincoln's face and he said, "Gentlemen, if that is your position, we are wasting time," and the deliberations of the conference were soon brought to a close.

WHAT ARE WE COMIN' TO?

Every now and then a pessimistic group gathers and eventually you hear: "Wonder what we're comin' to?" Then all kinds of gloomy predictions are made. Nowadays when a fellow prophesies some great advancement or wonderful change in the future we sneer at him. Three or four hundred years ago, you say, no man had any idea of a train, airplan submarines or automobiles.

Yes, they did.

In England, four hundred and twenty-five years ago, there was a woman, Mother Shipton, known as a witch, who made a prophecy of the things that "would come to pass." Perhaps you wonder why we relate the ancient prophecy—it is to prevent the sneer when one would prophecy now. Mother Shipton's prophecy was in verse and even as ridiculous as it seemed to the people five centuries back everything mentioned, with a single exception—the end of the world has come to pass. The verse follows:

Carriages without horses shall go,
  And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly,
  In the twinkling of an eye.
Waters shall yet more wonders see,
  And gold be found at roots of trees.
Through hills man shall ride,
  And no horse nor ass be at his side.
Under water man shall walk,
  Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen
  In white, in black, in green
Iron in the waters shall float,
  As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found midstone
  In a land that's now unknown.
Fire and water shall wonder do,
  England shall at last admit a Jew,
And this world to an end shall come,
  In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

—Shelby Star.

VASSAR COLLEGE AND MARIA MITCHELL.

By Lena B. Mott.

Vassar College had its beginning in the ideals and in the private fortune of an individual, named Matthew Vassar. The Vassar family came to America at the close of the Revolutionary War, and settled in New York State, near the present site of Poughkeepsie. The son, Matthew, had many a struggle with poverty. At one time, the support of the entire family fell on his shoulders. There were only a few weeks of schooling to be obtained during the year, and he began to realize that if he was ever to get an education, he must work days and study nights. This he did, reading science, art, history, poetry and the Bible, by himself.

A friend, observing his energy offered to furnish the capital which he needed to go into business. He succeeded. Life opened into a field of plenty. He traveled in Europe, and being a close observer, he constantly improved himself.

One day, standing by the great London hospital, endowed by a relative of his with over a million dollars, Mr. Vassar read these words on the bronze pedestal of the statue:

Sole Founder of the Hospital
In His Lifetime

Those last three words made a deep impression on Mr. Vassar's mind. He had no children. He wished to leave his fortune where it would do some lasting good. "Why not begin some great work in my lifetime," he seasoned, "something

MARIA MITCHELL

that will carry on, long after I am forgotten," He talked with a niece of his, a hard-working teacher, and she influenced his decision.

In America there were no large colleges for women comparable with those of Harvard and Yale. His friends said: "Women will not care for a college education. Classical education is not appropriate for women. It is not suited to their sphere."

But Matthew Vasser held to his ideals. He gathered together four hundred thousand dollars in bonds and securities, placing them in a tin box marked, Vassar College Papers:

he called together several men, interested in educational matters in the State, and said: "It has long been my desire to make such a disposition of my fortune, as should best honor God and benefit my fellowmen. I have come to the conclusion that the establishment and endowment of a college, for the education of young women, is a work which will satisfy my highest aspirations and will be a rich blessing to this city and State, to our country, and the world. It is my hope to found and perpetuate an institution which shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplpishing for young men."

Two hundred acres of lake, river and woodland, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was purchased for the site, and for four years, Matthew Vassar watched the great buildings grow. There was a main building 500 feet long and five stories high; there was a museum of natural history, a school of art, a library and a great observatory, three stories high, furnished with the then third largest telescope in the country.

Vassar College was opened in 1865, with John Howard Raymond as first president. Pupils came flocking from all parts of the land to the great joy of Matthew Vassar, who had proved that girls, after all, did desire an education equal to that of young men. He lived but three years after the college was completed, but he often said: "To be in touch with this wonderful school is almost more happiness than I can bear."

One cannot dwell upon the success of Vassar College, in those early days, without thinking of Maria Mitchell, for it was she who was called to take charge of the observatory, when it was completed. Born on the quiet, picturesque island of Nantucket, she spent her girlhood there, contributing to the support of the family, and helping her father in the astronomical work of the Coast Survey. Her father was a teacher, and loved his work. He built a small observatory on his own land and received $100 a year from the government for the Coast Survey.

He taught Maria, as a child, to observe the heavens, pointing out the mysteries and the infinity of the stars. She became as deeply interested as himself. At one time, quite by herself, she discovered a comet, thereby achieving world recognition as an astronomer. She was given a medal by the King of Denmark for being the first to announce the discovery of a telescopic comet. She traveled in Europe, meeting the great scientists, continually adding to her knowledge. It was decided that she was the only woman in the country fitted to occupy the observation at Vassar College.

She hesitated to accept the position. Her father was now an old man and needed her care. "Go," he said, "and I will go with you." So she left her home for the observatory at Vassar, her father accompanying her. He lived four years, and considered his acquaintance there with teachers and pupils, using his own words, "such as a prince might covet."

Miss Mitchell made the observatory her home. Here were her books and pictures and her great astronomical clock, and here, for twenty years, she taught and helped to make Vassar College known and honored at home

and abroad. One of her admirers said: "She is one of the few genuine persons I have ever known. There is not one particle of deceit about her. For girls who accomplish something she has great respect, for the idlers, none. She has wit and common sense. No one can be long under her teaching without learning dignity of manner and self-reliance."

Her pupils greatly honored and loved her. The dome parties, held yearly in June, under the great dome of the observatory, with pupils coming back from all over the country, were among the pleasantest occasions of college life.

She resigned at Vassar in 1888, and died a year later, at Lynn, Mass., at the age of seventy-one.

HARDENING THE ARTERIES.

The quality and constituency of the blood that courses through human veins is not greatly effected by age. The supply is constantly renewed by chemical actions incident to eating, drinking and digestion. Time deals less kindly with the channels through which the blood circulates, and the conveyors of vitality "harden." They lose elasticity and resist adaption to varying pressures that the tasks of men require of their hearts. The body's vital organ of circulation is antagonized by the sluggish channels through whichc the blood seeks to rush for rebuilding and for delivering power. On occasion, the arteries balk and break, thus producing paralysis or apoplexy, which is death. Physicians advice people haw to avoid this hardening of their arteries. Once it has occurred, they can not cure it. Persons having such "sclerosis," can not adopt themselves to hard tasks.

Congregations and groups of congregations seem at time to acquire a malady that resembles this disease of the body. Its symptoms are lack of initiative, a tendency toward pride in past achievements, and derangement of visioning opportunities, obligations and associations. The power of its truths is not lessened, but the difficulty of getting that power into productive operations grows greater and greater. Time bestows wisdom, warnings, knowledge, experience and prestige. When time is unkind, these gracious gifts become facts, fears, rules, traditions and veneration. —Herald and Prebyter.

THE BOY WHO INVESTED IN HIMSELF.

By Emma Gary Wallace.

Frank Donovan looked into the windows of the confectionery store and viewed longingly the tempting array of sweetmeats on display. Almost instinctively his fingers wandered around in the corners of his empty pockets, in order to discover if by any chance a nickel or a dime lurked forgotten there.

But Frank found nothing. He had not really expected to.

He wandered on down the street and stopped to study the fascinating jungle and deep sea moving pictures being shown on the silver screen within.

"My," he muttered to himself, "but I wish I had a quarter to go in and see those pictures! Peanut Snyder says they are great."

Frank meandered along, and a moment later a laden trolley passed him. On the front of the trolley was a big poster with the cordial invitation, "Take this car for Firefly Lake and the big fireworks celebration there tonight."

Frank had heard more than one of the fellows talk about the plans for this wonderful affair which was in honor of the early settlers of one hundred years ago. There was to be a raft in the middle of the lake, and the fireworks were to be sent up from there. All around the lovely little sheet of water were colored lights which Frank well knew would give a fairy-like appearance to the place. With the wooded hills rising gently in the background.

But it cost ten cents to go to the lake, and ten cents to come back, and Frank lacked the cash. He had seen companions of his own enter the confectionery store to buy good things to eat. Many of his friends were planning to go to see the marvelous travel pictures on this evening, and there would be a crowd at Firefly Lake, of course.

By this time he had reached Lincoln Park, and as there was nothing else to do, he sank into a seat feeling much ill-used and out of joint with the world generally. It was still early evening, and on the other end of the park bench sat a young chap about two years older than Frank Donovan. He was reading a book in which he was evidently much interested. At first the stranger did not see Frank, but at last he looked up, smiled, and remarked:

"Great evening, isn't it!"

Frank scowled.

"It might be," he said, "if a fellow wasn't dead broke, but I used my allowance up by Wednesday, and it's Friday, and I don't get another red cent until tomorrow night. That's what I call shabby! When I've done done this before, I have tried to get dad or mother to advance or lend me some, but they will not do it. All of the rest of the crowd are having fine times tonight, and here I sit like a bump on a log!"

The stranger closed his book with a snap.

"You are playing in tough luck," he sympathized. "It isn't pleasant to see the gang go off to be left behind. But, on the other hand, you are pretty fortunate to have parents

who make you a cash allowance every week, besides providing you with a home and clothes—as I suppose they do."

"Oh, yes," retorted Frank carelessly, "I have to eat and have a few duds to wear and a roof over my head, but I do sometimes think father might give me more money than he does, or lend me a little when I get hard-pushed."

"Hard-hearted, isn't he?" smiled the young fellow with the book, "but perhaps he wants to teach you to divide your money so that you will not have a feast the first part of the week and a famine the last part. Now, why don't you divide your allowance into two or three portions and not spend it all at once?"

Frank yawned.

"You can only spend the money once," he said, "and it burns a hole in my pocket as long as I have it.

The strange young fellow got up, took off his hat, and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Say," he asked, "what would you do if you were left right now without any father, or mother, or home, or visible means of support? That's what happened to me when I was between ten and eleven years of age. You are about fifteen, I take it—perhaps sixteen. What would you do?"

Frank sat up and showed a little interest.

"I'd get a job," he remarked—"a good one, and be my own boss."

"Fine," approved the stranger. "What kind of a job—that is, what can you do well enough that people would pay you enough to eat, and hire a comfortable room, and leave you spending money, and provide for a posible lay-off once in a while when there is no work, and so you could put aside enough for dental and medical bills and such extras?"

Frank looked sheepish.

"I clerked in a grocery store last summer," he said. "I could do that."

"Did you earn enough to keep you?"

"I should say not! The proprietor of that grocery was awful tight!"

"Well," smiled the young man, "maybe you weren't very capable."

"I'll tell you what I'd do," burst out Frank. "I'd go into some factory—get a work certificate, you know—and do piecework. The more you hustle, the more pay you get. Then I'd work up and get to be one of the head men, and in time I'd have a fine salary and could take it easy."

The young man was laughing.

"That's a great day dream," he said, "but you would have to do a lot of work to become expert enough to direct others, and you'd have to be pretty thrifty and save money to invest in the business. Why don't you begin and save now?'

Frank looked bored.

"That's just the way dad talks. He says if I can't save a penny on an allowance of a dollar and a half a week that there is no use giving me twice as much to blow in. Isn't that ridiculous?"

"No, I don't thinkt it is," said the young chap with a shake of his head. "Money costs a good deal of effort. It represents actual life effort and time which is gone forever. We ought to have something worth-

while to show for it or we are spendthrifts."

"But say," Frank burst out, "tell me what you did when yo uwere left alone in the world."

The stranger looked thoughtful.

"My name is Bert Nasmith," he explained. "You may call me Bert. When I found I was all alone and there was some talk of sending me to an orphan asylum, I was thoroughly frightened. The world looked very big, and I felt very small, for I was not very strong or well in those days.

"I made up my mind that I must pay my own way, and so I hunted around for odd jobs until I picked up a couple of dollars. I slept anywhere that I could find a place to crawl in. Fortunately it was summertime, and I didn't suffer unless it rained.

"When I got money enough ahead, I advertised for a single lady who would like a strong, willing boy to live with her. I had two or three answers. I went to see all who wrote, and decided to go to a gentle-faced old lady who reminded me of my own grandmother. Her means were very limited, but I had a comfortable home and time enough so that after keeping her fires, and shoveling her walks, and cutting her grass in summer, and tending to the chickens, I was able to earn money enough for my clothes and school books.

"I had to save my money, and when I spent anything for recreation, I thought a long time to see whether the fun would be worth it. Sometimes it wasn't, and then I regretted that I had let my cash get away from me.

"The old lady who took me in for what I could do, was a good cook, although the food was plain. There was plenty of it, and with regular hours, I grew strong and much healthier. She had an abundance of good books, and I devoured a great many of them.

"During my first year in high school, I made up my mind that I would go to college. I didn't know how, but I was satisfied that it could be done. So I began to save my money and to do everything I could to add to my savings account. I am eighteen now.

"When I started in college I reached the town where the school was located with ten cents in my pocket, and three hundred dollars in the bank. I thought I'd see how long I could go without breaking into my principal. I had worked hard for that money, and I didn't propose to waste it if I could help it.

"I soon found that there were a number of things that a young chap could do. I waited on table for my board. I took care of a furnace for my room.. I acted as a reporter for a city paper and earned enough to buy my clothes and books. Then I picked up enough for my tuition by acting as assistant to the college electrician."

Frank gave a long, low whistle.

"Say," he said, "what did you do in between times?"

Bert Nasmith laughed heartily.

"I studied," he said, "and joined the college Glee Club, and went to some of the parties, and had lots of fun. Believe me, that reporting job brought me in contact with regular folks, and I learned a lot about electricity. And the people who wait on the tables in the big college dinning room have their meals first and

have them while they are warm and good. And taking care of the furnace was no more than I would have done if my parents had lived and I had had a good home."

"And how much of your three hundred dollars have you got left?" inquired Frank, curiously.

Bert shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh," he said, "I have all of that and two hundred dollars more with it, and forty or fifty volumes as the beginning of a worth-while library."

Frank jumped up excitedly.

"How did you make all that extra money?" he demanded.

Bert didn't answer immediately.

"You see," he said, "my time was taken up, and I felt I ought to be increasing my cash resources in place of depleting them. So I tried to think what I could do that would be of real value to some one and yet take very little of my time.

"I heard of a firm that wanted to secure agents among the college students. One student was selected as resident manager. He was to keep his eye out for likely, business-like young people who wanted to earn money selling a certain line of valuable books. The proposition was straight enough. My work was to select such young people and when I had gathered a certain number together, I was to instruct them in how to present those books, and how to sell them under nearly all circumstances."

"How did you know?" Frank asked.

"One of the company came on and gave me full instuctions. He made me teach a couple of demonstration classes before him, and at last he said I'd do.

"Well, to make a long story short, I get a certain percentage on all the business done by my agents. That stimulates me to select only good material, and to give them the best instructions I can, and to keep in touch with them. I have planned to give a couple of hours twice a week to this work, and it has brought me in my extra cash. Through this firm, I can get my books wholesale, and so when I feel I can afford it, I buy a good book which will benefit me

"What are you studying for?" and read it before I buy another." wondered Frank.

"I am headed for law, but I want a good general education as well."

"Say," Frank burst out, "you make me ashamed of myself. Here I am grumbling because I haven't any money left, and you have shown me that a chap can go out and earn money if he's got the gumption to do it."

"Earning alone isn't enough, smiled Bert. "You've got to learn the art of spending and saving.

"What do you mean, spending and saving?" presed Frank.

"I mean," replied Bert, "that money is all right as a means to an end. We do not want to be misers, but if we can learn how to earn it, and how to save it, and when to invest it in health, or travel, or education, our work for others—then our earning and saving will amount to something.

"But it amazes me to see people earn by dint of hard work, and then get rid of the money so thoughtlessly and have little to show for it. I am ready to work, but I want 'Value Re-

ceived' when I come to pay out my cash."

Frank was walking quickly up and down the path.

'Say," he said," "I am going to turn over a new leaf—and I bet dad will be pleased. Why, if I were left alons as you were, I am afraid I wouldn't amount to much without my people back of me."

"I think you would," said Bert quietly, "for you would be obliged to take life a little more seriously. In the meantime, you have your parents, boy, and you want to appreciate them and all they are doing for you."

Bert looked wistful.

"I am too busy," he went on, "to be very lonesome, but once in a while—"

"I know," said Frank kindly, as he went over and put his hand on the other fellow's shoulder.

"Where are you living now? Why can't you come home with me and meet my mother? I tell you, she's the best mother I ever had!"

"I don't doubt it," smiled Bert, "and since you have been good enough to ask me, I shall be very glad to go with you. Besides, who knows but you may come to my college some day!"

"Perhaps," nodded Frank. "I wasn't at all sure that I wanted to go anywhere after I finished high school, but some way you have made me feel that it is a privilege enough to work for and not cast aside."

"You are right," beamed Bert. "I find that the men who are performing the most valuable service are those who have been willing to make preparation, and perhaps to sacrifice some of the smaller thing they would like, in order that they may have finer and better things later on. But honestly, I can say that I am not giving up very much, for I have such an abundance that is rich and fine in my life all the time that the cheap and tawdry things do not attract me as they used to."

The boys walked along side by side and there was silence for some moments.

"I wanted to see the deep sea pictures tonight, an dgo to Firefly Lake, and I couldn't do either," exclaimed Frank at last.

"Did you know these things were coming the first of the week when you had your money?"

"I did," acknowledged Frank.

"Then," laughed his companion, "you haven't any one to thank but yourself that you failed to make plans for tonight."

"I suppose that's so," said Frank, "but I am going to try to be a little wiser after this."

"Yes," approved Bert Nasmith. "It pays to look ahead and to exercise a little self-restraint when we see something better yet if we are satisfied to wait."

The youth who does not look up will look down; and the spirit that does not soar is destined perhaps to grovel.—Disraeli.

GIVE THEM ALADDIN'S LAMP.

By Angelo Patri.

The children of the Near East are sick and sad, fatherless and motherless, hungry and homeless. Day after day you may make your way among them and hear no shout of joy; never hear a child's voice lifted in lilting song that might show that his soul marched to its rhythm; never hear a swaggering lad say, "O Boy, some swell thing I got. I'll tell the world it's good." None of them is telling the world anything save a story of unutterable sorrow.

You will forget, as you go among these children, still and solemn and sad-eyed, how it feels to have a young bandit climb upon you and search your pockets for sweets certain to be hidden there—for him. You will forget—and know that you have forgotten by a wistful stirring within you that speaks of something cherished and missed—how it feels to be cheeked by some saucy youngling to whom the world is a garden of delight where he may grow and flourish like the green bay tree.

All of Riley's lovely bad ones are missing. Only happy children can be delightfully troublesome: only healthy children, well-fed and much beloved are ever pouncing and daring and bold. These children are neither happy nor healthy nor well beloved. They are staggering under a burden which is the price of a great wrong in which they had no part; of which they understand nothing, know nothing, save the grievous suffering it brought upon them. And they are but children.

An American feels heavy hearted in this region of cheated childhood. We set such high value upon the happiness of our children. In spite of tradition and example and awful warnings we have held to the idea that a happy childhood was the best culture in which to grow a rich manhood and womanhood. Because we believe it, this is the land of happy children.

Years ago a handful of our Fathers startled the world with the announcement that one man was as good as another, and that it would be better for the world to know that Americans felt that way. It might make life easier all round, and far more friendly. Being as good as another meant being as human as each other; meant that we tied to each other by little threads of feeling that carried the thrill of each mortal's pain or joy to every other in the world. For generations now we have proved it true. We have woven it into the fabric of what we call our people and our country.

That is why, then, when the children just over the shoulder of the world are suffering it hurts every one of us, and we cannot see our own children enjoying the schools that are to them castles of magic, the playground that brings glimpses of fairyland, the friends that are to them as Alladdin's lamp, without a shadow falling on our joy and a wish to share the happiness of our childhood with the others.

No call for help for suffering children has ever fallen on deaf ears in this country. We are asking help

for these cheildren in the firm faith that they will receive it. We are asking it in the spirit of those who would share a privilege for every American citizen thinks it a privilege to help a child. We are asking it, knowing that it will mean a bit of trouble and a bit of sacrifice, knowing that you will not mind either. What is a little bit of trouble, a tiny spice of going without, in comparison with the load of sorrow you are helping to lift from the shoulders of grief-stricken children? Children too deep set in anguish to know to ask for themselves?

We are asking for them so that when next Christmas your children are prancing madly in festival glee you can have an added thrill and no pain in the sight, knowing that in a country afar off and sore stricken there are other children whose day you have made lighter because when they were ahungered you fed them, when they were sick and afflicted you comforted them.

"One great purpose in education is to be able to render the best kind of service to fellow beings."

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

Selected.

As monumental bronze his look:
A soul that pity touched, but never shook:
Trained, from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

—Campbell.

In Quest of The Book

The annals of Christian nations ontain no incident more romatic nd graphic in impressing mission eeds and consecration to meet those eeds, than a scene from the story f the Nez Perces of Idaho. In the ear 1831 four Nez Perce chiefs ade their way over the Rockies and ere found on the street in St. Louis, sking, "Where is the white man's Book of Heaven?" General Clark befriended them and showed them everything of interest in the town. Two of the four fell ill and died. Before the remaining Indians departed, General Clark gave a feast to them and in a farewell address at this feast one of the two poured forth his burden of sorrow in words of pathetic eloquence as follows:

I came to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly open for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms through many enemies and strange lands that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty! Two

fathers came with us; they were braves of many snows and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great water and tepees. They were tired in many moons, and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me to where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours and the Book was not there! You showed me images of the Great Spirit and pictures of the Good Land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell me the way. I am going back the long trail to my people in the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts and my moccasins will grow old carrying them, and yet the Book is not among them! When I tell my poor, blind people after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on a long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

* * * * *

The Bible in whole or in part has been printed in thirty-five languages of Indians north of Mexico. In five of these languages the whole Bible is in print, the Mohican or Massachuetts, the Dakota or Sioux, the Cree, the Eskimo of Labrador, and the Tuk-kuth-kutchin—a tribe of the Northern Yukon territory, Canada. In nine other languages the New Testament entire, and in twenty-one additional languages one or more books of the Bible have appeared.—T. C. M. in The Presbyterian Survey.

D. A. R. IN NORTH CAROLINA.

By Miss Cordelia Phifer in Charlotte Observer.

While serving as State Historian for the Daughters of the American Revolution, I was frenquently asked to state facts concerning the organization in North Carolina and even since retiring from that office still answer the question . By your courtesy, will answer through The Observer for the benefit of new members who are constantly inquiring from all parts of the State.

In 1898, Mrs. E. D. Latta attended the Continental Congress in Washington as a delegate from the chapter in Macon, Ga., of which she was a member at that time.

In the roll call of States, North Carolina was one of the few of the Thirteen Original States without D. A. R. organization and this fact was greatly regretted by the National Board, as they fully realized that no State in the Union was richer in Revolutionary history than North Carolina. The National officers urged Mrs. Latta to assume the work of organization in the State. Realizing the importance of the work and her anxiety to have women help preserve the State's history, she consented, and upon her return to Charlotte, determined that the State of her adoption

should no longer suffer from indifference to its glorious past.

Charlotte and Mecklenburg County were the first objects of her labor, she met with many discouragements and trials and the work was hard, but by her indomitable perseverance and enthusiasm, succeeded in organizing a chapter known as Mecklenburg Chapter. The chapter members were: Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, Mrs. Sophie Alexander, Mrs. Sallie Caldwell White, Mrs. Josephine Phifer Durant, Mrs. F. I. Osborne, Mrs. D. P. Hutchison, Mrs. J. L. Chambers, Miss Cordelia W. Phifer, Miss Addie Williams, Mrs. T. R. Robertson, Mrs. A. L. Smith, Mrs. Grace White Springs, Mrs. Platt D. Walker, Miss Sallie Badger Hoke.

These charter members worked with Mrs. Latta, helping her make the application blanks, which many considered so puzzling and hard to fill, they had perfect confidence in the intellectual and executive ability of their leader and gladly assisted her. Mrs. Latta never faltered in her purpose and today the large number of chapters and hundreds of members all over the State are proud to proclaim Mrs. Hattie Nesbit Latta mother of the Daughters of the American Revolution in North Carolina.

Knowledge without action is like a sail without wind.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr.

The boys have just completed the shucking of corn.

———.

Mr. Guy Alexander has taken charge of the laundry, until Mr. Russell returns from his vacation.

———.

Mr. Paul Owensby has taken charge of the first cottage, on account of a vacancy.

———.

The new union suits were distributed among the boys last Saturday. And the boys were all glad to get them.

———.

The Printing Dept. of the Jackson Training School is printing the Biennial report, for the Caswell Training School, at Kinston.

Miss Vernie Goodman is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. B. Goodman in Mooresville.

———

Rev. W. C. Lylerly, pastor of the Reform church of Concord, conducted the services last Sunday afternoon; he made a very interesting talk and it was enjoyed by everyone.

———

Mr. Sam B. Kennett, one of the first cottage officers, has resigned his duties at the institution and he will work for the government, as a railroad Mail Clerk.

———

Rev. A. W. Plyer, editor of the Christian Advocate, of Greensboro, visited the institution, last Sunday

morning; he delivered a very interesting sermon to the boys.

The boys were all surprised last Thursday evening, in having a picture show, for the second time during last week; the picture exhibited was "Kazan." The show was enjoyed by everyone.

Ralph Martain, Slyvester Honeycutt, James Stevenson, James Robison, Lenord Atkins, Claud Dun, Thermon Baker, Cecil Trull, Howard Riggs and Judge Brooks composed the "Happy" squad when they were visited by their relatives, last Wednesday.

The Boger Literary Society of the seventh cottage was called to order last Monday evening. The Program for the evening was as followers: Readings by J. J. Jones and Mack Duncan, Declamations by Ben Cook and Van Doud, the debate for the evening was. Resolved "that country life is more beneficial to mankind than City life. The affirmative side won.

AS WE KNOW.

"He didn't know any better." Have you heard that excuse for mistakes and blunders which may have turned out fatally? The other day a little fellow put a piece of iron on a railroad track to see what the big engine would do to the iron. The result was a costly wreck. But that child knew no better. He had not been warned, for he had never been near the railroad before. It was new to him. He was doing according to his knowledge, but he did not know the harm in placing iron on the track. How many people do as well as they know? We know that intemperance is both harmful and sinful, but we keep on being intemperate. We are warned against physical risks, but we take them and suffer in consequence. If we always did as well as we know we would be spared many discomforts and would save others from many heartaches. But we toy with sin, we make light of religion, and let our jugdment plead in vain to prevent our iniquitious ways. The best contribution any one can make to his community is to live up to the best of his knowledge and to strive to keep his knowledge up to the highest standards. If, for example, we know we should support the church, we must do it, or believe our knowledge and betray our conscience. To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin.—Selected.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound.

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound.

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH